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MOVIE CLASSIC

NRA CODE

Vol 9

September

10c
In Canada 15c

SCREEN
ASHIONS
BEAUTY
CHARM

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Photographed in
natural colors
See Page 46

JUL 14 1937

THE NELSON EDDY
WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

OW CAROLE LOMBARD'S CLOTHES MATCH HER MOODS

PN 1993
M74

Enjoy
Double Mint Gum
daily for beauty
of mouth and lips
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
DOUBLE DISTILLED PEPPERMINT
DOUBLE DISTILLED PEPPERMINT
FIVE STICKS
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
MADE IN U.S.A.
P-174
]

EBL 4 Ap 38

PRINCESS CHARMING (UNTIL SHE SMILES)

"Pink Tooth Brush"—
Makes her avoid all close-ups ... dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

A WOMAN smiles—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (*Dazzling white teeth set in firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.*)

Another woman smiles, and her charm vanishes before your eyes.

(*Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention with an unpleasant jolt.*)

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A WARNING

The explanation of "pink tooth brush" is remarkably simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning tinge of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

Dental science says you must massage the gums as well as brush the teeth. So rub a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. Ipana, massaged into the gums, helps restore healthy firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage. For, with healthy gums, you have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—from gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. And the brilliance of your smile, the whiteness and beauty of your teeth, will make you wish you had changed to Ipana and massage long ago.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

If you like, send for the trial tube. But why not begin today—now—to secure the full benefit of Ipana from the full-size tube? It gives you a month of scientific dental care ... 100 brushings ... and a quick, decisive start toward healthy gums and brighter teeth.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK
IS USED ALWAYS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

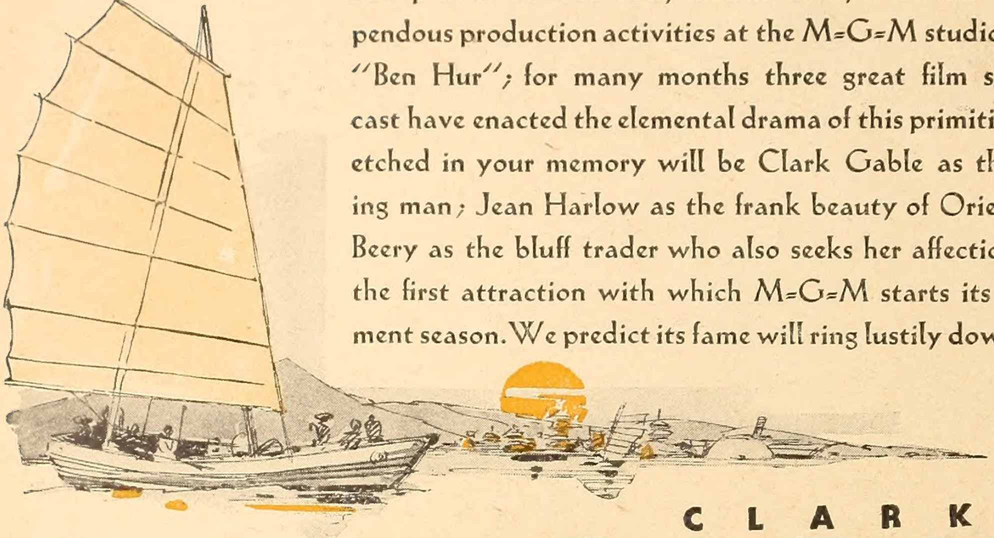
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-95,
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name______________________________
Street______________________________
City_______________State_______________

A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M-G-M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M-G-M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



CLARK
GABLE
JEAN
HARLOW
WALLACE
BEERY

CHINA SEAS

with

Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

JAMES E. REID
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

SEPTEMBER, 1935 VOL. 9 No. 1

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER

Madge Evans illustrates the September mood—Back from the Trip with a Smile. She has summered in England, making *The Tunnel* for Gaumont-British

W. H. FAWCETT
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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The Thrill of a Voice

JOAN OF ARC heard Voices—and was inspired by them to lead a new Crusade, to work wonders that the world had never seen a girl perform before.

Five hundred years later, across an ocean and a continent, a whole city heard another great voice—and again a Crusade was started, again the world saw a girl accomplish a new miracle.

The name of the city is Hollywood. The name of the girl is Grace Moore.

Her voice has started a crusade to bring great music to the masses on every continent—through the magic of the movies.

The movies reach the far ends of the earth—beyond great centers of population to lesser cities, remote towns, the last outposts of civilization itself.

Grace Moore has proved that movies can take grand opera where it has never been before—even by radio, since radio has yet to offer any thrill for the eyes.

● BECAUSE of what she did in *One Night of Love*, and because the picture's popularity in every corner of the globe proved that people were starved for the thrill of hearing a great voice singing great music, Hollywood is going voice-conscious and composer-conscious.

If Grace Moore had not made *One Night of Love*, you might not now have the thrill of hearing the operatic baritone of Nelson Eddy, singing music worthy of his voice.

Lily Pons, slender, vivacious French prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, might not now be filming *Love Song* . . . Gladys Swarthout, also of the "Met," might not now be in Hollywood, starring in *Rose of the Rancho*, with *Carmen* scheduled . . . Nino Martini, handsome Italian-American opera star, might not now be filming *Here's to Romance* . . . Lawrence Tibbett might not now be scheduled to make *Diamond Horseshoe*, a story of the Metropolitan Opera House . . . Mary Ellis might never have sung on the screen in *Paris in Spring*.

Before Grace Moore, Hollywood did not feel the need of operatic voices.

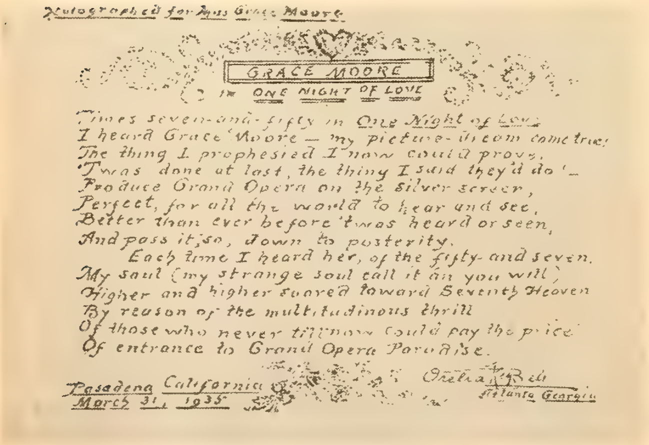
● BUT Grace Moore has done more than bring opera and operatic voices to the screen. She has made great singing an accomplishment of youth—of attractive and animated youth. Oversized sopranos with a multitude of chins can no longer depend just on vocal quality for romantic appeal. Not with the Grace Moores, Lily Ponses, Gladys Swarthouts, Jeanette MacDonalds and Mary Ellises "lovely to look at," as well as delightful to hear.

Again in her new picture, *Love Me Forever*, the Moore style of singing is so natural and her enjoyment of singing is so obvious that she encourages every girl to discover her own voice, to find self-expression in song.

She is a living illustration of the fact that music has charms that neither kings nor commoners can resist.

James E. Reid

Grace Moore—young, beautiful, animated—has thrilled this old world as it never was thrilled before. Hundreds of thousands of people have tried to tell her what the poet, Orelia Key Bell, told her on the autographed, hand-decorated card reproduced below



Autographed for Miss Grace Moore

GRACE MOORE
in ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

Times seven-and-fifty in One Night of Love,
I heard Grace Moore—my picture-dream came true!
The thing I prophesied I now could prove,
'Twas done at last, the thing I said they'd do'—
Produce Grand Opera on the silver screen,
Perfect, for all the world to hear and see,
Better than ever before 'twas heard or seen,
And pass it, so, down to posterity.
Each time I heard her, of the fifty-and seven,
My soul (my strange soul call it as you will)
Higher and higher soared toward Seventh Heaven
By reason of the multitudinous thrill
Of those who never till now could pay the price
Of entrance to Grand Opera Paradise.

Pasadena California
March 31, 1935

Orelia Key Bell
Atlanta Georgia

until death do us part

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard! ...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world —those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in Du Maurier's glorious tale, "Peter Ibbetson." Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.

As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.

They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

Margaret Lindsay, like everyone else in filmland, is taking a look at the San Diego Exposition . . .

Fashion Headline:

PARIS hasn't heard of this. Neither has New York. But we predict it will be a bigger sensation than the famous *Letty Lynton* dress. We predict it will take the feminine world by storm. We mean *—the glamorous new evening wrap that Adrian has just designed for Joan Crawford in* Glitter. *It's a polo coat of gold metallic cloth!*

Very tailored, with the same lapels and stand-up collar that the sports version has, it is the best-looking thing on the fall horizon. It has the dash and smartness about it, with that tightly belted effect, that made the polo coat the most popular coat ever designed. In metal cloth or in one of those super-heavy lamés for evening, it is a complete knockout! So get yourself four and a half yards of material (if you are average size), use taffeta for the lining, resurrect your old camel's-hair for a pattern—and lead the parade at the night formals this fall!

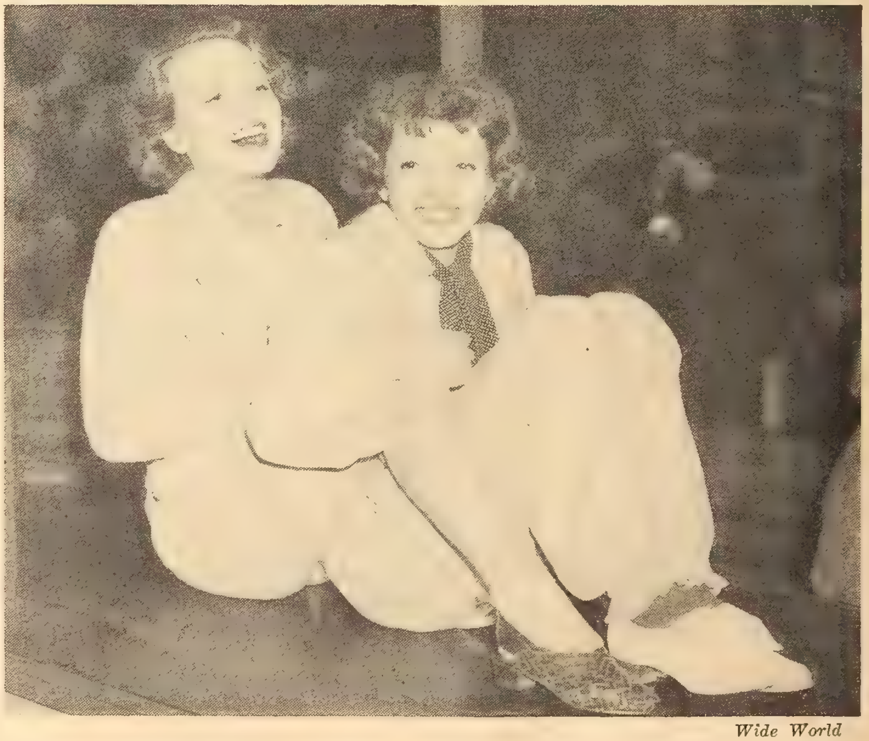
● STIFF black velvet lined with taffeta is going to be an unbeatable combination this season. So are short "cap" sleeves. One of Adrian's newest Crawford creations has all three features. It is in black velvet with a muchly starched vest of white piqué that has rhinestone studs. The short sleeves have flaring cuffs of the piqué with rhinestone clasps. And the skirt—a stunning affair with tunic and train.

And, speaking of Adrian, he has gone in for trick poultry in a large, large way. Yes sir, Farmer Adrian has two Japanese roosters with tails six feet long in his collection, and expects them to win first prize at the county fair in October. The funny part of it is that Tony, the French poodle that Helen Hayes gave him for Christmas, has adopted the roosters and won't let the other poultry near them. Believe it or not, the coops have special devices that automatically record each egg laid. It may be a long jump from fashions to fowls, but the chickens aren't going to fool Adrian!

● HE was practically mobbed at the San Diego Exposition by women. When they saw the tall, good-looking chap and discovered who he was, there was no holding them back. The gowns he has designed recently for Garbo, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald and Norma Shearer are on display there and he was inspecting the magnificent setting that Fair officials had accorded them. Then came the rush of eager femininity—and Adrian disappeared.

● MAE WEST, in white satin with a touch of red, went through the San Diego Exposition with eight bodyguards. But she would not let them ward off the autograph-seekers. "They pay good money to see my pictures, don't they?" she demanded. "If they want my 'John Henry' they can have it!" In the Federal Building, where a million-dollar bank note is on display, protected by marines armed to the teeth, Mae stopped for a long moment. "Why don't you boys come up to see me some time—and bring *that* along?"

[*Continued on page* 10]



Wide World

And a good time was had by all! Marlene Dietrich and Claudette Colbert shared hysterics on the slide at Carole Lombard's "amusement park party"

New Shopping Finds!

Smart gals . . . our Sho Scouts! This month they found new gadgets for home and items to step personal beauty that shoul welcome news for everyb Find out from us what is new . . . convenient . . . dependable. And more next month!

****A hat for 15c! My goodness, what's happening in the fashion world? Something smart, we'll tell you, for a well-known company has devised a new use for their paper—a chic head-covering use. You braid and sew and trim according to instructions, and the result is something pretty special. The directions are concise, the hats are easy to make, and are truly good-looking. What's more, you wouldn't believe they were paper if you didn't examine them with extreme care! On sale at department stores.

****Don't you love something new on your grocery shelves? Discover a brand spanking new food product that is simply delicious! It is an imported-style liverwurst roll in a 7-ounce can, and at its taste you'll call for more! Excellent for sandwiches, for summer suppers, for *hors d'oeuvres*. This company also has canned frankfurters and cocktail sausages that delight your tummy. The cans are vacuum-sealed for freshness, and steam-cooked for flavor. The new liverwurst is 27c a can, 3 cans for 75c.

Esther Ralston dresses for a shopping expedition in a two-piece Stuart plaid with velveteen collar. (Photo by Rhodes; dress from the Broadway Hollywood)

****Let your books stand at attention! Books hate toppling over and like to be held by smart-looking book-ends. The very newest have a spring action that keeps the books erect and accessible. They are lightweight in a smart black and chrome finish, chromium-plated black solid brass, and they are handicrafted by the company founded by that famous horse-riding Paul Revere in 1801. They make marvelous gifts with a very expensive look, while the cost is only $1!

****Have you always liked leather jackets, but thought they were pretty expensive? We've found the answer in these sports jackets that you make yourself of small leather pieces for 75c! A package of material contains enough leather (and ample instructions) to make a grand-looking patchwork leather jacket, chic for fall, for school and sports. Whoever had this swell idea certainly used a clever head, for imagine having a leather jacket for 75c! (50c children's sizes.)

****Women sighed for it, and it has been provided—a means of transporting perfume around in a purse. You've probably wished countless times that you could have some perfume with you, but dreaded carrying a bottle in your purse for fear of its breaking or leaking. No more! The case is a graceful fluted bakelite one containing a glass cylinder filled with perfume. It's leak-proof, feather-light, and refillable. You can get the case, and the perfume for 75c.

****Liquid stockings! Doesn't that sound like a grand summer idea? A famous beauty expert conceived the idea, to conceal blemishes and give the legs a silken finish. When worn under sheer evening stockings, the preparation adds to their allure. It comes in four shades: Eggshell, Evening, Suntan, Dark. If your legs aren't tanned enough to suit you, just apply this and you'll look like a true sun-worshiper. The price of this is $1.

****Wash your car without getting it wet! Sounds sort of impossible, doesn't it? But not when you know about this "dry-wash" which saves eighty on car-washing cost. There are lion people now who dry-wash th in cold weather, and the number is creasing for summer use, too. Just ru this product on your dirty car [illegible] a cloth, and away scampers the d [illegible] t's absolutely simple, and makes i [illegible] to keep your car gleaming. The p [illegible] $1, but it has been reduced to 39c!

****Inspired by the informality Hollywood entertaining is the clev server made of lightweight wood. It one of those things that serves many pur poses in life, from being a cheeseboar to acting as a supper, bread, or cockt board. It is smart to look at, and migl handy to have while entertaining. buys it!

****There's a new way of doing the trick of quickly removing hair from the legs. Just whisk these mittenlike affairs over the offending hair, and it vanishes Easy to use, and extremely effective. The cost is 35c.

****Mickey Mouse has gone bookish—in a set of three little books, all illustrated by his foster-parent, Walt Disney. The titles are: "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?", "Adventures of Mickey Mouse", and "Little Red Riding Hood". And in addition to these charming children's books, there's a big rubber Mickey for the children to blow up an [illegible] with The three books in a box, and ber Mickey Mouse all for 50c!

****Wash windows without "What an idea!" say you, "I'll can't be done." But that was befo told you about the new cleaner. whisk a small cloth dampened w over the glass and follow with an whisk with a dry cloth. That's Which all means it is a great wo time-, and money-saver. Excellent for eyeglasses and automobile windo Leaves 'em all sparkling.

[*Continued on page* 81]

We're sorry we can't undertake any shopping commissions for you. (If we did that, we wouldn't have time to scout around and find slick new things to tell you about, would we?) But we'll be very glad to tell you where to find any or all of them, if you will address Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope for reply.

Barnes . . . in Universal's Production "DIAMOND JI

Do You Know What Shade of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick Will Accent Beauty in *Your* Face?

★

POWDER

Max Factor's Powder makes your skin satin-smooth....its subtle color harmony shades add alluring radiance. Protects as well as beautifies; aids your skin to be fine-textured and young-looking.

★

ROUGE

he flattering color harmony shades f Max Factor's Rouge are light-tested... maintain their true color. Blends easily, smoothly; gives your skin a delicate, natural glow that lasts for hours.

★

LIPSTICK

Being moisture-proof, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick may be applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of your lips giving them an even, harmonized color.

★

DO YOU know how red a rouge, and what shade of red will accent youthful beauty in your face? Do you know what shade of powder will enliven your skin and give it new alluring beauty? The answer lies in a secret known to lovely screen stars, and a discovery of Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. From his vast experience in creating make-up to meet the exacting demands of the camera, Max Factor has developed the new art of color harmony make-up consisting of powder, rouge, and lipstick blended to emphasize beauty.

Color harmony make-up will accent beauty in your face just as it does for glamorous red-haired Binnie Barnes and other beautiful stars. If you are a blonde, it will give your face an exquisite romantic charm; if you are a brunette, it will make you fascinatingly beautiful. Color harmony make-up is as effective on one type as another, and may be used with enchanting results by the girl of fifteen, or the matron of fifty.

Would you like to see for yourself what an amazing change color harmony powder, rouge, and lipstick will make in your face? Would you like to have Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like a helpful illustrated book on *"The New Art of Society Make-Up?"* Just mail the coupon below, and all of these will be sent to you.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—*Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony*

U will find Max Factor products at your favorite . A large box of Max Factor's Face Powder is only dollar; Max Factor's Rouge is fifty cents; Max or's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Use Max tor's Make-Up and discover what the loveliest women the world already know.

35 by Max Factor & Co.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.

5-9-96

NAME ____________________

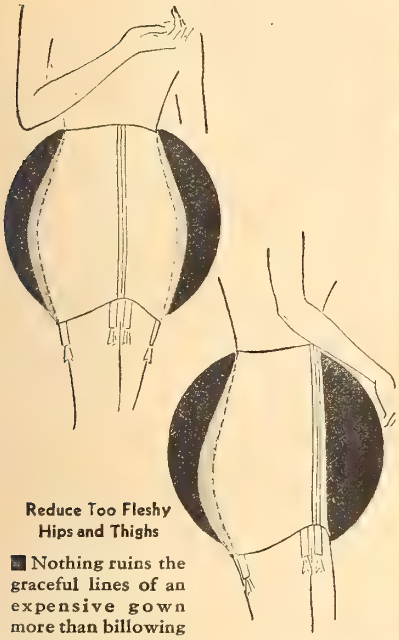
STREET ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

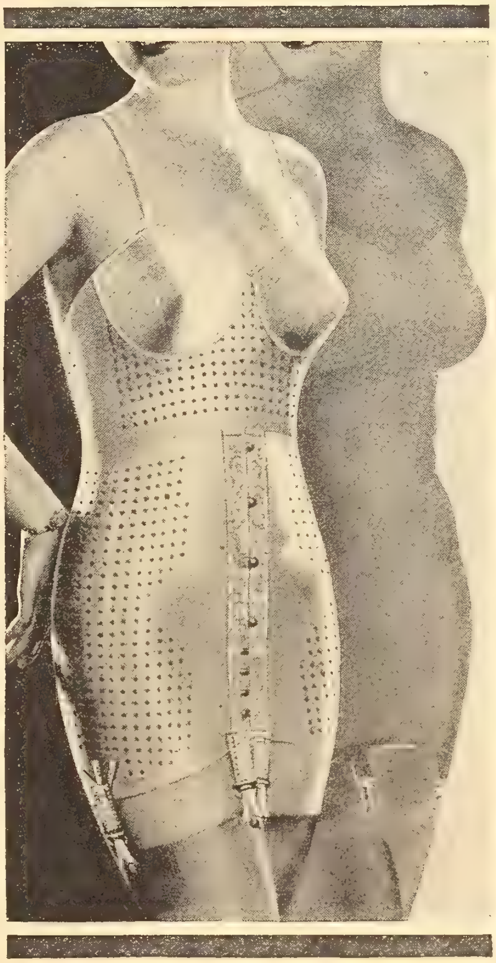


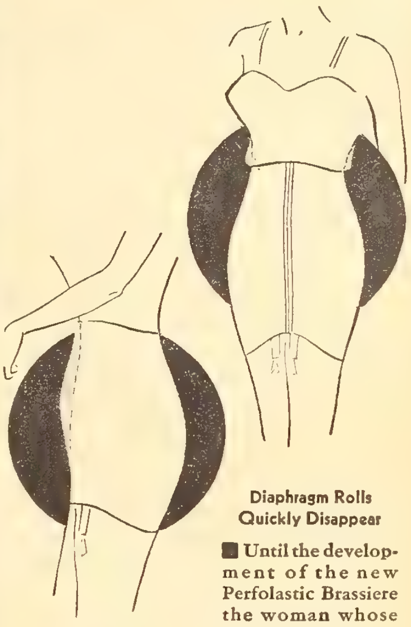
Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs

■ Nothing ruins the graceful lines of an expensive gown more than billowing hips . . . they are quickly brought back to beauty with the gentle massage-like action of the Perfolastic Girdle.

The Bulge "Derriere" Reduces Quickly

■ It is so easy to overcome the after effects of too healthy appetites . . . simply don a Perfolastic Girdle and watch the curves smooth out at the spots where Fashion says reduce.





Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

■ Prominent "tummies" are almost universally due to relaxed muscles and resulting fat. Perfolastic will correct the appearance at once and then surely and safely reduce it, without dieting.

Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear

■ Until the development of the new Perfolastic Brassiere the woman whose figure was marred by unsightly "rib-rolls" had to reduce by expensive massage. Now the massage-like action does it.

Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled . . as are *all* Perfolastic wearers.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat has accumulated—*nowhere* else!

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

■ No longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

And how is it done? Simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material. Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" WRITES MISS HEALY!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

DON'T WAIT! SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF PERFORATED RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon *now!*

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 79, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

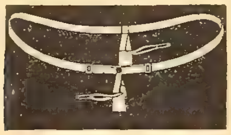
*City*__________ *State*__________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

WELCOME AIDS FOR Difficult DAYS

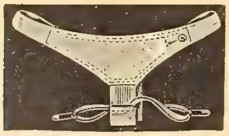
Siluette belt by Hickory—STYLE 1300

The Siluette Sanitary Belt by Hickory, by a patented process, is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Siluette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, light-weight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed, ironed—65c



STYLE 1340

The Hickory Petite—adjustable—narrow boilproof Lastex; Satin Pads, perfectly comfortable and secure 35c



STYLE 1387

A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination satin and boilproof Lastex 50c

Sanitary Belts by

HICKORY

Made in a wide variety of styles . . . . 25c to 75c

If your dealer hasn't the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large

A. STEIN & COMPANY
1157 West Congress Street, Chicago

You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, *too*

HOLLYWOOD'S Heart Problems —*and Yours*

FROM the letters that come pouring in to me, I know that cities are going to be more crowded than ever this fall with young girls "starting out on their own." Young girls seeking to express themselves in some career, searching for freedom, for adventure. Young girls who wonder if they will need every ounce of courage to combat loneliness.

"In September," writes one of them (who is typical of so many), "I am leaving for a new job in the city. . . How shall I go about getting acquainted with people and having a good time? . . . What's the best way to get ahead? To meet worth-while men?"

I wish I could have a talk with each one of you—because the cruel impersonality of the city is bound to be tragic for some of you—unless, of course, you know how to break through that impersonality and make a place for yourself. It isn't so very difficult, really. But it does take courage and a great deal of common sense.

● I WAS talking about this to actress Binnie Barnes at lunch recently. Binnie has the limitless charm of the girl who has made her own way in life—and thrived on the experience. She seems able to converse on any subject. And to this particular subject she brings an understanding and sympathy that are genuine, that mean something.

"If I were to do it over," she began, "if I were seventeen again and newly arrived in London to make a living, I certainly would not go to some fifth-rate rooming house as I did! That's the first thing a girl usually thinks of: 'I must get a cheap room somewhere until I find work.'

"My advice is—*don't do it!* Go to some girls' club. Every profession seems to have one of its own. Offhand, I can think of the Business Woman's Club, the Secretarial, The Theatrical—and there are countless others. Then there is the Y.W.C.A. The main point is, find a place where you can have companionship. Let me tell you, that is the most important thing the first few weeks you are in a strange city. You don't pay any more to live at such places and living there is a million times more cheerful than in some dark, dingy hall bedroom.

"Any large city is the same, whether it is London or New York or Los Angeles. A girl gets buried in them, the maze of streets, the mass of

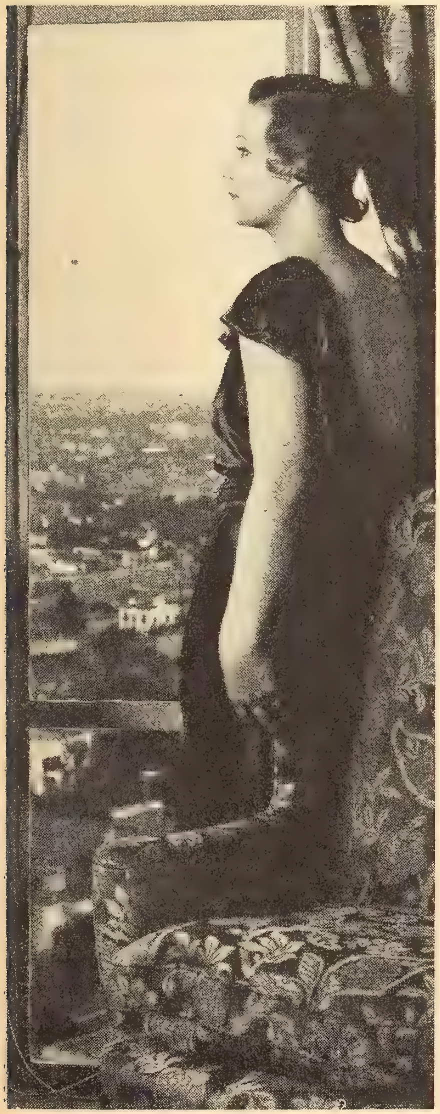
Picture yourself in Binnie Barnes' place sand miles away from home. Would

When a girl "starts out on her own" in a place far from home how can she avoid loneliness . . . best get ahead . . . meet worth-while men? Binnie Barnes gives several answers!

By Margaret Dixe

people. She feels lost. She is so lonely that it's like a physical pain. I know! I went through it all. . . . You look for work all day and then, because you have no place else to go, you come 'home' to a dingy two-by-four. Maybe the landlady speaks to you—about the week's

[*Continued on page 72*]



—among strangers in a city six thou-
you know how to combat loneliness?

Why Ex-Lax *is the* Ideal Hot *Weather* Laxative!

VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water or diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.

2. In summer there is a greater loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watery" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Preview

from the latest hits of

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN . . . SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that means tops in entertainment *for the whole family!*

"All my life, I've had a hunger in my heart . . . a hunger to love and be loved."

Shirley TEMPLE
IN
'CURLY TOP'

with

JOHN BOLES

ROCHELLE HUDSON

JANE DARWELL

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS
by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!
"When I Grow Up"
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"
"The Simple Things In Life"
"It's All So New To Me"
"Curly Top"

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."

Flashes
your favorite stars!
by Jerry Halliday

JANET GAYNOR
AND
HENRY FONDA
IN

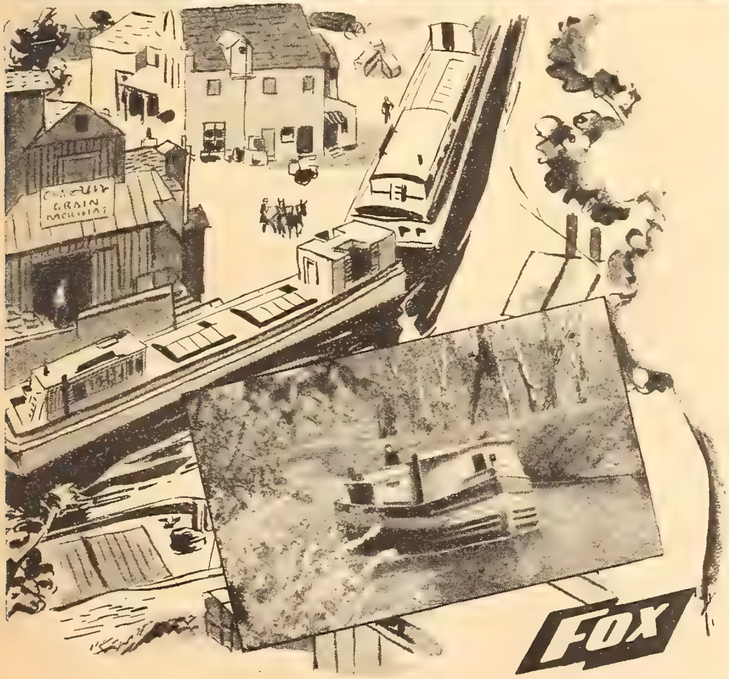
The FARMER TAKES a WIFE

Charles Bickford
Roger Imhof
Slim Summerville
Jane Withers
Andy Devine
Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Victor Fleming
Screen Play by Edwin Burke
From Max Gordon's Stage Play • Authors Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly • Based on the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds

A STAR OVERNIGHT . . . Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the soil who works on the canal to earn money for a farm.

JANET GAYNOR SCORES the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!



YOU . . . who loved "State Fair" . . . HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time . . . when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways . . . this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march . . . when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper . . . while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

- ● ● ● ● Exceptional
- ● ● ● Excellent
- ● ● Good
- ● Skip it

Speaking of Movies...

MOVIE CLASSIC reviews the new pictures from a feminine viewpoint

"La Bohème" is sung by Grace Moore and Michael Bartlett in *Love Me Forever* in a thrillingly beautiful manner!

● ● ● ● **Becky Sharp** brings color to the screen and undoubtedly as a result the future of the movies will be written in red, white and blue . . . as well as all the other shades. There is much development to be done, make-up technique to be adjusted, nuances of shading to be obtained, but for the first major all-color picture this one is a honey. Color tells the truth about the beauties in the picture; it makes the young ones look that way, while the older ones reveal their age. The story of *Becky Sharp* isn't a particularly jolly one, but regardless you'll like the trollop *Becky,* due to Miriam Hopkins' joyous acting of the part. From the time she leaves school until the last minute of the show, when she throws a saintly book at a departing saintly friend, she is a thoroughly worldly *Becky.* The Regency silhouettes are charming, including the bonnets, which should tease the present-day milliners' fancies. There is a ball scene that is a blaze of color, and makes a gal wish she could have lived in times like those. Frances Dee is lovely to see, Alan Mowbray is excellent in his part, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke gives a splendid portrayal. Remember when you see *Becky Sharp* that you're seeing only the first of a new cycle in motion picture history, and judge accordingly. (RKO-Radio)

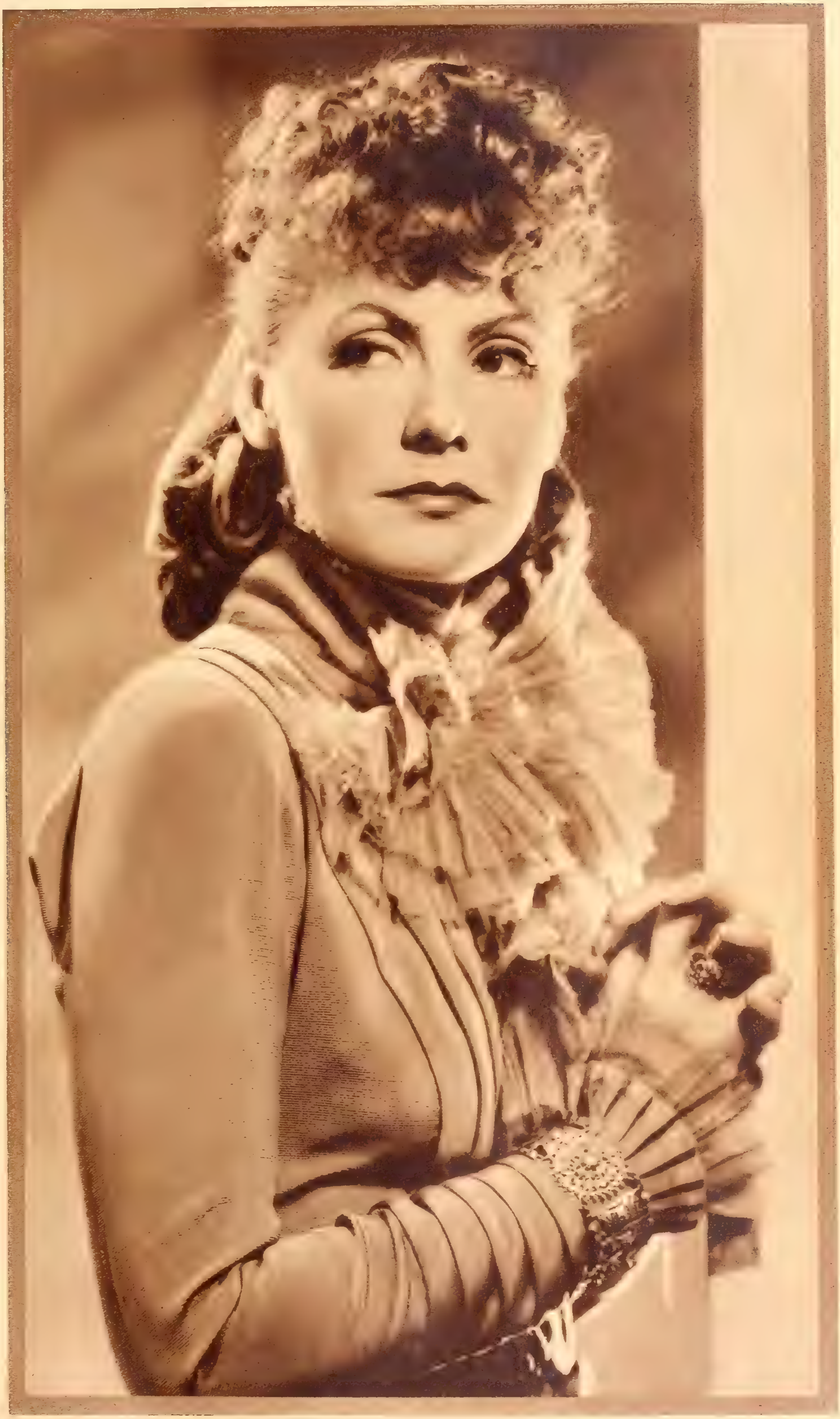
● ● ● ● **Love Me Forever** gives us Grace Moore—the girl who can take her kings or leave them—and is a picture that you *must* see . . . and hear. Her voice is glorious, and what is more, she is exquisitely beautiful. Leo Carrillo gives a grand performance as a gambler who falls in love with her, and builds for her sake an elaborate night-club devoted to operatic entertainment, and from there lifts her into the Metropolitan Opera. Luis Alberni gives a good portrayal as Carrillo's henchman, and Michael Bartlett, making his first screen appearance, outshines even Miss Moore in his rendition of "La

[*Continued on page* 88]

Miriam Hopkins and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are the merciless gossips of *Becky Sharp*, the picture that brings color to the screen with exquisite results

Henry Fonda will capture your heart in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, with lovely Janet Gaynor as the maiden in the case

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



Garbo

For ten years, she has been in Hollywood—and the magic spell she has cast over moviegoers is still in force. She still is The Woman That Most Women Dream of Being—beautiful, individual, elusive, courageous. And now, in "Anna Karenina," she becomes newly romantic. She has changed her long bob for a coiffure of the 1870's, when women dramatized femininity, not sophistication. And on her return from Sweden, she may do "Camille"

Portrait by C. S. Bull

New Child Wonder

Jane Withers is the name—and she is a natural. She proved it first as the child villainess of "Bright Eyes," in which she almost stole top honors. Now she is a sensation—and a star—in "Ginger." Like Shirley Temple, she will lead children back to the theatres, bringing their parents with them!

Sh-Sh-Shirley!

Speaking of naturalness, Shirley Temple has not lost hers. Totally unspoiled, she still looks upon acting as a game. And, to prove it, we present a preview portrait from her new musical picture, "Curly Top"—showing her as an orphan, with a four-footed orphan of a storm

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Two Hearts in Gay Time

Dancing has done plenty for Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire—but they have done even more for dancing, making it gay and lively and romantic again. In "Top Hat," they have music by Irving Berlin, an amusing story, and the dancing time of their lives

—Portrait by C. S. Bull

P. S.—They Also Sing and Dance

Are you Robert Taylor-conscious? If you are, you know a rising romantic star when you see one. And in "Broadway Melody of 1936," you will acquire the suspicion that the boy is versatile, too. For with coy June Knight as the girl who keeps him guessing, he not only whispers sweet nothings into her half-concealed ear. He joins her in duets and in dances

—Portrait by Fryer

An Annapolis Prom Girl Now

Now that she has the West Point situation well in hand, after "Flirtation Walk," Ruby Keeler is prepared for a naval engagement. At least, Dick Powell is a naval cadet in the new musical, "Dress Parade," and they should be dancing toward the altar at the finale!

... And Their Dreams Come True

Love, they say, is the same old story the world over—but Hollywood is constantly finding new ways to tell it. For example, it has rediscovered "Peter Ibbetson," and a different kind of romance is on your autumn menu—with Ann Harding and Gary Cooper as co-stars in the fantasy of two long-parted lovers who find a way of making a romantic dream of reunion come true

—Portrait by Richee

—Portrait by Autrey

Chaplin's Silent Partner

Pert Paulette Goddard was once one of the chorus in an Eddie Cantor musical. Maybe you overlooked her then. But you won't miss her in Charlie Chaplin's long-awaited, just-completed comedy about the machine age. She is The Silent One's leading lady. And he is planning to star her in a picture (a talkie, no less) that he will direct!

—*Photo by Rhodes,* MOVIE CLASSIC *Photographer*
Artist Willy Pogany tells Binnie Barnes she is an unusual type—brown-eyed and bright-haired

Chart Your Charm!

By GERTRUDE HILL

YOU are about to become more charming than you ever were before, even in your best moments! Earnest young men in Hollywood, doing all sorts of miraculous things with lenses, color combinations, and lights are preparing to open a new world for you. It will be a world of living, pulsing color, where all the loveliness of your screen favorites will be seen, and where you will discover the delightful possibilities of color for your own adornment.

The stars themselves are preparing for color films by taking a new interest in the tint of their eyes, their skin, and their hair. They are feverishly swirling rainbow silks and satins about themselves, trying to find *the* colors that will give them That Certain Desirable Something.

In the midst of all this exciting flutter stands Willy Pogany, genius of color. Pogany is that extraordinary artist, illustrator and scene designer, whose canvases breathe with reality, and whose settings for *Wonder Bar, Dante's Inferno,* and dozens of other films open new vistas of splendor and imagination. And from this color master I sought the secrets of color alchemy, so that all girls could blossom with the beauty he gives the stars.

Are you a Katharine Hepburn titian? You have few worries!

Or are you as fair as Bette Davis? Warm colors can do things for you!

Or are you dark like Dolores Del Rio? Green is one of your aids!

A famous artist—Willy Pogany—tells you what colors will enhance your beauty!

"Color can do more than any other single thing to make you charming," declares this confidential adviser to the most beautiful women in the world. "Color in films will give every girl and woman increased color consciousness, and they will rely even more upon the stars for charm, beauty and allure.

"How can all this come about? I'll tell you exactly what I tell every star whose portrait I paint, whose color problems I help solve. No matter what kind of hair, eye, or skin tones you have, there is a color that will make you more attractive. If you are drab, color can make you enchanting. If you are pretty, color can give you breathtaking charm. I have prepared a chart, suggesting the best colors to be worn by girls of all complexions to get certain definite effects. Would you like to share it with the stars?"

Who wouldn't like to have a world-famous artist tell them just what color to wear to make them appear their loveliest! And at the bottom of this page, you will find Willy Pogany's color chart, cut it out—keep it to consult when you go shopping, when you want to dress in harmony with your moods.

● "First of all, remember this—*you* are the most important part of your costume or your setting," counsels Mr. Pogany. "Since all the colors that surround you must add to your beauty, it is essential to study your own coloring most carefully. Look into your mirror. What are you? Blonde? Brunette? Medium? Your answer will come quickly. There is no doubt, you say, that you are this or that. But, are you *sure?*

"Let us see. What is the color of your skin? It may be white, like a gardenia petal. It may be pink-and-white, like apple blossoms. It may have a pinkish hue. It may be creamy. It may be golden, like the tawny side of a ripe apricot or peach. It may be olive, with green tones underlying it. All dark skins are not olive, although they are commonly called so. Most sallow skins are merely olive complexions that have the wrong colors against them.

"I put so much stress on the skin because it has much more to do with your blondeness or darkness than your hair has," Pogany says. "Your skin is the most important color index you have. Next come your eyes. If you have blue eyes with dark hair, like Jean Parker and Maureen O'Sullivan, you are not a brunette. If your eyes are hazel, like Joan Blondell's, consider them brown when you apply your make-up and choose your gowns.

"After your skin and your eyes, regard your hair. If it is dark, and you have fair skin and light eyes, you are artistically correct if you wish to lighten your hair, as Ann Sothern and Alice Faye have done. If your hair is drab, you are justified in brightening it.

"Are you still so positive of [*Continued on page* 58]

HOW TO USE COLORS TO VARY YOUR CHARM

COLORING OF HAIR AND SKIN	SWEET	DEMURE	SEVERE	ELEGANT	STRIKING
	Light Contrast	*Pale Harmonizing Shades*	*Dark Harmonizing Shades*	*Rich Harmonizing Shades*	*Vivid Contrast*
BLONDE HAIR					
White Skin . . .	Ivory	Yellow	Darker Shades of Cream and Brown also Black	Black	Emerald
Pink and White . .	Salmon Pink	Beige		Russet	Powder Blue
Creamy Skin . . .	Lavender	Fawn		Brown	Turquoise
Pink Skin	Pale Green	Light Blue		Brown	Green
Golden Skin . . .	Powder Blue	Cobalt Blue		Wine	Violet
BROWN HAIR					
White Skin . . .	Creamy Hues	Tan, Beiges and Light Browns	Darker Shades of Tan and Brown	Olive Green	Orange
Creamy Skin . .	Nile Green			Henna	Leaf Green
Pink Skin . . .	French Blue			Olive Green	Sapphire
Golden Skin . .	Strawberry			Amber	Burgundy
Olive Skin . . .	Fawn			Deep Russet	Burnt Sienna and Turquoise
BLACK HAIR					
White Skin . .	Pearl Gray	Creamy Whites and Grays	Navy Blue, Oxford Gray and Black	Gray	Vermilion
Creamy Skin . .	Lavender			Purple	Fuchsia
Pink Skin	Pale Green			Wine	Emerald
Golden Skin . . .	All Greens			Brown, Black	Scarlet
Olive Skin . . .	Peach			Deep Violet	Ultramarine and Orange
RED HAIR					
White Skin . . .	Ivory	Dove Grays and Browns	Black	Deep Blue, Grays and Black	Black, White, Gold, Green, Almost Anything
Pink and White . .	Ivory				
Creamy Skin . . .	Apple Green				
Golden Skin . . .	Misty Gray				

Study—and save—this handy guide to charm with colors, prepared by Willy Pogany. It will pay you dividends!

Why JANET GAYNOR Is So *Popular*

Janet Gaynor today is sitting very prettily on top of the movie world—Feminine Favorite No. 1 by actual box-office count. And all the glory hasn't changed her a bit. She hasn't lost a single friend, while making millions of new ones. Friends matter to Janet!

In *The Farmer Takes a Wife,* the rousing romantic comedy drama of early Erie Canal days, Janet Gaynor is popular with such opposites as Henry Fonda and Charles Bickford. And in real life she is just as popular with people who are total opposites. Moreover, there are reasons!

She is Feminine Favorite No. 1—and her secret of popularity can be yours!

By Louise Lewis

MANY WOMEN know how to dazzle and shine. Some know how to rule nations, how to be men's equals in any career they undertake. But Janet Gaynor knows what so many never learn—how to be a *friend.*

That is the way she has conquered an entire world. Not with banners flying—sensational headlines—champagne splendor. Oh, no! She has done it quietly and simply. She has done it by being a folksy little person, the sort who would stand by you through thick and thin, laugh with you, cry with you—yes, and fight for you. And *that* is the secret of the overwhelming Gaynor popularity.

"It isn't the glory-seekers and the self-seekers who have the fun," she believes. "It's the people who can get—and give—joy in plain, everyday living! That's the biggest lesson Hollywood teaches you. You soon learn how senseless it is to put artificial values on things, to strain after something that has no meaning. For instance, in my own case, I was told I should 'live up to my position!' And I tried. Honestly I did," she chuckles softly. "I rented a big place with the regulation swimming pool and tennis court, and I attended some of those enormous parties that are so elaborately done. But nobody had a very good time; it was too crowded. And suddenly I realized that it isn't the big things, the pomp and ceremony, that matter. It's the *little things.*"

● AND Janet has built her stairway to success on little things—the kind that you and I and the folks next door love for their sweetness and homeliness. She isn't an exotic wonder. She isn't a glitter-girl. But it is an odd fact that the Gaynors of the world, with their simplicity and just-glad-to-be-aliveness, have a special brand of glamor that outlasts every other variety. She has proved it with a hundred million people. After nine years of stardom, she still is on top. But even before she was famous, there was that "something" about her. You would catch people smiling involuntarily at Janet on the street, as if she had evoked some happy thought. She, you see, knows how to speak the language of humanity. And she has never learned to speak another.

There is a reason for that, of course—a reason why Janet, in the midst of Hollywood's sophisticated hurly-burly, has been left untouched by it. The answer, I think, goes back to a certain period of her life when she was a little bundle-wrapper in a San Francisco department store. Bundle-wrappers get a pretty good insight into human nature from their vantage point. Janet saw how quickly arrogance can freeze a person and how genial kindliness can warm the heart.

One afternoon a towering dowager came in. Janet heard what she said to the clerk, watched her haughty intolerance leave the other girl white and bitter-eyed. Finally, the woman called the manager and ordered the girl discharged. It was then that the little redheaded bundle-wrapper turned into an avenging fury. She had them all listening. And when she finished, the dowager was gasping. But she managed a half-apology before she stalked off. "I never want to be like that, as if the world owed me a couple of diamond crowns for getting myself born!" Janet told herself fiercely. "I want to be 'just folks,' no matter what happens!"

And she has kept her word!

● THERE was charming proof of that when she was in Paris last summer. Lollie, as her family call her, was at her favorite stunt—browsing among the old bookstalls on the left bank of the Seine. An American sailor was browsing, too—or making a pretense at it. You can't browse very well when

[*Continued on page* 84]

The NELSON EDDY Women Want to Know

You don't know anything about the nation's newest film rave until you read this story . . . which reveals, among other things, the kind of girl he hopes to marry

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

NELSON EDDY is a man's man . . . and a woman's hero. In apology for the latter, he puts the blame on the heroic, gallant, singing fellow, *Captain Richard Warrington,* that he played in Metro's smash hit, *Naughty Marietta,* which has taken the country's imagination by storm—and song.

Shy and lonely (by his own confession), the newest matinee idol lays the blame for his sudden film success—after waiting two long Hollywood years, playing vocal bits in *Dancing Lady* and *Student Tour*—to the romantic appeal of *Warrington* and not to his own personable qualities, his fine smile, even teeth, thick tawny hair, tall, vigorous body.

Eddy has had enough experience with success (concert, radio and opera) to know that most of his feminine followers fall in love with the illusion he creates and not with the man. The man is single, handsome, hard-working, a self-made success. Usually, he has a hard time convincing these fearless stage-door Jills who pursue and confront him with their passion, that it's not Nelson, but illusion they love. Sane, sensible, almost phlegmatic, he takes time out to reason with them.

To sum up the characteristics of Eddy, the man, for the fifteen hundred correspondents (mostly women) who weekly deluge Metro's fan mail department with Nelson Eddy letters, almost anyone would say that he was considerate, idealistic, unaffected by his latest triumph, not likely to be affected by future triumphs, friendly, romantic, virile, handsome. They would be less likely to know that he is tactful and anxious not to profit on sensational publicity.

With Jeanette MacDonald, his co-star in *Naughty Marietta* (above), he will soon film another operetta

Recent concert audiences stomped and clapped for him to sing the marching song from *Naughty Marietta* again

● ON MY desk is a written request from Eddy asking that certain Hollywood names (of right pretty girls, too) be omitted from this story. "They may not be keen about my using their names," says the heedful Mr. Eddy. And, further, "Anything written about me on the girl angle is purely synthetic to date. If you must do it, then you must, but I don't think it right to bring these names into it."

So there you have, word for honest word, Nelson Eddy's feelings about the woman question.

He is not indifferent to women, but he knows just the type of woman he wants to marry. She must be cultured, witty, amiable, equipped with her share of beauty—and she need not know how to cook, sew, knit, mend. She must, above all, be "sweet." And then we have a late amendment, also from the Eddy message on my desk: "Please make no point of social or business distinction—merely say that the hypothetical 'she' must be a live wire."

Before you file your application, however, please consider this. Eddy had fourteen letter proposals in one Philadelphia day following a pronouncement regarding his feminine ideal. And not one got to first base. He likes to do his own choosing. And don't think that he is an unmitigated so-and-so because women besiege

Hurrell

He has a hard time convincing the girls that they are more interested in *Captain Warrington* than in Nelson Eddy. But he keeps trying. And then he adds, "I go out every other night, and still I am lonely"

him. They do the same to Gable, Boyer, and probably did to Booth and Salvini. There is something about the *genus actor,* blond or brunette, that lures the ladies.

And Eddy is not entirely immune. Listen to this:

● "I MET my ideal girl when I was on tour this winter," said the big, broad-shouldered singer, a symphony (or maybe an oratorio) in brown with tan shirt, autumnal tie. "There she was—beautiful, cultured, witty. I said to myself, 'Well, this looks like it's it,' and to her I said, 'Will you dine with me?'

"We dined, danced, went to the theatre. She had everything, but between us that little flame, that chemical affinity or whatever you want to call it, never was fanned to life. You can't fall in love without it. It gives zest and meaning and sweetness to any association of a man and a woman. I waited for it. But it never arrived. So there she is, still my 'ideal'—at least she has all the qualities that I admire in a woman—and here I am."

"Here," to Mr. Eddy, means Hollywood, some thousands of miles west of his birthplace, Providence, Rhode Island; some thousands of miles west of Philadelphia (Jeanette MacDonald's home-town), where he lived for fifteen years. ("If I had two theatre tickets, ten dollars to spend, and a bunch of roses in my hand, I wouldn't know a girl in Philadelphia whom I could ask to share them with me," he says regarding his Quaker City romantic associations. He worked too hard in his youth to fill his little red book with the *femmes'* phone numbers.)

"Here," to those of us who have watched his career, is away up on the matinee-idol success ladder, giving Clark Gable, Charles Boyer, Gary Cooper and the other lureful lads a run for their popularity. It's probably Eddy's abundant vitality that does it, plus the robust baritone voice that has been wowing concert listeners for the past several years. Anyway, it's bringing in the fan mail.

● "I THOUGHT thirty or forty letters a week was tops just a few months ago," said Eddy, glad to be talking of anything besides romantic attachments. "Yesterday I employed a secretary here to care for my fan mail. And I have one in the East. I also put a lawyer on a retainer to handle my affairs. My head got to aching with all the things that I had to attend to, now that *Naughty Marietta* has clicked and *Captain Richard Warrington* has made an impression on the crowd," he added smiling.

What he would rather talk about, instead of women and love (although he gives due homage to each), is his next year's concert tour. From the middle of January to the end of April, 1936, you will find him singing lustily, in person, up and down these broad United States. And the price for this tour has skyrocketed exactly 250 percent over last year's because of his film popularity!

Shrewd businessman-artist that he is (he was advertising man, reporter, copy-reader, shipping department employee before he ever sang opera), he knows, from this season's experience, that his next year's concert audience is going to be swelled by filmgoers who think that he is a Hollywood actor making a personal appearance. All of these people are not going to appreciate the melodious Mr. Eddy's interpretation of selections from Italian opera, nor will they care a hoot when he launches into Wagner and German *lieder.*

● "NEVERTHELESS," says Eddy, determined that his artistic career shall not escape him, "I am going right on singing my classical scores, and I'll give the numbers popularized on the screen as encores. Toward the end of his year's season, I noticed that the audience was composed of more film fans than usual. I got this from them . . ." and the baritone clapped his hands and stomped his feet, rhythmically, to signify a demand for the marching song of his recent film operetta.

Next season's tour promises to be an interesting experiment. But in view of [*Continued on page* 68]

Be a One-of-a-Kind Girl!

By Mary Watkins Reeve

Thus Miriam Hopkins counsels every girl who wants a career, an individual personality, charm . . . not to mention romance!

"Be a one-of-a-kind girl!" That advice, coming from one of the most fascinating of all movie stars, Miriam Hopkins, means advice from one who knows! She's a modern Cinderella, a beautiful girl whom men adore, a fine star, and the one chosen to play the leading rôle in the first all-color picture ever made, *Becky Sharp*. Yes, help from this girl should be of the utmost value!

Haven't you often thought: "If I only knew just *some* of the secrets a Miriam Hopkins would know about feminine *savoir-fáire,* I could have managed to be more of a hit at the dance last Saturday night."

You're not by yourself. I've wanted to know those secrets too. I got my chance when summer and Miss Hopkins both landed in Manhattan at the same time. Miriam was gayer than I had ever seen her.

We sat at luncheon on the terrace of her house in exclusive Sutton Place. The food was perfect, the East River inexcusably blue and yacht-dotted, and the afternoon lazy. Later, my hostess was to don a severe black and white tailleur, issue the remainder of the day's orders to the servants, crisply attend to some last-minute matters by telephone, and start for the races on Long Island. Very much the movie star. But now, sitting opposite me in the sunshine, she yawned like a sleepy kitten, tucked her feet under her in a wicker chaise longue, and talked intimately, in the Georgia drawl that she has been trying to squelch for years. She wore a perfectly frivolous pair of white satin pajamas, her feet in pert white mules, a mass of taffy-colored waves for a coiffure. Her eyes were a vivid blue. In their depths were reflected beauty, intellect, and individuality. I wondered, watching, how much of that loveliness she had had at sixteen, when she had first come to New York as a chorus girl.

What secrets had she learned and practiced to change her into the superbly poised Miriam Hopkins of today? How much easier would her struggle for success have been if she had known then what she knows now?

But you don't ask people questions like that. You ask something simpler. So I said, "Miriam, suppose you had a sister in her teens. What things would you tell her out of your own experience about personality, charm, appearance and romance? I mean your own little secrets, things you've discovered for yourself."

"I'd begin with appearance. Because the most important thing I've discovered, and one of the lessons that it took me longest to learn, was simply this: *It's never your obvious charms that make you beautiful. It's the little, less obvious ones!*

"Really, I mean just that. You know how you're inclined to be when you're first beginning to go out. You think loveliness is mainly composed of chiffon stockings, and the best-looking clothes you can possibly afford. You have more interest in fashion books and bargain racks than almost anything else. And that's all very well, for clothes are a big item. But they're not the biggest. Neither is the perfection of your hair or figure or make-up. Practically anyone can achieve those.

"But almost everyone neglects some part of that biggest item of all. I call it *little things.* Have you ever seen a gorgeous evening gown on slouched shoulders? Or cracked nail polish on the same finger with a diamond? Or a girl whose hair in front had been fashioned into a stunning, just-so frame for her face, and in back was simply—well, plain hair? Then you know what I mean. Just such slight things as those can take all the glamor away from any girl.

"I'd teach my younger sister that lesson first of all. I'd harp on the sins of scrubby heels and elbows when she's [*Continued on page 76*]

Says Miriam Hopkins: "I've discovered that the smartest thing any girl can do is not to be a 'type' "

Recently star of *Becky Sharp,* she now is making *Barbary Coast*

My Friend, MARION DAVIES

Anyone who knows her idolizes her. Now, at last, you can discover why!

BY EILEEN PERCY

IT'S NOT easy to tell people about Marion Davies. You come up against the same kind of resistance as when you tell a fairy tale to a child who has just stopped believing in fairy tales. "It's ridiculous," they say. "It's nonsense. As you describe her, she's Santa Claus. She's an angel. She's too good to be true." All right, then, she's Santa Claus, she's an angel, she's too good to be true. "But thank God," we cry—we who know her and hundreds whose friend she is, though they have never met her—"thank God," we cry from the bottom of our hearts, "she *is* true."

I have known her since we were children at school together. We weren't intimates then. I was just another girl to her, as she was to me, though even in those days Marion could hardly be "just another girl" to anyone. She was too lovely. Her eyes were bluer than any blue eyes I've ever seen, and though she wore her golden hair in braids, and though her perfect skin—rose glowing through white—was powdered with freckles, she still looked so much like a princess out of a storybook as to set her apart from the rest. Another thing that threw a halo around her for me—a stage-struck youngster—was the fact that her sister Reine was a headliner in the theatre. I used to steal awed glances at her over the top of my book, and wonder what it felt like to have a sister on the stage.

● SCHOOL ended, our ways parted, and I landed a job in a revue called *Stop, Look, and Listen.* There I met Marion again, a member of the show—so gay, so kind, so open-hearted that all my awe melted and from that day to this we have been fast friends.

She loved to laugh in those days as, given the least excuse, she loves to laugh now. We were so young then that we didn't need much excuse. One of our greatest jokes was making dates that we knew we couldn't keep. Neither of us was allowed to go out to parties. But whenever we received a bid, we would open our eyes wide in delight and say, "Oh, *thank* you, we'd *love* to come," knowing all the time that we hadn't a chance in the world of actually going. "We're not lying, though," we would assure each other solemnly, "because we *would* love to go," and I think in our hearts we always had a sneaking hope that somehow we might be able to manage it. But we never did. So we would comfort ourselves by going home to Marion's, where we would dress up in some of Reine's finery and parade around, pretending to be at the party, telling each other: "You look charming tonight, Miss Davies" and "May I have the pleasure of kissing your hand, Miss Percy?"

We grew up a little and presently found ourselves together again in *Oh, Boy.* Marion sang a song, I remember, called *Ribbon and a Little Bit of Lace,* and we both did a specialty number, *The Magazine Cover Girl,* with Joe Santley, in which Marion was the Summer and I was the Winter Cover. She was winning attention then as a beauty and a dancer, and I was having my own share of good luck. It was during the run of that show that Douglas Fairbanks signed me to go to Hollywood. Marion went out to the Coast not long afterward.

The ups and downs of my own story have no place here, but what my life would have been like without her friendship, I should hate to imagine. Being human, I suppose she must have her flaws, though through all my years of association with her, I have never been able to discover them. I know that, in saying these things, I lay myself open to the charge of prejudice. "Of course, you're her friend—you [*Continued on page 62*]

Marion Davies not only looks—but is—"like a princess out of a storybook." She has just completed *Page Miss Glory,* and may next film Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night,* directed by Max Reinhardt

Portrait by Manatt

BY
IDA ZEITLIN

He likes geography—but prefers history . . .

His knees are skinned from bicycle-riding . . .

He and Fritzie go swimming together . . .

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW'S BUSY DAY

YOU SAW Freddie Bartholomew play *David Copperfield,* and loved him. He won you so completely within an hour that, when the small figure faded out of the screen to make way for the grownup *David,* you felt an irrational impulse to fling out your arms and cry: "Stay, stay!"

Since then you have been hearing and reading stories about him, all indicating that his off-screen appeal is equally potent, that he mows down hearts as a bowler mows down ten-pins, though with far less effort—more accurately, without any effort at all, since the essence of his charm lies, as you may have guessed, in its utter lack of self-consciousness.

Let me invite you to an interview with Freddie—let me invite you to watch him, listen to him, laugh with him—and if you don't fall with a thud like the rest of us ten-pins, let me assure you that the fault will be none of his, but entirely that of his inadequate Boswell.

He's sitting more or less swallowed up in the depths of a large armchair, his legs stuck out straight in front of him, his socks revealing one sound knee and one that is pretty thoroughly battered. His hazel eyes under the wide forehead and mop of curly dark hair are momentarily serious, and he is twiddling a keycase by one key, held between fingers which are in the state normal to a boy who has had a busy day. His left hand is bandaged. Opposite him sits his beloved Cis—otherwise, Miss Myllicent Bartholomew, the aunt with whom he has lived since he was three—a wise and merry lady, between whom and Freddie there exists the easy understanding of perfect good-fellowship—rare enough between grown-ups, rarer still between a child and an adult.

● HAVING considered the question I put to him, Freddie plunges unhesitatingly into his story. He talks with the readiness of the well-bred youngster, who has been neither squelched to timidity nor coddled to self-importance. And if his vocabulary startles you now and then, it's the result of no unchildlike precocity, but only of an eager intelligence, a background of culture, and an early absorption in books which, at the age of five, included those of both Dickens and Shakespeare. (Everyone knows about *their* command of the English language.)

"Well," he begins, "I get up first of all. The alarm clock wakens me and I get up—which isn't easy. I love to *be* up—I love to be all up and dressed and doing things, yet the part I hate is *getting* up, d'you see what I mean?"

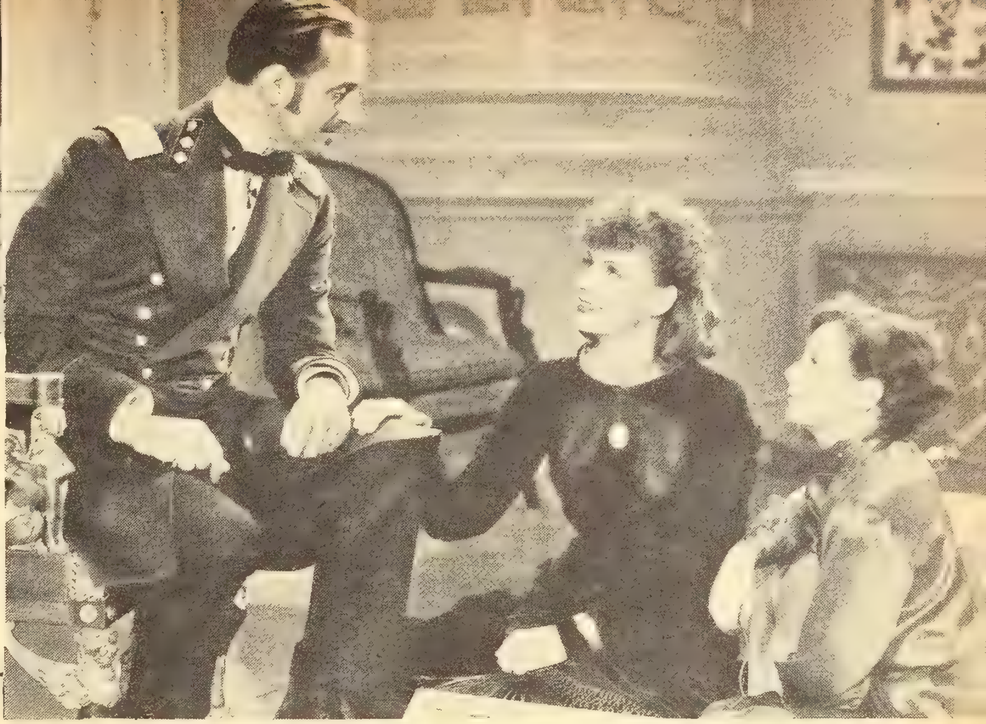
"Perfectly," murmurs Aunt Cis. "It's a family failing."

"Is it?" inquires Freddie with interest. "Well, *you've* certainly taken it on," and is mildly astonished to note that he has brought down the house.

"I get up," he resumes, "and put the kettle on, and get everything ready by myself, and I make the tea and bring it in to Cissy on a little tray, and I pour her out several cups and she drinks it. Then I go in and turn on my shower, and then I get under the shower, and then when that's done, I dry myself and get dressed and then I have breakfast." All this emerges on a single breath, and he pauses only long enough to draw another.

"For breakfast I just generally grab anything that's made. I like, first, cereal and then I take some fruit or anything that's handy, and—oh, yes—I love—sandwiches. And after breakfast, we have to dash to

He may be a great child actor, but he also is all boy. Read this great story—and fall in love with him off the screen!



Basil Rathbone, Freddie's cruel stepfather in *David Copperfield,* is his kind father now in *Anna Karenina*—and Greta Garbo plays Freddie's mother

get to the studio, and then if we arrive on time, which we very seldom do"—a guilty glance passes at this point between nephew and aunt—"I like to go to the dressing-room and help Cissy out with her attaché case."

"Fan mail," she explains, "which I couldn't possibly manage without him."

Freddie regards her with a thoughtful eye. "You wouldn't kid me, would you, Aunt Cis?" he demands. And the effect of that borrowed Americanism on Freddie's English lips is something you would have to hear to appreciate!

"Then I toddle off to school, and I think Miss Murphy, my tutor"—to whom he defers with a little inclination of the head—"can relate the next part of it."

● IN "RELATING the next part of it," Miss Murphy touches on the fact that, while the school day of most studio children is limited to three hours, Freddie's stretches to five, because of the necessity of meeting both British and American requirements.

"That's odd," he observes. "Then I really work two hours overtime." A sudden thought strikes him. "What's more," he informs his aunt, "I don't get [*Continued on page* 82]

Freddie and Mickey Rooney watch his turtle "run" . . .

He snaps his aunt, "Cis," and his tutor, Miss Murphy . . .

When he goes partying, he goes with Cora Sue Collins . . .

Wide World

First Crossing

Have you dreamed of going abroad, of seeing faraway, romantic places? You can make the dream come true—just as the two courageous girls in this story did!

BY HARRIET KAHM

I FIRST began to collect steamship folders when I was a senior in high school, and planned one trip after another elaborately, right down to the last detail. I eagerly absorbed every travel book I could find. I gave my long-suffering family involved lectures on the beauties of the Riviera and which part of a ship vibrates the least on an ocean crossing. I even went so unspeakably far as to quarrel with steamship agencies about the relative advantages and disadvantages of various cabins (they, of course, little dreaming that I was no more a prospective passenger than an Arctic whale).

I had never been more than fifty miles away from my home town.

No one in my family had ever been in Europe (excepting those ancestors who had originally come from there). None of us had ever traveled at all. Travel costs money.

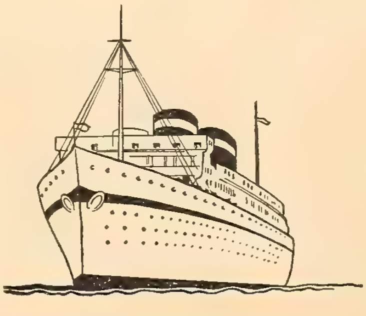
When I was graduated from high school, I took a business course for a year and became a stenographer. I was nineteen, and when I dreamed of romance it was always connected somehow with faraway, intriguing places. The steamship folder mania still had me in its gentle clutches; but down in my heart I realized grimly that my dreams never could come true. My salary was $23.00 a week. Travel is for the rich, isn't it? But lack of money couldn't stop me from *dreaming*.

● I DISCOVERED that I wasn't the only girl who had sea fever without ever gazing on the sea. Beth Robertson, a girl at the office, and I became intimate chums and I learned that she, too, had been bitten by the deadly travel bug. We spent enchanted hours dreaming ourselves around the world, and exchanging travel information, books, and steamship literature. We made a sort of wistful game of it.

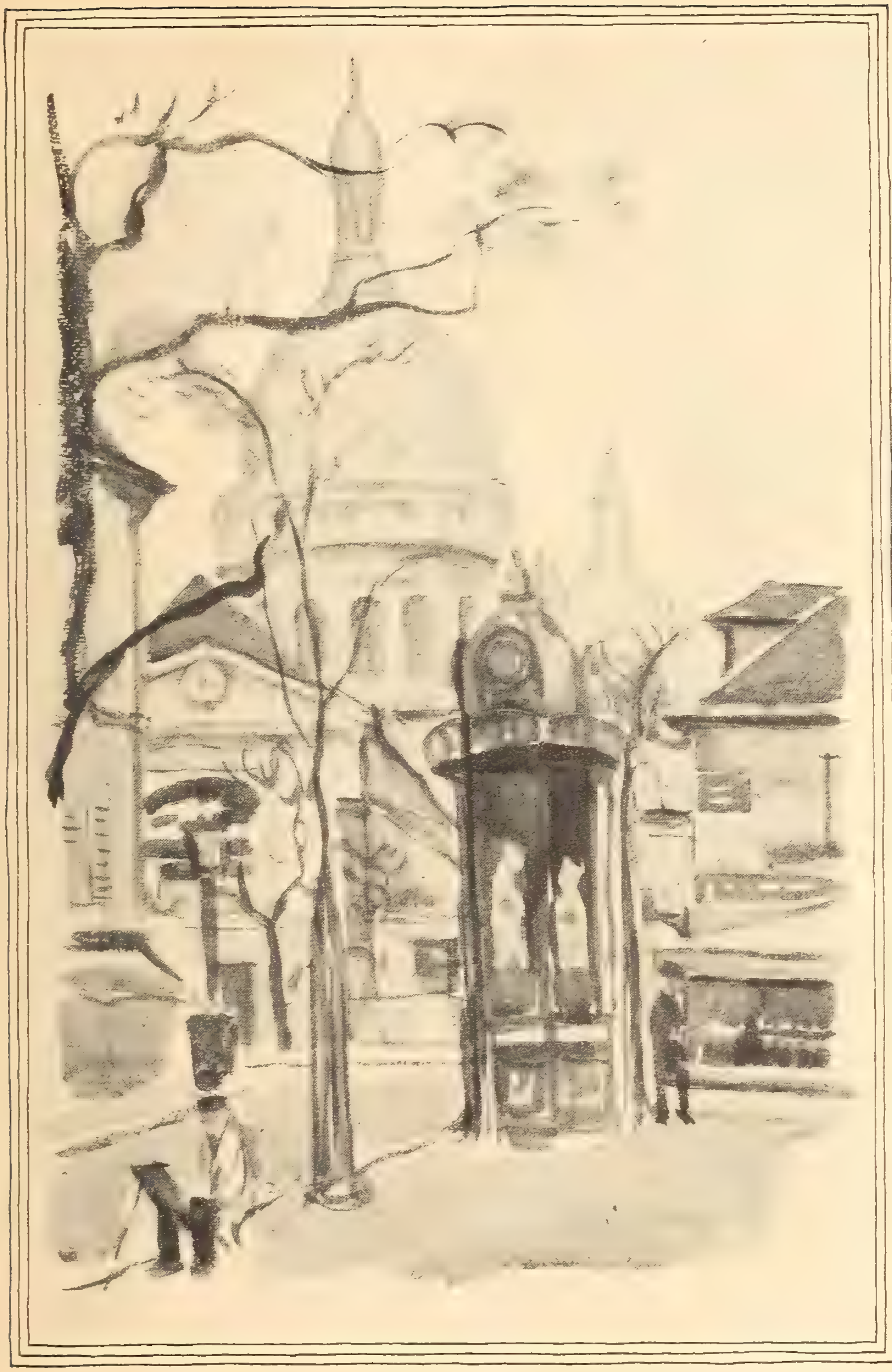
I might have spent all of my life in my home town if it hadn't been for a chance conversation I overheard in a street car one morning on the way to the office. Two well-dressed young women were sitting on the seat behind me. One of them had evidently just returned from Europe that very morning, and both were talking so excitedly that it was impossible not to overhear them. Said the returned traveler: "Oh, honey, you've got to do it! I had the most marvelous time of my life, and the whole trip didn't cost a cent more than three hundred dollars. I'm going to go back to England for another visit just as soon as I can save up the money, and I want you to come with me. I've got so many millions of things to tell you I don't know where to begin. Did you get my cable from London?" and much more.

I rode four blocks past my street, so absorbed was I in my impolite eavesdropping. It seemed to me as if some unseen, kindly power had purposely arranged matters so that I should be in that particular seat, in that particular street car, at that exact time.

I told Beth what I had heard. "Do you realize that there's nothing to stop us from doing the same thing?" I demanded. "It *can't* cost more than three hundred dollars or so, going third class, and taking one of the slower boats. If we each save three dollars a week out of our salaries for two years, we'll have more than enough!"



That night, in Beth's room, we figured out the details of the cost of a trip abroad, with steamship and other travel literature spread out before us. We found that every spring a certain line offers a round-trip excursion to Europe for $110.00, third class, including cabin and meals. Long study had convinced us that the modern third class was comfortable to the point of luxury, and eminently respectable. A passport would cost about



"We saw the Latin Quartier, with its narrow, dark, winding streets, and artists everywhere, painting. (From a water color by Harry L. Taskey)

"New York's outline was still etched faintly on the horizon. Behind us was America. Before us, the vast, mysterious reaches of the Atlantic, and beyond—Paris!"

$11.00, including photographs. Round-trip bus fare from our town to New York, $12.00. Tips aboard the boat, about $2.50 each way; total, $5.00.

● THE excursion permitted a fifteen-day stay in Europe. One's living expenses in Europe need not exceed $3.00 per day, including meals and a room in a comfortable hotel. That would total $45.00 for the fifteen days. Then there would be railroad fare from the seaport to Paris (our preferred destination). That would amount to $10.00 round trip. All of these costs would come to less than $200.00 and would allow the remaining hundred to be spent for pleasure. Fifty dollars a week for pleasure can buy a lot of pleasure anywhere in the world!

Beth and I were enchanted by our miraculous discovery, though "enchanted" is much too mild a word for it. We were delirious and not at all deterred by the thought of having to wait two years to make our dreams come true. We each started a bank account that very week and began our weekly $3.00 deposits. Some weeks, at the sacrifice of a few desserts and other little "luxuries," we raised the ante to $5.00, but this didn't happen often. No one could describe the thrill of watching those bank accounts grow, week by week, month by month. At the end of a year and ten months, each of us had saved $310.00.

Three hundred and ten dollars! And it was spring!

Of course, no one really took our travel intentions seriously. Twenty-year-old stenographers don't simply pack their things and say, "Good-bye, folks, I'm running over to Europe for a couple of weeks. I'll write you from Paris." My friends were politely incredulous. My parents looked stricken. But the world didn't really stop until I actually received my passport from Washington and showed it, together with my two-yards-long steamship ticket to my pop-eyed friends of both sexes, and my despairing family.

"But Harriet, you *can't!*" they all wailed.

"Oh, can't I!" replied Harriet. "Well, just watch me!"

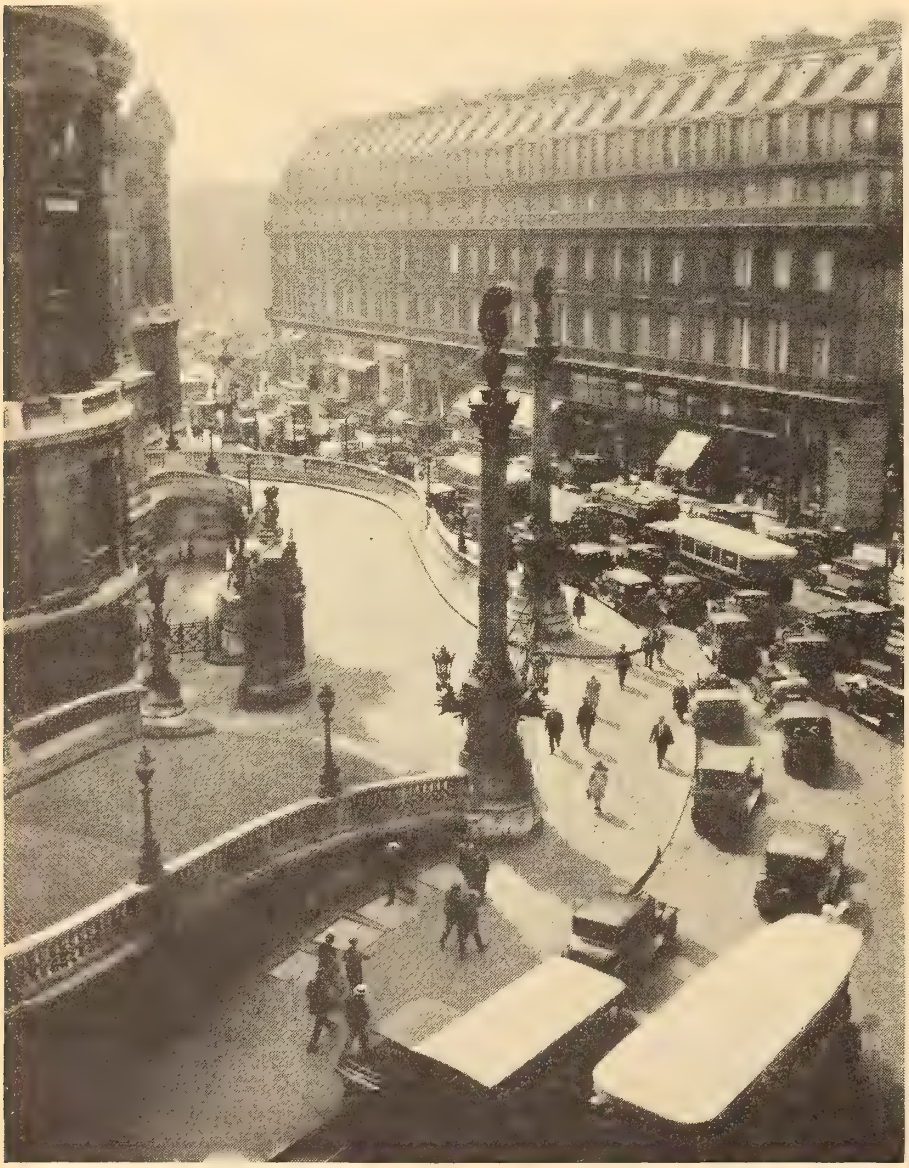
It was my job that cost me the deepest pang of regret. I would have to give it up and take my chances of finding another when I returned, and that might not be so easy. But Beth and I agreed that faint heart ne'er won trip to Paris, so we bade our employers a cheery farewell and cashed our last pay checks.

When the bus pulled out of the station, I saw my mother weeping. She was confident that she would never see her darling daughter alive again. The wilds of Europe would claim my slim and helpless carcass, if I was lucky enough to escape the treachery of the sea. My father looked grim. A certain young party who kissed me goodbye—a trifle gingerly—looked puzzled and defeated, as if life had handed him a lemon when he had had his mouth all set for a nice, juicy orange. The darling boob!

Do you remember that picture, *Monte Carlo,* with its theme song of *Beyond the Blue Horizon?* Well, I wouldn't be surprised if it was that picture that supplied me with the courage and motive power to accomplish my deed of daring. While the bus thundered comfortably toward New York, I kept humming the tune. I, little Harriet, was on my way to Europe! As Hollywood would put it, it was simply colossal, gigantic, and stupendous! It was absolutely and completely one of those things that can't possibly happen, and then does, to everyone's astonishment . . .

The tall funnels of our ship loomed skyward over the top of the pier building, and we were in the midst of a deliciously exciting scene. Porters and baggage men scurrying here and there; orders being shouted; uniformed pier officials and sailors everywhere. Departing passengers and their friends. Flowers. Steamer baskets. Smart messenger boys. Electric baggage trucks scurrying, rumbling along the vast wooden floor loaded with ticketed baggage and trunks. A gorgeous nightmare of thrilling pandemonium.

We found ourselves walking up the gangplank, practically in a trance. A white-jacketed steward showed us to our cunning little cabin on D deck. And it was just about this time that we experienced the only unhappy part of the entire trip. We wanted to stay and explore our cabin, with its lovely gadgets, and we also wanted to be on all decks at the same time, and on both sides of the ship so as to be sure not to miss anything.



W. R. Laity from Nesmith

This vivid photograph portrays the activity of Paris—centuries old, yet utterly modern. The scene is the Rue Scribe, with the Paris Opera on the left and Grand Hotel on the right. Note that traffic is one-way

● A DEEP-THROATED blast from the whistle. Frantic goodbyes. Last-minute clicks of cameras. A frantic tumble of visitors down the gangplank. Then a few minutes later another deep sound of the whistle, accompanied by the rattling anchor chains. Then slowly the ship—with Beth and me on it!—began moving away from the pier and into the Hudson River. I closed my eyes for a brief moment in sheer ecstacy. This was what I had dreamed of all my life!

Gradually, the crowd on the pier grew far away and tiny. There was no sound but the steady chug-chug of the tugs nosing our ship toward the harbor, and the warm rushing of the river wind. We floated past New York's skyline silently. If it is possible to suffer with happiness, I was so suffering. A musical bell clinged announcing that luncheon was ready, plunging me into a still deeper agony of indecision. I was starving hungry, yet I didn't want to go below where I would miss an instant of the magic panorama unfolding itself before me. Hunger—and a very nice, friendly chap (really much more attractive than the darling I left at home) prevailed upon me to dine. (There were a number of girls and boys of about our own age on board.)

That luncheon! I wondered if there was anything left for the first class passengers. We simply had everything, and it was delicious, as well as beautifully served. Third class, indeed! And, of course, it was at the table that people began to introduce themselves to each other. The Good-looking Number (who was going to Holland) sat next to me and kept passing me things.

The many-coursed luncheon finished at last, I hurried back up on deck and was delighted to find that New York's outline was still etched faintly on the horizon, but we were out at sea. [*Continued on page* 60]

They *All* Like IRENE!

Men develop magnificent obsessions about IRENE DUNNE—whose charm is effortless and completely feminine

By Jane McDonough

Irene wears a helmet with a jaunty carnation and veil

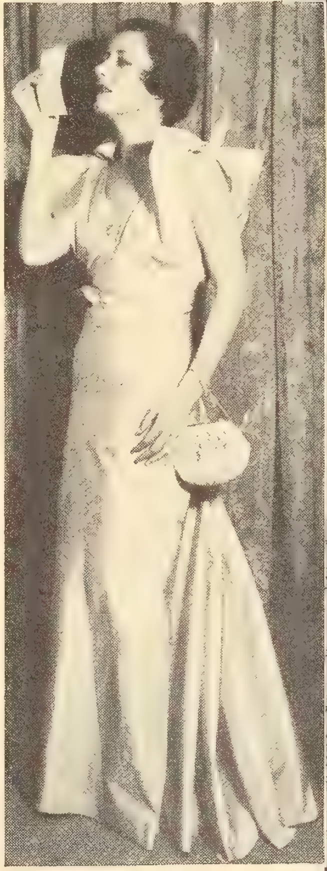
GIRLS, gather 'round while I introduce you to one Hollywood charmer whose appeal to men is the kind that every girl secretly longs to have—and it is likely to be permanent. She isn't a devastating blonde, tightly gowned, with a come-hither look in her eye. Her dark hair is as natural as her manners, and she has had neither a spectacular romance nor a single fit of temperament chalked up against her record. When it comes to popularity with the masculine portion of Hollywood, Irene Dunne wins without a struggle.

It is from the men and women who are with a star during her working hours that you may expect a genuine appraisal. She is not on parade then. Indeed, she may be forgiven for showing the least pleasant side of her personality. Nerves grow taut from emotional strain. The blazing lights exact a terrific toll of strength and energy. Courtesy and consideration for others demands a distinct effort. And Irene Dunne always has friendly words for everyone around her, from director to the lowliest scene-shifter. And men have a way, just as women do, of cherishing gestures of thoughtfulness.

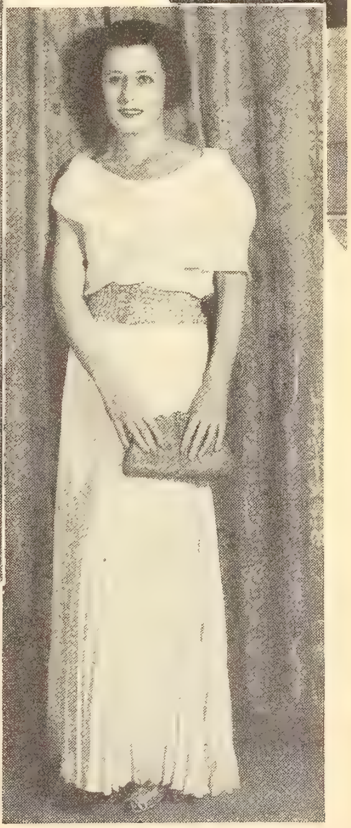
Fellow-workers will tell you dozens of stories to illustrate this trait in Irene Dunne. The one I like best concerns an electrician who worked on one of her pictures.

This man has a small daughter who must spend long months of each year in a sanitarium, trying to while away the endless days until seasonal atmospheric changes make it possible for her to return to Mother and Daddy. Miss Dunne happened to overhear the father discussing his little domestic tragedy with a fellow workman, and inquired into it. Now the lonely mite receives frequent notes and carefully selected gifts in an attempt to lessen the weariness of her lot. Of course, any star might duplicate the presents. They represent no great effort. But the personally written letters would be missing in most cases. They are a typically Dunne touch. Nor would anyone know about either letters or gifts, but for the grateful father.

I knew a young chap employed with the studio unit that produced *Cimarron,* Miss Dunne's first screen success. A very sophisticated nineteen, he would, one imagined, admire a more flamboyant type. But he immediately fell victim to the well- [*Continued on page* 74]



Exclusive photos by Knoles



Two new Dunne evening gowns: (above) yellow taffeta, with wing shoulders and a draped skirt; (right) white crêpe ornamented only with a gold belt

GINGER ROGERS—Past, Present and Future

For nine years, she has worked toward stardom. Now she is there, and no one on the screen has a brighter or happier-looking future!

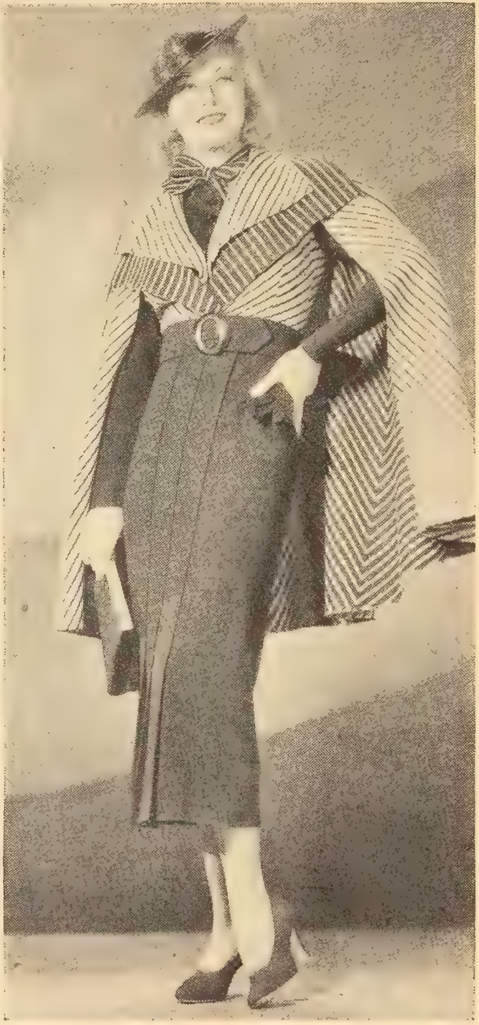
Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, avoiding crowds together, fell in love. (P.S. They still avoid crowds)

BY DONNA SHELDON

GINGER ROGERS has reached the top. After long years of climbing up the theatrical ladder, inch by inch, she has reached the uppermost rung—and now steps out onto the heady heights of stardom. In her new picture, *In Person,* her name—which has been second for a long time—will be first in the theatre lights of Broadway, London, Paris, and all points east and west.

Nine years ago, she stepped out on a stage in Dallas, Texas, as an entrant in a Charleston dance contest—a gangling fifteen-year-old, slight of figure, red of hair, and far from glamorous in appearance. But she had personality and she was a born dancer; she won that contest—and put her foot on the first rung of the ladder. An enthusiastic Dallas newspaper headlined the next morning, "Look Out, Broadway—Here Comes Ginger!"

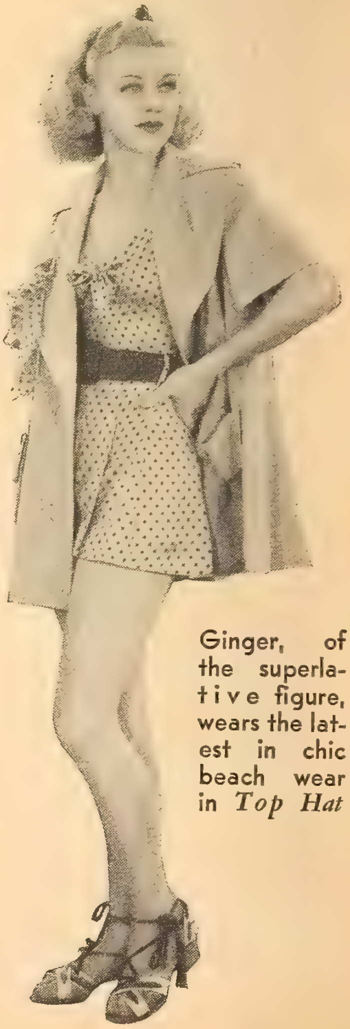
Three years later, she was on Broadway. She would have been there sooner if she had not wanted to be sure first that she was ready for it. One year later, she was one of the principal reasons for seeing the Broadway musical hit, *Top Speed.* That same year (1930) she played her first picture rôle—in *Young Man of Manhattan,* featuring Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. She was Claudette's pert rival.



The fashion world is Ginger Rogers-conscious today because so many of her smart gowns are practical for the average girl. For example: this double-faced, reversible wool street frock in *Top Hat.* The hat is of Cellophane straw

Today, five years and thirty pictures later, she is the pert, first-rank rival not only of Claudette Colbert, but of Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Kay Francis, Katharine Hepburn, and every other top-flight star in Hollywood.

In popularity, few—if any—actresses on the screen out-



Ginger, of the superlative figure, wears the latest in chic beach wear in *Top Hat*

Ginger Rogers wears both of these gowns in *Top Hat* . . . and both were designed by Bernard Newman (right), who predicts a great fashion future for her. The dark gown is marine blue marquisette, worn over matching crêpe. The white frock is of starched chiffon, with skirt and bodice showered with silver paillettes. With it she wears three underslips

rank her. In beauty and glamor, she has few equals. Critics applaud her talents as actress, dancer, singer. Connoisseurs, such as columnist O. O. McIntyre, call hers the loveliest figure in filmland. Bernard Newman, Hollywood stylist, predicts that she is the future "best-dressed star" of the screen.

● SHE and Fred Astaire, who have just completed their fourth picture, *Top Hat,* are the most phenomenally popular costarring combination since Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell were a romantic duo. The Rogers-Astaire appeal is far different from the erstwhile Gaynor-Farrell appeal, but the public is just as insistent that they continue to appear together. And so they will. (*Follow the Fleet* is on the fall program for them.) But, meanwhile, producers are out to prove that they know what the public has suspected for three years—namely, that Ginger is a grand little actress, not restricted to musical comedy. So she is doing *In Person,* and RKO-Radio is shopping for other dramatic stories for her.

However, something even more important than stardom has happened to Ginger. Fame and fortune are rich prizes, but what would they mean without happiness? And Ginger has found that in her marriage to Lew Ayres, whom she met, ironically enough, when she played opposite him in *Don't Bet on Love.*

Their first date was on the night of March 10, 1932, the night that an earthquake laid Long Beach in ruins and shook Hollywood to its foundations. Ginger smiles today, "That wasn't an earthquake. It was Lew and I falling in love, only we didn't know it at the time!"

They did not believe in love at first sight. They both had been through the disillusionment of unhappy first marriages, and both were on guard against any sudden heart entanglements. They became—just pals. Ginger in slacks and Lew in cords and an old sweater went out at night on long walks. They sat home and read serious books to each other. They did not go to the bright-light spots to parade their companionship for whatever publicity there might be in it. Instead, they picked up hot dogs or hamburgers at some roadside stand, unrecognized by fellow diners.

Then Ginger went off to New York on vacation and they discovered a fact that they had subconsciously been dodging for months—they were in love, and life apart was not worth the living. Ginger rushed back to Hollywood [*Continued on page* 66]

You Wear
They Tell

A handful of men in Hollywood . . . clever fashion designers . . . make up your mind about "what to wear"!

Walter Plunkett created the gowns for *Little Women*—and you copied them in modern versions

ADRIAN put a pillbox hat on Garbo, and the whole world of women started wearing similar hats!

Travis Banton designed an evening gown with a tailored shirtwaist top for Carole Lombard in *No Man of Her Own,* and shirtmaker evening gowns of lamé, cloth-of-gold, satin, and other rich fabrics became a fashion necessity!

In *One-Way Passage,* Kay Francis wore an evening cape with a slightly military swagger, designed by Orry-Kelly. Now look at capes all over the place!

René Hubert slit a skirt that Janet Gaynor wore in *Servants' Entrance,* and hundreds of thousands of women dashed from the theatre to grab for the scissors!

Walter Plunkett's costumes for *Little Women* were followed almost on the instant of the picture's release by a passionate interest on the part of dressmakers and manufacturers in the tight bodice, the gored skirt, and the fullness from elbow to wrist—not to mention poke bonnets!

Howard Greer helped to make you redingote-minded

You wear what a handful of men in Hollywood tell you to wear, and it is of no use to argue!

● IF THE fashion designers of Hollywood decide that you are to dress in hoop-skirts, hoop-skirts you will wear—and like the idea. That is, you will if you are the average woman. And, according to Walter Plunkett, most women are average women. "Otherwise, we wouldn't have fads in clothes sweeping the country," he explains.

Mr. Plunkett, costume designer for RKO Studios, was in a mischievous mood the day I talked to him. He was feeling very gay, I think, because his costumes for *She,* the spectacular picture from the Rider Haggard novel of the same name, were behaving very well for the cameras.

I asked him about this business of fads. "Do they just happen, or do you control them from Hollywood? In other words, do you think that the designers of Hollywood could put over any style they wished, no matter how extreme, if they decided to play a monstrous joke on the world?"

"In the first place, we wouldn't want to," he said. "But I suppose that if all of the designers made a pact to use one extreme style consistently in all pictures, within six months every woman in the world would be wearing . . . well, let's think up something really fantastic for an example!"

His eyes lighted with an impish gleam. "Remember, now, I said IF all of the designers went slightly crazy, and decided to play a prank on the world," he cautioned. "Our business is to make our stars look lovely in clothes that fit their characters and the stories. But IF Hollywood designers so chose, I'll wager that in six months we could have every woman built up to eight or nine feet

Travis Banton made you want wide-brimmed hats *à la* West . . . and shirtmaker evening gowns *à la* Carole Lombard

What You

By
Lyn Miller

Dolores Del Rio, with Orry-Kelly (above), wears the Grecian line he has sponsored. And so will you!

tall! All that we would have to do would be to put stilt shoes consistently on our most famous stars, and build up hair and hats into towering headdresses. The more conservative women, of course, would restrain themselves to being only about six and a half or seven feet tall. But very quickly you'd have the extremists towering ten to twelve feet in the air. The implications are terrific! I tremble to think of my own power!"

"You're not being serious!" I protested. "This is a very serious interview!"

"I'm perfectly serious," he retorted. "Most women make the mistake of wearing whatever is popular at the moment, instead of what is becoming to them personally. Otherwise, we never would have had every woman wearing knee-length skirts, regardless of what kind of underpinnings she had been born with. And we never would see such things as huge wide sleeves on short, wide women."

● PLUNKETT should know whereof he speaks, for he has been responsible for several trends, himself. All of them, he is quick to add, originated in spite of him, and not because he set out to invent something new.

The beginning of the modern usage of puffed sleeves dates back to his costumes for *Cimarron*. He designed those precisely to the period of the Edna Ferber story according to historical data, modifying them only in some slight details to make them attractive to the modern eye.

Shortly after the picture's release, sleeves began to puff, then to gather and spread until Adrian, internationally known M-G-M designer, went the limit with the famous *Letty Lynton* dress he designed for Joan Crawford. They swept the country like wildfire within less than a month after the picture was shown.

Adrian smiled reminiscently when I asked him whether or not he deliberately had wished those huge, flaring sleeves and high, prim necklines on a defenseless country.

"Of course not," he said. "Fashion evolves in spite of designers, and not because of them. There is an evolutionary law in fashion changes, just as there is in painting or any other art. A new Hollywood mode, used consistently, does make itself felt very quickly, and is very widely copied if it is good and right and sound. But there is no use in doing something just for the sake of being different. I put those huge sleeves on Miss Crawford in *Letty Lynton* because she was playing an extreme person, and it suited the character to have extreme clothes. They happened to click with the entire world."

So far two designers had agreed, with charming modesty, that their brain-children had achieved worldwide popularity without their ever intending it.

● ORRY-KELLY of Warners-First National, added his important voice to the chorus:

"The essential thing in dress for all women is to have clothes that are personal, that reflect their own individual personality," he said. "Any style trend I have started gained popularity because I introduced something that was becoming to a certain star and right for the part she was playing, not because I had the millions of women who might copy it in mind."

His striking costumes for Dolores Del Rio

(Continued on page 78)

René Hubert (above) made you slit-skirt-conscious

Adrian and Joan Crawford have been partners in starting many a new style

Fashion Foreword

BY GWEN DEW

Dramatically, Virginia Bruce gives us a hint of the dramatic things awaiting us in the fashion marts this fall . . . gowns made of unusual fabrics, exotic costume jewelry, novel accessories

THERE is a whisper in the air of coming days full of the zest of autumn, of the winelike fragrance of the September air, of renewed interest in sports and affairs that are active. We have had our full share of being lazy, of just "sitting in the sun," and now we are ready to swing into autumn and its delightful new modes.

MEANWHILE, for these last lovely summer days we can live in cotton lace, and capture all the honors. It is smart anywhere and any time. It is being made into amazing things that lace never dreamed of being before, and they are utterly charming. Shirtwaist frocks with trick buttons of patent-leather, brilliant glass and amusing wood serve all purposes. They pack easily, look supremely cool, and launder beautifully. So what more could one ask?

Even into the evening goes cotton lace, and you will see the bouffant gowns in the "best-dressed" places. Sometimes the lace is starched, and then it looks crisply cool, besides being mighty becoming to slim young forms. Eggshell is its favorite color, followed closely by flesh, white, aqua, yellow, and lilac.

Sheer blacks and navy blues, with flattering bows of crisp white organdy or dainty net, are another grand answer to the last warm days, particularly if there are jackets you can add as August slips into early September. There is really nothing that looks cooler, and the white touches set off the deep tan of your skin, and the matching tan of your sheer hosiery. Black or blue gloves with flaring cuffs give that final smart touch that means so much.

Highlights

● Cotton lace is summer's sweetest swan song. ● Velveteen is edging into the early autumn spotlight. ● So are woolens in brighter-than-ever colors. ● Skirts are literally creeping up on us—an inch or more. ● Even non-gold-diggers will be interested in things golden. ● "The Crusades" and "Top Hat" will have fashion influence. ● And saucy berets with a Florentine motif will be utterly smart!

BERETS creep up on us as summer wanes, and from Paris we learn that there is a jaunty new large Florentine beret draped in soft folds that is on its way to us. It will be worn high over one eye, and then dip daringly down over the other. Turbans for sports wear are being shown in New York in taffeta and paisley, and small close hats point the way to autumn millinery trends.

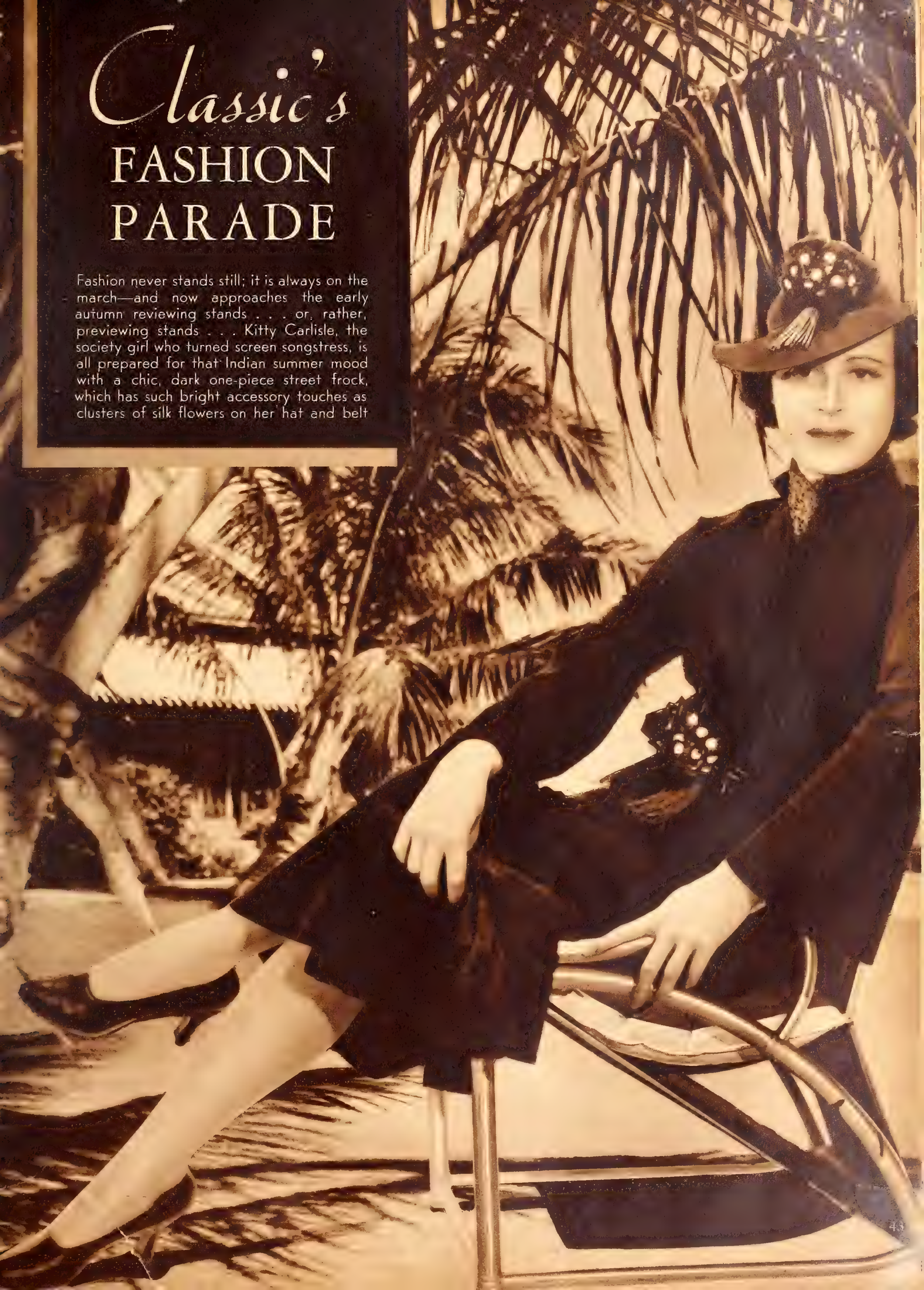
As the days glide swiftly into September, we promise you that velveteen will step up into fashion's spotlight. It will either form entire dresses or coats, or be used as large collars and revers. I have heard of one fall suit already being made of brown wool, with rose velveteen for its revers. Doesn't that sound enticing?

Skirts are literally creeping up on us, and by fall we will find our dresses an inch or an inch and a half shorter, which means that the lengths will vary from ten to fourteen and one-half inches from

[*Continued on page 79*]

Classic's FASHION PARADE

Fashion never stands still; it is always on the march—and now approaches the early autumn reviewing stands . . . or, rather, previewing stands . . . Kitty Carlisle, the society girl who turned screen songstress, is all prepared for that Indian summer mood with a chic, dark one-piece street frock, which has such bright accessory touches as clusters of silk flowers on her hat and belt



In a Romantic Mood, Carole Lombard wears silky black tulle with pink flowers at the throat . . . delicate make-up . . . a softly waved coiffure

HOW CAROLE *Clothes* MATCH

Romantic or gay or sophisticated, she always looks the part—with make-up and coiffures in harmony!

By VIRGINIA LANE

"THE more interesting a woman is," says Travis Banton, the famous Hollywood designer, "the more sides there are to her personality. When she understands the trick of selecting clothes to match each mood, and of varying her hairdress and make-up as she varies her costumes, then she has glamor. *That, really, is the secret of Carole Lombard's allure."*

"Twelve-persons-in-one," Travis calls her. And he should know because he has designed gowns that dramatize every facet of Carole's temperament.

The lovely Lombard, you see, knows instinctively what clothes and coiffures and make-up can do *for* a girl as well as *to* her. She found out some time ago that, to be a success, a girl has to *look* the different parts she wants to play in everyday drama. That has nothing to do with acting. It is feminine psychology, pure and simple.

A sophisticate in a Small Girl Mood makes strong men weaken. A round-collared frock, a swagger coat, a Breton sailor and a "careless" coiffure do the trick!

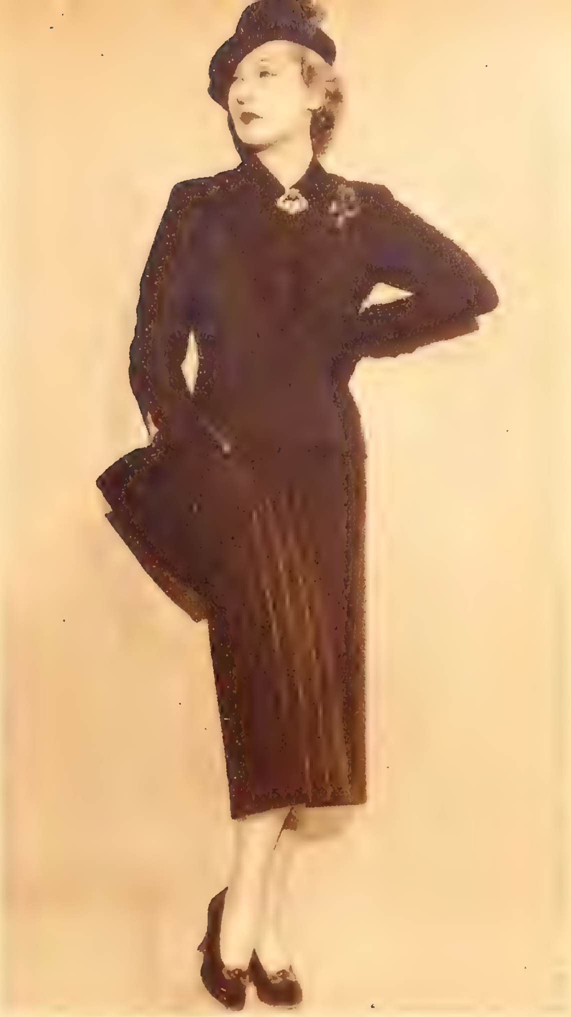
● Suppose, for instance, that you want to capture the mood of romance—the most important mood in a girl's life.

There is nothing like tulle for that, declares Mr. Banton. It has been the outstanding prom-girl and bridesmaid fabric of history. And when a blonde of Carole's calibre combines tulle in a silky black with pink flowers at the throat—well, what man can look in the opposite direction? In order to allow the flattery of those pink cloth flowers to do their best, Carole uses a lip rouge in a deeper tone of the same shade. (Nothing detracts from such a mood like a bold orange rouge or one that has a bluish cast. And this applies also to a heavy perfume.) By all means, use a delicate floral scent and spray it over the whole dress, especially on the flowers.

Everything must be delicate. Your jewelry. The flush on your cheeks. And your eyelashes and eyebrows should be done in *brown* mascara and pencil. Black is too definite a contrast with light hair for such a mood. Even brunettes should use brown unless they happen to have very dark hair.

Carole's "coiffure counselor"—Walter Westmore, of the famous Westmore brothers—says that you may have a passion for a sleek headdress, but when you want to spread the spell of enchantment, *keep your hair soft.* Comb out the bangs and waves, and just before leaving your room tip your head down. Then let the hair settle back into

LOMBARD'S Her *Moods*



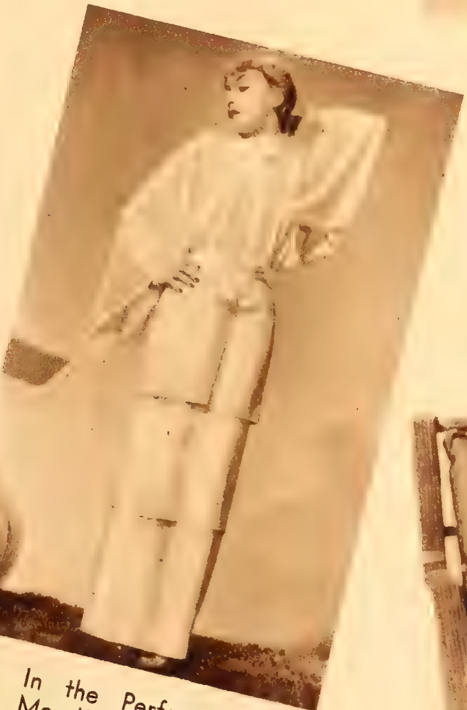
Carole Lombard epitomizes smartness in a Tailored Mood . . . with such softening touches as two-tie pumps, a wine-red blouse and wine-red carnations

place of its own free will. This will give it the same light, airy effect as the dress. Carole even adds, "Keep the conversation on light topics. Don't discuss politics in tulle!" In fact, dressed like that, you won't have to discuss much of anything. The Big Moment will arrive of its own accord without the help of words!

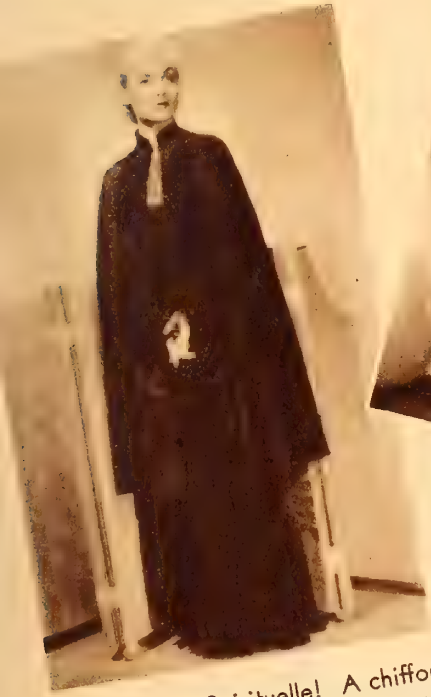
● Of course, there are a good many "moments" in a woman's life—moments that require expert handling. Perhaps an ex-sweetheart of your husband's is coming to dinner, or you want to show the old crowd at your class reunion how "ultra" you have become. That is *the perfect hostess mood.*

The way to begin is by putting on one of those elastic girdles that can do grand things for even the grandest of figures, and rummage around until you find your most madly extravagant pair of sheer stockings. Thus fortified, slip into a white crêpe gown modeled along the lines that made Helen of Troy an international complication. A deceivingly simple gown, you know, probably with the sleeves cut in one with the bodice like Carole's, and with the same unmistakable air of being clever and classic all at once. Have a set headdress with your bangs curled *under*

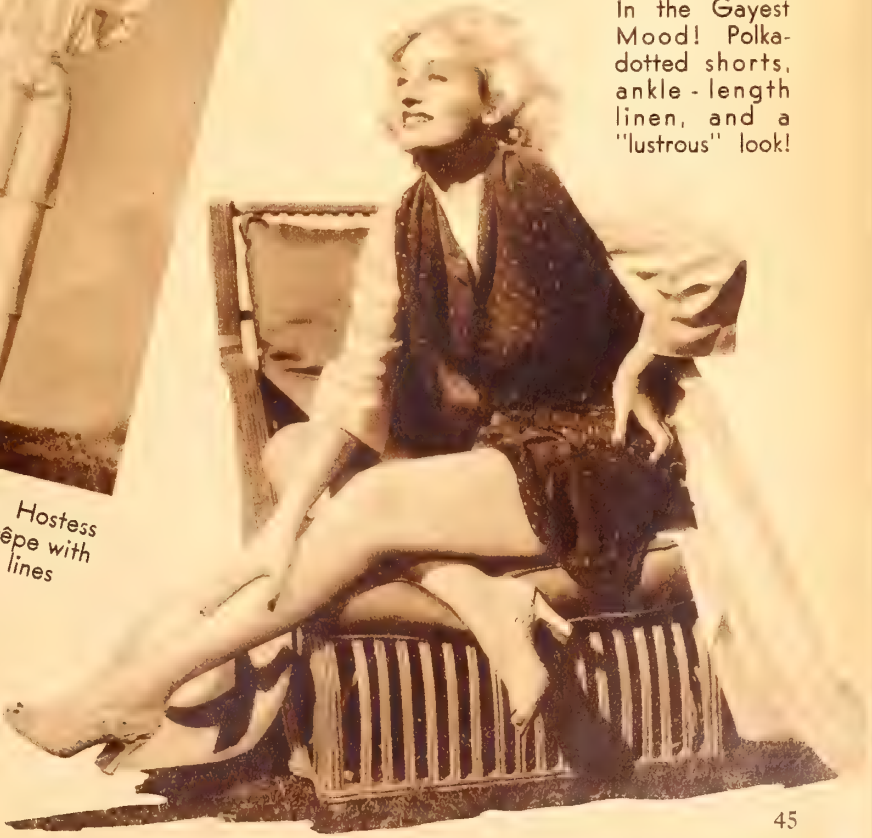
[*Continued on page* 64]



In the Perfect Hostess Mood! White crêpe with classic Grecian lines



In the Mood Spirituelle! A chiffon evening gown and monastic cape



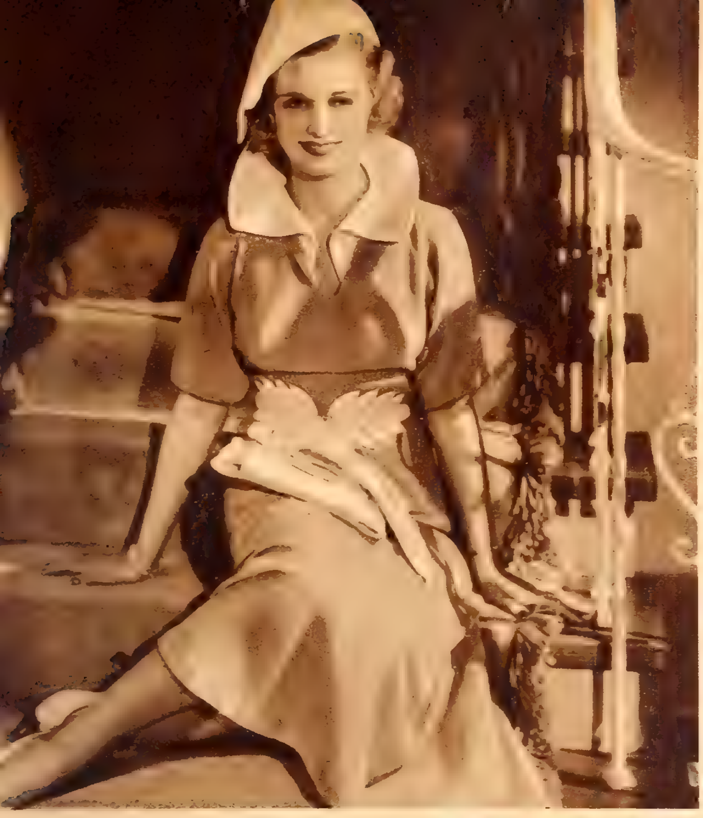
In the Gayest Mood! Polka-dotted shorts, ankle-length linen, and a "lustrous" look!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S CHIC

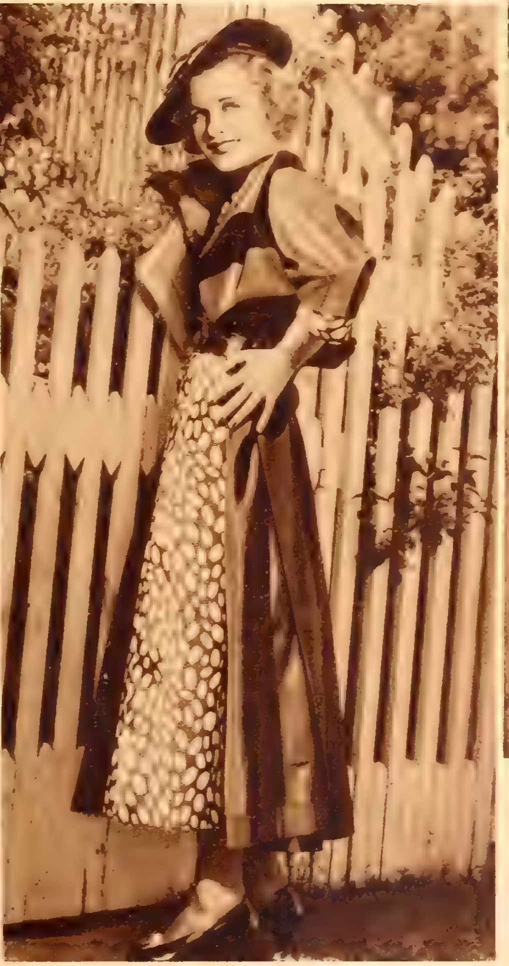
Were you surprised by Claudette's newly auburned hair—as revealed in the striking natural-color photograph on this month's cover? Did you wonder about the silver fox cape? The answer is that both are chic . . . Evenings always are cool in California, and a fur cape is not only smart, but sensible. Just as smart and sensible as her simple early fall frock at the near-right—green wool accented with silver lame stitchings. The coiffure above is her newest—worn in the picture, "She Married Her Boss"

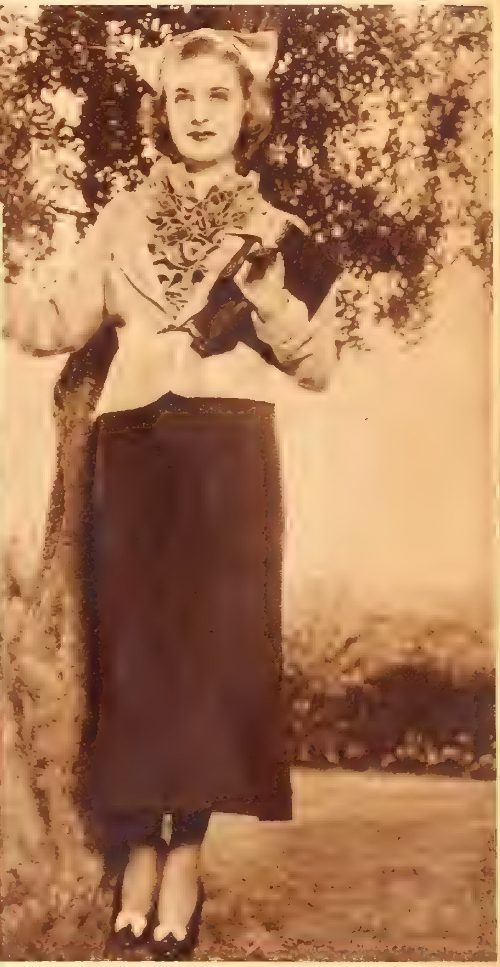
Happy Summer Ending

Joan Bennett, of the Hollywood smart set, is giving summer a pert and fashionable finale—like this

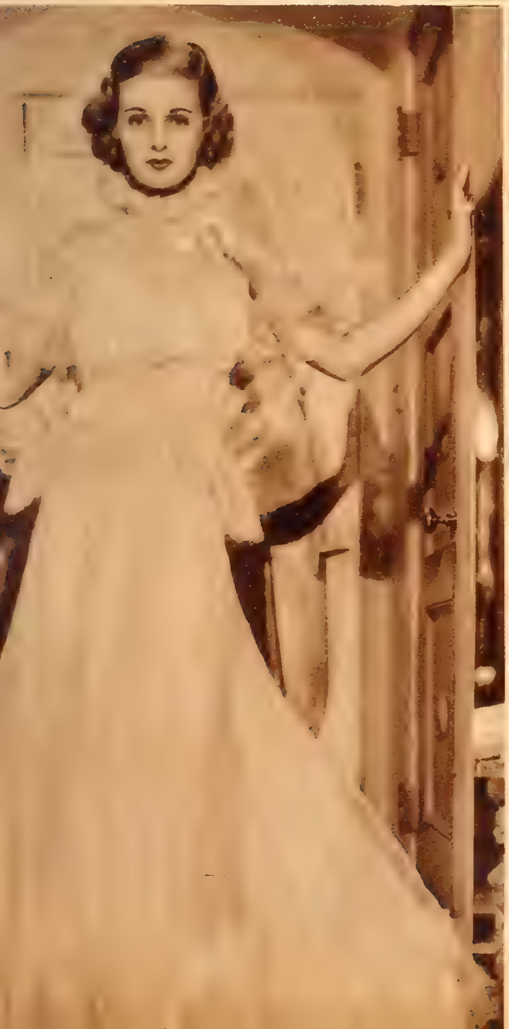


For an "afternoon out," Joan comes downstairs in aquamarine crêpe, sportswear-styled. And sport shoes and a sporty little hat heighten the informal note





Shopping is a "suitable" occasion to Joan, who likes this year's contrast motifs. Her skirt of sheer wool crêpe is topped by a brief jacket and multi-ruffled gilet of powder-blue linen

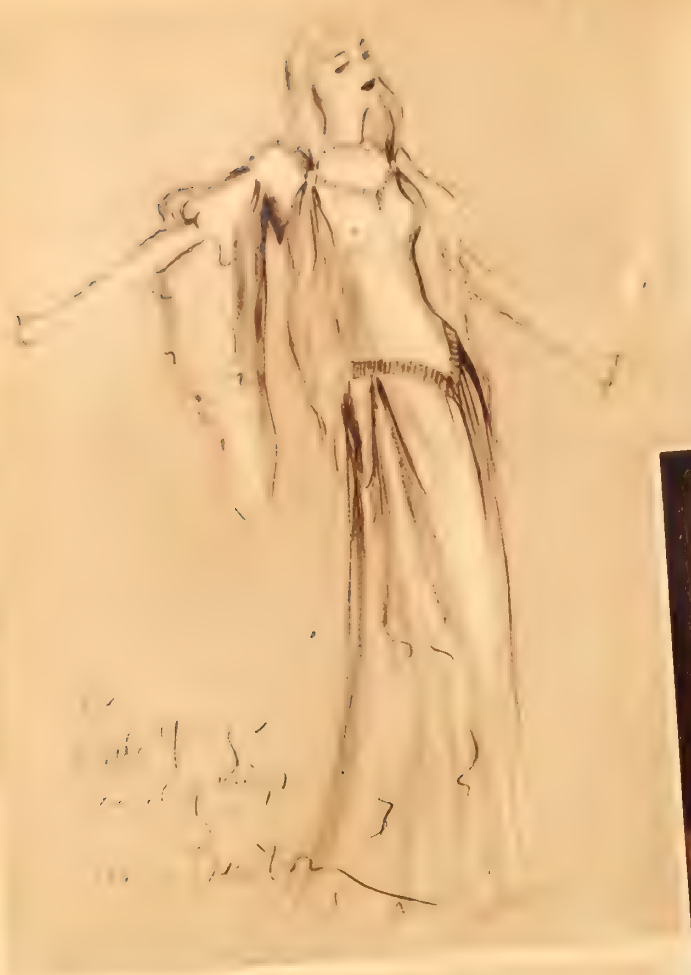


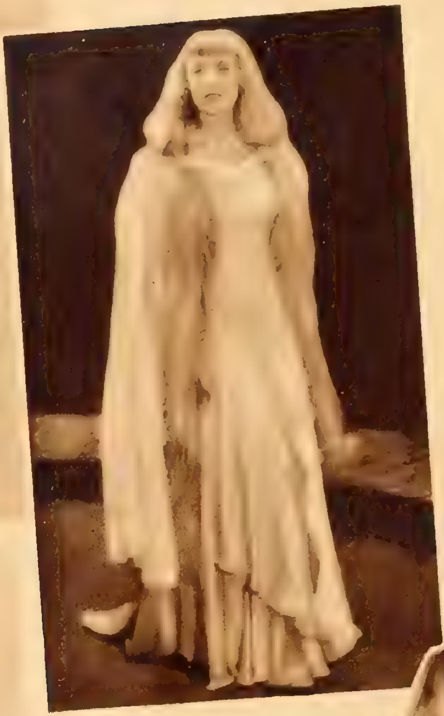
For dining and dancing, Joan likes yards and yards of ruffled pink tulle, with a perky jacket. Which reminds us: her new picture is titled, "Two for Tonight"

Teatime is taffeta time for Joan, who rustles to her favorite restaurant in a navy-and-white printed frock, a navy coat and navy hat—all of taffeta (center)

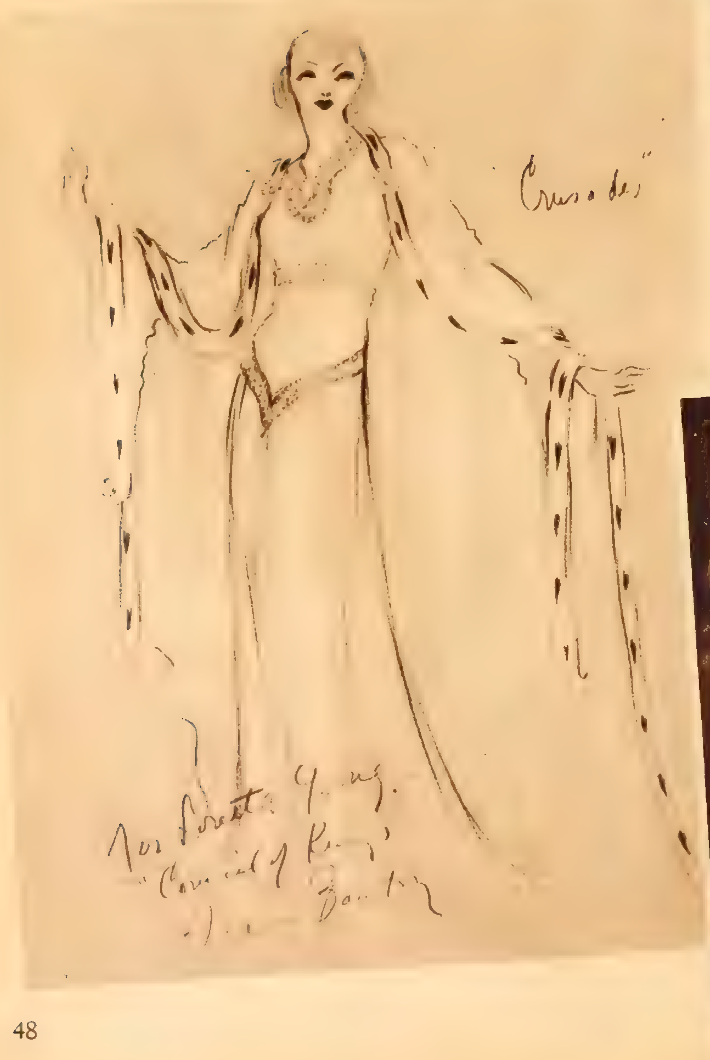
MODERN *Medieval*

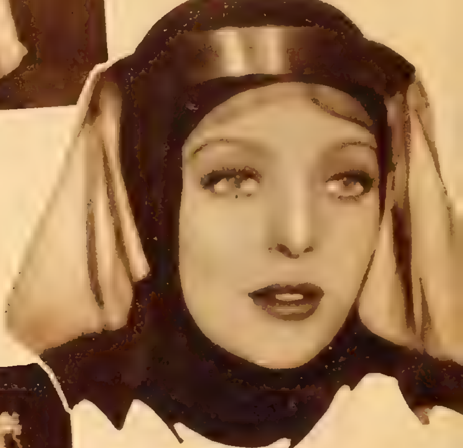
Travis Banton's creations for Loretta
film spectacle, "The Crusades," are



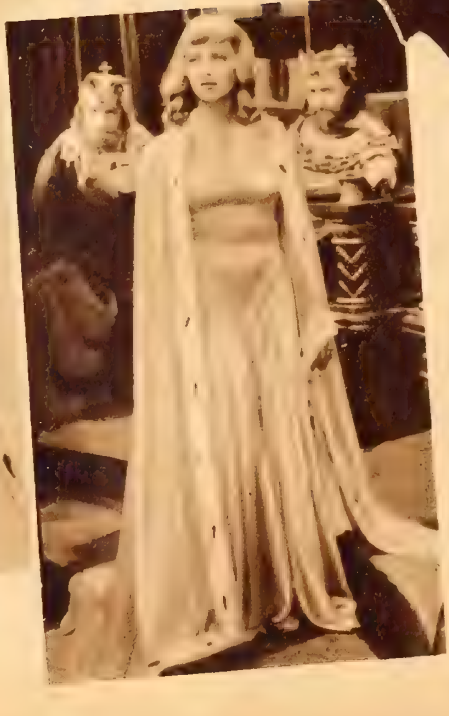


Watch for modern versions of this velvet gown, designed by Banton for Loretta Young in "The Crusades" . . . its princess lines highlighted by bead embroidery at the neck and hipline





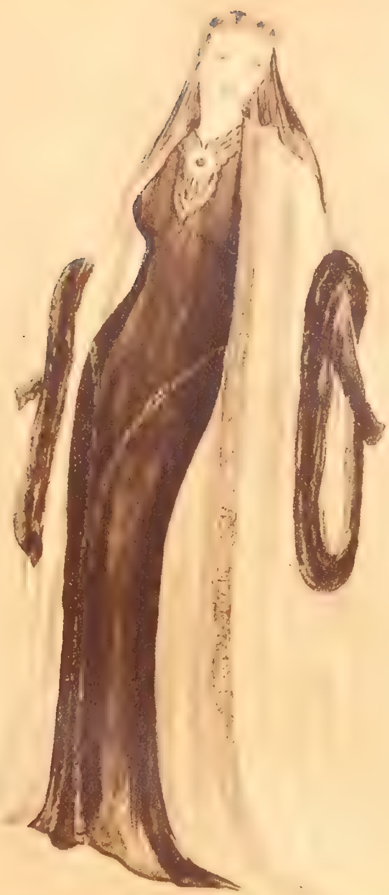
As Berengaria, Queen of England, Loretta Young wears a veil bound about her head, with a narrow metallic band surmounting it

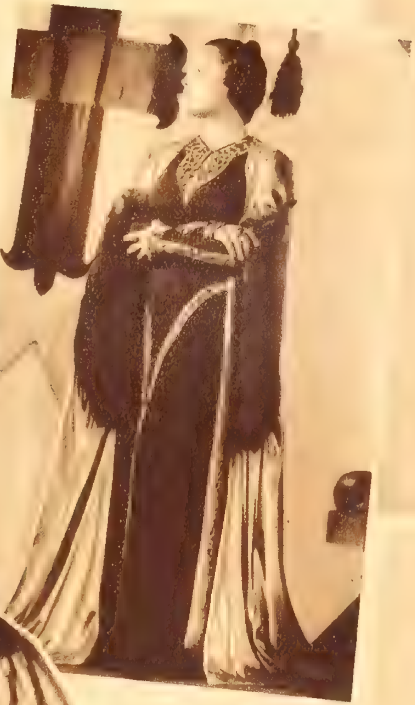


Playing the heroine of "The Crusades," Loretta Young wears this Banton-designed satin gown . . . whose molded lines and skirt fullness will appeal to glamor-conscious moderns

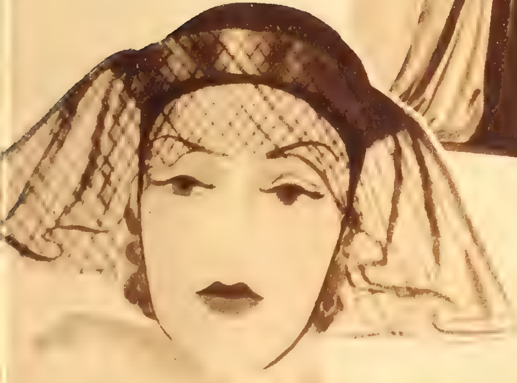
MAIDENS, *Modes*

Young and Katherine DeMille in the destined to influence Fall fashions!

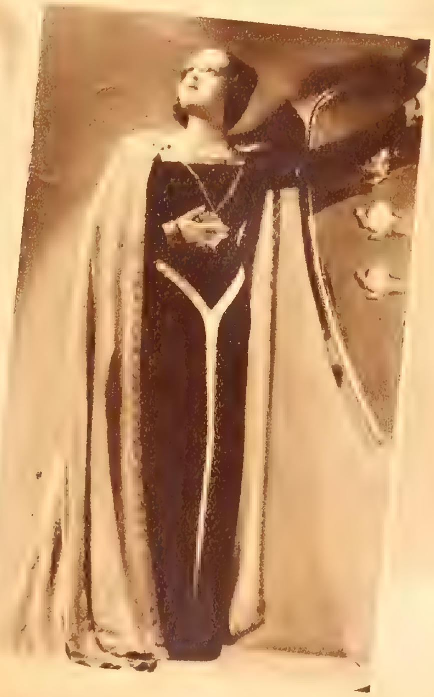




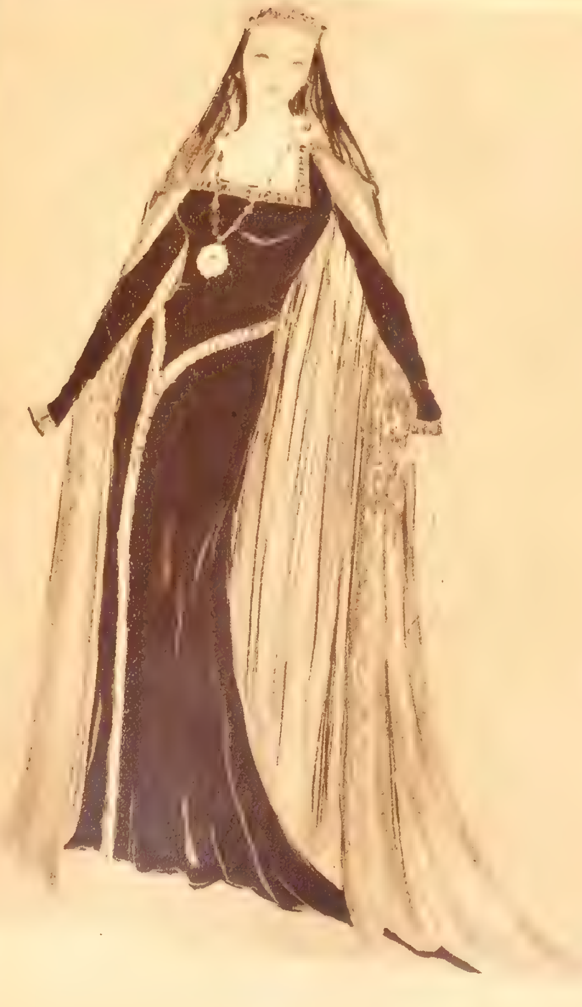
Luxurious use of gold embroidery features this gown, designed by Travis Banton for Katherine DeMille in "The Crusades." And fashion will be reminded what embroidery can do!



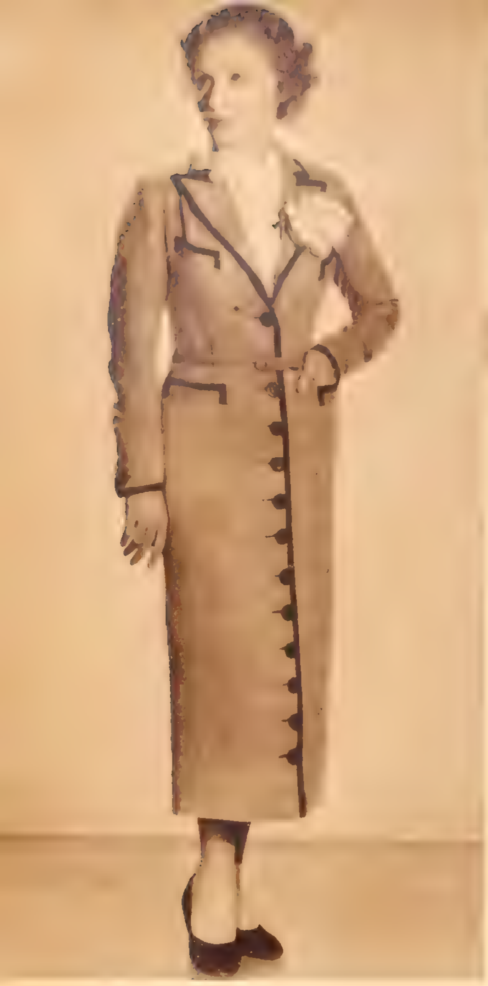
And herewith is a sketch of a modern variation—a close-fitting hat with upturned and shiny band brim, face veil and chin strap



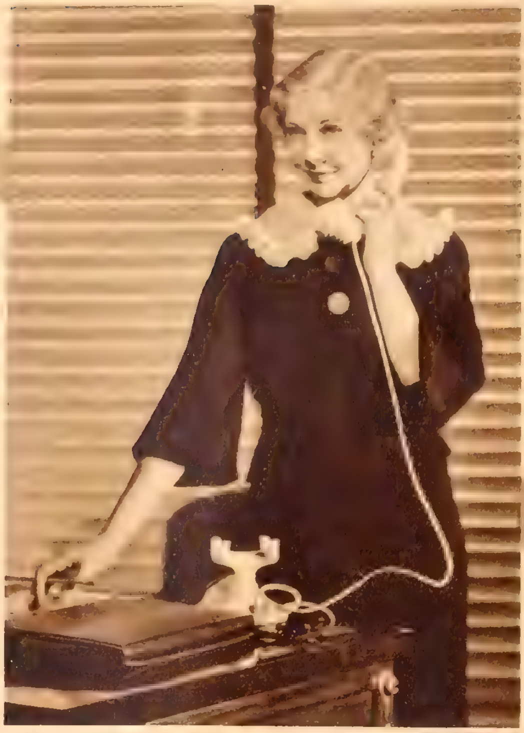
In this Banton-designed medieval gown in "The Crusades," Katherine DeMille will give ideas to moderns about the effect of metallic cloth with black velvet



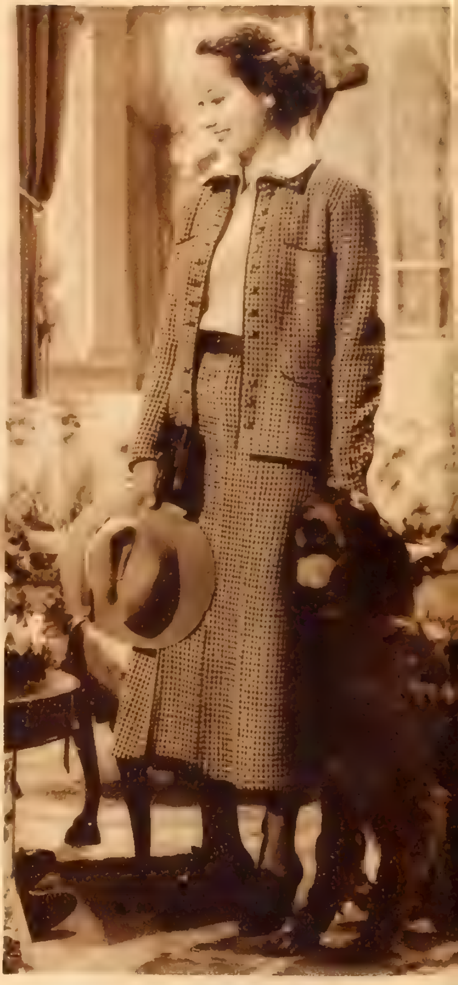
Preludes to Autumn



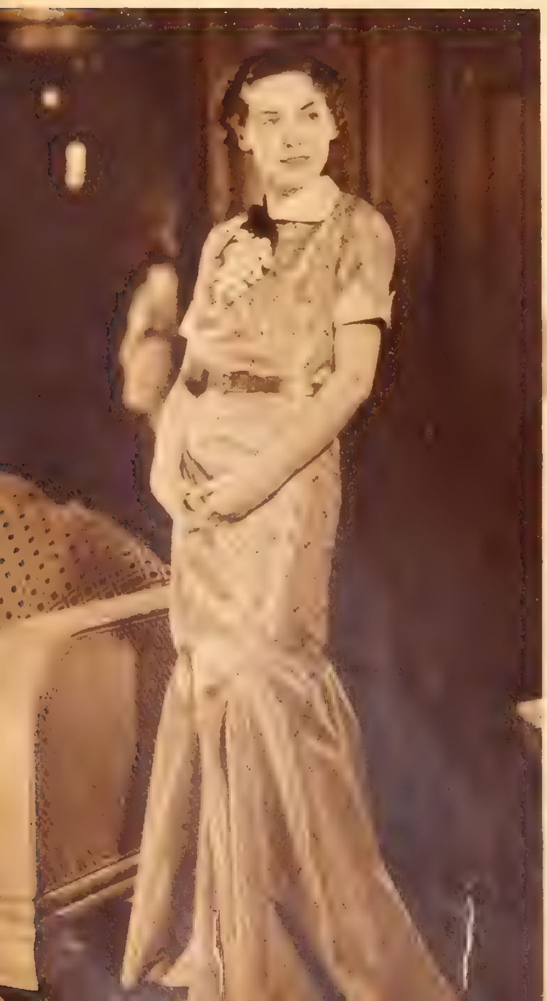
A Suit Substitute—such is Madge Evans' smart black-and-white wool frock, styled like a tailored military topcoat

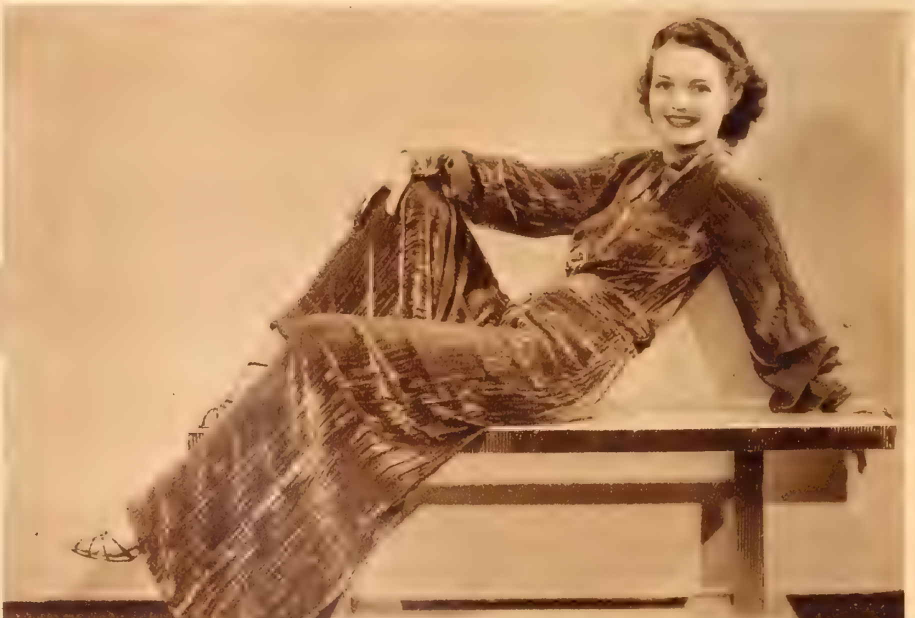


Would you suspect that Una Merkel's trim "office-girl" frock (above) has a removable jacket? It buttons in back—just for novelty



Four pockets and eleven buttons adorn the jacket of Merle Oberon's suit in "The Dark Angel" (right). Its checks are three-toned





For evening, taffeta continues popular—like Maureen O'Sullivan (left). Her quaint gown is gray-and-white striped

For autumn lounging, Rochelle Hudson has pajamas of chiffon velvet in a new weave. Their color? Rose opaline

Give Yourself *Some New Accessories!*

You don't have to spend a fortune to smarten up your fall clothes. You can make things, yourself. Here's how!

BY ANN SOTHERN

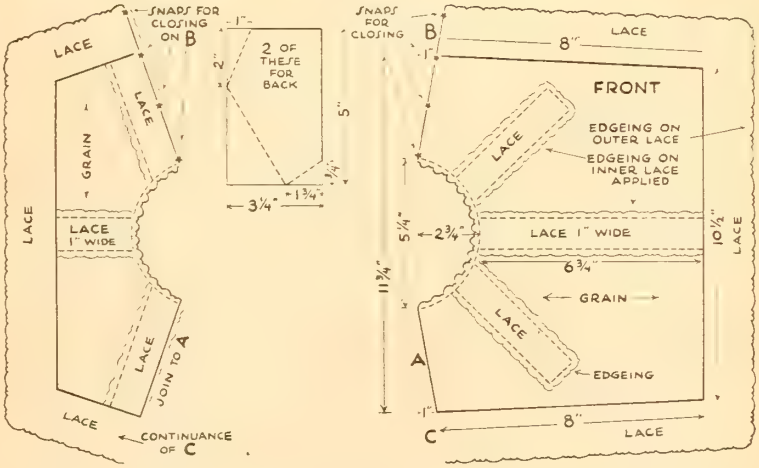
THE FASHION powers-that-be are good to us! Every fall they devise some new types of accessories that we can use with miraculous results on a last year's dress. And thus we fool our friends and enemies into thinking that we just went out and spent a small fortune (snap of fingers here!) on a whole new autumn outfit! Last year they said, "Trim with metals and metal cloths for dressy wear. And for sportswear make your own hats, sweaters, scarfs, and other accessories, even flowers!" This year the bright edict to us is: "Crochet!"

Crocheted gloves, I must admit, made their first appearance this summer . . . but they were so successful and so well liked that we'll be wearing them far into the fall, in fact until the time when the frost begins tackling our fingers. The shades will be darker, of course, than we wore this summer, in order to match the darker hats and bags we'll be wearing.

Crocheted hats for sports and daytime wear are a practical innovation for those of us who take our hats off as often as possible (to allow our hair to breathe) and then put them on again five minutes later. They don't stretch out of shape . . . they don't muss . . . and you can easily tuck them in your pocket. And as for their cost . . . a little time and a lot of inexpensive thread is nothing to complain about—particularly when the results are so extremely smart!

● I HAVE made only a beret and gloves so far, and I had to do those on the set between shots . . . but I am going to make a crocheted vestee to wear with my fall suit. These vestees in contrasting shades are very chic—yellow with brown suits, light blue with dark blue, brown with gray suits. These handmade vestees are very expensive to buy, but easy and economical to make. The instructions for making them are too long to give here, but you can easily get details at any art needlework department in a department store.

The brimmed beret that I just finished is such a simple pattern, how- [*Continued on page* 80]


SNAPS FOR CLOSING ON B
LACE
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Top, Ann Sothern crocheting hat; above, pattern for her collar

Betty Furness shows you how to apply your powder to attain a velvety skin. Your nose should be powdered last, and a brush used to do away with the surplus

The vogue for shiny make-up started in Hollywood, and is popular for summer wear. Betty's face is a fine example of how fresh and youthful-looking it is

LOOKS Mean a

Make-up is as important to you as to the stars . . . so learn how Hollywood makes every girl lovely to behold!

By

Alison Alden

"CAMERA! Lights! Action!" Put yourself in the place of the star who listens to that thrilling cry of the Hollywood studios. It is the minute before the voice of the director will boom out, and you take swift inventory of yourself.

Your hair? Cut and curled to make you look your feminine loveliest.

Your dress? Smoothly fitted, immaculately clean, becomingly cut.

Your face? That gives you swift thought, and you steal a last searching glimpse in a mirror. It must show a lovely face, with a faultlessly smooth make-up. The poor features of your face must be hidden—the best points of your looks must be enhanced, played up, emphasized. That's the art that makes the millions who watch the movies believe that before them on the screen is a girl with all the beauty of the world embodied in her features.

Make-up! That's the secret of these stars who make a thorough study of it. And *you,* too, must know these tricks of making yourself as charming to look at as any star on the screen. You must realize that every day when you go to work or to a dance, you face the camera of passing glances, the lights of friendly inspection, the action of the people who judge you only by your appearance.

There are few stars who were born beautiful. You realize that, don't you? Myrna Loy has freckles; Joan Crawford's mouth is large; Ginger Rogers' hair is "carroty" color; Marlene Dietrich has high cheekbones. I know these exquisite stars will forgive me for saying these things, because they themselves have recognized the facts, and—what is more important—have made of them important factors in their stunning appearances, and a great part of their personal charm!

How do they do it?

● LET'S just imagine for a while that you and I are in Hollywood, and that I'm the make-up person who is giving you some points on how you can make yourself look as lovely as you possibly can. Attention!

First: consider each part of your face individually. Eyes, eyelashes, eyebrows, lips, complexion, and hair must be at their individual best.

Second: you must know certain make-up principles that I shall soon tell you.

Third: each part of your face must be in perfect harmony with the rest.

Perhaps you think you know how to *apply powder.* Probably you do. But just let me give you my suggestions, too. Start powdering at the lower edges of the cheeks. Blend toward the center of the face. Powder your nose last. Be sure to press the powder lightly into the tiny lines of the face. Brush away surplus with a soft complexion brush.

Rouge next. Never rub your rouge in, but pat it gently on. Start at the top part of your cheek, and follow the curve of the cheekbone to the nose. Blend carefully with your fingers so that the rouge looks like

Never *rub* your rouge in, but pat it on gently. Blend carefully as Betty Furness is doing to make it look like natural color in your cheeks. Read about rouge tricks!

Make up your upper lip first as Betty is doing, and by compressing your lips together get the natural contour for the lower lips. Proper use of lipstick makes them enticing

LOT—*of Care*

natural color in your cheek. Your rouge should be applied very faintly from the cheekbone to the outer corner of the lower eyelid. If there are tiny lines under the eyes, rouge carried up almost to the lower lid will help eliminate them. (That's a make-up secret I learned from Dumas of New York, who used to make up the ladies of the royal Russian court!)

The important *lipstick!* Always dry your lips. Make up the upper lip by following the contour with lipstick, and fill in by blending with the lipstick or your finger. Compress your lips together to give you the proper contour for your lower lip, and so make your mouth look symmetrical. Fill in and blend the lower lip with the lipstick. Rub well toward the inside of the mouth so you don't have a red smear just on the outer part of your lips. Blend the lipstick into your lips carefully. The color of your lipstick should harmonize with the color of your rouge and powder. (That's an important principle of one of Hollywood's most famous make-up men.)

Eyeshadow! This can do much to enhance your beauty, for if the "eyes are the mirrors of the soul," they should be an outstanding part of your looks. Apply eyeshadow to the upper lid only, and blend very delicately to give an even color from eyelash to eyebrow. If your eyebrows need it, define their natural curve with eyebrow pencil, and extend the line a trifle. Where the eyelash meets the outer corner of the lower lid, draw a fine line that will make your eyes look larger. Deepen your eyelashes by brushing mascara on them with an upward stroke on the upper lashes, and with a downward stroke to the lower lashes. Never let your lashes look "matty," but separate and soften the lashes with a small brush.

● THAT'S the main part of the make-up lesson, but if you have special problems I can help you. For instance, there are ways to make a round face look more oval, a thin face fuller, to hide too-high cheekbones, to rouge hollow cheeks. Or to change the looks of your eyes, or to remedy the thinness or fullness of your lips. I shall be glad to help you with these problems if you will write me about them.

Of course, you realize that no make-up in the world can be wholly satisfactory unless you have a clean, healthy skin underneath it. That *you* must insure for yourself. It is a result of sensible eating, plenty of sleep, and absolute cleanliness. Never hop into bed, no matter how tired, without thoroughly cleansing the face. If your skin is dry, it needs to be nourished and freshened. If it is oily, it needs an astringent.

Study your face, pick out its good points and play them up big. Be clever and do something to detract from your weak spots. Choose your colors carefully, and apply them with thorough knowledge that you are doing it just the way a master make-up man would. You can. Make it your business to start out every morning with the feeling that the next minute you are going to face the cameras, let the lights search you out, and snap into action!

[*Continued on page* 73]

BEAUTY ADVICE

Want to know Hollywood's secrets of bringing out all your best points through the clever use of make-up? We'll tell you. Or we'll be glad to inform you of the names and prices of any beauty aids described in this article. Just write to Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Secrets of the Stars'

The acid test of any woman's charm is the kind of closet she keeps. Read what Hollywood charmers have in theirs!

By
Marianne Mercer

THERE is nary a skeleton left in Hollywood closets. Because, in order to rattle around well, any self-respecting skeleton must have one of those old-fashioned dim interiors spiked with hooks that bump you in the eye. And it couldn't possibly be happy in the bright, modern, practical marvels that are the stars' closets!

As Mae West puts it—and believe it or not, she is one of the best housekeepers in filmdom: "Whether you're single or married, if you want to save your disposition, you've got to have a place for everything and everything in its place! You know how little things can happen in the best-regulated families—the wife loses a shoehorn, the husband can't find his favorite tie. Before you can say Mickey Mouse, they've quarreled and she's telephoning her lawyer. Now I don't say that convenient, well-planned closets are the answer to the American Divorce Problem, but they certainly ought to help to steer people clear of it. Even in apartments, where space is what you have the least of, you can manage them."

And how Mae has managed hers! The closets in the West apartment show what can be done when you set your mind to it. First of all, she had cupboards built in—cupboards with cute draw curtains over them to hold her size 4A pumps, her gloves, the famous West tams, and so on. It's surprising how much extra room they provide and how inexpensively a carpenter will build them.

The cupboard for the shoes has a sloping shelf with a ledge for the heels to rest against, and it is low enough to reach easily. All of Mae's hatboxes are labeled so that she doesn't have to scurry through a half dozen before she finds the particular one she wants. And, nicest of all, the minute she opens the closet door, she is greeted by a delightful odor. It comes from the quilted padding on the shelves. Incidentally, it is now possible to buy this padding by the yard in any color and in varying widths; then you scent it yourself with your favorite sachet.

● TODAY, smart closets are as essential as smart clothes. And the end of summer is an excellent time to clean out the old catch-alls, to give them a fresh lease on life. Just remember:

A little modern equipment—and you have *space* where there was none before.

A can of paint—and you have *sunshine* where the sun never penetrates.

A few yards of chintz—and you have *chic*, plus cheer!

Let me tell you what that charming little Southern girl, Gail Patrick, did. Gail is living on a very moderate Hollywood income because she is just starting out in the movies, and she and her mother live in a small apartment. But the girl

Elissa Landi had a "clothes filing cabinet" built in her closet—which is novel in other ways, too

Lyda Roberti doesn't keep hats in boxes, but in deep closet drawers. Neat—and accessible!

Behind three full-length mirrors in the room that Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young share are three attractive, well-arranged closets

Closets!

must have some special Alabama ingenuity, as you will agree after reading what she did to her closet.

It was the "pocket-handkerchief" size with hooks scattered around the walls. After Gail had hung up five or six dresses, it looked as jammed as a subway at rush hour, and half her clothes still were on the bed. "A rod from wall to wall across the length of the closet will more than double its capacity," she reasoned, "and that will still leave room for a shelf!" So out came the hooks.

She called the janitor. He put up a shelf for her; two inches below it he arranged brackets for the rod. But Gail did not buy the ordinary thick, wooden rod. A plain iron gas or water pipe makes a far stronger one and she knew it. So young Miss Patrick bought a length of pipe and a can of paint—cream-colored paint to match the woodwork in her bedroom. And she set to work in the closet painting the new rod, the floorboards and the shelf. And when she had finished, Gail went shopping again.

This time she acquired four yards of figured chintz and two and one-half yards of shelf edgings in a turquoise rayon taffeta—you can get this sort of edging in any number of materials. With the chintz she covered the little wooden hangers, the hat stands, and boxes for her hosiery, gloves, and lingerie. (It means a lot if you can find place for all that in your closet. It means that you can do without buying an extra piece of furniture for your bedroom, and that's something to consider these days!)

With the new paint and the chintz, that closet took on a gaiety it had never expected to know. But when Gail added the taffeta edging to the shelf—that was the supreme touch! She tacked it on with cream-lacquered thumbtacks. And the result was completely charming.

And this was the amazingly low cost for the whole thing, item by item: Iron rod, 35c; Paint, 45c; Chintz (at 35c a yard) $1.40; Taffeta edging for shelf (at 40c a yard), $1.00; Thumbtacks, 25c. Total cost: $3.45.

● IF YOU have neither the time nor the inclination to cover your hangers, you can buy clever little velvet dress hangers in any large department store for thirty-five cents a dozen. Get them in shades to match the color scheme of your room. Hatstands to match are also available.

But grandest of all is that new gadget, made up of wire racks, that you put on the back of closet doors. It comes enameled in any shade you wish and gives you unbelievable space for things. There is room for at least two hats, an umbrella, six pairs of shoes—and if you are sharing the closet with your husband, you will have a place for all of his neckties. What's more, everything will be in plain sight so that you will not have to rummage!

Sylvia Sidney, seen in the negligée she wears in *Accent on Youth*, keeps dust away from things in her closet by hanging drapes there!

Another item to cheer the heart of any woman is the new flowered oilcloth. It is extremely easy to keep clean and it dresses up a shelf miraculously. You finish it with bias or folded tape after you have cut it to fit exactly.

● LET yourself go where closets are concerned! Joan Crawford did—with thrilling results. Joan, you know, has always hated closets, because she was shut in a very dark one once and the memory lingers on. Consequently, every one of Joan's closets now has a window in it. She has all kinds, but one of the neatest is her "game" closet, which lives next door to the card room. In it, she has enough compartments to hold the backgammon and chess boards, the boxes of cards and chips and all of the old games that help to make a party so successful. All of the shelves and drawers are painted white with silver moldings and the walls are pale blue. It isn't necessary, of course, to devote a whole closet to such things, but it *is* a won- [*Continued on page* 86]

Sally Eilers Plays Hostess

Exclusive MOVIE CLASSIC *photo by Charles Rhodes*

No one in Hollywood is more successful or popular in the rôle. Let Sally give you ideas for your own next dinner party!

BY SONIA LEE

SINCE her marriage to Harry Joe Brown, the producer, Sally Eilers has blossomed out as one of the most brilliant and most successful younger hostesses in Hollywood. Her little "dinners at eight," of which she gives four or five a month, have become patterns for successful entertainment. They are by no means lavish, but Sally's gifts as a charming hostess make each of them distinctive, individual, dramatic. And you may obtain some new ideas from her for your own next dinner party.

She attacks her problem of entertainment, not as a successful motion picture star, but rather as a young wife whose husband's friends and her own friends she wants to have around her. It is a healthy mental attitude because her own eager friendliness is transferred to her guests, and the formality of the dinner itself never defeats the sparkling atmosphere she creates at her dinner table.

Cooking is a hobby with Sally. It has been ever since she was a child, when she displayed her passionate interest in the culinary art by deluging her mother with questions about how cakes were mixed and roasts prepared for the oven. In fact, when Sally is a guest, it is not at all unusual for her to ask her hostess for recipes, and no chef in any restaurant in the world is safe from her! She will wheedle and cajole until she triumphantly carries away the secrets of the dishes that have beguiled her. And, as likely as not, she will spring a new dish at her next dinner party certain to elicit "oh's" and "ah's" from her appreciative guests.

● SURPRISES are half of the secret of the success of any well-remembered dinner party, Sally believes. "No matter what your menu is, it must always have a dramatic quality," she says. "It must have surprise and visual delight; it must not only be—but look—appetizing. Your dinner is a success only when your dullest guest makes brilliant remarks. Your table is a success when it catches and holds the eye. Your menu is a success when everything is eaten and evidently enjoyed."

In these repeal days, every dinner of course begins with cocktails. Simple *hors d'oeuvres* may be served. Sally suggests that tiny pig sausages impaled on toothpicks and the toothpicks stuck into an apple or a grapefruit, like porcupine quills, are extremely attractive and inexpensive. Cottage cheese mixed with a little horseradish, chopped green onions, and a suggestion of tabasco sauce, placed in a large bowl, and framed in potato chips, makes another excellent *hors d'oeuvre*. A third favorite of Sally's is peanut butter spread on tiny strips of bread, rolled and folded into bacon, then browned in the oven.

As the guests sit down, her table has a crisp look. Sally places importance on the visual delights of her table. The centerpiece of flowers is always flanked by candlesticks, with candles of a harmonizing color. A dish of nuts and a dish of chocolates invariably grace the table. She makes sure that there is pepper and salt within easy reach of every guest, and cigarettes and matches and ash trays at every place. A thoughtful hostess, of course, will always try to remember the brand of cigarettes each guest prefers and provide those.

● "I SERVE several types of dinners," Sally reveals. "One I call 'the roast beef dinner' and another 'the steak dinner.' With so many women calory-conscious today, a hostess no longer plans a dinner for women. She caters to the tastes of men. That is as it should

[*Continued on page* 87]

"I'm the luckiest man in the world"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SOFT, smooth skin wins romance—tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so *deeply* — gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all you wish if you *remove* them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. It will *protect* your skin—give it that smooth, *cared-for* look that's so appealing.

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard against Cosmetic Skin

Claudette Colbert

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BRIDE COMES HOME"

Chart Your Charm!

[Continued from page 25]

your blondeness, your darkness? Even if you have changed a life-long opinion, you are trading it in on a greater loveliness," Mr. Pogany assures you. "Now you are ready to dip into the great palette of colors and choose from it the hues that will set you apart, emphasize your beauty, give you charm.

"IN RELATION to *you*, all colors have only two variations. They either contrast with your complexion, or they harmonize with it. You may use either group of shades without fear, but you will get very different results from each. Dolores Del Rio is such a definite color type that she makes an ideal model. She has dark eyes and hair with a golden skin. Her general coloring is in the warm browns. The contrast to warm brown lies in the greenish tones.

"Supposing Dolores wishes to appear very sweet and unsophisticated. She can do no better than wear a quiet shade of green with a silvery cast to it. However, should she wish to be vivid and startling, she gains the best effect by turning to the brilliant, gorgeous hues of emerald and jade. Scarlet would be good, combined with metallic gold.

"Follow her into the harmonizing colors, and what effects do we find? In dark, dull shades of brown and in black, she is nunlike and severe. In lighter tans and fawns, she is quiet and demure. Glinting copper-browns and lustrous blacks give her elegance.

"Bette Davis is as blonde as Dolores is dark. In contrast to her white skin, warm ivory makes her appear very sweet and girlish. Emerald green is as much a contrast to Bette as to Dolores —it would make her very striking. To be demure, Betty would choose a soft, pale yellow; to be nunlike, she would select darker tones of beige and brown; and she would be distinctive in black.

"YOU SEE, blondes and brunettes must not dress in contrast to each other, necessarily. They must dress in contrast to their individual skin coloring, and frequently that contrast will be the same for both of them. The same is true of the harmonizing colors.

"Don't believe it when they tell you, 'Blondes cannot wear this color and brunettes cannot wear that color.' It all depends upon the shade of the color in question. There are only two 'cannots.' *Girls with olive skin should avoid black.* It makes them sallow. *Girls like Bette Davis, with white skin, should avoid white.* It makes them too pale. Otherwise black and white go well on everybody.

"There are warm and cool shades to every color. If your skin is cool—that is, if it is white, white-and-pink, or olive —choose the warmer tones of your selected colors. If your skin is warm and glowing—if it is creamy, rosy, or golden—choose the cooler shades. Violet, for example, is warm. Purple, because of its greater percentage of blue, is cool. Turquoise, which has a touch of green, is a cool blue. Powder blue is warm. There are cool yellows, such as lemon and pale gold. There are warm greens with a decided golden cast. Gray, which is considered a standard cool color, may be warm and pearly.

"Redhaired girls, who usually feel badly because of the limitations put upon their color scope, are really the easiest to dress. Katharine Hepburn and Billie Burke are two extremes of redheadedness. Katharine is dark with greenish eyes, Billie is bright with bluer eyes—yet either of them can wear almost any color and be lovely in it.

"Redheads can be very alluring in creamy pinks, peach, and tea rose, in spite of the accepted taboo upon these colors. Try different shades of pink against your skin, you ladies with the Cleopatra tresses, the next time you are in the silk section of your favorite shop. Swath the fabrics around you, get the color that is just right for you, and select your dresses accordingly. Common sense will tell you to avoid wishy-washy colors that will be faded by your own coloring.

"The hardest type to dress is the dark-eyed blonde," Mr. Pogany continues. "Joan Blondell approximates this type. Binnie Barnes is another brown-eyed girl with light, bright hair. This combination happens very rarely. Dark-eyed girls who lighten their hair find it extremely difficult to bring out their best points. If they dress to beautify their skin, their hair is wrong. If they emphasize the gold of their hair, their skin looks muddy. The best advice is to play up the skin tones, and let the hair take care of itself.

"THE coming of color to the screen threatens none of the stars," is the assurance of this man who knows. "They will be colorfully gowned to high-light the loveliness of their own colorings and more than ever will they be able to show other girls just how to get the most out of this business of beauty.

"Color is a fascinating thing. It is easy to check up on yourself and discover whether or not you are being as beautiful as you can be. The three things every woman must have in order to be charming are gained through color. *Grace*, so necessary to a girl, comes through a harmonious linking of the girl and her dress. *Poise* is achieved by elegance. *Animation* comes with vivid, striking clothes.

"After you have gowned yourself with loveliness and charm, watch your lighting effects. Cool lights of green or blue are dangerous. They will make you appear ghastly. Very warm lights will steal the color from your lips and cheeks. Soft, light pinks are the most becoming, and lavender, too, is good if it is warm.

"Now I have told you my color charm secrets," says the famous Willy Pogany in conclusion, "and if you take my friendly tips, each of you can become 'A Portrait of a Lovely Lady.'"

When chorus girls go in for crocheting—well, crocheting is news. And it is coming back into vogue in a big way, as knitting has. Between scenes of *Top Hat*, chorine Kathryn Barnes makes her hands dance with hook and yarn

"I found a little *SECRET OF POPULARITY* that so many women *OVERLOOK*"

"FOR years I was left out of things—a young girl who rarely had a date and never had a beau. Now that is all changed. I am invited everywhere... life is gay and interesting—and all because I discovered a little secret of popularity that so many women overlook."

Popular People Realize It

Popular people are never guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. That is one of the reasons they are popular. Realizing that anyone may have bad breath without knowing it, they take this easy pleasant precaution against it—Listerine, the quick deodorant, used as a mouth rinse. Most causes of halitosis, says a great dental authority, are due to fermenting food in the mouth. Tiny particles which even careful tooth brushing fails to remove, decompose and release odors. It happens even in normal mouths. No wonder so many breaths offend!

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then it overcomes the odors it causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes fresher, cleaner, more wholesome. Get in the habit of using Listerine. It's an investment in friendship. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Keep your breath beyond suspicion. Use LISTERINE before meeting others

First Crossing

[*Continued from page* 36]

It was a sea as calm as a lagoon, dotted with ships. I will never forget those magic few moments as long as I live. Behind us was America. Before us, the vast, mysterious reaches of the Atlantic, and beyond—Paris!

Days lolling in deck chairs in the sun, talking to the Good-looking Number who refused to be put in the discard. Deck tennis. Shuffleboard. Marvelous meals. Peace and quiet. Then nights of dancing, movies, parties, swimming in the ship's pool, and watching the moonlight on the endless rolling waves, with my head close to that of the good-looking lad, leaning on the deck-rail. It gradually occurred to me that this chap was a swell person. Beth, by the way, wasn't lonesome either.

TEN days of paradise. Then one night a sudden, deep thrill at the sight of lights dotting a distant coast. The coast of France! A tender came up alongside manned by French officials with dark beards and red-lined capes. Machine-gun French. Excitement. Tremendous excitement.

We were on the tender, waving goodbye to those aboard the ship who were going on to Rotterdam. Pangs of regret at parting from friends we would never see again. Then the gradual drawing nearer of that lighted coast, and a backward glance at the thrilling outlines of the ship etched in lights against the dark sky. Forward, forward into mystery and glamour—"beyond the blue horizon."

I stepped off the tender and onto French soil, and it seemed that I was no longer the same person; my old life dropped from me like a cloak; I was brand-new all over.

The boat train for Paris didn't leave until morning so we passengers were put up for the night at a comfortable, quaint little hotel owned by the steamship company, where I tried out my high-school French on the hotel clerk *and was understood!* I told him Beth and I each desired a warm bath (you have to ask for them in France) and after repeating the French words only twice, he comprehended perfectly. And then, to my disgust, replied in perfect English!

THE boat-train—a funny little train with a sort of peanut-whistle on the tiny engine—left at eight o'clock the next morning. A few hours later we pulled into the Gare du Nord in Paris, and I kept a promise I had made to myself for years. I gazed about me rapturously (nearly dead with excitement) and said aloud, "So this is Paris!"

It was! It was! It was! The very selfsame Paris of my dreams. Glorious old buildings. Graceful statues. Those high-pitched, musical auto horns. Berets. Street singers. Sidewalk cafés. Gaiety and laughter. Students. Soldiers. Beautiful boulevards, centuries old. The Eiffel Tower.

I was in a mellow daze. "I can't believe we're here!" I murmured.

"I can't either," said Beth. "It's impossible!"

We said goodbye to the last of our shipboard friends (not without a pang.) and set about finding a hotel. It was a simple task. Paris abounds with them. We found a lovely one on the Rue Lafayette, and had a gorgeous double room, with tall French doors opening onto a balcony, for 30 francs a day. That amounted to about $1.00 a day apiece! (That same double room, before America went off the gold standard, would have cost us very little more than 45c a day apiece.)

Although we were terribly tired that first night, we found sleep impossible. We decided to take a taxi ride up and down the boulevards. It would be expensive, but it would come well within our budget. Paris at night! It was indescribable. It was like riding in fairyland. We rode down the glorious Champs Elysée toward the beautiful Arc de Triomphe and fairly gasped with delight. It loomed out of the darkness, beautifully illuminated, like the very gateway to heaven. (All of the public buildings and edifices in Paris are illuminated at night—and they are all overwhelmingly beautiful.)

We rode through the Place de la Concorde with its marvelous statuary, and gazed in awe at the tall obelisk that Napoleon brought back from Egypt to celebrate his victory there. All of our high-school and movie knowledge of French history sprang to our minds as we rode through the Place de la Bastille, where the gutters once overran (literally) with blood during the terrible French Revolution. As if in commemoration of it, the street lights of Paris give forth a subtle, reddish glow, superbly beautiful at a distance, that would intrigue any artist.

At last we returned to our hotel. Our taxi bill amounted to about $4.50 in American money, but we had seen things that we would never forget—scenes which, like the scent of perfume, must be experienced and cannot be described.

THE food we had in Paris lived up to all the legends about it. We had snails for dinner—and they were delicious! And the next day frogs' legs, equally excellent. It's almost impossible to get a bad meal in Paris. Dinners are, I will admit, expensive; you could scarcely get a good one for less than a dollar. But breakfasts, consisting of a delicious, flaky *croissant* and hot chocolate, were cheap. A sidewalk café opposite our hotel served a complete breakfast for a franc (about 7c). At first we had difficulties about water. The French drink wine just as we drink water, and accustoming ourselves to the change was fraught with peril, to say the least. For French *vin ordinaire* is potent, despite what anyone says to the contrary.

Incidentally, whenever my high-school French failed me (as it did in most cases), there was always someone who could speak English. One has no trouble on that score. And so far as being "gypped" is concerned, we weren't ever cheated out of so much as a *centime*.

Of course, we visited the Louvre, Napoleon's Tomb, the Luxembourg Gardens, and the other famous places, such as the Cathedral of Notre Dame. But my favorite was the Madeleine. The Madeleine is a vast, beautiful Grecian-type building. It looks like an American architect's dream of the Perfect Bank. It is right in the heart of downtown Paris. And it is—a church, one of the loveliest in the world. We went to the opera; rode on the *Metro*, the Paris subways; window-shopped along the Rue de la Paix; and stopped at the famous café of the same name for a cup of chocolate and watched the world go by while we drank it. A few blocks away we gazed in awe at the dressmaking establishments of Molyneux, Schiaparelli, and Lanvin and other world-famous courturiers.

WE looked with interest at the French girls of our own age. They were dressed very much as we were, and we soon realized that the Parisiennes do not dress more smartly than their American cousins. They do achieve, however, a certain subtle difference hard to define. They certainly know how to make themselves attractive, and the surprising part is their make-up. In the majority of cases it is applied so cleverly it is impossible to tell whether a girl has any on or whether it is her natural color.

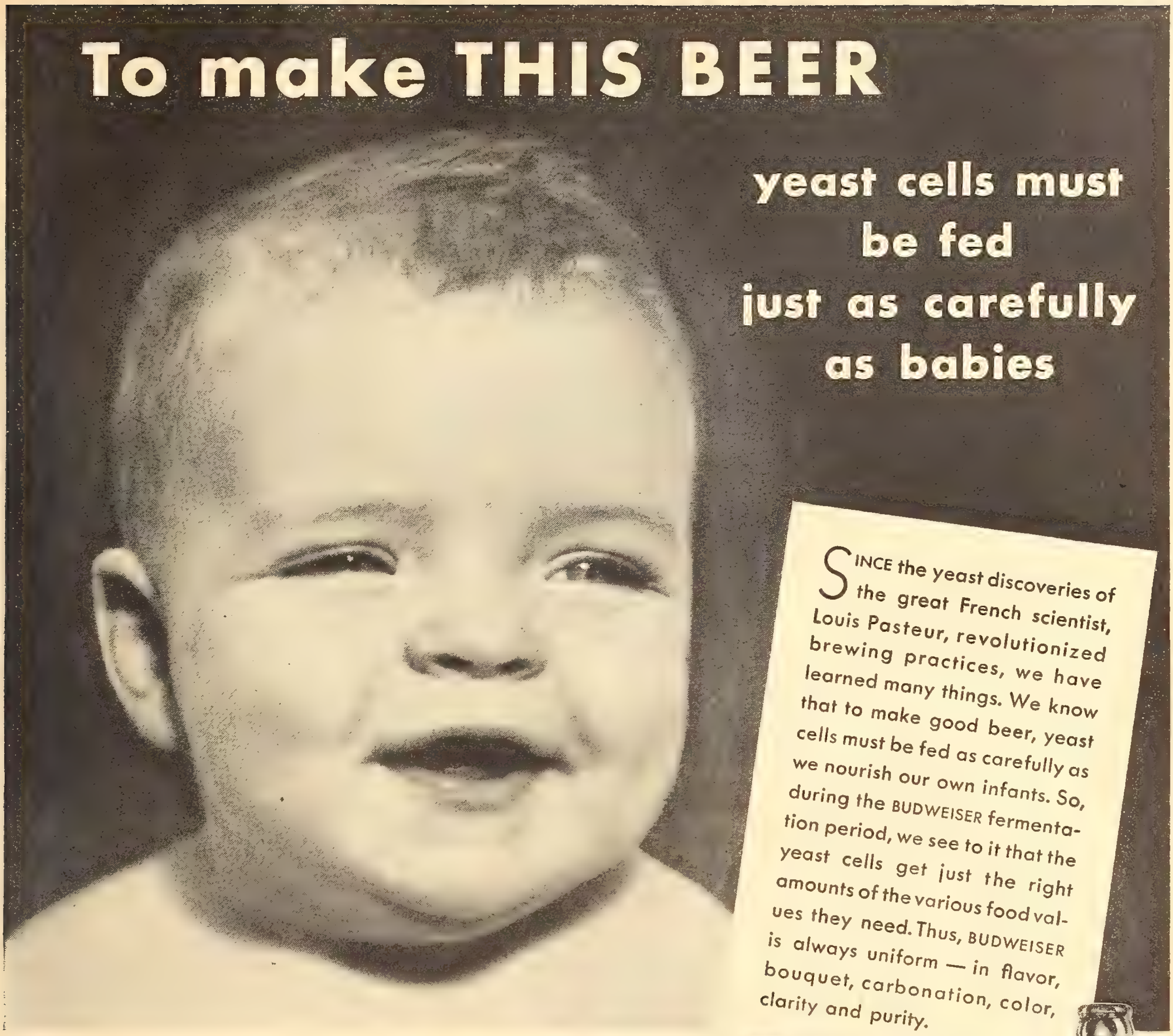
Neither Beth nor I was terribly impressed with the French men. The American men are much better-looking on the whole. Perhaps the French styles for men—with their pinched waists and elegant effects—influenced our judgment. We were glad when two of the nicest American boys spoke respectfully to us one morning in the lobby of the hotel and we became acquainted. That made it possible for us to visit many places, including night clubs (or, night boxes, as the French call them) where we couldn't have ventured alone.

WE SAW—with them—the Latin Quartier, with its narrow, dark, winding streets, its tiny, old cafés, and artists everywhere, painting. We visited the "Apache" district, and went to several cafés where they have dancing to the tune of a hand-accordion and cymbals. The men, with scarfs wound

[*Continued on page* 85]

To make THIS BEER

yeast cells must be fed just as carefully as babies



SINCE the yeast discoveries of the great French scientist, Louis Pasteur, revolutionized brewing practices, we have learned many things. We know that to make good beer, yeast cells must be fed as carefully as we nourish our own infants. So, during the BUDWEISER fermentation period, we see to it that the yeast cells get just the right amounts of the various food values they need. Thus, BUDWEISER is always uniform — in flavor, bouquet, carbonation, color, clarity and purity.

In the brewing of BUDWEISER, nothing is left to chance. By clock and thermometer, every process is *controlled*. You find always in BUDWEISER that matchless bouquet that is the delight of exacting connoisseurs and the envy of all brewers. BUDWEISER is always rich in the flavor of the pick of each year's barley crop. Always BUDWEISER lives up to its age-old reputation — the one beer that sets itself brilliantly apart from all others. The very first sip tells all who try it why the world-wide demand for BUDWEISER built the world's largest brewery.

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Budweiser

THE NATURAL DRINK

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My Friend, Marion Davies

[*Continued from page* 31]

see her through rose-colored glasses." If that's the case, then everyone who knows her, whether closely or slightly, wears glasses of the same color. Nor does the charge bother me. I am not telling this story to convince anyone. I am telling it to relieve my own heart of a little of the love and gratitude and admiration that fill it to the bursting point.

MARION was born with a passion for giving—and I do not mean by that material giving only, though I have seen too much of the world to minimize the importance of that brand of assistance. She gives lavishly of herself—her time, her thought, her sympathy, her energy. Any of her friends who get into a jam go straight to Marion—it is a kind of blind instinct with them, just as it is an instinct with her to respond to any honest appeal for help. She seems to have strength enough for them and herself, too, for nobody hears her talk of her own troubles. Recently she lost her father and a beloved niece—Reine's only daughter—within a brief period. During that time of strain and grief, it was Marion to whom the family turned like chicks to their mother, Marion who found courage to support and comfort them.

Many share their plenty with others. Few share it with the same delicacy as Marion, the same gift for putting themselves in the other fellow's shoes, the same fierce rejection of thanks. Nor will she thank me for telling these tales now. What she has done for me, she has done for dozens of others. That is between her and them. I hope she will forgive me for revealing a little of my own experience with her.

A few years ago, I was desperately ill, my illness aggravated by worry over hospital bills. The bills that should have been presented at the end of the first week were not forthcoming, and I fretted still more, knowing that they were piling up. "Doctor," I begged, "can't we cut down on expenses, somehow? I don't need these private nurses. I can't afford them."

"Don't worry," he soothed me, "there's nothing to worry about."

But I kept on worrying till at last, to make me stop, he got Marion's consent to tell me that she had made herself responsible for all my hospital bills from the moment I entered the place to the moment I left—four months in all. "Only you must promise," he said, "not to mention it to her. She doesn't want to be thanked."

WE SPEND every Christmas with Marion—my son and I. Last Christmas the holiday party included children of other friends as well. The children's gifts were brought from home and piled together under the huge tree, to be added to substantially by Marion. As we were trimming the tree, she drew me aside.

"Jim has no bicycle," she informed me.

"But don't be silly, Marion," I protested. "He has loads of things. He has everything he asked for."

"He hasn't a bicycle," she insisted, "and the others have."

"But he doesn't *want* a bicycle," I cried wildly. "He wouldn't know what to do with a bicycle."

"Every youngster wants a bicycle," stated Marion and went to the 'phone. How she did it, I haven't the faintest idea. It was Christmas Eve and all the shops were closed. But next morning there was a bicycle under the Christmas tree for Jim, because Marion knew what a youngster wanted even though he had not asked for it.

Her friends protect her as best they can against her own generosity. They have learned that they dare not admire anything she owns. For if you say to her, "What a pretty dress!" or "That's a lovely pin you're wearing," you will find that you might just as well have said: "Please give it to me." Her eyes light up with what we have come to recognize as the "take-it" gleam. "I really don't care much about it," she will tell you. "I hardly ever wear it. I just happened to put the thing on, and I don't suppose I'll ever use it again. Won't you please take it?" She sounds so plausible that maybe the first time you do take it. If you refuse, you're likely to find it waiting for you at home when you get there.

When it has happened once too often, and you protest—truly and sincerely protest—because, after all, you have to draw the line somewhere, she comes as near impatience as I have ever seen her. "What difference does it make?" I have heard her exclaim. "I have more than I'll ever be able to use. Nobody knows what's going to happen tomorrow. I can't take these things away with me when I go. Why grudge me the fun of giving them away while I'm here?" So there's nothing you can do but keep your eyes carefully averted from Marion's belongings, and your mouth carefully shut.

THERE are times, though, when even her generous spirit balks; or rather, when her sound common sense tells her that generosity is no longer a kindness.

"Do you know So-and-So?" she asked me not long ago, naming a man who had been at the top of the heap and was now near the bottom.

"The last time I heard of him," I told her, "he was in jail."

"He was in jail the last *three* times I heard of him," she informed me calmly. "I've never met the man, but one of his friends asked me to get him out, so I did. Now he's in again, and it's going to cost five hundred this time. Not that I mind giving him the five hundred, but—I don't know—" she said thoughtfully. "Maybe it would be best for him to stay in this once."

Acme

Eileen Percy (above) gives, in this story, the most complete, convincing word-picture of Marion Davies yet published

In small things as in big, she has what I once heard called an educated heart.

But trying to describe Marion through a series of isolated instances is like trying to build a shining tower with a brick or two. It can't be done—at any rate, not by me. Yet there is one story I must add, because it is perhaps the most characteristic of all.

On a visit to New York I was doing some shopping and bought myself a pair of sandals. Suddenly I thought: "Marion likes sandals and these are cute. I'll send her a couple of pairs." She wore those sandals ragged. She couldn't be persuaded to part with them till they parted with her—literally dropped from her feet. "I know they're shabby," she would say, "but they're like old friends. I hate to see them go." She liked them, I'm sure—but she didn't like them that much. She wore them threadbare because I had given them to her, and because she knew how much pleasure it gave me to see her wear them.

Long ago I learned to know her for what she is—the most thoughtful, the most selfless, the most understanding and tolerant person in the world. If there is another like her anywhere, then I can only congratulate that other's friends on being as fortunate as I am. She has so much to give, and she gives it so bountifully. What can you do in return but love her?—love her and give her a pair of sandals, and she will cherish both gifts as though they were precious jewels, because they come from a friend.

"In no other napkin can you find these exclusive Kotex features"

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

"CAN'T FAIL"

Security at all times ...Kotex assures it! A special channeled center guides moisture the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk. Ends twisting. The Kotex filler is 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

And Now!

3 TYPES OF KOTEX

to suit different women and for different days

Each type offers all of the exclusive Kotex features

NOW a way has been found to give you greater comfort at times when comfort means so much.

There are certain days when you require more protection than on others. That's why the Kotex Laboratories developed three different types of Kotex . . . the *Regular*, the *Junior* (slightly narrower), and *Super* which offers extra protection.

Select Kotex, day by day, according to your own personal needs, perhaps one type for today, another for tomorrow. Some women may need all three types of Kotex. Discover for yourself what a difference this can make in your comfort and protection.

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SAME PRICE AS REGULAR

IN THE BLUE BOX

Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX

Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower—is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX

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For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. That's Super Kotex! It gives you that extra protection, yet is no longer or wider than Regular.

QUEST

the Positive Deodorant Powder for Personal Daintiness

The perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex . . . and for every need! Quest is a dainty, soothing powder, safe to use. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex—only 35c.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

How Carole Lombard's Clothes Match Her Moods

[*Continued from page* 45]

and a low-placed roll in back. You cannot help but be a poised young person, who looks as if she had the "classic" answer to everything.

But the scene changes and the mood with it. There is a blue sky melting against a still bluer sea. And you want to be in your *gayest mood*—in beach clothes that are terribly smart, but not too studied. For that, Travis suggests blue and white polka-dotted shorts. And an *ankle*-length white coat lined with the blue and white material. If you wear a cape or coat that hits your bare legs somewhere in the calf, the effect is far from attractive.

And, before you go out, scrub your face! Yes, actually. The "lustrous look" is *the* thing at the shore this season. If your face is very dry, rub on a little nourishing cream and let it stay. Instead of lip rouge, use pomade on your mouth to protect it from the sun. And the most exciting thing of all is that last-minute scheme of Carole's. She sprinkles gardenia oil in a lukewarm bath. Enough of the oil clings to the skin to guard it against an overdose of sunburn and the subtle fragrance is delightful.

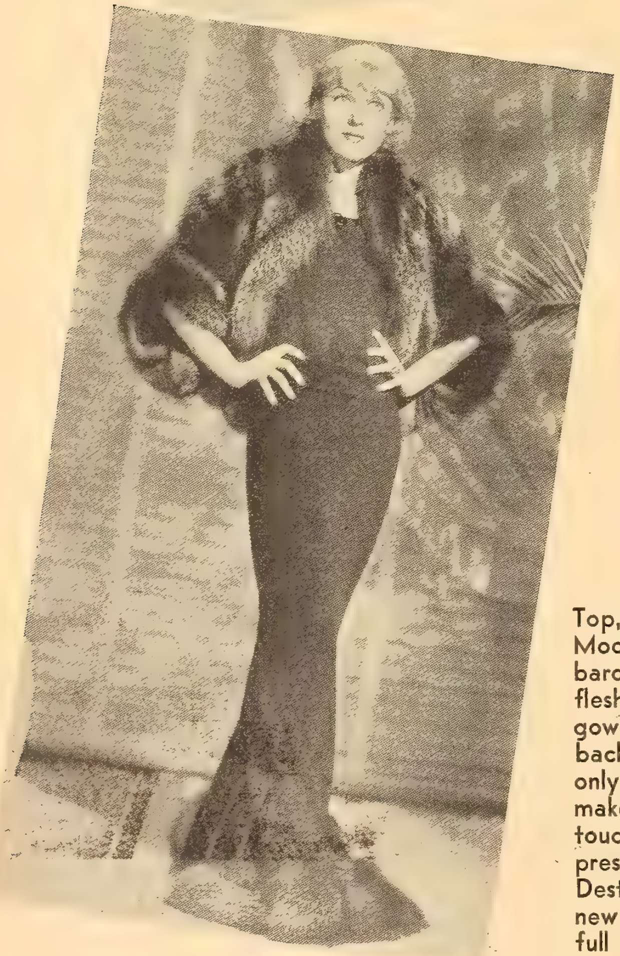
● ALMOST every girl has a flair for "the modern manner," but Banton considers it the most overdone.

"It's so easy for a girl to overstep the line and harden her looks when she is in *a sophisticated mood,*" the designer points out. "Sophistication must be done with great care and an eye to complete harmony. This is what I mean: I made a very sleek, flesh-colored satin gown for Miss Lombard, the kind that looked as if it had been molded on her. There were bands crossing in front and a sable collar. She parted her hair in the center and drew it back severely and tightly, permitting it to curl out only at the ends. And because her hair was swept back like that, she made up her mouth much more fully than usual. (For a sophisticated effect, you see, the accent *must* be on the eyes, the lips, and the line of the dress.) And again, instead of black, she used dark brown eyebrow pencil. It is subtle touches like these that spell the difference between real sophistication and attempts at it."

And it is worth doing well, because nothing gives a girl such a sense of power as a dramatization of feminine wisdom.

Ah, but you have a new beau. And that is another story . . . For once, you don't care a whoop about being smart or chic. You want to be downright pretty! You are in your *most feminine mood.* So you put on something soft and preferably pastelish, for this is decidedly not the time to wear anything bright or too surprising. Next, you set about making your face as heart-shaped and dewy-eyed as possible.

Using Carole as a model, you may part your hair in the center—but this time you will draw it oh-so-gently to the sides and let it fluff there. You will keep your lips moist and natural-looking. The sparkle in your eyes should be something to write home about—and five minutes' rest with eye-pads before you go downstairs will



Top, in a Sophisticated Mood, Carole Lombard wears a sleek, flesh-colored satin gown. Her hair is drawn back severely, curling only at the ends. Her make-up has subtle touches. Left, she expresses a Woman-of-Destiny Mood in the new silhouette, with full flare in the skirt below the knees

do the trick. Don't make the mistake, though, of shadowing your lids too much. A slight darkening at the eyelash line suffices beautifully. Then step out softly and hope for the best!

● SOMEHOW, no one thinks of the luscious Lombard going into a *"small girl" mood.* But when she does, brave men weaken. They do with practically every woman. Something about that freshly wholesome schoolgirl-look tugs at the male heart strings, particularly if they're used to thinking of you as a more woman-of-the-world type.

Those little Breton sailors make it extremely easy to slip into this mood. So do the short swaggerish coats and round-colored frocks. And the make-up is almost as easy as dreaming about it. You use a very small amount of lipstick—and, if you are blonde like Carole, will do the ingenious thing by applying a pale rose shade of that new liquid rouge that is the consistency of a lotion. *Put it all over the cheeks with cotton* so that it is perfectly blended; then apply powder. It will make you look distractingly sweet. A toilet water of an outdoorish fragrance like heliotrope or geranium is the thing to use. And arrange your hair with a studied carelessness.

What a twist of the comb can do to hair—the change it can make in a girl's appearance—is intriguing. And Walter Westmore is up on all the newest twists. For example, the same haircut that made you seem a pert seventeen under your Breton hat can—when it is more tightly waved, combed and brilliantined—alter you into a 1935 siren!

A dazzling, dangerous siren—if you supplement it with the right cosmetics and gown. But, warns Travis Banton, be very careful not to be obvious in this *enchantress mood.* The modern alluring lady *à la* Lombard does not go in for leopard skins and slanted lids. On the contrary, she even borrows some of the ingénue's gestures—like a net frou-frou around the neck. Only hers is flame-colored, and she wears it over the low décolletage of a molded gown.

Her perfume is frankly alluring. She draws in her lips fully and roundly with lipstick of the new dark purplish-red cast, and the polish on her fingernails matches it. Her eyebrow pencil and mascara are a deep black, her eyeshadow a glorious violet shade that speaks of Paris and cosmopolitan living. As a finishing touch, she uses wistaria evening powder that is the last word in powders. Then she sets forth to conquer.

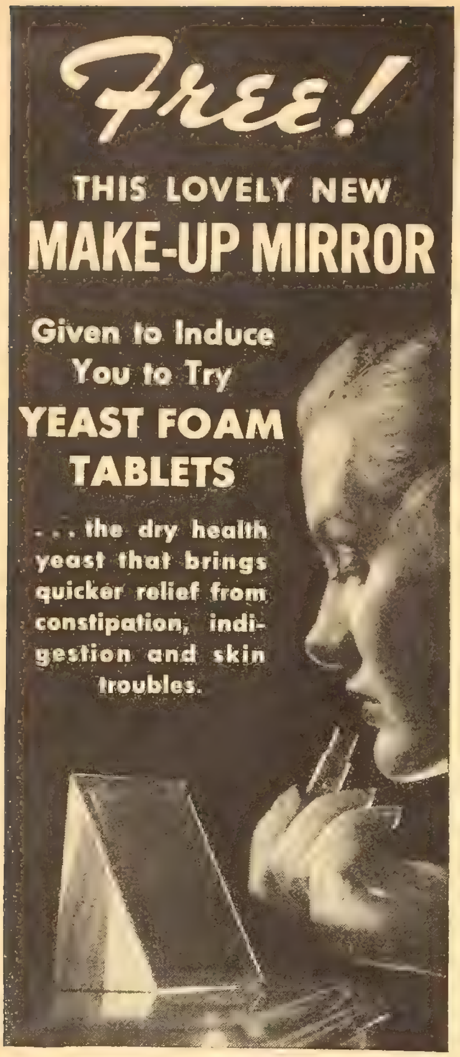
● "I BELIEVE the most effective dress I have ever made for Miss Lombard is that thin black crêpe in a draped silhouette you will be seeing everywhere in the fall and in 1936," said Travis. This he designed for her *"going places" mood.*

Carole, herself, considers it the smartest gown she has ever owned. She wore it in a picture, then had it copied in two versions for her own use. "It's a luxurious restaurant frock," she explained, "the sort of thing I'd wear if I were dining with some fascinating older man. The slit skirt and separate panels give me utter freedom for dancing. The hat is in perfect keeping with a dining-out mood; it is fascinating and amusing—a crêpe turban trimmed with feathers that make a half frame for the face."

The fur and feathers are so

[*Continued on page 75*]

JOHNNIE GOES PLACES!
Johnnie Goes to the Boat Races, June 1935
"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette


Free!
THIS LOVELY NEW
MAKE-UP MIRROR
Given to Induce You to Try
YEAST FOAM TABLETS
. . . the dry health yeast that brings quicker relief from constipation, indigestion and skin troubles.

YOU'LL be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get absolutely free with a purchase of Yeast Foam Tablets. It's tilted at an angle so that you get a perfect close-up of your face without having to hunch way over your dressing table.

Set it anywhere and have both hands free to put on cream or make-up comfortably. Women say it's one of the grandest beauty helps they've ever seen. Send the coupon, *with an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton*, for your mirror now before the supply is exhausted.

This offer is made to induce you to try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern yeast that gives greater health benefits because it's dry.

Scientists have recently discovered that *dry* yeast, as a source of vitamin B, is approximately twice as valuable as fresh, moist yeast! In carefully controlled tests, subjects fed dry yeast gained almost twice as fast as those given the moist, fresh type.

Get quicker relief from indigestion, constipation and related skin troubles with Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll really enjoy their appetizing nut-like taste. And they'll never cause gas or discomfort because they are pasteurized. At all druggists.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy new tilted make-up mirror.
FG 9-35
Name
Address
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Ginger Rogers—Past, Present and Future

[*Continued from page* 39]

and to Lew, who had been bombarding her with wires and telephone calls. Together, they went to Ginger's mother, Lew said, "Ginger and I want to be married. But we don't want a typical movie wedding. We want just a quiet, simple church ceremony, with our closest friends there." And that was how they were married.

They had planned a sea honeymoon, but picture demands on both of them prevented their taking one. Except for a short boat cruise a few months ago, they haven't yet had a honeymoon. But they still are planning one.

"We want to honeymoon in Europe," Ginger told me, "and we expect to be gone three months. Lew has been over, but I never have. Now, nothing is going to stop us." By the time you read this, they will have gone on their long-awaited trip.

Press photographers have resented the fact that Ginger and Lew have permitted no photographs of the interior of their home. Ginger explains: "It's a house we rented furnished. I didn't select or buy a single stick of the furniture in it. I don't want us to be photographed with furniture not our own. When we build, which will be soon, we'll furnish the new home ourselves and then the doors will be wide open to the press boys. It will really be *our* home."

PERHAPS the greatest thrill for Ginger in her new stardom is that it justifies the faith her mother has shown in her, all through the years. Mrs. Lela Rogers is a very clever woman, well known as a writer and producer of Little Theatre plays. In the early days of the movies, she wrote scripts for and helped to direct child stars of that day. She had a way with children—with beginners in every form. And when she had a child of her own, she knew how to develop whatever talents the child showed. Ginger's talent seemed to be dancing. Her mother encouraged it.

But she had seen too many one-talent successes quickly become one-talent failures to be content that Ginger should become just a dancer. She saw, with the practiced eye of a talent judge, that Ginger had personality. In a hundred little ways, she set out to make the expression of that personality the most natural thing in the world. When the youngster showed signs of self-consciousness, she taught her all the beauty aids that she, herself, knew (and Mrs. Rogers is a lovely woman); she gave her beauty-building exercises that were disguised as games; she watched the child's diet carefully and gave her the benefit of regular hours of sleep. Beauty was the result. She encouraged healthy romping and athletic activities of all kinds; she encouraged reading, to give her a love for drama; she interested her in acting as home, little playlets that she had written. So that when Ginger entered that Charleston contest in Dallas, she already had "stage presence." She was ready to go on from there.

She was offered an engagement with a vaudeville act in which all that she had to do was the Charleston. She clicked. Then, fired with ambition, she decided to branch out—to appear in a song-and-dance routine by herself. The act opened in Memphis, Tennessee, in a theatre that was half-empty, with the small audience too sleepy or blasé to applaud. Her mother, in the back of the theatre watching the act, heard the house manager say that Ginger was "terrible" and that he was going backstage, tell her so, and wire for a substitute.

"Mother and I had no money to get back home," reminisces Ginger. "We had spent every cent getting my costumes ready and traveling to Memphis. But Mother always was resourceful and she proved it this time in a big way. She fairly flew backstage and grabbed me. Then she hustled me out of the stage door and onto the first trolley that came along.

"You see, if the manager did not succeed in notifying me that I was through before I did my second show, he had to pay me my week's salary if he closed me out. So Mother kept me out until just time for me to go on for my second show and then rushed me through the stage door and down to the first entrance. Of course, she had not told me anything except that she wanted me to relax after my first performance.

"As luck would have it, the house had filled up with young people from the high schools and college, and my act was a riot. They called me back again and again. By getting me a second chance, Mother had saved the day. It is possible that if I had been closed out that day, I might never have gone on with my stage career."

GINGER would have you think that luck explains her ever winning recognition. That's like Ginger. But you know differently—about the explanations.

There are some other things that you may *not* know about her. She would like to play the rôle of *Queen Elizabeth* (who also was redheaded), but admits herself still too young. Her real name is Virginia. She likes greens, browns, and blues best. Her favorite authors are Dumas, Maug-

[*Continued on page* 71]

Chicago beauty says of Listerine Tooth Paste:

"I like the sheen and lustre it gives my teeth"

Models are careful about what products they use. They have to be; on their good looks their livelihood depends. Once they approve a product, particularly a tooth paste, you may be sure it is first rate.

Like so many other professional beauties, Miss Catherine Weary, former Chicago society girl, is enthusiastic over Listerine Tooth Paste.

"A real beauty aid," says Miss Weary, "and so refreshing to the mouth. I like the quick, thorough way it attacks discolorations and cleans teeth. I like the wonderful sheen and lustre it seems to give my teeth. It is such a comfort, too, to know that it cannot injure delicate enamel."

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. More than three million people have discovered the advantages of this modern dentifrice. In two sizes: Regular large, 25¢. Double size, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

LARGE SIZE **25¢** DOUBLE SIZE **40¢**

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Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER · 2½ oz. 25¢

WARREN WILLIAM
PREFERS
NATURAL LIPS
UNUSUAL TEST SHOWS

HERE'S WHAT WARREN WILLIAM SAW

UNTOUCHED
PAINTED
TANGEE

Popular star picks Tangee lips in interesting test

• Warren William playing in "The Case of the Curious Bride", a First National picture, makes lipstick test.

● That patrician manner of Warren William would set almost any heart aflutter. And when he, too, prefers natural lips to the painted kind, isn't it enough to make *you* want to use Tangee?

For Tangee will never, never make you look painted. It can't. For the simple reason that it *isn't paint.* Based on the magic Tangee color principle Tangee is an orange lipstick that *changes, on your lips,* to the one shade most becoming to you. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes . . . 39c and $1.10, or send 10 cents for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

This Summer USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F95
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name______________________________
(Please Print)
Address____________________________
City________________State________

The Nelson Eddy Women Want to Know

[*Continued from page 29*]

past occurrences, no more interesting than life has been for him in Hollywood since film success overtook him. Hollywood females are not exactly unaware of the Eddy attractions. They lay all sorts of snares for him. And, confidentially, of course, we think he rather likes it. It's fun, after all, to be the pawn for beautiful women to fight over . . . and pardon our mixed metaphors.

ONE dazzling charmer, according to newspaper gossip columns (and that's where you will see the names, right out in cold print, of the Eddy conquests . . . since we were gagged by honor not to print them), wagered that she would be dancing with Nelson Eddy in ten days—just give her time. And she won the bet, to Mr. Eddy's chagrin. He really thought she liked him for himself alone. And there she was making game of him.

It was fun to watch her tactics, though, Eddy admits. She appeared (unexpectedly) at a luncheon date with a mutual friend. Eddy, like a lamb led to slaughter, or, for an operatic simile, as a Samson with his scissored Delilah, asked her if she would enjoy a movie some night. She would. Then, after having motion-pictured, if she would like a bite to eat. She would. After that, the strains of the orchestra were so tantalizing that he asked her to dance. ("I don't dance at all well," he admitted, seriously, "but I like to dance.") And there she was, wager won, waltzing around the floor in the arms of Nelson Eddy. It made a swell story for the gossip columnists. Eddy was a bit chagrined. He thought she was a very pleasant girl.

SHY, lonely, as he has confessed, this occurrence probably did not help his spiritual ease. But it has not put an end to his quest for the ideal girl—a quest that is normal to any home-loving bachelor who would like to marry a girl of whom he may be proud.

But hard work, instead of shyness, will keep Eddy from meeting her, if anything conspires to do so. Eddy has always been willing to do more than his share of toil. He was never too busy to learn an extra oratorio in the days when he was striving for concert success. Today there are just as many busy obstacles to romance. The living room of his Beverly Hills home (where he dwells with his mother) is crowded, not with gay friends, but with sound recording equipment to help in his film singing. It's not at all conducive to parlor romance.

"I go out every other night in the week, dining, dancing, and still I am lonely," says Eddy, in sudden confidence. "The only way I can forget how alone I seem to be is to get busy on a new musical score. That, to me, is the finest recreation in the world. That's why I am a singer.

"IT ISN'T only loneliness that gets me, but shyness. You may not believe this, but I am very shy. Last night I took a young actress to dinner at the Russian Eagle Café and there we sat, the two of us. I had ordered *bortsch* and *blini* and *pirojiki* and *baked Alaska,* and all the specialties on the menu, just like a man of the world, and there we sat, like a boy and girl from the country, wondering what to talk about.

"Do you know that when I left the party Louis B. Mayer gave to Director W. S. Van Dyke, Hunt Stromberg, Miss MacDonald, and others who contributed to the making of *Naughty Marietta,* I drove to the top of Beverly Crest and watched the dawn come. I sat there trying to realize that at last I had a film to my credit, after all the waiting. And with the friendly comments of the members of the party still ringing in my ears, I never felt more alone. I often go up to that mountain top and just sit there, glad to be away from the constant ringing of the 'phone, the countless demands that are made upon me since the picture clicked. I watch the automobiles, like ants, and the people, like pin points, racing about. It's only then, high above them, that I can reassemble myself and become Nelson Eddy, a fairly peaceful fellow."

At the moment he is scheduled to make a second picture-operetta with the fair, vivacious Jeanette MacDonald. But first he is likely to be singing with Grace Moore in *Rose Marie.*

SOMETIMES he gets to wondering if he would be an ideal husband to his ideal girl. He is the kind of man who is forever putting off visiting the barber until next week; he has a horror of sleeping in stuffy, warm rooms, under heavy, cumbersome blankets. What, he wonders, if the woman he marries insists that he have his hair trimmed every week, and likes a hot-house temperature for her nocturnal slumbers? Then, too, he broods, he has a habit of tossing his clothes about the room. Would she like that?

Would she understand him as well as does his mother, who feeds him his favorite plain, simple foods, doesn't try to make griddle cakes or pies for him (the hired cook makes better!), and would she be as entirely worshipful as Sheba, his English sheep puppy, given him by Miss MacDonald? Mr. Eddy doesn't know. And it's no use telling the ladies not to take it up with him in lavish letters. You'll probably do it anyway.

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Sunny Golden Hair—
Arms and Legs Alluringly Smooth

Make nature's own allurements *your* secrets of charm and attractiveness. Gain captivating appeal with natural-looking hair—smooth, blonde, silky arms and legs. Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. And notice how your friends admire your fresh, bright appearance.

BLONDES:—If your hair is dark, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to restore its natural golden beauty. Marchand's imparts sunny radiance to dull-looking hair, secretly and successfully.

BRUNETTES:—Make your hair more alluring. Impart fascinating highlights, a glowing sheen to your dark hair. Or lighten dark or fading hair any natural shade of blondeness desired. (You can do this as quickly as overnight with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or gradually, if you prefer, over a period of weeks or months.)

BLONDES *and* BRUNETTES:—Have arms and legs seductively smooth. Don't risk "superfluous" hair removal. Whether on face, arms or legs, use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to blend "superfluous" hair with *your* skin coloring and *add* to your dainty attractiveness.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package can be purchased at your drugstore. Start using Marchand's for head, legs or arms. *Today.*

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE! A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. *(See coupon below.)*

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Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

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Beautiful Eyes
ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR
Maybelline

says DOROTHY HAMILTON
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood

Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the "Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, *her* eyes express *her*. More than any other feature, *your* eyes express *you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, *instantly*, with the pure and *harmless* Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.

BLACK
BROWN
BLUE

BLACK OR BROWN

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN

COLORLESS

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

All Maybelline Preparations have this approval

BLACK OR WHITE
BRISTLES

Handy Hints from Hollywood

BY MARIAN RHEA

SOAP AND WATER are the best things in the world for cleaning Oriental rugs, according to Miriam Hopkins of the blue eyes and yellow hair. She may not look domestic, but she has two homes—one in Hollywood and one in New York—that she keeps in the spickest and span-est of condition.

The procedure she follows is to have her small rugs thoroughly scrubbed in a tubful of sudsy water, then hung on the clothesline, equally thoroughly rinsed with water from the garden hose, and left to hang in the wind and sun until dry.

Miriam has her larger rugs taken out on the lawn and scrubbed with a brush, then rinsed with the hose and left on the line to dry.

* * *

Deep-fat frying is more healthful than other frying methods, according to Norma Shearer, who is almost an authority on food-preparing practices. And so, she says, no kitchen is complete without two or three frying baskets to eliminate the old and bothersome method of spearing doughnuts, fritters, and croquettes with a long-tined fork.

* * *

Bette Davis has a new use for the lowly hairpin—a kitchen use! Buy a package of medium-sized hairpins and use one every time you want to seed cherries. The way you do it is to gouge out the seed with the curved end of the hairpin, at the point where the stem protrudes.

* * *

The idea isn't new, but old friends are often the best, after all . . . Meaning Minna Gombell's kitchen stool, which is also a stepladder. Firm and compact, it does away with that old, precarious balancing on a chair, plus a couple of books necessary to reach inaccessible shelves. Also, these stools are fine to keep away that tired feeling while performing any variety of kitchen duties.

* * *

For comfort, as well as other reasons, dainty women are favoring now, as never before, those remarkable articles called "Peds," which have solved at last the problem of going bare-legged without irritation to sensitive feet. "Peds" are stockingettes that keep the feet coolly protected from hot shoe leather and still do not show above the top of even the lowest cut pump. They also can be worn under or over stockings to minimize friction and thus save wearing as well as adding comfort.

* * *

Scatter rugs have their place in every house, but a carefully planned place—usually NOT the living rom or dining room. One reason is because a larger rug offers a richer and more spacious effect. There is also that undeniable fact that small rugs often "skid" most embarrassingly and often uncomfortably, if used on a slick floor.

Minna Gombell doesn't need Alpine technique to reach the topmost shelf. She has a stool-stepladder!

All of this is pointed out by Clara Kimball Young—you remember her?—who is working in Columbia Pictures. She has just had some new rugs—big ones—made from several of her smaller ones that were beginning to wear out. The Olson Company of Chicago, New York, and San Francisco, did it. Making new rugs from old ones is the Olson Company's *forte*. You send them a certain number of pounds of rugs or other woollen odds and ends and get in return a brand-new and beautiful rug, its size depending on the amount of material you have sent them. These rugs are made in any proportions you want.

* * *

Sometimes, instead of cutting string beans in pieces, it is a nice variation just to remove the strings, tie the whole beans in bunches with a cord and cook that way in salted water. When ready to serve, clip the cords and serve in bundles, like asparagus. It's done in Hollywood restaurants!

Ginger Rogers—Past, Present and Future

[*Continued from page* 66]

ham, and Katharine Brush. Emeralds are her favorite jewels.

Elated as she is over being starred by herself in her new picture, she has the greatest enthusiasm for working with Fred Astaire. She says that dancing with him is every bit as enjoyable and exciting as it looks—even though they rehearse for hours.

Ginger and Lew still do not go in for the bright-light side of Hollywood social life. They spend most of their evenings at home, where their most frequent guests are such members of the old *All Quiet on the Western Front* gang as Ben Alexander, Russell Gleason and William Bakewell. They take parts in the 16-mm. film which Lew is directing and photographing and for which he builds the sets. In the film, Ginger plays the feminine characters. (And always bakes a cake for the picture-makers.)

But let us look at Ginger's future. What will the next few years bring?

Friends and strangers alike predict continued happiness for Ginger and Lew—whose love grew out of friendship, not infatuation.

Bernard Newman predicts that she, more than any other star, will soon set the styles that girls everywhere will follow.

Producers predict that she will find even greater fame as a dancing-singing heroine and as a clever comedienne—and, moreover, will become a dramatic actress on occasion.

And some day she may do the rôle that she most wants to do: *Queen Elizabeth.*

Undeniably, there is a great future before Ginger Rogers. Great parts in great films.

She *Cheats*

(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs — perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

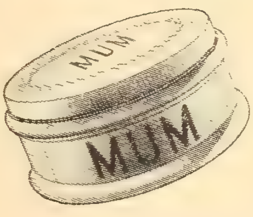
There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time — even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the *odor* of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

NRA



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!

What!

SHAMPOO THE HAIR *Without* SUDS?

Yes, foremost Beauticians advise this SOAPLESS Oil Shampoo for a truly beautiful head of hair

• • • •

NOTE TRIAL OFFER BELOW

Are you still using old shampoo methods? Still working up a lather; and rinsing your hair endlessly —only to find it growing duller, darker, more lifeless? Then a delightful surprise is awaiting you... A *single* shampoo with Mar-O-Oil will amaze you. Your hair will instantly become soft and wavy. The true color will glow with a beautiful warmth. A lovely sheen will make alluring highlights dance in your hair. And, if you are bothered with dandruff, watch what happens to it! Mar-O-Oil makes this startling change because it is actually a super shampoo, scalp treatment, and tonic ALL IN ONE. Yet it is easier to apply, easier to rub in, and easier to rinse out . . . Get a bottle of Mar-O-Oil from your drug or department store. If you do not find it the finest shampoo you have ever used, your money will be refunded in full. Or, mail the coupon with 10c, in stamps or coin, for a regular sized 25c bottle. If you have your hair done at a Beauty Parlor, ask for a Mar-O-Oil Shampoo your next visit.

Magnified hair shaft showing dirt film left on it after improper shampoo.

Magnified hair shaft shampooed with Mar-O-Oil. Note how clean. Not a trace of dirt film left.

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Please send me your regular sized 25c bottle of Mar-O-Oil for which I enclose 10c in stamps or coin.
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Hollywood's Heart Problems—and Yours

[*Continued from page* 15]

rent. That is the only human contact you have. Probably you do a little starving because there's nobody to help you out. It's great for the figure, but hard on the health. Still, you feel you could stand it *if you just had someone to talk with you.*

"That's why it is so much better to go to a club. There are recreation rooms downstairs where you can meet other girls. Very possibly some of them will be able to give you tips about getting a position. They hear of openings. They tell you. And before you know it you have a job! Then somebody's Aunt Jane gives a party and you really begin to get acquainted."

THAT suggestion of Binnie's is the best one possible. I wish I could tell you about some of the pitiful cases that come to me—about the desperate things girls are driven to do by loneliness. Only too often a lovely girl imagines herself in love with the first man who pays attention to her. She accepts his advances because she is so afraid of losing him. And soon another young life is ruined. . . . Be patient and go a little slowly about masculine friendships. There are plenty of fine young fellows just as eager to meet a sweet, decent girl as she is to meet them—and they are worth waiting for.

I think that the most difficult situation an attractive girl has to face is when her employer becomes infatuated with her. Fortunately, this is not so common as novelists would lead us to believe. Men, as a rule, take women at their own valuation and if a girl carries herself with the right amount of self-respect, her "boss" won't be apt to overstep the mark. But if he does—what should she do? She needs her job. If she's a newcomer to town, there is no one to whom she can turn.

"I found myself in that situation once," said Binnie. *"And I laughed my way out of it. . . .* That, I discovered, is much more effective than getting furious or standing on dignity. Nothing cools a man's fervor so quickly as having fun poked at it. Diplomatically, you understand, or you'll find yourself fired!

"Another girl I knew, a regal blonde, had a neat way. She would look bored and yawn slightly. 'Sorry, Mr. ———,' she would say, 'but you're the fifth man this morning who has tried to hold my hand!' And she would smile forgivingly—and walk out.

"Of course, as Lillian Russell said, 'it's more a matter of getting the right man than escaping the wrong one!' I have just played the part of Lillian Russell in *Diamond Jim,* which explains how I know. She was a small-town girl, too. She was born in Clinton, Iowa, and went to New York where she became the most popular woman of the Gay Nineties. Wide popularity was a feat in those days. Today, if a girl is *not* popular, it's pretty much her own fault. She has everything on her side.

"FOR very little money she can attend an evening dancing class and learn to become a really good dancer—and a really sought-after person. Or she can work up her game of tennis or bridge so that people will always be asking her to make a fourth. And what if she hasn't had the opportunity of going to college? Why should that spoil her fun when it's so easy to read up on a subject? You can find out anything through the books in a public library."

Binnie herself spent a great many evenings at the library during those first days in London—chiefly because it was warm and it was a handy place for resting. After a while she grew absorbed in the books. So much so that three years afterward, when she met the man she later married, he found her not only amusing and witty, but wonderfully well informed. People who did not know her thought it amazing that Samuel Joseph, the most noted collector of rare books in England, should become so interested in a little night-club hostess. To those who knew her it was not at all strange. For Binnie had spent her spare time well.

I have little sympathy for the girl who feels that life has cheated her because she isn't getting anywhere. What is she *doing* to get somewhere? Usually, she doesn't do anything except talk about it. She makes no attempt to improve her appearance or her mind. Perhaps she has visions of being a high-priced confidential secretary—but she would laugh if you suggested a course at night-school to help her reach that end. Binnie went to night-school and joined classes in playwriting and public speaking. It intrigued Mr. Joseph when he found this out. This girl was interesting. . . .

The truth is, girls hope to find interesting men, but half the time they forget to make *themselves* interesting! The city offers them every assistance. It's kind and friendly and full of treasures —if you know where to look for them.

TROUBLED?

What is your own personal heart problem? Wouldn't you like someone to help you solve it—someone warmly sympathetic who has found the right answers for hundreds of others? Write to Margaret Dixe, c/o MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—and tell her what problem you, personally, would like her to discuss. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence.

Looks Mean a Lot—*of Care*

[*Continued from page* 53]

Things That Help!

Perhaps you are one of the thousands of girls who have been trying to find out how Hollywood stars get that *lustrous* look to their faces. I know! There is a new shiny make-up for evening, and for tanned skins. There are shades for Titians, Brunettes, and Blondes, and the company sponsoring it has also developed the correct shades of lipstick, rouge and eyeshadow to go with this radiant make-up.

Are you one of the many girls who feel they could be beautiful if they did not have some sort of scar or birthmark on their faces . . . and now suffer tortures of self-consciousness? I have seen a new product that will absolutely cover such marks on your face and give you the same effect as skillful make-up on a flawless face. It's a perfect godsend in the way of cosmetics, and a rare blessing to girls who have always hated the misfortune of some facial blemish. It won't even come off when you're in swimming. It is absolutely harmless to use and sells for $3 a bottle.

There's a new soft-tone powder that is natural looking, alluringly scented, and lasts unusually long on the face. It gives you that new "unpowdered" look that is so important in the modern technique of make-up. Here are the shades in which it is offered: ivory, flesh, or pink, natural, rachel, and brunette. Can you believe that the price is only 50c?

Are you sure you are protecting yourself against the perspiration odors that are so damning in the summer? There's a delightful deodorant cream that does two things: it banishes odors, and it softens the skin under arms, leaving the armpits as white and smooth as a baby's. It is harmless; it acts immediately; it will not stain the clothes.

The allure of perfumes! Want to know the name of one that makes you think of summer gardens full of madonna lilies, bluebells, and heliotrope? One that is like the perfume of a sweet-scented summer day? One that smells like a whole world of flowers? And that sells for only $1.10?

And a lipstick that blends perfectly with the present vogue for tan make-up with a rosy tone . . . and that gives your lips that attractive moist look that is so youthful and so Hollywoodish! It is a flattering shade, and adheres even through the meals without becoming caked at the corners of the lips. There are tropical tones of powder, and cream and dry rouge to go with it, too. Very summery, indeed!

Would you like the names of beauty aids mentioned in this article? Just write Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed return envelope.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THEY ONCE CALLED ME SKINNY!

New "7-power" ale yeast giving thousands 5 to 15 lbs. *quick*

DON'T think you're "born" to be skinny and friendless. Thousands with this new, easy treatment have gained 5 to 15 solid pounds, normally attractive flesh they never could gain before—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors now say the real reason why great numbers of people can't seem to gain an ounce is they fail to get enough health-building Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. But now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh—*in a very short time.*

Not only that, but thousands have also gained a naturally clear complexion, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *ale yeast* imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is *ironized* with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, new health comes—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 289, Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by professional models

WHY BE FAT?

So needless to be fat and neglected when others are finding it easy to be slender and attractive the RE-DUCE-OIDS way.

She LOST 55 Pounds

Read what these women did to regain slender figures...

● Why put up with hated fat another day? Read what Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 S. Pleasant Street, Jackson, Mich., writes: ''After being overweight almost all my life, I reduced 55 pounds with RE-DUCE-OIDS. **I look ten years younger!...** and never was in such excellent health as I am since taking RE-DUCE-OIDS.''

OHIO NURSE LOST 47 Lbs.—Gladysse L. Ryer, **Registered Nurse,** V. A. F. Cottage 2, Dayton, O., writes: ''I lost 47 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS though **I did not diet.** Though I lost all this fat my skin is firm and smooth.''

REDUCED 34 Lbs.—''I reduced 34 lbs.,'' writes Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Ia., ''they are pleasant to take and **dependable.** I feel fine since I lost that horrible fat.'' Others write of reductions in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better **while** and **after** taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. Why not do as these women have done? Start today with easy to take, tasteless RE-DUCE-OIDS, in tiny capsules prepared and CERTIFIED for you by Scientific Laboratories of America. **Not** an experiment, successful for years. Ask your druggist.

FAT GOES...or Money Back!

● Our **written** guarantee: If you are not **entirely** satisfied with the wonderful results you obtain, you get your **money back in full,** promptly. RE-DUCE-OIDS will delight you or they cost you nothing. Don't wait, fat is dangerous! Sold by drug and department stores everywhere. **If your dealer is out, send $2.00 for 1 package or $5.00 for 3 packages direct to us.** (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or sent C.O.D.) **Plain wrapper.**

FREE! valuable book

Tells "HOW TO REDUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OIDS to get this book. Sent free.

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GOODBYE, FAT!

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Send me the **FREE** Book ''HOW TO REDUCE.''

If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

Name...

Address..

City..................................State..............................

They All Like Irene!

[*Continued from page 37*]

bred charms of the fair Kentuckian, and she still represents an ideal of feminine loveliness to him.

You never hear of this particular star having contract trouble. Yet she has just talked her home studio into an agreement to let her make two pictures for other companies before completing the balance of her contract with RKO. (They will be *The Magnificent Obsession* and *Show Boat,* both for Universal.) Irene Dunne usually gets what she wants, and without the assistance of pyrotechnics. She marshals her arguments—then prefaces their presentation by saying "Don't you think?" instead of "I insist upon."

NOT long ago I was one of a group that included a rising young ingénue, pretty and ambitious, who complained of the matter-of-fact manner in which men treated women nowadays. A newspaperman took up the cudgels for his sex. For years, he said, women have been crying for equal rights—single standards. Well, they seem to have acquired them. Why try to evade the inevitable consequences?

"But," the young actress protested, "can't a girl meet men on an equal footing in the business or professional world, yet remain a lady and rightly expect to be treated as one?"

"She could," the newspaperman agreed, "but too many women don't. My principal complaint is against the girl who thinks it is smart to outdrink, outsmoke and outswear her male companions—and still expects to be wrapped in the same brand of cotton-wool that protected the sensibilities of her grandmother, if it becomes desirable."

He mentioned a famous beauty, notorious for a vocabulary that would bring blushes to the cheeks of an irate truck driver.

"Can you imagine treating her like a lady?"

Another man spoke up. "Can you imagine not treating Irene Dunne like one?" he asked.

"That just goes to prove my point," the reporter contended. "Irene Dunne has never lost the qualities that awaken gallantry in a man. And," he turned to the pretty youngster who had precipitated the discussion, "you girls who want careers and still hope for a full measure of personal happiness would do much better to pattern yourselves after her, than after some of the more spectacular women you try to imitate."

I couldn't resist telling Miss Dunne about this conversation.

"YOU'RE sure he meant it as a compliment?" she laughed. "You see, some of my friends think I should develop—or at least pretend—a gayer and giddier personality than my own. They believe it would make me more colorful. "Now, I'm not naïve. I know the words that are supposed to blister ears. When someone else wants to use them, I'm not shocked. But it just happens that I've always found it possible to express myself without their assistance.

"I like parties—late ones, too. When I'm in New York (and I've just returned from there), my husband and I have an active social life. And when Dr. Griffin visits me out here, we do a fair amount of gadding about. But when I'm working on a picture, I lead a pretty quiet life. After a long day at the studio, a hot bath and a comfortable bed seem about all I would wish for if I had Aladdin's lamp."

The transcontinental marriage of Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin has been described too often to merit discussion here, other than to mention the genuine affection that appears to exist between them.

When you consider the way in which she bowls over men in general, plus the lengthy separations from her husband, it lends importance to the fact that no hint of romantic gossip has ever attached itself to the name of Irene Dunne. If you have any idea of what a slight basis is necessary for romantic gossip in Hollywood, you will appreciate the compliment to Miss Dunne's dignity and good taste that this represents. Nor is she a recluse in her husband's absence. Her name appears on the guest list of filmland's more conservative hostesses. And she is frequently seen on the golf links, usually with eager escorts.

WE ALL have heard women alibi lack of interest in sports by stating that "men don't like athletic women." The lovely Irene is evidence that this is a choice bit of the well-known delicatessen stand-by. She golfs, she swims, she rides—yet, all the men I know who are Dunne devotees seem to be most impressed by her utter femininity.

In a plaid skirt, navy blue twin sweaters, flat-heeled oxfords and a felt hat unadorned except for a grosgrain band, she can achieve a greater air of daintiness and allure than most of us could manage in a trailing velvet tea gown. This is partly due to such gifts of the gods as a poreclain complexion, slender curves, limpid blue eyes and a voice that has never lost its Southern softness.

However, age is bound to do things to even such authentic beauty as Irene Dunne possesses. A network of lines will etch its pattern on her delicate skin. Her eyes will dim, her svelte lines disappear. And when that times comes, I'll wager that you will find faithful cavaliers still paying homage to this lady's charm and intense femininity.

What men think Woman should be, at her loveliest, she is—wise, witty, kind, companionable, understanding, gently dignified Men, the darlings, are mostly idealists. And Irene Dunne gives them something to idealize.

How Carole Lombard's Clothes Match Her Moods

[*Continued from page* 65]

important a highlight that no jewels are necessary. With no hair visible on the forehead, your eyes must be the center of attraction. A deep midnight-blue eyeshadow, and blue mascara on the lashes, will work a miracle on them.

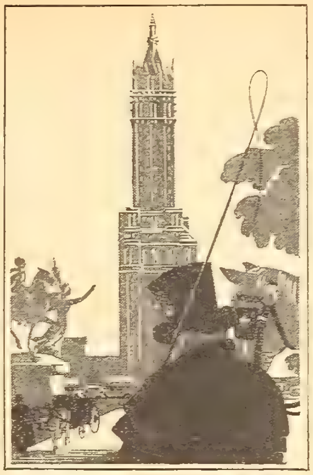
PERHAPS the mood that is most indulged in by every girl is *the urge-to-charm mood.* It is not reserved for romantic moments; girls have been known to have it with only a family audience. Carole expresses it by getting into something that clings softly . . . that has floating sleeves and a flower lei for a neckline. Since she is fair, she likes it to be pink, and uses a pinky make-up. (Pink powder, and lipstick of a bright pink only a shade or two deeper than her cheek rouge.) This is a mood that incorporates gentleness, a touch of mystery, a bit of sophistication.

Travis says that Carole, in this next mood, reminds him of Gaby Deslys, the girl whose compelling charm made her a woman of destiny. In every woman lurks the suspicion that she, too, may be a woman of destiny. At least, there are times when she is in a *thrilling, dramatic mood.* The new silhouette, with full flare in the skirt below the knees, gives power to it. Express it in black velvet and furs and a dead white make-up—and you will create an exciting, never-to-be-forgotten impression.

In direct contrast to this is the *"mood spirituelle,"* which is woman at her most dangerous, inspiring admiration that borders on reverence. This time the bangs are curled high, instead of brushed straight down, and the back is rolled into an old-fashioned coil—the "Little Women" hairdress. This is accented by very natural-toned cosmetics, and by her quaint monastic cape. The dress itself is a simple chiffon dinner dress with flounces around the feet and ruffles falling over the hand.

FINALLY, there is *the tailored mood.* Right now it is terribly important. It probably needs more thoughtful planning than all the other moods together. But here is one little secret that many girls forget. The bigger the job and the larger the salary, *the more you should avoid mannish clothes.* Wear a hat that is frankly becoming. Two-tie pumps that have a pretty feminine air instead of flat-heeled oxfords. With your suit, have softening touches like wine-red fresh carnations that match the deep wine-red crêpe blouse, and the flowers in your hat. Your make-up should be very modified and informal. No blatantly red lips or cheeks.

It gives such zest to life, it makes life so much more interesting—if you know how to dress your moods!



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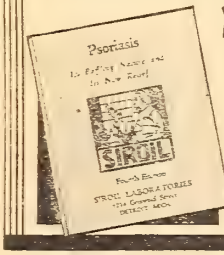

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Be a One-of-a-Kind Girl!

[*Continued from page* 30]

wearing a bathing suit. On feet that don't display the advantages of pedicures and skin softeners. On wayward ends on eyebrows. Exotic perfumes which are never apropos for daytime. A thin back wearing a very low-cut dress. Poor posture. Lingerie touches that droop, and pleats without the kick an iron could give them in two seconds. The complete importance of daintiness—all the little things you're apt to overlook.

"They're what make the difference, actually, between beauty and just 'dressed-upness.' I've found that out. What's more, they usually require daily care, and that's hard when you're busy. But you're far better off coming in an hour earlier each night and attending to all those seemingly unimportant things, than you are dancing the last dance every time, and concentrating simply on the more showy angles of your appearance. Big things take care of themselves—but the little things can ruin you!

"I'd tell my sister that I've discovered that the smartest thing any girl can do is *not to be a 'type.'* Don't copy the clothes and mannerisms and ideas of the girl across the street who happens to be a knockout, or your favorite actress or heroine—or your big sister! Be your own type. And you'll have something no other girl in the whole world can reproduce: a one-of-a-kind personality. If you're just naturally frilly and feminine, don't wear tailored things because they're smart. If you're sophisticated, don't affect naiveté because you think it goes over. If you're athletic, stay that way. If you're a thoroughly American Girl, develop that and leave the exotics, the statuesques and the sirens to their own types. Make a new type for yourself—a *you* type. And then you'll be a *distinctive individual.*

"I'D want my younger sister to be popular. So I'd try to influence her to *learn to like everybody's kind of fun,* whether it's fun learning or not. If dates and dancing and clothes were her sole interests, she should make herself swim and ride and golf and play tennis anyway, so that she can have those things in common with the people she meets who may not like just dates and dancing. If she spent most of her leisure knitting sweater suits and playing bridge, I should suggest that she read good books, learn to be a whiz at backgammon and ping-pong as well as at contract bridge. She should be able to fix *hors d'oeuvres* and party sandwiches as expertly as she fixes her hair, know as much about music and art as she does about eye make-up and the Continental. The concerts and tennis parties, for instance, that she'll miss if she doesn't like concerts and tennis, can keep her from making many acquaintances she may never make any other way. I'd like her to think of that.

"I've learned that for everything you know *something* about, you'll sometime meet somebody who will like you because you can share intelligently that interest with him or her. And particularly when it's a *him!* I'd want my little sister to be capable of fitting into his moods for dancing, hiking, high-diving, visiting an art exhibit, enjoying a serious play—or even just sitting around and talking for hours. Why? Because *hims,* I've found, adore good 'mood-mates.' And every girl can be one if she teaches herself to be."

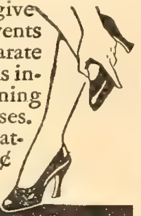
AND there we were on the subject of males! Which is such a big subject, Miriam agreed, you could talk all afternoon about it and still just barely scratch the surface. However, we did not just drop said subject. Miriam told me of those first days in New York when she was sixteen, living in a boarding house on historic Washington Square. She didn't know any young men when she arrived. She didn't think that she even wanted to know the two or three at the boarding house who asked her for dates. They were nice, she knew, but she considered them dull.

"However, I dated them anyway because I was lonely," she told me, "and learned, then and there, something that every girl should learn early and never forget: that men, sentimentally speaking, are much like sheep. They invariably flock first to the girl who has a stag line around her. And a girl's personal stag line, whether it's on the dance floor or in her own living room, can be secured most easily by being friendly with every worthy young man who desires her friendship.

"No man is really dull. I don't care how unattractive you may think he is in the beginning. If you try, you can find a lot to like about every man who likes you. From those three boys in my boarding house, I began to build my stag line, and my acquaintance gradually widened to include others. One of the original trio has remained a close friend to this day.

"I'd tell my little sister about that, too. It's not how she can captivate the Yale hero for an evening that counts as much as the way that she can interest every boy she meets—and every time! The boy next door may seem totally unromantic, but if he admires you and you can make him think you're a swell girl, whether you're seriously interested or not, and do the same to the next boy and the next one, you'll form a nucleus of admirers which is certain to attract others.

"Then, when the Big Moment, that you simply *must have,* appears, you'll know just what works when it comes to making a hit. For you'll have perfected your charm by varied and fascinating experience."



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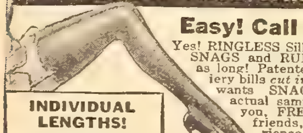

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They're the Topics!

[*Continued from page* 10]

face. It will give you a youthful glow that will remain all evening. It's an old trick that stage folk have known for generations. Lawrence Tibbett, so they say, never gives a performance without first standing on his head in the wings!

GLENDA FARRELL is sporting the two most novel hats on record. One is of heavy black felt and the other of heavy yellow felt. When worn, they look like tams with a square crown. The folds are stitched and give them a decidedly smart look. Then, if you are an outdoor girl like Glenda who hates to wear a hat except to make a proper entrance, you snatch off the tam—and it folds into a compact bag!

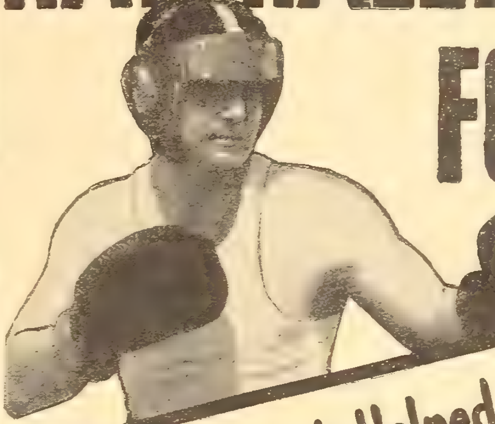
SYLVIA SIDNEY has been having an interesting and amusing vacation in New York City, where she stayed at the Hotel Lombardy. Her suite has been full of books and flowers, and she has been catching up on her reading, for she loves that relaxation. The day we visited her we counted seven different kinds of flowers, including mountain laurel and madonna lilies. Also went shopping with her for hats at Lily Daché's, and you should see the exotic fashions that are awaiting us this fall! Sylvia wears them beautifully, too. You might be interested in one of Sylvia's late summer hats—a clever white felt, with a number of ribbon bands of different colors, such as blue, red, yellow, which snap on, and thus match in a second any dress she may be wearing!

NORMA SHEARER THALBERG'S new baby is a girl, and what a complete and happy family that is now! The Thalbergs' young son is a darling child, and now that he has a little sister named Katherine, there is a perfect American family. Norma is already planning her next picture, which will be *Romeo and Juliet.* She is a typical American mother in raising her family, being a splendid wife, and still finding time for other interests.

KAY FRANCIS ended her European holiday by returning on the famous new liner, *Normandie,* and arrived with some marvelous-looking clothes . . . . trust Kay! She has since been completing her vacation with a month's rest on an isolated ranch.

WORD has been received from London that Madge Evans is having the delightful experience of having her clothes for her Gaumont-British picture, *The Tunnel,* made by Schiaparelli, of Paris, and that's something any girl would love to have happen to her!

NATURALLY SKINNY FOLKS!



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Braddock knew what he needed when he started Kelpamalt. For, this new mineral concentrate from the sea gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Braddock says, "Never felt better—and I want to state that a big share of the credit for my victory—for the wonderful condition I was in—is due to Kelpamalt. I never had more endurance, felt stronger or tired less in all my experience in the ring. And the 26 lbs. which Kelpamalt helped me add, put real power and drive behind my punches. You can tell any skinny, weak, underweight man or woman Kelpamalt's the greatest weight and strength builder there is."—James J. Braddock.

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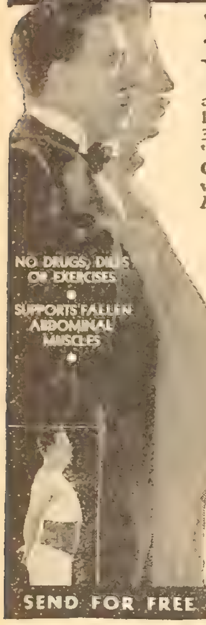
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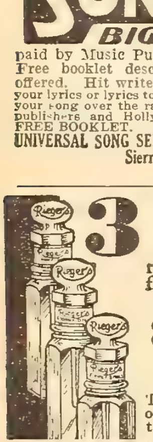

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PAUL RIEGER, 245 First Street, San Francisco, Calif.

You Wear What They Tell You

[*Continued from page* 41]

are a case in point. As long ago as last November, Orry-Kelly made sketches for gowns along extreme Grecian lines. Wraps were fashioned of eight-foot lengths of heavy silk, wrapped around the hips, and draped over the head. In this case, he anticipated a trend that was to be sponsored in Paris a few months later.

Travis Banton, of Paramount, one of the most important figures in the fashion world, agrees that fashion happens because of a designer's adaptation of a suitable style to a certain star, rather than because of a desire to be startling. And he says this in spite of the fact that he is responsible for many trends.

ALL of these men are modest in disclaiming direct responsibility for fashion changes, but let us take a look back through recent years, and see just what they have inspired us to wear.

Adrian and Garbo jointly are responsible for the long-sleeved, high-in-front, low-in-back evening gowns. Garbo hates sleeveless frocks, so Adrian made a habit of giving her at least one long-sleeved evening gown in every film. It was not long until such gowns caused not so much as a ripple of comment around formal dinner tables.

Travis Banton was directly responsible for the return to favor of enormous hats, which have been in such wide vogue since Mae West wore them in *She Done Him Wrong.* Hats he made for her were true to the period, but were modified slightly so that they appeared interesting to the modern eye.

It was Orry-Kelly who slashed sleeves for a dress for Kay Francis and cut out segments in the back. And do you remember how we went around showing bits of ourselves through slits and slashes, as soon as we caught sight of the effect on Kay?

ADRIAN brought back the redingote line . . . . . the nipped-in, fitted waistline and full gored skirt for Greta Garbo in *Mata Hari* because she needed something with a gallantry and sweep for the part. And it hit the country's fancy. Howard Greer, distinguished independent designer, gave the trend further impetus with his gowns for Katharine Hepburn in *Christopher Strong.* Now you are wearing long redingotes for evening.

René Hubert, who is French and head designer at Fox, has a passion for the details of decoration and fabrics. He has popularized a number of fascinating little gadgets—such as names and monograms cut from wood or metal. He had much to do with the interest in gloves of printed silks and velvets, and the excitement about Cellophane cloth and Cellophane embroidery. And when you see Dixie Lee in a lacquered satin gown in *Redheads on Parade,* remember that he was responsible for it.

Travis Banton's *Cleopatra* gowns for Claudette Colbert had an immediate response. There were very few women who did not have suspension straps and some center front drapery on evening gowns after that film was released.

Banton's gowns for Marlene Dietrich are likewise responsible for much of the interest in artificial flowers over the sleeves and in capes. Credit must be given also to Greer, who created a cape of white chiffon dotted with white fabric daisies for Katharine Hepburn in *Christopher Strong.* Adrian, who slung a flowered cape over Joan Crawford's shoulders, has made lavish use of flowers in his period gowns for Garbo in *Anna Karenina*—which, it is predicted, will start an 1870 trend.

All of which should thoroughly prove that "you wear what they tell you."

AND this naturally leads us up to the question: "What will they tell us to wear next year?"

They are going to give you a wide range from which to choose, so be sure you are right in your choice and go ahead.

Adrian thinks that the next important trend will be a slim silhouette with an accent on front drapings.

Walter Plunkett would not be surprised to see a modified hoop-skirt come into sudden popularity!

René Hubert's sports clothes will feature a stunning, swagger simplicity. They will be very feminine, with an emphasis on huge square sleeves.

Orry-Kelly is using a straight, rather full skirt gathered into the waist a bit. He calls it the "peasant line," and expects it to be widely used, particularly among younger women, with the draped Grecian line favored by mature women.

Travis Banton already can see the results from released stills of his costumes for *The Crusades* . . . . . the tightly molded body line; the very long flowing sleeves; simple, but dramatic necklines; and new emphasis on flowing feminine capes.

Nor are these the only Hollywood designers, nor the only ones who are capable of influencing American fashions. Bernard Newman, modern stylist for RKO, has made a point of glamorous practicality in his gowns for Ginger Rogers in *Top Hat.* Omar Kiam, of United Artists, has designed some beautiful things—all completely practical—for Merle Oberon in *The Dark Angel.* Royer, young Fox designer, is giving the younger Fox players new gowns.

There is variety enough here to please anyone. Pay your money and take your choice. But of one thing you may be sure . . . no matter what you buy, you will be gloriously garbed in something Hollywood has told you to wear!

Fashion Foreword

[*Continued from page 42*]

the floor. As long ago as last spring, Orry-Kelly, Hollywood fashion designer, predicted the trend; Paris suggested it this summer; and now New York is showing it in the dresses being made ready for autumn.

SPORTSWEAR always holds the spotlight in the fall, and rightfully so, for we begin to anticipate football games, long hikes, crisp walks on windswept avenues. There will be a casual air to fall sports things that will make girls delight in wearing them, and yet their strict tailoring will make them trim and youthful. Two- and three-piece suits in brilliant colors, as well as dark browns and blues, will hold our fancy. Not for years have woolens been so bright and gay as they will be this season.

Gold standards may come and go in the world of finance, but feminine fashions will not be cheated of their effectiveness in fall clothes. There will be dresses of unusual fabrics such as Virginia Bruce is so strikingly showing us on page 42. Accessories will carry their golden touch on plain daytime dresses, in the way of gold belts or clips used on fine black silk jersey or crêpe, or in cleverly designed belts and matching buckles.

TO NEW YORK from the Hollywood set of Cecil B. De Mille's newest film spectacle have come the new "Crusades" fashions, and in the shops there have begun to appear many of the outstanding notes of these dresses. Square necks, heavy antique belts, rich velvet cloths, and long full lines are already finding favor.

Another picture that will give fashion hints to young Americans is *Top Hat,* with Bernard Newman creating gowns for Ginger Rogers that are youthful and bouyant and modern in the extreme.

Dare to be original in your fall dressing, from color to style. Choose from the whole assortment the things that will make *you* delightful to look at and smart to behold. Then you will be truly Autumn 1935!

FASHION ADVICE

MOVIE CLASSIC covers the Hollywood fashion front . . . listens to all the Paris hints . . . knows the latest Hollywood vogues. And puts them all together just for you . . . to give you the absolute latest in fashion information. Call on us with any of your clothes problems, from how to budget your salary, to what to wear, to work or play. Address Gwen Dew, Fashion Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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For Contest Details read this month's *Romantic Movie Stories,* containing the fiction story of Cecil B. DeMille's coming triumph—*The Crusades,* starring LORETTA YOUNG and HENRY WILCOXON. Then enter the big 200-prize *Crusades Contest.* It's easy!

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A $500.00 evening gown in gold and silver mesh with purse to match. This gown is a duplicate of the one being designed by Whiting and Davis for Loretta Young to wear to the premiere of *The Crusades.*

LORETTA YOUNG and HENRY WILCOXON

KATHARINE HEPBURN

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3RD PRIZE: $150 cocktail jacket in metal mesh by Whiting and Davis, world's largest manufacturers of costume accessories.

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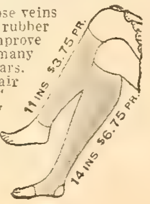
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Give Yourself Some New Accessories!

[*Continued from page* 51]

ever, that you can make it from the following instructions. This hat (I'm holding it in the picture) can be worn off the face . . . or, for a change, drawn forward and tilted over one eye. It can be trimmed around the head band with a contrasting "crocheted ribbon," or you can use little grosgrain ribbon loops, one on each side of the hat, as I have. Anyway, here are the instructions:

To begin the crown, chain 5, and join to form ring. *1st round:* 8 simple crochets in ring. *2nd round:* 2 simple crochets in each s c. *3rd round:* single crochet in each of next 2 s c, 2 s c in next (this is an increase). Repeat these two steps around. *4th round:* Single crochet in each of next 3 s c, 2 s c in next. Repeat these three steps around. *5th and subsequent rounds:* Increase whenever necessary to have work lie perfectly flat, until work measures 6½ inches in diameter. (Do not make increases directly over increases of previous round.) Then work with increasing for 1 inch. Then increase 8 stitches. Then work without increasing for 1 inch. *Next round:* Chain 3 (to count as double crochet), double crochet in next single crochet, chain 2, skip next 2 singles, double crochet in each of next 2 s c, chain 2, repeat from first chain 2 to end of round. Join with single crochet in third chain of chain 3 first made.

Brim: 1st round: Single crochet in next double crochet, 2 single crochet in next space. Repeat from second step around. *2nd round:* Single crochet in each of next 10 s c, 2 s c in next, and repeat these two steps around. *5th and subsequent rounds:* Work without increasing until brim measures from 1st round of brim 1¾ inches. To make brim stiff, single chain over a millinery wire for the next 3 rounds. Fasten off wire and complete work with 1 round of single crochet.

You use your thread double throughout on this hat . . . and you will need about 8 balls, size 10, if you use Clark's O.N.T. . . . . or 6 of J. & P. Coats Mercerized Crochet. Your crochet hook should be a No. 2. Oh, yes, and you'll need 3 yards of millinery wire. And that's all! Unless you need crocheting instruction—and every department store offers that.

THE collar I am wearing in the picture is one of the loveliest I have ever seen (I didn't originate it so I can brag without sounding conceited.) The collar is white piqué, trimmed with Irish lace, and makes any plain dress smart. Yet because it is simple and not frilly you can wear it at office or at school, as well as "out to dinner." It cost $5.95 at a Hollywood department store, and I liked it so much that I have copied it in several shades, and for much less money. I think you'll be able to copy it too, with the help of the diagram on page 51. Here is what you will need for it first:

¼ yard piqué.

1¼ yard of 2-inch wide Irish lace with finished edge. (1 edge)

¾ yard of 1½ inch-wide Irish lace (straight edge) for insets.

2½ yards of ¼ inch-wide edging.

Cut the piqué according to the diagram . . . there are five separate pieces . . . and be sure the grain runs as indicated on the diagram. First join the two front pieces to the center strip of lace. Then sew on the two side strips, and cut out the piqué from underneath. The lace with the edging is used all around the outside, of course. And you outline all the insets with the ¼-inch-edging. The diagram is so simple (especially with the picture to guide you) that I don't believe any further instructions are necessary.

I KNOW from experience how important accessories are, particularly if you haven't much to spend on a wardrobe. When I was looking for a chance in pictures not so long ago, I used to see to it that even if my dress was not new, my collars and cuffs always looked fresh and neat. My hat had to be smart, too . . . and my gloves were of equal importance. As in everything else, it is the little things that betray us or else give us the right air of poise and smartness. So my best advice on clothes is: *watch out for those little things!*

There's one more new accessory note which I would like to give you. Collar and cuff sets of woven ribbon are extremely easy and fun to do, and require scarcely any sewing. One smart set I saw the other day was woven of three-quarter-inch-wide ribbon. Ask to see them at your department store, and one look will show you how to make them.

And here is one last new idea for you: bead accessories. There are belts of brightly-colored beads in smart designs matching belts and bags, and even collars and cuffs. Some of the beads used are natural-color wood, and others are painted. Very, very smart!

Do try some of these new tricks and have them all ready to put on your last year's fall dress, and you'll look like the latest picture of autumn 1935!

For Latest Fashion Hints Read *Movie Classic*

New Shopping Finds!

[*Continued from page* 12]

****Grace Moore, the girl who sings for kings, sponsors the newest sports hat. The word hat doesn't really do it justice in the way of description, for this new sports headgear is something entirely different. There is a stiff visor to protect the eyes, but a soft scarf attached winds around the head and ties in jaunty knot-fashion in back. Checks, plaids, and vivid plain materials make these swagger affairs, and they'll keep your hair in place and your eyes shaded while playing tennis or golf, motoring, or just sitting in the sun. Price, $1.

****Are you a bachelor girl with a small apartment or room where you "keep house," and do your own lingerie-washing? Then you'll be tickled at this clever, new gadget that is a clothesline with rubber suction things at the end. Apply them on any smooth surface and they will stick, until you want to take them down. Clever, these modern gals! 15c buys the whole business!

****Want to know how to protect the back of your dress from fading, perspiration stains, sagging? These dressbacks fit into your dress, and prevent discoloration, save cleaning bills, and keep the waistline in place. They are not rubber and they *are* highly absorbent. Price, 50c.

****Did you ever try painting a room yourself—and have a headache for days because of the aroma of paint hanging heavy in the atmosphere? Then you're bound to be interested in "one-day paint," which practically invites women to refurnish their homes, themselves.

When Grace Moore plays tennis, she likes her hair under control and the sun out of her eyes. Hence—this new chapeau

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Freddie Bartholomew's Busy Day

[*Continued from page* 33]

paid for it. We'll have to look into this."

It develops that he loves history and geography. "Yes, history's lovely," he assures me. "I've just learned about all America's famous women. Jane Addams is one. I was so sorry to hear that she died. She did things men have no time for—like three hours a day for school children, I mean. I was saying to Cissy"—the earnest voice rushes on—"it's like when you ask a man to lay the table, and he puts on dinner plates instead of tea plates—I just give you an instance how thoughtless men are—no," the loyal male asserts himself, "they're not thoughtless, they're just too busy—they have no time for those things."

Brought back to the major thread of his narrative, he picks it up at the point where "morning school's over, and then I generally snatch some luncheon in our dressing-room, and if you want to know what I do next"—he holds aloft the key he has been playing with—"here's mute evidence—my bicycle key."

"And here's more mute evidence," his aunt interposes, touching the aforementioned knee, a veritable crisscross of scars and bruises. "He doesn't ride like any human being. That would be asking too much. Really to enjoy himself, he has to have his arms in the air, and his feet where his hands should be, and himself balanced somehow between heaven and earth, and how he has managed to keep his neck unbroken thus far, I shouldn't be able to tell you."

"CIS," remarks Freddie, with that air of affectionate tolerance which the young reserve for their overcautious, but endearing elders,—"always thinks she's going to pick me up in pieces. But I've yet to hear," he continues meaningly, "of anyone's hurting himself on a bicycle that he's only allowed to ride 'round and 'round a perfectly safe back lot at the studio." His eyes fall on his bandaged hand. "Here's a sprained wrist," he cries, flourishing it in triumph, "which no bicycle was responsible for, but just an innocent, harmless roller-coaster.

"All too soon," he tells me, "I must put away my bicycle and return to school. Not," he adds quickly, sensitive for Miss Murphy's feelings, "that I love school less, but my bicycle more. And besides, we sometimes do things at school that are *almost* as much fun as the bicycle. Like turtle-racing. One of my turtles disappeared the other day."

"And Freddie," volunteers Miss Murphy, "wrote a really beautiful lament on the death of his turtle, Rosy. But they finally found her about two hundred yards away at the back gate, so Freddie tore up the lament."

"Well," says Freddie sensibly, "there didn't seem much sense in lamenting the death of a turtle who happened to be very much alive."

After school—"that's about three o'clock or sometimes, if things don't go too well, three-thirty," he signs photographs or keeps an appointment for an interview. That finishes his business day and he's free to go home.

HOME is a Los Angeles apartment or a beach-house at Playa del Rey. Freddie prefers the beach-house, because "first of all, you don't have to sit down to a set meal—there's a cupboard place where you keep all your food—and you just dig in and pick out what you like. And then I bathe and play on the beach and have a good time in general. And, oh yes, the *dogs*—I must tell you about Fritzie." He's out of his chair at a bound, words tumbling out in a frenzy of love and excitement.

"Fritzie's the beautifulest dog in the world—d'you know what he does? He gets a stick and he keeps half of it in his mouth, and gives you the other half, and then he tries to get it away from you—just playing, you know—and he's so pleased when he gets it. But he wants to make sure there are no hard feelings, so he sort of laughs up at you—his eyes twinkle and he looks up into your eyes. He's a *marvelous* dog. D'you know what I'm going to do, Cis?" He's thumping his aunt's knees ecstatically.

"I know what I'd do if I had any sense," she rejoins. "I'd wear knee-guards."

But Freddie is oblivious to everything save the birth of a great idea. "I'm going to register him here at the studio," he squeals. "And then if they ever want a dog that laughs, I'll know where to put my hands on him."

"Meantime suppose you put your

When Freddie Bartholomew was five—and beginning to become interested in Dickens—this is how he looked mind on the rest of the story," his aunt suggests.

"Yes, of course," he agrees readily. "Well, we don't always go to the beach, but when we're in town, life's pretty interesting, too. We take a walk or we do a little shopping or sometimes we go to a show. Then there are special times —like the other week, for instance, when it was boys' week in Culver City, and they made me chief of police and gave me a badge. That came in quite useful, I can tell you. When Cissy wanted me to do things, I'd flash this badge at her and tell her: 'No, you can't come at me this week.'

"THEN Saturday's special, too, because that's my day off. So's Sunday, of course, but being a national holiday, Sunday's different. Anyway, that's when I generally go horseback riding. Provided"—he gazes blandly at his aunt, "Cissy has got her document a mile long with everyone's signature in the world on it, to guarantee that the horse is perfectly safe.

"Oh, and that reminds me." He's out of his chair again, laying an imploring hand on the arm of mine. "Would you put in a story about Cissy?" he pleads breathlessly. His face is aglow, his feet dancing with impatience, and he hurries on to forestall any possible objection.

"Once when she was a little girl she lived in the country, and she was going home from school, and she was terribly afraid of cows and bulls—and there was a cow"—he all but chokes with glee, "and Sissy heard her moo. And she ran into a field and began running about with this cow behind her, and she fell into a nice soft bit of moss, so she thought, and she lay there quietly, thinking she was perfectly safe. And then this nice piece of moss began waving about with Cissy on its back, and it was the cow all the time!" Chortling happily, he turns to Cissy and starts punishing her knee again. "And Cissy was thrown off, and ran *all* the way home like the little pig in the nursery rhyme.

"Freddie, Freddie," protests Cissy through her helpless laughter, "how you're embroidering it!"

"That doesn't matter—it's a much better story this way," crows Freddie, thus revealing himself the true creative artist. Suddenly he sobers, and surveys his aunt reflectively. "You know," he announces, "I haven't quite decided whether I shall be single or a widow when I grow up, but I sometimes do think it would be nice to marry, and have a son to carry on the same straint."

HE RETURNS to his chair, waiting patiently for the shout that greets this declaration—made in simple good faith—to subside. A friend passes behind him and drops something into his lap. Freddie looks pleased. Aunt Cis looks resigned. I look inquisitive.

"Chewing gum," Freddie explains, popping the gift into his mouth. "It's my weakness over here. I never knew it in England. But on the *David Copperfield* set I'd see people moving their mouths, and heard it was because of chewing gum. So one day I asked a property man: 'What's this chewing gum I hear about? What do you do with it' 'You just chew it,' he said. Well, I thought it was a new kind of sweet. So I said: 'May I try a bit?' So he gave me a bit, and the first two or three times I used to swallow it, and then he showed me how to chew it, and now it's one of my favorite things."

Then he's up again. "Oh, and talking of favorite things, Cis," he reminds her. "There's always the radio."

"Yes," groans Aunt Cis, "there's always the radio."

"After dinner," he continues, cheerfully unheeding.

"Which he gobbles like the rest of his meals," puts in his long-suffering aunt. "After dinner he sits with his ear glued to that horrible instrument for the rest of the evening, while I plug my own ears with cotton to make life bearable."

"You ought to get him earphones," someone suggests.

FREDDIE pounces on the idea. "Earphones—that'll be interesting. I could trail all over the house with the earphones dangling behind me. Oh, yes, Cissy, I *would* know how to use them. Pardon me, Cissy, but don't you remember when the radio was out of order one night, and I twisted all the screws and what-me-nots and made it go? Oh, I *could* use earphones, Cissy." He has them practically clamped to his ears already, "Then we'd both be happy.

"Because," he explains a little superflously, "Cissy doesn't especially care for the program I like, but she's kind enough to put up with it on my account. First, at a quarter to seven, there's the Adventures of Jimmy Allen—then Frank Whatanabe and the Honorable Archie—then there's an interval of music that you have to listen to in order to get the rest—then come the In-laws and then King Cowboy—all on the same station—and you get the whole thing without once moving out of your chair or twirling a single knob." His eyes are wide with the wonder of this heaven-sent miracle.

"And after King Cowboy?"

"Well," he says, tearing himself reluctantly from the radio, "that's getting to be around eight."

"And Cis," contributes that lady firmly, "is calling for about the tenth time, 'Freddie, *will* you go to bed?' "

"And Freddie," he chimes in promptly, "is saying: 'If I go like a lamb, may I read for half an hour?"

"And I tell him he may with an easy conscience, for I know that the minute his head touches the pillow, he'll be of."

And there, with your head on the pillow, we leave you, Freddie, wishing you happy dreams, and hoping that you may indeed marry some day and have a son to carry on the same "straint"—to move the hearts of another generation to laughter and tenderness, as you have moved ours.

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Frontier Asthma Co., 324-W Frontier Bldg.,
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Why Janet Gaynor Is So Popular

[Continued from page 27]

you're lonely and worried about your girl back in San Diego. Lollie looked up to find his eyes on her. "Say," he said awkwardly, "you—aren't you Janet Gaynor?"

At her nod, he grinned widely. "Gee, it's good to see someone from home!"

She wasn't the great movie star to him. She was a little girl from *home*—the sort you can confide in. And the sailor did confide in her, for two hours. He told her about his hopes, his plans, his sweetheart. And at the end he bought her a nosegay and gave her the supreme compliment of her life. "Gosh, I forgot you were famous! You're so *regular*."

It takes a certain genius to do that: to know the winy taste of almost incredible success—and to remain regular. But Janet would rather be "one of the gang" than the most fêted person on earth. That's why she loves the vacations at her "hideaway" places, the lake in Wisconsin and the beach in Hawaii.

PROBABLY you would get the surprise of your life if you went with her to that cabin at the lake. There is mosquito netting over the windows and the stove smokes like blazes if it isn't handled properly. The noise you hear isn't that gorgeous mountain erupting; it's Uncle George's outboard motorboat getting under way. But to Janet, it's more fun than the expensive purr of any yacht. Nobody sniffs, "Humph! Going highbrow!" if she is caught reading Marcel Proust. Nobody hesitates to ask her please to mind the baby or help collect the firewood. She *belongs.*

It's the same at her Honolulu hideaway, where she is going as soon as she recovers from the unfortunate injury that took her out of the cast of *Way Down East.*

When Warner and Mrs. Baxter came back from there a short while ago (Janet always lends them her cottage for their trips to Hawaii), they were telling me of the place Janet holds in that little community. "To them she doesn't spell Hollywood. She's one of them. The natives call her 'little sun daughter' and her neighbors call her 'Jan-ny.' There's never any splurge or fuss when she arrives—but you can be sure of good fun, they say!"

Janet's humor is infectious. Incidentally, it has saved the day more times than even Einstein would count. I remember one particular occasion on *The Farmer Takes a Wife* set. They had tried to "shoot" one certain scene eleven times. The company's nerves were on edge. The director was pacing up and down in a frenzy. And Janet, as if she was entirely unaware of the tension, started doing her imitation of Stepin Fetchit—those vague, shuffling steps, those slow, aimless gestures. It's the funniest thing this side of a circus, and the tension broke in an instant.

AFTERWARD Henry Fonda took me aside. "You know, before I came out here, there were all sorts of rumors about Janet—about how hard she was to work with and how she was one personality on the screen and a completely different one off it. That's the worst hooey I've ever heard! Let me tell you that she has taught me more about screen technique than I could ever teach her about the stage. She has even shown me how to steal scenes from her! *Hard to work with?* Why, the whole studio adores her. . . . It doesn't matter who they are or how old they are —they're all friends of Janet's." And that sums it up exactly.

Then there is the little seamstress in the wardrobe department. Janet had an appointment there for fittings for her *Way Down East* costumes. She came in dressed in what is practically a uniform with her—beret, double-breasted jacket and slacks. (Believe it or not, she has seventeen outfits like that in every hue and color—and only two evening dresses!) It was stuffy in the room and the costumes she was to try on were the 1890 variety with all the frills and furbelows. Janet looked at the seamstress. "You seem so tired that I hate to have you work on my stuff," she said, one pal to another.

"Well, it *has* been a strenuous day," admitted the woman. "But I'll bet it hasn't been an easy one for you. Look at your cheek! It's that impacted wisdom tooth again, isn't it?"

"Um-hum," said Janet. "And it hurts like sixty. But let's go have some tea and forget about it." And off they went, arm in arm.

Again, she went over to Stage Seven to watch Shirley Temple at work. The alert cameraman sprang to get a picture of Fox's two biggest feminine drawing cards together. They posed. They smiled for the gentleman. Then Shirley caught Janet's hand. "Janet's my friend and I want to show her somethin'. Can't she come to visit me without us having our pictures took?"

Janet's eyes lighted with amusement. "I know just how you feel, Shirley!"

They're all *friends* of Janet's . . .

I ASKED her point-blank what a girl should do to be popular.

"Certainly she can't be self-centered!" the little Gaynor answered thoughtfully. "To me, selfishness is the most horrible thing in the world—and it's especially so in this business, because you owe your support to so many.

"Let's see. A recipe for popularity . . . I'd say the one that any girl can use with excellent results is this: *A goodly amount of loyalty, mixed well with gratitude and thoughtfulness. A little sugar and spice! Add a brimming cupful of gentleness, and season well with humor and gaiety.*

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28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
...6.00-16	3.75	1.45
...6.00-17	3.40	1.15
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First Crossing

[*Continued from page* 60]

around their necks, just as you have seen them in the movies, danced with their caps on without troubling to remove their cigarettes. Beth and I were a little nervous for we knew this wasn't just a show put on for tourists. The price of admission was only three francs—the cost of a glass of beer—and one could spend the entire evening there. Paris abounds with such colorful places. Some of our fears were allayed when we observed these toughs saying "Pardon me" to one another when they accidently collided in the process of dancing. I can't imagine American roughnecks doing that. Of course, all the French are extremely polite. The policemen salute like soldiers when you come up to them to ask a direction, and salute again when you thank them.

American movies, we found, are extremely popular in Paris. There are about twenty-five big theatres showing them exclusively—in American dialogue, too. The theatres are just as modern as ours in every respect, and the pictures are not much older usually than those shown in American houses. American movie stars are as popular in France as they are here. Jean Harlow, for example, is as well known on the Champs Elysée as she is on Broadway. Claudette Colbert, who was born in Paris, is another great French favorite. So, of course, is Maurice Chevalier. His pal, Charles Boyer, and Tullio Carminati are likewise very popular. And the French are highly Grace Moore-conscious.

We wandered along the banks of the Seine, past the second-hand bookstalls you see so often in paintings of Paris. We fingered dusty old volumes and bought a couple that intrigued us, just as we acquired two inexpensive sketches at the open-air artists' market. We walked under chestnut trees heavy with blossoms.

We found the French stores extremely like American ones. Beth and I bought some perfume, some silk undies and a few trinkets to bring back home—plus one dress apiece. Could any American girl go to Paris without buying a Paris frock? They were not expensive. Beth paid $25.00 for hers—a lovely afternoon dress; I bought a goreous suit made out of *bed-ticking* (Schiaparelli created the original) for $31.50.

HOW crowded with thrills, excitement, and new experiences were the days and nights! We were like two explorers on a different planet. And it wasn't until the day before we left that the witchery of Paris with its subtle, penetrating beauty began to make me sad; I sympathized with the way Satan must have felt when they told him he would have to leave Paradise. We were going back home jobless and broke, leaving behind us this romantic interlude.

I cried when the boat-train pulled out of the Gare du Nord. I didn't want to leave Paris. Beth felt miserable, too. But deep down in my heart I was fiercely happy that I had had the courage to take that wonderful trip. Of course, it was by no means over—there still was the long and delightful ocean trip back.

More days of living like goddesses on Olympus. More charming people met—including an especially handsome young writer who taught me a new meaning in moonlight, all between Bishop's Rock and Sandy Hook. Then at last we were back on the bus, headed for home. The whole trip was like a beautiful dream. Now it was time to wake up and face the hard realities of a jobless existence!

There is truth in that old saying—"Be bold! Be bold!" Courage seems to be accompanied by good luck. Within a week after we had been restored to the bosoms of our astonished families, Beth and I both landed new positions—better ones than we had had before! There hasn't been a single moment at any time when we have regretted that trip. And—guess what! We're already saving up to go again! And this time we intend to see what we missed!

Here is a summary of the complete cost of a five-weeks trip to Paris, as compiled by Harriet Kahm:

Third-Class Round Trip passage, approximately	$115.00
Passport	11.00
Bus fare, round trip, (about 500 miles each way)	12.00
Tips aboard ship	5.00
Taxis, tips to porters	10.00
Railroad fares in Europe	10.00
Hotel—fifteen days (if you occupy a single room add $6.00)	15.00
Meals	22.50
Sight-seeing buses, car-fare, etc.	5.00
Postcards, stamps, souvenirs, gifts	20.00
TOTAL	$225.50

If you start out with $300.00, this leaves about $75.00 for miscellaneous expenses, such as theatres, opera, cafés, personal purchases, etc. Don't forget that you have no cost of living while on the boat, and this saving can be added to your fund. (For approximately $50 more, you can have a month and a half in Paris, instead of 15 days.)

If you save $3.00 a week, you will have $300.00 in a little less than two short years!

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She may be the "Little Queen" of the movies, but life is full of problems for Shirley Temple and her parents—particularly papa and mama Temple.

They have had a big job trying to keep life normal for Shirley, but they have done pretty well so far! How two perplexed parents have tried to keep up with the most vivacious little star on the screen is told in September HOLLYWOOD Magazine in an article entitled "Bringing Up Shirley Temple." It's human. It's gripping. It's any mother's child in a make-believe world!

The NEWSY side of Hollywood gets a big splash in HOLLYWOOD Magazine with spicy gossip items and a host of exclusive informal pictures, snapped by our own candid cameraman.

You can get all the news of Hollywood by reading the Hollywood News Reel and Harry Carr's Shooting Script in this one concise, breezy magazine.

Other features of the September issue include a Natural Color photograph of Shirley Temple, a side-splitting article by Jack Oakie himself entitled "I Got Stung"; a hilarious lesson in juggling as engineered by the incomparable W. C. Fields; and innumerable anecdotes and articles about the stars.

Hollywood
5
BRINGING UP SHIRLEY TEMPLE

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Secrets of the Stars' Closets!

[*Continued from page* 55]

derful convenience to have a couple of drawers for games tucked away in that two-by-four off the living room.

Joan has one of the neatest tricks I have ever heard of in her shoe closet. No matter how carefully you keep shoes, they do have a leathery odor that climbs around! And Joan eliminates it with *spice balls.* They are made of cotton, about four inches in diameter, and kept saturated with oil of cloves. They are just the thing, too, for the closet in the hall where rubbers and overcoats give off a musty smell. Once you use these balls, you will never be without them in the house—and in cost they average only a nickel apiece!

WHEN Elissa Landi recently did over her home, "The Cloisters," she decided to take the downstairs suite for her own private use—and discovered that she had practically no wardrobe space. Instead of having closets built in, Elissa did an exceptionally clever thing. She had a wardrobe built *out,* two feet deep, along the length of one wall. It is mirrored and divided into sections, one for a series of sliding drawers made to hold every conceivable accessory, and another for her sport togs. There is still another for her evening gowns, which are wrapped in bags of Argentine cloth, which is transparent, as well as dustproof. This type of wardrobe is extremely effective, and wonderfully handy. If you want one without mirrors, with the wood stained or enameled to blend with the surroundings, you can have it, made as cheaply as $35.

In her new home, Constance Bennett has this sort of wardrobe-closet with sliding doors covering the four walls of her dressing room. Sally Blane and her sister, Polly Ann Young, have them, also, in the mirrored version, in the room they share. And this time the looking-glass is painted with gay bonnets.

There is really no end to what you can do to make closets attractive. Perhaps you are troubled by the "where-shall-I-keep-my-hats" problem. It becomes an actual difficulty with assorted boxes cluttering up every nook and corner. One good answer is to take three or four large hatboxes and cover them with wallpaper. By stuffing the hats with tissue paper and placing a sheet of the tissue in between, you can put two or three hats in a box. But Lyda Roberti has probably solved the problem in the most expert way of all. She had a number of deep drawers constructed right in her closet. In the top drawer are her berets, below come the sports hats, next the evening hats, and in the large bottom drawer are her picture hats!

Sylvia Sidney has what she calls a "three-way" closet, which is almost the answer to everything. You open the door—and discover three lovely red Chinese drapes hanging from the ceiling to the floor. Her clothes are behind one. Cupboards are behind another. And behind the third are such necessary, but undecorative things as a vacuum cleaner, a broom and a mop! Triple cleverness, we call it.

It just isn't possible for skeletons to rattle around in Hollywood closets any more. These spots now are much, much too pleasant!

Ern Westmore—of the famous Westmore brothers, coiffure counselors de luxe—looks over the Marie Antoinette coiffure he created for the Countess Rina de Liguoro. She wore it in the recent beauty pageant staged by the Westmores upon opening a Hollywood beauty shop

Sally Eilers Plays Hostess

[*Continued from page* 56]

be. They are the cook's best customers.

"When I serve roast beef, I usually have Yorkshire pudding with it, browned potatoes and several vegetables. I have at least three, so that the tastes of every guest may be pleased. One of my favorite vegetable dishes is the carrot ring. You grate carrots, set them in a mold, then turn out the ring on a large platter, fill the center with sautéd corn and then surround the ring with green peas. It is colorful, attractive and delicious.

"Steak dinners are topped off to any man's satisfaction by hot apple pie. I usually have it cut in the kitchen, so that it will offer no problems in serving. To decorate the apple pie tray, I take Tillamook cheese, roll it into apple-shaped balls, tint them and stick a little mint in the hollows, so that they look like little apples. I flank the pieces of pie with the cheese balls and in the center I put vanilla ice cream, and as each guest serves himself or herself there is a choice of any apple pie combination desired—apple pie with cheese, or apple pie *à la mode*. Of course, with apple pie as a dessert, it is best to serve coffee at the table. I find that men prefer it that way.

"Another favorite dessert of mine is a large pineapple, cut in half, with the center scooped out and filled with pineapple ice. It's attractive and is perfection itself after a heavy dinner. With this dessert I usually serve angel-food cake, cut into fingers and rolled in cocoanut.

"OF COURSE, some hostesses make the mistake of thinking a dinner is over with the coffee. As a matter of fact, that is when your evening should begin, and that is when it takes the most astute planning to continue the success begun at the dinner table. You can't leave an evening's entertainment to chance. You can't hope that people will find sufficient diversion in conversation. I invariably plan bridge or other games and see that my guests get at their amusements directly after coffee."

From the moment she has invited the first guest until she has seen the last guest leave, Sally personally assumes all of the responsibilities for the success of the party. Her servants recognize her superior abilities, and she finds no antagonism when she goes into the pocket-handkerchief of a kitchen in her apartment to supervise details. They know that in her own right she is a splendid cook, and that if they walked out she would undoubtedly be able to do everything herself with distinguished success.

Sally Eilers is a delightful hostess, by virtue of her own scintillating personality. And her perfect "dinners at eight" are culinary gems because she transfers to them all of her own knowledge of cooking and concentrates her dramatic ability on making them events long to be remembered.

Here are Sally Eilers' favorite recipes:

MUSTARD SAUCE—For Steaks

Put piece of butter in open chafing dish or frying pan. Add three teaspoonfuls of mustard, one-fourth cup hot consommé, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoon Sauce Diable. Bring to a boil and add a little cream and serve.

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

The ingredients are: One Philadelphia Cream Cheese, six eggs, one cup cream, and salt. Melt cheese over hot water. Add cream, stirring constantly. Beat eggs separately and add yolks, then whites. Pour into casserole and bake in hot water slowly for thirty minutes.

DATE PUDDING

The ingredients are: Two eggs, one tablespoon flour, one cup walnuts, one cup powdered sugar, one teaspoon baking powder, one cup dates. Beat eggs, add sugar, flour, and baking powder. Then add dates and nuts (cut as fine as desired). Pour in greased baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake slowly for forty-five minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

POPOVERS

The ingredients are: Two eggs, one cup milk, one cup flour, one teaspoon salt. Beat eggs (together). Add milk, flour, and salt. Beat well. Heat small muffin tins and butter generously. Fill half full of mixture. Bake in hot oven until they pop, then turn oven down. Bake about twenty minutes.

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Speaking of Movies

[*Continued from page* 18]

Bohème." But what a glorious treat the whole picture is for music-lovers, with the miraculous Moore singing more opera than has been sung in one picture before! There is a lovely chiffon dress with yards and yards of pleating that is utterly feminine. (Columbia)

● ● ● ● **The Farmer Takes a Wife** finds Janet Gaynor crashing through with such a sparkling performance that you'll have to believe in even higher Gaynor popularity. If it weren't for this extra-special performance, the honors would go to Henry Fonda, who is going to be a new pulse-throb with the feminine world. The story deals with the early days of the Erie Canal. Janet is a canal-boat girl; Fonda is a canal-boat worker who is saving to buy a farm and loves Janet; and Charles Bickford is the leader of a rough-an-tumble gang of canal boatmen who never lose a battle. Gaynor loves to see men fight, not because of the gory side of it, but because she believes it indicates manliness. Her allegiance to the canal takes her from one boat to another until Fonda goes back to his farm. Later he returns to thrash Bickford in one of the greatest fights ever put on the screen. And then guess what Janet does! No modern clothes problem here, but Gaynor looking her sweetest in a story that has no dull moments in it. (Fox)

● ● ● ● **No More Ladies** asks you: Have you ever loved a will-o'-the-wisp? That's the utterly tantalizing situation in which Joan Crawford finds herself. And when that particular "will" happens to be Robert Montgomery, then you can know what a demon of a spot the girl finds herself in! Joan marries Bob, only to find that it is as impossible for him to stop being himself as it is for her to stop loving him. (Which about sums up the fate of most feminine beings, don't you think?) Franchot Tone is brought into the picture to add complication, and to awaken Bob to his love for Joan. This young wife's stratagem in bringing Bob to a sedate husbandly state includes the bringing together of her ex-flame (Franchot), her husband's ex-affair, and several other interested persons. In the form of a week-end party, this situation is a riot of laughs, and fun all the way. It's sophisticated, indeed, and utterly brittle comedy. Charlie Ruggles and Edna May Oliver offer additional mirthful comedy. The clothes Joan wears are enough to set any feminine heart all a-twitter, and include a stunning pleated gold affair, with matching cape, an evening gown with interestingly pleated white collar that will set a new neckwear style, and a satin affair with cut-outs at the shoulder. There is also a glimpse of the famous Crawford figure in bras and step-ins! But as faithful as you may be to Crawford, you'll have to admit it's Bob Montgomery's picture . . . and after seeing it, you'll love to admit it's so! (M-G-M)

● ● ● **Orchids to You** gives us femmes a chance to take a deep breath, and really enjoy ourselves! John Boles has at last been given a leading rôle that is worthy of his talents, and so can give us all the romance we have wanted from his pictures for some years past. He is even allowed to sing two songs, a nursery rhyme and *Sylvia,* and the Boles voice is something smooth to hear! He plays the part of an attorney, and Jean Muir furnishes the love interest in the story. Jean is fast developing into a star, and handles this rôle with sparkle and poise. And when Boles sings to her, she looks just as you and I might wish we could look in such a superb situation! Charles Butterworth is, of course, his usual droll and lovable self. The story is of the mortgage-on-the-old-homestead type, but with a different slant. Financiers desire to foreclose the mortgage on a de luxe flower shop operated by a lady, but the majority stockholder is the lady's most enthusiastic swain, played by Butterworth. The principals all become envolved, and there's a clever divorce suit slant. Butterworth is responsible for the happy ending you perhaps expected, but you'd better see for yourself what love can do! (Fox)

● ● ● **Stranded** finds the beauteous Kay Francis involved in a racket story, but there's a light comedy vein that makes it satisfactory entertainment. She is a Travelers' Aid Society worker, and finds in George Brent a friend of her youth. This feeling quickly turns to love. But like a lot of modern women she likes her job, too, until the time when George's safety is endangered by racketeer troublemakers. Of course Kay is able to expose the whole affair, and save George and his job. You've always liked George Brent, haven't you? Well, you'll like him in this picture, for he's a pretty slick sort of masculine person. You can always depend on Kay to come forth with the sort of swank clothes that make feminine hearts cry for more, and so she does here. Much of the time she wears simple dark things, suits with bright knotted scarfs, dresses with white lace collars, but there's always a place for startling Francis things. For instance there's an evening gown with a halter neck, and a low back that simply slants clear down to low levels in back, with a startling grouping of white carnations right in front. And equally interesting is the white gown with a dainty collar that zips almost as low in front. Fashion hint: see the monogrammed scarf Kay wears with a street frock. (Warners)

● ● ● **Men Without Names** asks you: Are you still interested in what G-men do for a living? Then you'll like this story about a vicious gang of killers. Remember Fred McMurray in *Gilded Lily?* If so, you'll rush along to see him as a small-town man, a newly trained G-man. Fred is a likable lad, and one who is apt to creep up and get into your heart without your knowing it. In the story he is accompanied by Lynne Overman, a veteran Government man, and together they raid the killer's lair with gory consequences and the defeat of the gangsters. Madge Evans plays the romantic interest as the local newspaperwoman, and wears the sort of clothes such gals really do. Young David Holt is her brother, and he's a most lovable child, as well as a true actor. The whole story brings a sense of reality with it . . . and there's going to be a new McMurray-ward rush after its release. (Paramount)

● ● ● ● **The 39 Steps** brings you Robert Donat again. Haven't you missed him since *The Count of Monte Cristo?* Most feminine hearts have, and they will enjoy seeing him in this melodrama. Although he is not playing a romantic rôle this time, the tale is an interesting one of international intrigue in London and Scotland. Donat finds himself involved in an attempt to secure an air ministry secret, which includes murder, shanghaing, and wild rides through foggy nights. At one stage of the proceedings he is handcuffed to Madeleine Carroll, and these scenes form an amusing interlude in the grim tragedy of the rest of the picture. Of course, all ends well for the two. This is a British-made picture that has a distinctly English air to it all the way through. Robert Donat is an excellent actor, and as such, will bring fame to this production. (Gaumont-British)

● ● ● **The Keeper of the Bees** is the sort of picture at which you're sure to find the whole family in attendance, for it's a fine portrayal of Gene Stratton Porter's beloved novel. The plot concerns Neil Hamilton, a disabled war veteran, who is given six months to live. Starting on a good-time journey, he meets Betty Furness, who in turn takes him to the Bee Master. Here Neil regains his health, and eventually finds himself after many complications married to Betty. Sentiment, humor, and excellent characterization all rub shoulders here. (Monogram)

● ● ● **Nell Gwyn** provokes the thought: What riotous days the old days must have been! Here's a spirited and entertaining costume picture which emphasizes the glamorous Nell's fidelity to England's monarch of the time. She does battle royal with the Duchess of Portsmouth for the King's favor, and wins. The beautiful costumes make of the lovely Anna Neagle a very enchanting Nell Gwyn, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke gives an excellent portrayal as the King. The whole thing is a jolly, witty, and very robust comedy—excellent film fare. (United Artists)

As *Josephine* and *Napoleon,* Ann Sothern and Jack Haley found life a serious business. So, between scenes of *The Girl Friend,* they read the comics

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Just As You Say...

MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers have the final word—and win prizes with their letters

Robert Donat, now appearing in *The 39 Steps,* is one of the favorite subjects of the letter-writers. And one presents a new slant on him

$15 Prize Letter

Glamor, Bergner Brand—One hears so much about the dramatic aspiration of a certain Hollywood "glamor queen." Every interview she gives seems full of them. I do wish she would concentrate her mascara-encrusted eyes on a very great dramatic actress whose current screen masterpiece, *Escape Me Never,* is now playing in America—namely, Elisabeth Bergner.

In Miss Bergner, we have a plain little soul who, strange to relate, always dresses her hair in the same way (rather démodé!) and who wears almost dowdy clothes and yet gives a performance of stupendous emotional force which transforms her into a very beautiful being.

There is more glamor in Bergner's little fingernail than in the "glamor queen's" whole body (celebrated though her figure may be). Which just shows that it takes more than a few "dramatic poses" to make a great actress.—*Elsa Castleton, 744 Gordon Square, London W., England.*

$10 Prize Letter

Something to Anticipate—Opera on the screen! When this becomes a reality, it will be one of the greatest evolutions in screen history! Won't we be thrilled to see such singers as Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson, Grace Moore, Nino Martini, and Jan Kiepura? Won't we be proud to say we have seen *Carmen, Martha,* the Gilbert-Sullivan operas, and others? I'll say we will!

Music culture has not been in the hands of many, but now *our* chance has come. We do not have to be content with merely reading of the great operas in New York and London; we'll see and hear them ourselves! We shall change our jazz tunes to finer, more educational music. What could be better than this? The sooner full-length opera makes its début on the screen, the better, and we'll all be there to celebrate the arrival!—*Miss Aune Waisen, 1207 11th St., Lead, S. Dak.*

You won't have long to wait now. See page 6.

$5 Prize Letter

Likes Them Real—I would like to give the real-life picture a boost. In my opinion, the average movie-goer appreciates this type of picture to a far greater extent than the so-called modern sophisticated epics. And what more natural? Hasn't a person more interest in a portrayal closely resembling his own life than in the amorous adventures of some bejeweled, cocktail-sipping cuties as far removed from ordinary existence as Mars from Venus?

I am eighteen years old, I wear high heels, I love hot music, saxophones and hoofers, but that doesn't stop me from appreciating such pictures as *The Wedding Night, As the Earth Turns* and *Straight Is the Way,* all packed with intrinsic drama.—*Miss P. Blenkinsopp, 1518 Myrtle Ave., Victoria, B. C.*

Some like them real, and some don't. Which do you prefer—and why?

$1 Prize Letters

New View of Donat—Let me, as one who spent much time in England recently, give you Robert Donat as we know him. First of all, his breathtakingly inspired performances in *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and *The Count of Monte Cristo* gave us a jolt and no mild surprise. We always knew him as a light-hearted, slightly swanky fellow on the Robert Montgomery style. That he had a serious side, and could feed us ancient vintage romance and make us lap it up and ask for more, never occurred to us.

But we like him this new way because he is a good actor, the like of which Hollywood sorely needs. So give him to us in *Captain Blood* (no wig, please), *Robin Hood* and *Romeo.* And in heaven's name, let the American public know now what an enthusiastic, effervescent, and grand person he really is!—*Ardell Beyer, 337-47th Street, Union City, N. J.*

Shirley's Secret—Why can't some of the other actresses take a hint from Shirley Temple? How has she become such a favorite? Surely not by being aloof and mysterious about her life, nor by wearing dark glasses in order to avoid recognition by her public. Shirley is as honest as the sun about everything she does, and we love her for it. We'd hate to picture our little Shirley going glamorous and alluring on us, wouldn't we?—*Edna Batchis, 370 Cochran Place, Valley Stream, L.I., N.Y.*

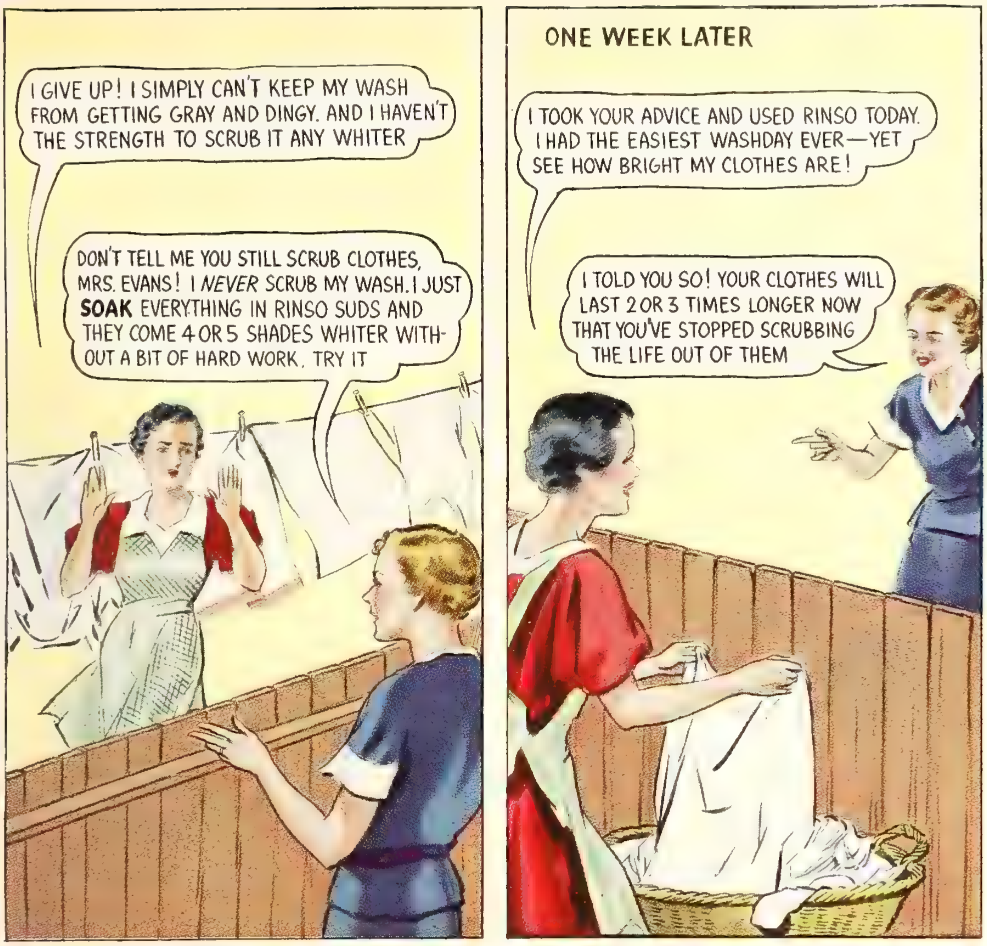
For Movie "Bargains"—May I put in concerning this double-feature squabble? We have long had them showing at the neighborhood theatres in our fair city. Often I spend a very pleasant evening in the theater—and if one feature isn't good, I always feel my evening isn't wasted since I have seen two for the price of one. Maybe I am a little Scotch, but two features in these bargain-hunting days are a good bargain.—*Martha McHatton, 5631 Lowell Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.*

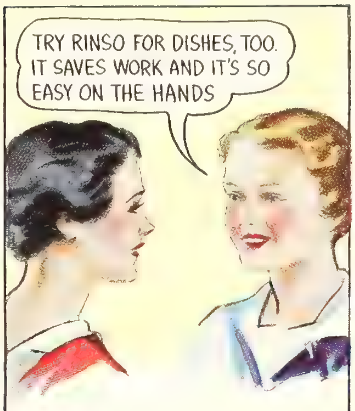
This is the strongest sales point of double-feature programs—two pictures for the price of one. Are you sold on the idea, or not? Why?

Diamonds in Backyard—Hollywood, why don't you wake up? Give your extras and stand-ins a break! Put on an "ability" campaign! Forget "theatrical and social background"! In other words, take a few chances! You've got the material if you'll train it—acres of diamonds right in your own backyard.

Broadway takes unknowns and makes stars of them. And anything that Broadway can do, Hollywood can do double, if Hollywood will.—*Louise Williams, 1007 West Grace St., Richmond, Va.*

MOVIE CLASSIC wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions, and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC will offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.


I GIVE UP! I SIMPLY CAN'T KEEP MY WASH FROM GETTING GRAY AND DINGY. AND I HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH TO SCRUB IT ANY WHITER
DON'T TELL ME YOU STILL SCRUB CLOTHES, MRS. EVANS! I *NEVER* SCRUB MY WASH. I JUST **SOAK** EVERYTHING IN RINSO SUDS AND THEY COME 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER WITHOUT A BIT OF HARD WORK. TRY IT
ONE WEEK LATER
I TOOK YOUR ADVICE AND USED RINSO TODAY. I HAD THE EASIEST WASHDAY EVER—YET SEE HOW BRIGHT MY CLOTHES ARE!
I TOLD YOU SO! YOUR CLOTHES WILL LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER NOW THAT YOU'VE STOPPED SCRUBBING THE LIFE OUT OF THEM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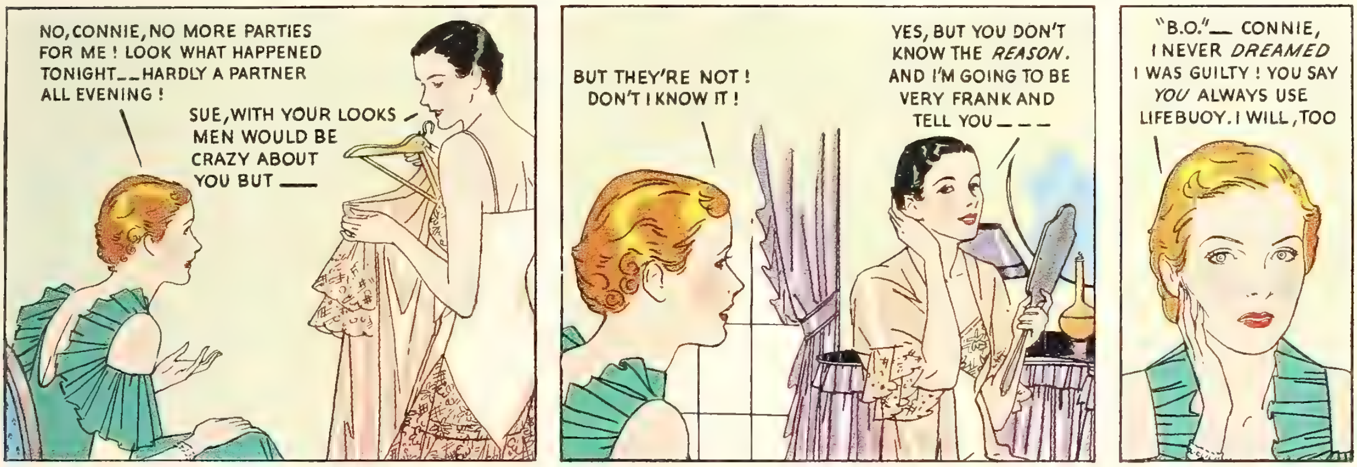
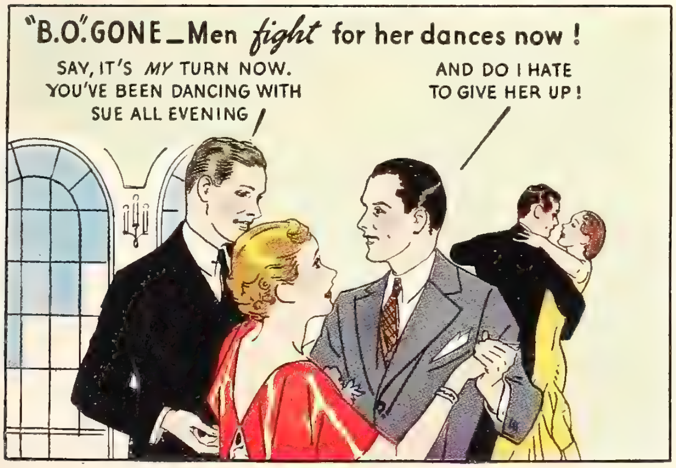
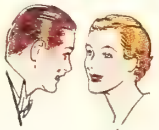
NO CHARM FOR MEN UNTIL...


NO, CONNIE, NO MORE PARTIES FOR ME! LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT—HARDLY A PARTNER ALL EVENING!
SUE, WITH YOUR LOOKS MEN WOULD BE CRAZY ABOUT YOU BUT —
BUT THEY'RE NOT! DON'T I KNOW IT!
YES, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW THE *REASON*. AND I'M GOING TO BE VERY FRANK AND TELL YOU — — —
"B.O."— CONNIE, I NEVER *DREAMED* I WAS GUILTY! YOU SAY *YOU* ALWAYS USE LIFEBUOY. I WILL, TOO


"B.O." GONE—Men *fight* for her dances now!
SAY, IT'S *MY* TURN NOW. YOU'VE BEEN DANCING WITH SUE ALL EVENING
AND DO I HATE TO GIVE HER UP!


I COULD WRITE A POEM TO YOUR LOVELY SKIN
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MOVIE CLASSIC

October

10c
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BEAUTY and CHARM

MIRIAM HOPKINS
Photographed in Natural Colors

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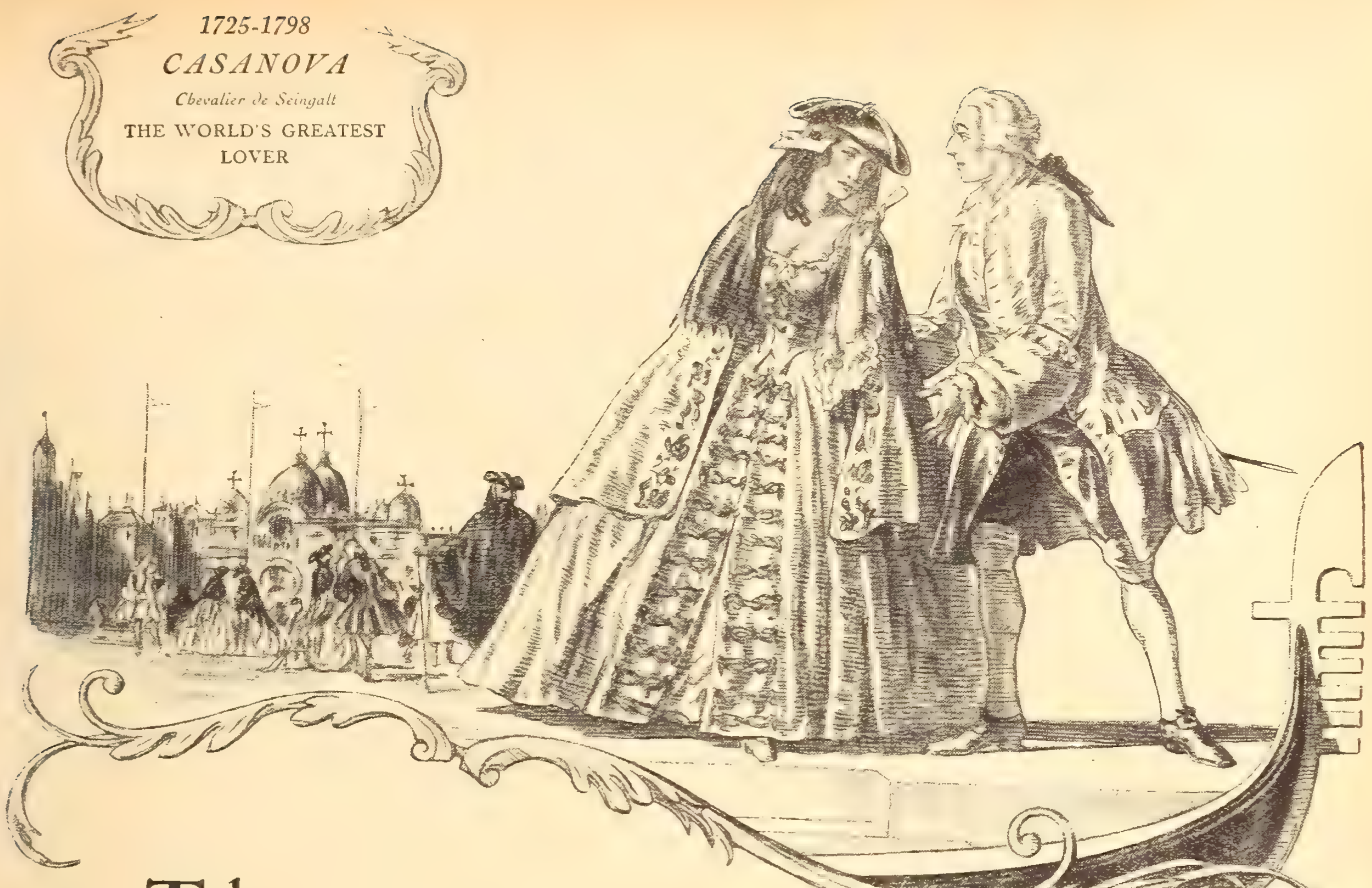

Take a tip from CASANOVA

HE left a trail of broken hearts from Warsaw to Naples and from Constantinople to Paris, this swashbuckling, diplomatic, engaging soldier of fortune known to history as Casanova. Women high and women low, women brilliant and women dull, all found him fascinating . . . And not the least of his charms was his astonishing fastidiousness. Centuries before halitosis was a household word, he realized that unpleasant breath was a fault that could not be forgiven even in him. Consequently, before he awooing went, it was his habit to chew the leaves of certain fragrant herbs that would quickly render his breath sweet and agreeable.

• • •

If halitosis (bad breath) were an uncommon condition, few would be concerned about it. Unfortunately, however, it is an ever-present threat. Everyone is likely to have it at some time or other for this reason: even in normal mouths fermentation of tiny food particles constantly goes on. Unpleasant odors are released *without the victim knowing it.*

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The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

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OCTOBER, 1935 VOL. 9 No. 2

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

Charles Farrell and Charlotte Henry symbolize the carefree, romantic month of October, as they stroll to work together on the picture, *Forbidden Heaven*. Insiders predict it may be another *Seventh Heaven*

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MOVIE CLASSIC is the first film magazine to present a natural-color photograph of Miriam Hopkins, of *Becky Sharp* fame. This month's cover portrait was taken in Hollywood, where she just completed *Barbary Coast*.

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FIRST PREVIEW OF "THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"

A Picture With More Stars Than There Are In Heaven

Ray Noble's boys play *Why Stars Come Out at Night*

Ethel Merman sings *It's the Animal in Me*. What a song! And boy, what a girl!

There's romance in *The Big Broadcast!* Lovely Wendy Barrie and debonair Henry Wadsworth are the lovers

Gracie's forever dropping things! And Georgie *loves* it!

Amos does his stuff

And Andy's regusted

Above, you see the

(Advertisement)

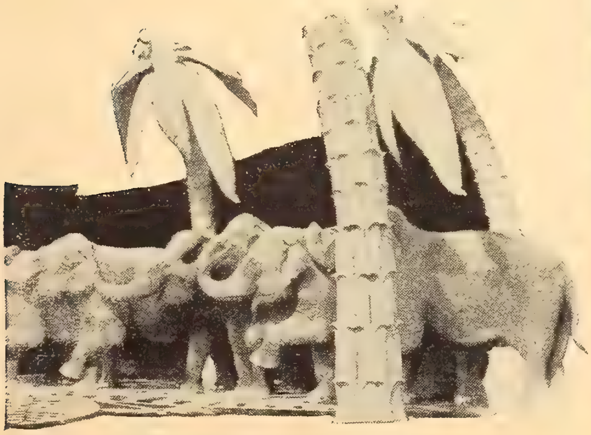
including

Bing Crosby
Burns & Allen
Jack Oakie
Lyda Roberti
Wendy Barrie
Henry Wadsworth
Amos 'n Andy
Ethel Merman
Charles Ruggles
Mary Boland
Sir Guy Standing
Bill Robinson
Jessica Dragonette
Ray Noble & Orchestra

Hot feet and hot rhythm, —and how Bill Robinson goes to town! Watch him!

Does mama love papa? That's Charlie Ruggles' question here. What will Mary Boland answer?

Arms around Henry Wadsworth, Lyda Roberti still has a kiss for Jack Oakie



Big Broadcast chorus,—ten tons of it!

I Wished on the Moon is Bing Crosby's hit song in the picture

(Advertisement)

Clifton Webb

Henry Fonda

Nino Martini

Nelson Eddy

Men—*and Other News*

● INTERESTING men are always good news. So are interesting women. But in Hollywood, at the moment, the male of the species is earning far more headlines than the female.

The star of the hour, beyond any doubt, is Nelson Eddy, M-G-M's blond baritone. Good-looking, a good actor, and a fine singer, he isn't like anyone else on the screen. That's why you like him.

But Hollywood isn't insisting on any duplicate copies of the hero of *Naughty Marietta*—any more than you are. So Nino Martini comes to the screen. He is as dark as Eddy is blond, and has a Latin personality, plus a Metropolitan Opera-radio background. The chances are that he will make good in films. And he won't have to mimic Eddy to do so.

Two months ago, Henry Fonda was just a name—and an unfamiliar name—to most moviegoers. Today everybody is talking about this tall, rugged, appealing chap, who, in his first picture *(The Farmer Takes a Wife)*, accomplished the feat of becoming co-star with Janet Gaynor. He's no copy of any other screen actor; he's an original.

Since his first picture, Fred Astaire has had no screen rivals. Now one appears on the scene—namely, Clifton Webb, who used to be his competitor on Broadway. They both used to angle for the same kind of audiences, but they angled in different ways. They will keep on doing that.

● BACK in the not-so-good old days, a leading man was limited as to the types of women he might play opposite. Not so, today. Charles Boyer appears with Claudette Colbert and Katharine Hepburn, two widely different personalities, and makes a hit. Fred MacMurray has appeared with Colbert, is now appearing with Hepburn, and is making a hit—differently.

Then, because they are *interesting individualists*, there are other new screen actors who are rating headlines. For example, Peter Lorre, now filming Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment.* Walter Abel, who left Broadway to play the title rôle in *General Grant* and meanwhile has scored a hit as *D'Artagnan* in *The Three Musketeers.* Michael Bartlett, who sang with Grace Moore in *Love Me Forever* and now is Claudette Colbert's leading man in *She Married Her Boss.* And Errol Flynn, the tennis-playing Irishman, who has drawn the coveted title rôle of *Captain Blood.*

Another member of the male sex of whom you will soon be conscious is Mickey Rooney, the boy actor, who literally romps away with top honors in one of the most-awaited pictures of any year: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Here is Shakespeare as you can like it; here is a thrill of a lifetime. Warner Brothers have performed a major miracle in bringing the monumental fantasy to the screen with all the color, all the variety of mood, that Shakespeare put into it. And of all the members of the all-star cast, young Mickey Rooney—as *Puck,* the mischievous—best captures the spirit of the piece.

There are few actresses on the screen today who are capturing interest as these actors are. The outstanding one is Luise Rainer, the Viennese surprise of *Escapade,* who is talented enough and individual enough to go far. So is Tutta Rolf, the practically unannounced sensation of *Dressed to Thrill.* Olivia de Havilland, though young, shows great promise in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* But aside from these, where are the new girls who should be setting the movie world on fire?

James E. Reid

Sweeping on to new fame together, three distinguished players join hands with a distinguished producer to start the new season with a production of unparalleled dramatic force.

The tenderly beautiful story of two who loved a woman . . beyond the hope of ever loving another! To one, she was a dream he could never realize - - to the other, a memory he could never forget!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
presents
FREDRIC MARCH
MERLE OBERON
HERBERT MARSHALL
in

THE DARK ANGEL

with JANET BEECHER · JOHN HALLIDAY · HENRIETTA CROSMAN · KATHERINE ALEXANDER
From the play by Guy Bolton . Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

● NORMA SHEARER has been on a clothes spree! With her new daughter (Katherine) safely installed in the redecorated Thalberg nursery and with *Romeo and Juliet* about to go before the cameras, Norma took time off to go shopping. One of her most completely devastating new fall outfits is a sand-colored coat-dress, very slinkily tailored. But the exciting note is the detachable collar and cuffs of Kolinsky fur. On an Indian summer day she can zip 'em off and look coolly unfurred. Smart, these Shearers.

"We're going to see a lot of *gray* and *red* combined this season," Norma told us. "Also a lot of navy, especially in softly finished wools. All the amber tints are going to be better than gold. And the *kilt-pleated* skirts are with us again. If a girl wants to be very *ultra*, she'll have the hemline of her formal frocks curve up in front in a mildly inverted V. It's the vogue, particularly with draped models."

Wide World

The two wittiest stars of the screen finally meet! Mae West shakes hands with Will Rogers at a dinner

● *Light notes:* Arline Judge was quarantined with a light case of scarlet fever and her friends sent her stacks of children's toys. . . . Why doesn't Mary Brian marry Dick Powell and save the poor fellow? Neighbors at Toluca Lake say that all he does is play the Wedding March on that organ of his . . . Nelson Eddy caught a fever when he made *Naughty Marietta.* The play fever. He used to be the soul of dignity, but since that picture he's the life of the party. At Ida Koverman's get-together, he did a Greek dance with a water pitcher on his shoulder that caused a near-riot. (P.S. He didn't break the pitcher) . . . Gene Raymond certainly believes in variety. First he takes Connie Bennett to the polo matches, then he beaus a Pasadena deb who owns a Phi Beta Kappa pin. And then he sees Janet Gaynor off to Honolulu. . . .

● JANET, by the way, was far more ill than the reports said after she fell during the early scenes of *Way Down East.* She was in bed for more than a month with a bad brain concussion. Now she has gone to her beloved beach cottage at Hawaii to recuperate, and there will be no swimming or hiking there this time. Shirley Temple, who sailed with her parents shortly before Janet did, told her pal, "I'm going to Honolulu to take care of you, Jan-y." Meanwhile, Rochelle Hudson gets the Break of the Year—taking Janet's place in *Way Down East,* opposite Henry Fonda.

● SHIRTMAKER frocks are no longer stiffly tailored. *Quaintness* is the new note. Ann Shirley, Patricia Ellis, and the whole younger set have them with huge puffed sleeves, shirred fullness in front, and little round necks.

Also, *cotton underwear* is back in vogue after all these years! Not, of course, the kind that Aunt Tiddledee used to wear, but a lovely kind that's as sheer as dawn and all finely stitched. These undies come in heavenly colors like bittersweet and rusticana. Ann Dvorak has her first name embroidered on them. Sylvia Sidney—and any number of others—have gone in for them. Looks like a happy year for the South!

● AND *this is the way new fads are born:* June Knight had a date with Tommy Lee—she usually does!—but she thought that they were just going to a neighborhood movie, so she wore navy blue satin slacks. But Tommy insisted on going to the fashionable Trocadero to dance. All the women were in full evening regalia. Very swanky. Very décolleté. June was embarrassed to tears and decided that the next time she visited the Troc she'd be dressed as formally as they make 'em. She was! It was two weeks later. *And half the girls on the floor were in satin slacks!!!*

An opera star with a beautiful figure! Lily Pons, in Hollywood to film *Love Song*, is dazzling the movie colony in a variety of ways

● WITH other experts giving out opinions on the most beautiful women, the most beautiful legs, the best-dressed and so on, one of the film colony's leading beauticians—namely, Jim—has compiled a list of filmites who have the most beautiful hands and nails.

Topping his list are Claudette Colbert, Mae West, Billie Dove, Bebe Daniels, and Evelyn Laye, the English actress.

Would you agree?

● Evelyn Venable is in [illegible] Poor Evelyn made the [illegible]

[*Continued on page* [illegible]

"PAGE MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical Marion Davies in her first picture for Warner Bros. —her finest for anybody!

Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart... Yessir, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of "G-Men,' and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

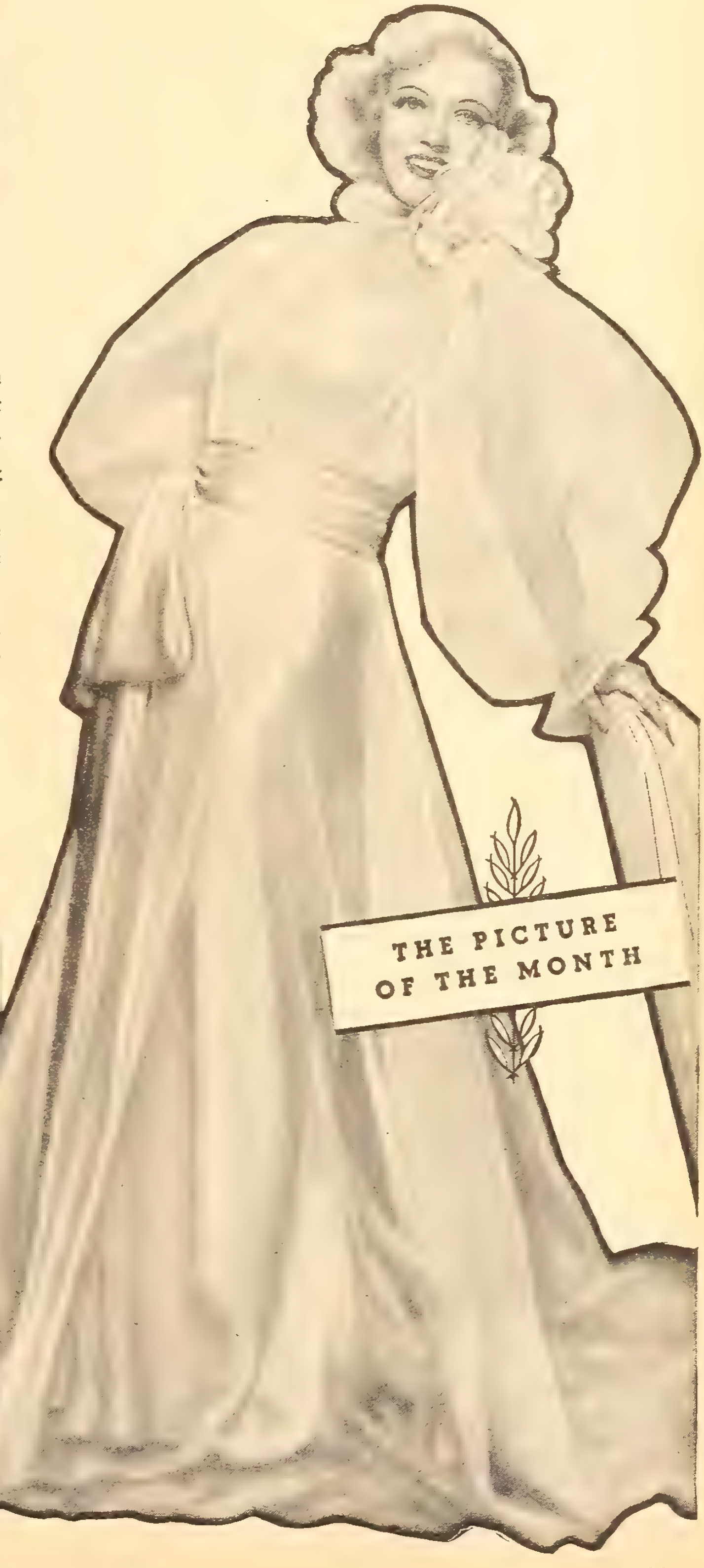
It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!

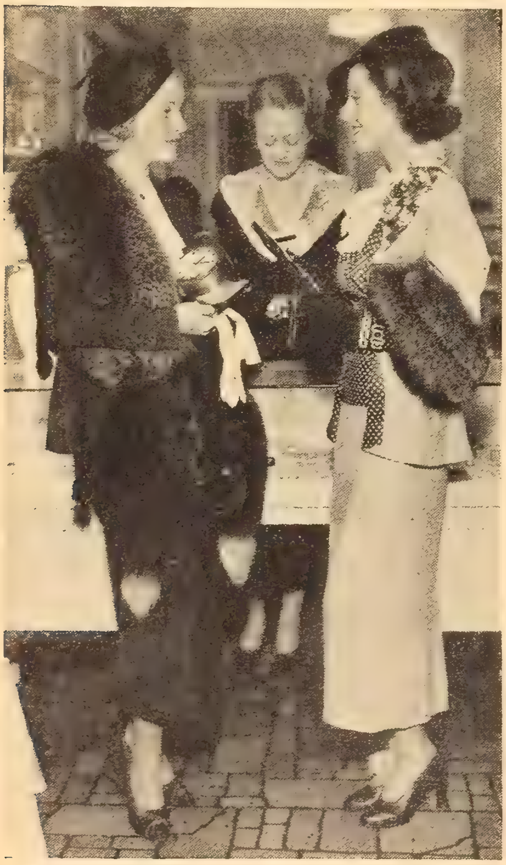
Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.


THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Smart girls . . . our Shopping Scouts! This month they have found new gadgets for the home and items to step up personal beauty that should be welcome news for everybody. Find out from us what is new . . . convenient . . . dependable. And more next month!

NEW SHOPPING FINDS!

****Glory be to heaven! There is a new liquid powder that will remove the curse of a shiny nose for six hours (at least), once you have applied it. Even *our* noses, which happen to be particularly shining ones (perhaps from being news-noses), were caught unawares, and didn't emerge with a glow from morning until night. And on top of this, it belittles bumps, wrinkles, and large pores. There are seven shades, to give you a choice of complexions ranging from a lovely pale-face to a Florida tan. There is a $2 size, plus a leatherette-cased purse size at 50c!



Two Hollywood shopping scouts are Claire Trevor and Marion Clayton—seen in the Assistance League shop

****What do you know about a nail polish that won't crack, peel, or fade, will last two weeks, cover nail imperfections, and oil your nails? It shines beautifully, too. What more could any girl ask? It comes in five grand shades, from natural to garnet. And the manufacturer guarantees your 50c back if you aren't satisfied . . . which makes everything perfect.

****Rainy days are coming soon! Which means that you'll want to know about these clever military capes made in rubber and oiled silk. The oiled silk ones fold up into little cases about six inches square, which you can tuck very easily into your purse or keep in your desk for emergencies. The rubber ones fold into slightly larger sizes. The oiled silk ones are transparent, and cost $3. The rubber ones are $1. And the colors are very lovely!

****How about a little ovenette all your own, if you live in an apartment so small that you never dreamed of being able to *bake* there? This contrivance bakes and roasts economically and easily over any cooking burner or heating unit. And, what's more, it roasts meats to a turn while consuming only one-quarter of the fuel required to heat an ordinary oven. Plop! you set it on any stove or electric plate, and have an oven . . . for a little over $2.

****"Drat that run!" How many times have you said that? We've lost count, ourselves! So glory with us in this run-stop liquid that you can apply in a second, that does not stiffen the stocking, and that does not leave a stain. It comes in cute little packages that you can keep in your purse or office desk, and one of them will stop fifty runs. Which is as good as winning a ball game any day! 25c.

****We're sorry to mention such miserable things as colds, but thought you'd like to know about the new mentholated tissues that are excellent for curing them, easily disposed of, and prevent the spread of germs. There are two hundred and fifty soft tissues in a package, size 8x9 inches. And "cold" weather *is* coming, you know. Two packages for 45c.

****Do your own dry-cleaning—ten dollars' worth for 65c. This cleaner removes spots, stains, and perspiration odors like magic . . . and it is amazingly easy to use. It is the same kind that is used by many dry-cleaning establishments, and does a fine job of French dry-cleaning. The can contains one gallon of the fluid, and this will clean a carload of clothes!

****Have you ever seen a chair smiling? That's what will happen to any chair in your house, no matter how dirty, when it gets a sponge bath with a foamy new cleaner. It is so simple to use that even a child can do a beautiful job—and instantly. Moreover, it can be used on the finest upholstered furniture—to bring back the original colors, and remove the spots where oily heads or grimy hands have rested. In sizes from 70c to $1.85.

****Good old food mill! The idea came from France, land of famous chefs, and landed smack in the middle of our best kitchens! With just a few turns of the crank, out come the slickest mashed potatoes, other vegetables, or fruits. It's a helpful gadget for making purées, creamed soups and soufflés. It strains the baby's food, and it saves endless time and labor in making tomato juice, grapefruit juice, jams and jellies. This mill is made of steel and is acidproof and rustproof. $1.25 buys it.

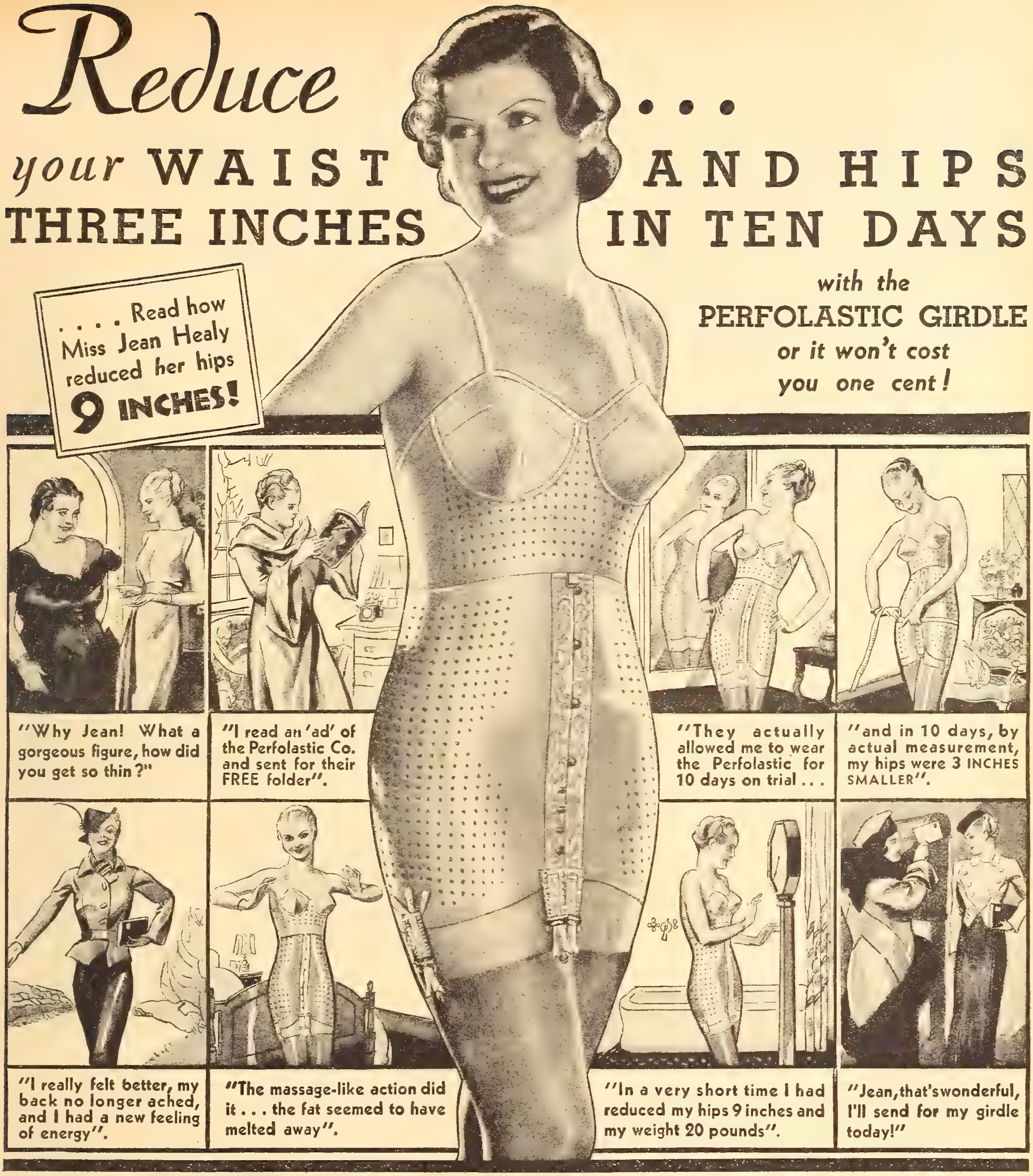
****And Humpty-Dumpty took a great fall? Well, that was before the days of the new egg cradle, which keeps eggs unbroken and always handy. It fits any electric refrigerator or icebox, and slides in and out like a drawer. It fastens underneath a shelf, thus saving the space that egg boxes or big bowls always take. This cradle uses space that's often wasted. 45c.

GOING SHOPPING is what we like to do best—and we're sorry we can't undertake any shopping commissions for you. But we *can* tell you what to ask for by name—if you want to go shop-scouting on your own for any of the things mentioned above. Just address: Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope for reply.

Reduce . . .

your WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS

with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost you one cent!


. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".
"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".
"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You can TEST the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days

. . . at our expense!

DOES excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that should be yours?

■ Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimness? Then you will rejoice over the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that reduce hips and waistline *inches* without effort . . . simply by their beneficial massage-like action.

Safe! No Diet, No Drugs, No Exercises!

■ The wonderful part of the quick Perfolastic method is its *absolute safety* and *comfort*. You take no drugs . . . no exercise . . . you eat normal meals . . . and yet we guarantee you will reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will cost you nothing! We can dare to make this startling guarantee, because we have tested the Perfolastic Girdle for many years.

Reduce ONLY Where You Are Overweight!

■ The Perfolastic Girdle kneads away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Beware of reducing methods which take the weight off the entire body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

You Need Not Risk One Penny!

■ You can *prove to yourself* that these marvelous reducing garments will take off at least 3 inches of fat from *your* waist, hips and diaphragm or no cost!

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41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 710 NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Why doesn't it EVER ring?

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

• • • •

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. Use it daily and you'll never be guilty of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

HOLLYWOOD'S Heart Problems —*and Yours*

If you had a promising future—and love came your way—which would you choose? Olivia de Havilland has a sane answer!

BY MARGARET DIXE

SHOULD a girl dodge romance if she is planning a career? There are seven million girls in the United States seeking the right answer to that problem. So many new, fascinating fields of work are open to them today—but the age-old desire to love and be loved is pulling them in another direction. *Which way to go?*

"Personally, I'm going to take the middle course!" says Olivia de Havilland, that lovely eighteen-year-old brunette who had never appeared before a movie camera until she won the coveted rôle of *Hermia* in Max Reinhardt's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—and now is on her way to stardom, with *Captain Blood* her next picture.

"You see," explains the pert, alert, and thoroughly loveable Olivia, "careers in Hollywood are no different from what they are anywhere else. You have to study to make good just as you do in any other job, any other place. You have to keep the strictest kind of hours so that you'll be at your best—and, most of all, you have to be able to say 'No!'

"You have to 'No' yourself to begin with. If a girl tries to play a lot at the same time she is building a future for herself in her work, she makes a hash of both her work and her play. I've had to draw the line on going out nights during the week, no matter how attractive the invitation may be. It isn't always easy, I can tell you! But if I do go

Only eighteen—and already stepping along to stardom—Olivia de Havilland says: "I'm subduing my romantic inclinations . . for a specified time"

Olivia de Havilland and Dick Powell share a heart problem in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* And there are also rumors of an off-screen romance

to some middle-of-the-week party, I'm so tired the next day that I can't settle down to business. And I find my mind wandering off to what that nice boy said the evening before—and wondering whether or not he meant it—just when I need to be most alert in my lines . . .

"Naturally, you have to have *some* social life. You'd get as stuffy as a bat if you stayed at home all the time. That's why I intend to take the middle course. Some girls—and they're good looking and interesting, too—feel that they simply have to devote every minute to careering. Then, after they have made good, they suddenly wake up to find themselves so hungry for romance that they snatch at the first man who comes along. And if they make as much of a success of marriage, it's just dumb luck. They didn't really prepare for a permanently happy ending. And, usually, they don't find it.

● "NOW I have it figured out this way: Right at present the career is the most important thing in my life. I might never have an opportunity like this again and I realize that I ought to make the most of it. *So I'm subduing my romantic inclinations! I have simply made up my mind that I can control my emotions for a specified time . . .*

"If I'm not wanted at the studio on Saturday afternoon, I like to swim or go riding. Working in the movies is something like an office job, you know. You spend three quarters of your life indoors in a place that is artificially lighted. Consequently, you doubly appreciate any outdoor activities and if you can find a man who enjoys the same sports you do, it's great.

"Saturday evening I have a whirl. I usually go dancing because I adore that. And on Sunday we go on picnics or long hikes and have an informal party at somebody's house in the evening. But Monday morning I pull the curtain down on the weekend. I forget it completely. I put the accent on work now, and the soft-pedal on romance. I won't mix the two together! A man forgets even his best beloved when he becomes engrossed in his job. A woman has to learn to do the same thing.

"Naturally, some day, when the career has had time to develop a bit, I hope to put the accent on romance. I want a home and a marriage that *is* a marriage. Not just one of these if-I-don't-like-it-I'll-get-a-divorce arrangements. I want a husband with plenty of character who can browbeat me if it's necessary. (And I like nothing better than a good rousing argument!) If a man has ideas, I am willing to learn from him. And I hope my husband won't be an actor; I'd much prefer him to be in some business I know nothing about so that marriage to him will open up a whole new field of interest.

● "IS THERE someone now? Ye-es . . . But it will be a long, long time before there is any wedding. There is nothing 'settled' between us. In fact, he has been away for a year. I've known him all my life. I know his family and background and all. That's essential, don't you think so?" asks Olivia.

It is so essential that I would like to underscore it a dozen times. Olivia's whole plan is wonderfully sound, right up to and including that last statement!

Know everything you can about your man. Unfortunately, few girls bother about research when romance comes along. Even trained business girls, who would not think of going into a business deal without knowing all about it, consider it "noble" to take a man at face value alone. I can't begin to tell you the grief that attitude has caused.

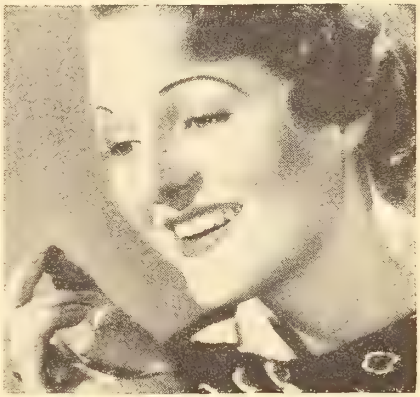
To make a real success of marriage, *it is absolutely necessary for a girl to have high standards of her own and to test the boy's.* Is he honest? Is he kind to his people? Is he thrifty? *Have she and he at least four big interests in common?*

Marriage vows are supposed to make a girl and boy one—and isn't it wise to find out all you can about the person who is to be your other half?

That's where a girl who has worked out a career first has such advantage over other

[*Continued on page* 69]

"Where have you been all my life?"



(Intimate conversation of a lady with herself)

"I'VE been doing nasty things to my palate with bitter concoctions. I've been abusing my poor, patient system with harsh, violent purges. The whole idea of taking a laxative became a nightmare. Why didn't I discover you before . . . friend Ex-Lax. You taste like my favorite chocolate candy. You're mild and you're gentle . . . you treat me right. Yet with all your mildness you're no shirker . . . you're as thorough as can be. The children won't take anything else . . . my husband has switched from his old brand of violence to you. You're a member of the family now . . ."

Multiply the lady's thoughts by millions . . . and you have an idea of public opinion on Ex-Lax. For more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were used last year in America alone. 10c and 25c boxes in any drug store. Be sure to get the genuine!

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MP105 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax

Name ....

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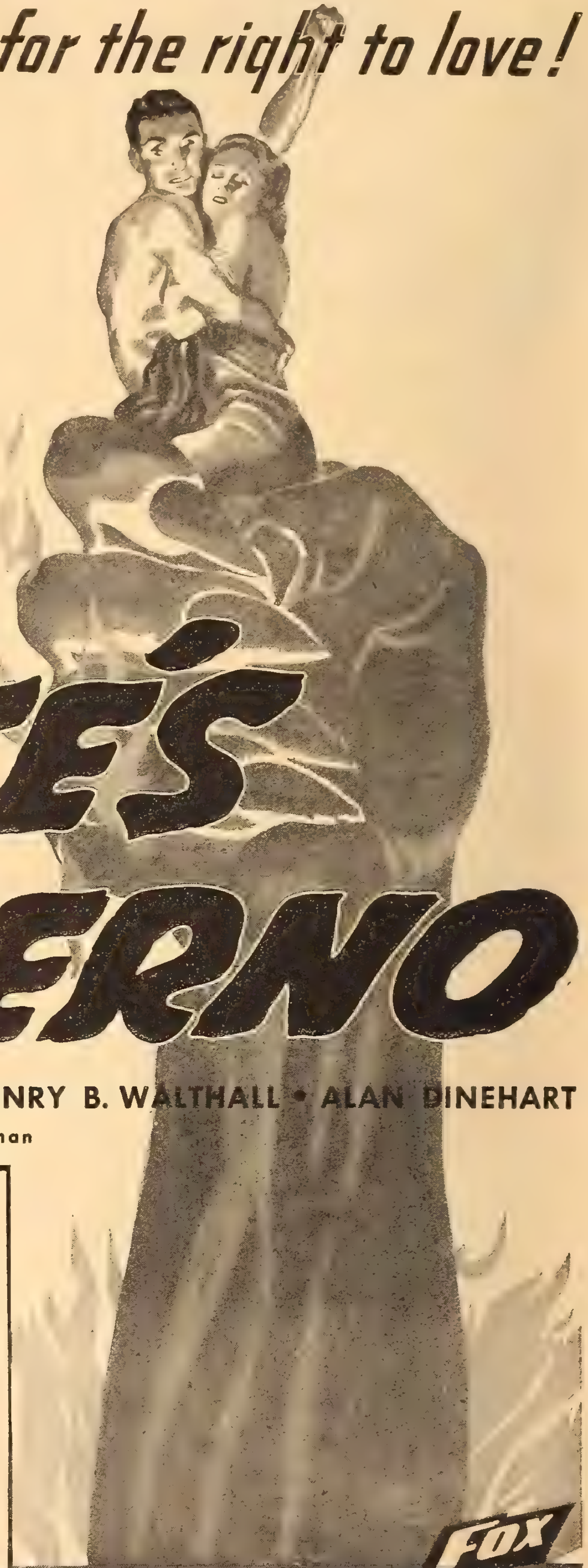
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE

they fight.. AS YOU DO.. *for the right to love!*



ENTHRALLED—*you'll watch this* **BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!**

See this man and woman living *your* dreams, *your* despairs. Fascinated . . . behold the raging spectacle of hell *here and hereafter* . . . of Inferno created by Man and Inferno conceived by Dante! This drama blazes with such titanic power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS

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SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART

Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel Directed by Harry Lachman

THRILL AS YOU SEE

Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment—cringing under the Rain of Fire—consumed in the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boiling Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!

Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

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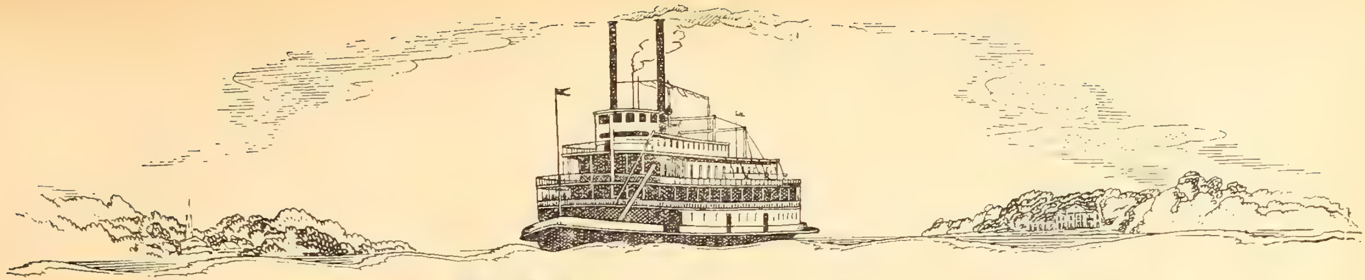
A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY. . . AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS TODAY'S NEWS . . . ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!



Will ROGERS

in his greatest picture

'STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND'

ANNE SHIRLEY • IRVIN S. COBB • EUGENE PALLETTE • STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by John Ford • From a novel by Ben Lucien Burman

IT'S BIGGER than a laugh picture!

Will blazes a new path in his screen career as he scores his greatest triumph! Hollywood calls it the most important event of the season!

'Steamboat Round the Bend' throbs with the romance, the humor, the adventure, the human emotions of the old, colorful days on the roaring Mississippi! And what a climax! Spellbound, you will watch Will Rogers and Irvin Cobb, rival captains, race their boats down the river with a girl's happiness and a man's life at stake!

FOX

Speaking of Movies . . .

MOVIE CLASSIC reviews the new pictures from a feminine viewpoint

Garbo again attains the heights, with Fredric March, in *Anna Karenina!*

A child prima donna of a light operetta—this is Shirley Temple in *Curly Top*

"Amusing" is the word for Sylvia Sidney and Herbert Marshall in *Accent on Youth*

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

● ● ● ● Exceptional
● ● ● Excellent
● ● Good
● Skip it

● ● ● ● **Anna Karenina** brings Garbo back to us again in all of her glory! In this new version of Tolstoy's immortal novel, with an ultra-dramatic and tragic rôle completely suited to her best ability, she gives one of the finest performances of her career. And lovable Freddie Bartholomew, (who was young David Copperfield), as the son in the story, is sensationally good . . . so much so that he steals every scene in which he appears! Fredric March, as *Vronsky,* the dashing officer, for love of whom *Anna* abandons her coldly ambitious husband and her child, is technically perfect in the rôle, but seems emotionally taut. Maureen O'Sullivan, Basil Rathbone, Phoebe Foster, Reginald Owen, and Reginald Denny are outstanding in the supporting cast . . . You'll love the clothes Adrian has designed for Garbo in this picture, and their quaintness will strongly influence the fall fashion mode. Plumed hats, delicate nosegays, the rustle of taffeta . . . you'll soon be wearing them. (M-G-M)

● ● ● ● **Curly Top** is a "natural" for little Miss Shirley Temple—a light operetta with a child prima donna, which gives Shirley a chance to sing, dance, do imitations, be emotional and amusing. John Boles, as the kindly bachelor who takes Shirley and her older sister (Rochelle Hudson) away from an orphanage, is human and believable. The lovely Rochelle gives a beautiful performance, and her work in the scene wherein she reveals her love for her guardian fully justifies her recent elevation to stardom. Maurice Murphy, Esther Dale, Arthur Treacher, and Etienne Girardot feature the supporting cast. Highlights: Shirley's two songs, *When I Grow Up*, and *Animal Crackers in My Soup;* and John Boles' two songs, *It's All So New to Me* and *Curly Top.* (Fox)

● ● ● **Accent on Youth** gives Sylvia Sidney a chance to shine once more, and she does it very gracefully and amusingly. This story deals with the love of a youthful secretary for her employer, a playwright past-middle age, and with his efforts to convince both her and himself that June and November should never mate. Well, that's a problem many girls have confronted, and *Accent on Youth* offers a clever solution. Maybe the laughs of the picture won't shake you from your seat, but you will be consistently amused. You'll like Sylvia's clothes—both her smart new numbers, and her sane suggestions for dresses for office wear. Herbert Marshall's stock will soar to new highs after this picture, and since he is always good, you can judge of this performance! But you'll pretty well have to hand the credit for the real comedy star of the production to Ernest Cossart, playing the butler rôle. In fact you can almost call his the most intoxicating comedy of the year! (Paramount)

● ● ● **Diamond Jim** makes a girl wonder if it wouldn't have been pretty good fun to live in the glamorous days of the Gay Nineties, when Diamond Jim Brady blazed a never-to-be-forgotten trail on Broadway. He was a high-pressure salesman, prodigal spendthrift, super-gourmand and hail-fellow-well-met playboy. His life story, brought to the screen, is a flashing, colorful drama, and Edward Arnold in the title rôle is magnificent. He gives a performance so deft that it is unforgettable. The story takes Diamond Jim from his humble beginnings as a freight clerk to his reign as a railroad mogul. It presents a kaleidoscopic picture of the whirlwind boom days at the turn of the century and dramatizes the birth of modern sales methods. But it never loses sight of its central intimate theme: Diamond Jim could buy anything—excepting love. Binnie Barnes, as Lillian Russell, the Glamor Girl of her day, shows appeal even under the layers of the clothes of the 90's. Jean Arthur, as the "No-girl" who wrecks Brady's life, turns in another performance that proves she rates star billing. And Cesar Romero is convincing as

[*Continued on page* 60]

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

—*Hurrell*

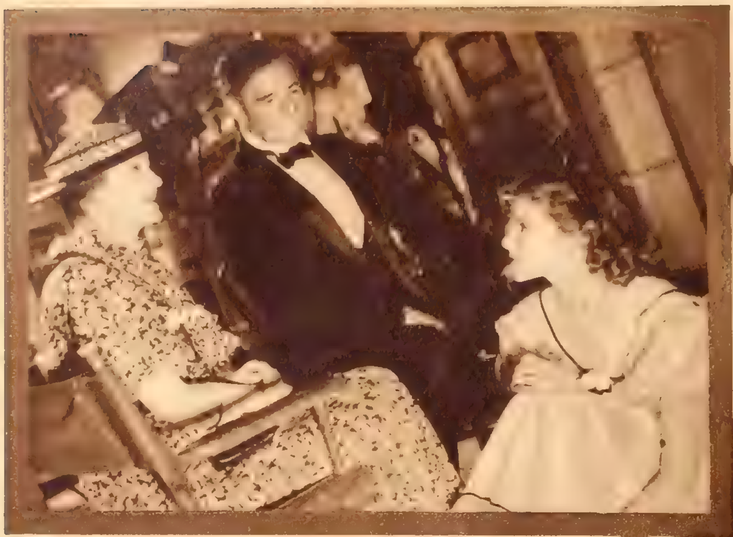
The Newest Juliet

Fine actress, devoted wife, proud mother, Norma Shearer lives a success story every day of her life that has no equal in Hollywood. And now she is about to enact the most poetic love story ever told—"Romeo and Juliet"

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Behind the Scenes with Hepburn

Candid Camera Shots by Alex Kahle



Time out. Hedda Hopper, Fred Stone and Katharine Hepburn have a rest on the sidelines. Hedda entertains conversationally

A street scene finished, Katharine Hepburn strolls off the set, pulling on her gloves. Walking and talking with her is Director George Stevens

Before the cameras turn on a home scene of "Alice Adams," the star has a last-minute dialogue rehearsal with a one-man audience—the dialogue director

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The camera is focused—the microphone is in place—the lights are on—and the star is about to begin her job-hunting scene in the film, "Alice Adams"

Going on a Shakespearean Journey

Josephine Hutchinson, of "Oil for the Lamps of China" fame, is an independent, talented young person. Warner Brothers believe that, if Will Shakespeare were alive, she would remind him of Rosalind in "As You Like It." So she is to play the first heroine who masqueraded as a boy!

Merle Stars as a Modern

Merle Oberon, of Tasmania, who reached Hollywood by way of England, exotic rôles and costume pictures, is becoming her natural self and a star at the same time in "The Dark Angel." Give the little girl a hand for daring to go "different" at this stage of her career! Hollywood has high hopes for her future

Men You Talk About

WILLIAM POWELL is your idea of what a sophisticate should be . . . suave, clever, adventurous, amusing. As he will be in "The Black Chamber"

FRANCHOT TONE proved, in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," what you had suspected. Now he's a he-man—no playboy—in "Mutiny on the Bounty"

RANDOLPH SCOTT is blond and a Southerner—which is a hard-to-resist combination. And you'll respect his earnestness in "So Red the Rose"

CHARLES BOYER has the charm of the sensitive Continental. Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Loretta Young and you all agree on that score

—*Portrait by Hurrell*

Little Miss Parker

The young girl grows up; Cinderella arrives at the ball; Jean Parker, of the gingham rôles, becomes a svelte—as well as sweet—young thing. Wonder if she took this gown, with its "crushed bodice" and yards and yards of chiffon with her to England? She is making a film for famed Alexander Korda there

—*Portrait by Richee*

"Smart Girl"

That is the title of Gail Patrick's new picture . . . which aptly describes the poised young Alabama beauty, herself. Her rôles increase in importance, and her screen gowns become more and more stunning . . . which are symptoms of stardom. This gown is of silver metallic lace over white satin, molded to the figure. The skirt is sable-banded

—*Richee*

Ann Harding is the lovely dream girl opposite Gary Cooper in the picturization of "Peter Ibbetson"

Charm • in MEN

Why are Gary Cooper, Lindbergh and Leslie Howard charming men? Sensitive Ann Harding tells what each letter of the word "charm" means to all women!

By ANN HARDING

As told to HELEN HARRISON

CHARM! What is it? . . . A mysterious, magical alchemy that covers a multitude of sins and bridges a thousand shortcomings. It created the lure of Cyrano de Bergerac, despite his hideous caricature of a nose, made the lameness of the lyric Lord Byron one of his most endearing graces, gave Napoleon stature. It is simple to sense—difficult to define. Can it be acquired? Cultivated?

Charm in men is what beauty, personality, grace and a dozen minor virtues are in women. It is the *open sesame* to the affections of both young and old—a priceless possession. No man can be a hero—or even a success—without charm. It is valuable in all walks of life and endeavor, but its rewards before the camera are fabulous!

For instance, take George Arliss. What has he? Unmistakably, CHARM!

What made John Gilbert the matchless hero of the silent screen? CHARM.

As you leave the theatre after seeing an actor, you carry away, not the memory of his appearance or his voice or his ability to sway your emotions, but a combination of all of these. In a word, CHARM!

When the Editor of MOVIE CLASSIC asked me to tell what I find charming in men, I was both delighted and nonplussed. Delighted, because I have always maintained that when a man is charming he has *everything;* nonplussed, because to describe charm is somewhat like being asked to put into words the splendor of Wagner's music, the glory of sunrise in the San Bernardino mountains, or the beauty of a child's happy smile. But the opportunity to talk on a favorite topic is far too infrequent to allow it to pass, so here are my five requirements for charm in men—one requirement for each of the letters of the word. See if you agree:

● C is for *Chivalry.*

Even when I was a very little girl, leading a secluded existence on an army reservation where my father was stationed, I was enthralled by the tales of King Arthur's Court. I still am. Chivalry, not necessarily "knighthood in full flower," is always a very satisfying trait in a man. Most women find themselves vulnerable to it. The "little things" in life go to make it up. They include the pulling out of a chair for a dinner partner, the "right way" of walking along the street, the flowers and gallantries that don't call for any large expenditure of money, but bring inexpressible joy and eternal devotion from womenfolk. It is really pathetic how *little* women demand of demonstrations of respect—merely thoughtful gestures, chivalrous attentions.

It brings to my mind an almost forgotten incident.

I recall a very, very poor family that lived on the wrong side of the tracks of this particular town. As the wife of what was termed, in all dignity, "a drinking man," and also the mother of a large brood of scrawny, poverty-stricken youngsters, Mrs. F. was obliged to provide them with what few necessities they had. This caused her to seek odd jobs wherever they could be found. She did some work for our neighbors, possibly for us, I cannot say. But I do remember she was discussing her marital difficulties with our martial cook, who advised her to "shoot him up!"

I still can see her, worn and dilapidated and infinitely poignant, recounting her husband's shiftlessness and the ill-treatment to which she was

[*Continued on page* 72]

By GARY COOPER

As told to HELEN HARRISON

WHEN Movie Classic asked me what traits men find most attractive in women, I simply voted for one little candidate—"charm." Then I began to wonder if I knew what I was talking about. It seemed the logical thing to answer, and sounded as though it covered a lot of ground, but the truth of the matter was that I knew very little about it.

After making this rash, one-word statement, I decided to look up the word in the dictionary. I picked on one of those foot-thick volumes that ordinarily scare me on sight, and began to study it. The more I read, the more I realized I had got myself into deep water by uttering that one word. "Charm," I discovered, has a big, long paragraph all to itself, which begins as follows:

> "CHARM . . . to put a spell upon . . . attract irr sistibly . . . bewitch . . . enchant . . . as to charr audience.
>
> "To overcome as by magic power . . . soc assuage . . . allay . . .
>
> "To influence the senses or the mind of quality or attraction . . . fascinate . . . de

The definition turned out to be a descriptio actress. It described the mental and spiritu of those women who have made good in t fession.

Heretofore I had never stopped to analy opposite whom I had played in pictures. Now I the dictionary had all the answers as to why working with them and why audiences go to pictures.

Millions of women besides actresses have th quality of charm, but just what it is made of, or w it is a natural or an acquired trait, is more than I can an In fact, I have never paid any particular attention until now, and merely have gone along taking things granted!

● One thing that I have noticed about charm is that, to a great extent, it is geographic. That helps to make the job of defining it an even greater task—if not an impossible one.

In the various countries and among the various races that I have visited, ideals of womanhood vary with the parallels of latitude and longitude. Kau-oola-mai, a charming girl in that Sunda Isle known as Bali, would be something considerably less in London's Mayfair. What captivates in the Pampas would bring a different reaction in the Klondike.

It is the same thing with individual men. The woman who seems charming to one man has absolutely no effect on another. Every man has his own idea of what constitutes charm in a woman, and I doubt if any two men ever will agree on every detail.

This boils it all down to a suspicion that charm in a woman exists primarily in the minds of the persons who consider her charming!

My own ideas of what constitutes charm, if I had any formulated, would not mean a thing. They might be ably refuted by Joe Glutz of Bismarck, North Dakota, while Herman Zilch of the same town would heartily agree with me. That would only go to show that Zilch and I think alike, while Glutz has different ideas. It would have nothing to do with the validity or standards [*Continued on page* 74]

—Richee

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Margaret Sullavan is an intense young modern—who is intent on being completely natural, both on the screen and off it. Here she is at home and at ease, in shorts. And in the "scoop" interview on the opposite page she is equally as informal—and human!

—Portrait by MacLean

MOVIE CLASSIC presents an exclusive interview with the screen's most outspoken—and misunderstood—star, who says, "I'm not kidding Hollywood!"

By

Virginia Lane

Margaret Sullavan has one of the year's great rôles as *Vallette Bedford* in *So Red the Rose*

"I Can't Pretend!" says MARGARET SULLAVAN

"CERTAINLY. I've always been like this. 'Untamed,' you called it? I guess that's it," said Margaret Sullavan, as she gave me that million-dollar, small-girl grin of hers.

"I was a pampered youngster and I grew up with the idea that I could do as I wanted to do. Not that it was the family's fault, you understand. They had to give in to me more or less because I was sick. Anemic. I was all arms and legs and weakness. If I walked upstairs fast, things would get black in front of my eyes. So, naturally, I didn't encounter much family opposition to anything I wanted to do—'if it wouldn't hurt me.'

"A future? In a vague sort of way, I didn't expect to have any and I got in the habit of doing whatever pleased me at the moment. Sometimes it was pretending I was Sarah Bernhardt—in my aunt's best silk dress. One time, it was painting the piano legs green—only my artistic talents weren't appreciated!" Her grin deepened. From her seat on the ground she inspected the fat yellow moon that hung above Malibu Lake, near Hollywood. "I never made plans as most girls do. I don't today . . . D'you know something? You get a lot more fun out of what you're doing *now,* if you don't think about what you're going to do next . . .

"We lived in Norfolk, and the family took me all over Virginia and North Carolina, fishing and hunting, in the hopes of making me stronger. All it did was to give me a taste for the simple life. Ever since, I've doted on living outdoors and hated 'dressing up!' . . . It wasn't until I heard someone say that I'd never live to see my sixteenth birthday that I really set my mind on getting well. I had to show 'em. That's part of the Sullavan in me, I guess.

"Do you know what really made me decide to be an actress?" The moon winked behind a cloud and somewhere in the near-by hills a coyote howled. Margaret threw a pebble in the water, watching the ripples for a long moment. "I was going to Sullins College in South Carolina. And I was overwriting every essay I did because I knew that if I wrote enough, I'd strike the right thing sooner or later. But the professor in English literature caught up with me. On the margin of one of my papers he wrote, 'I wish you

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"Clark Gable made me envious of his own easy-going disposition. So I shrugged, too—for the first time in my life"

How CLAUDETTE COLBERT conquered her greatest enemy!

ONE of the things that people most admire about Claudette Colbert on the screen is her great poise, her calm, cool self-assurance . . . . sometimes referred to as her "girlish dignity." And when Claudette reads such references in the reviews of her pictures, she laughs aloud as though they were a great joke. For, as everyone who knows her well is aware, these particular qualities are self-manufactured.

She used to tie herself up in knots over some small detail faster than a Barnum and Bailey contortionist, and the weighing of her problems became a task for a Fairbanks scale to deal with. Because, believe it or not, until recently Claudette has always been Hollywood's chronic worrier!

But now she laughs aloud when people call her calm and cool. She smiles because she knows that at last she has succeeded in conquering her worst enemy—worry—and has it pretty much in the bag where it belongs.

"And do you know who helped me conquer it?" she asked me, with a hint of the surprise to come. "None other than Clark Gable, himself!

● "OF COURSE, other people had tried to help me. My mother, my husband (Norman Foster), my friends, all did their best. But because they were so close to me, I was inclined to disregard their advice on the theory that 'they didn't understand' . . . that no relative ever did. But when my constant silly little worrying got under the skin of a fellow-worker, a co-star . . . well, I really listened.

"Ever since being a child, I have been anticipating trouble. That has been my particular complex. Before an exam in school I used to worry so much about not passing it that I couldn't even study for it. And while everybody else was cramming at the last minute, I was

Do you worry about your looks, about the impression you make on others, about things that might happen? Claudette did—until Clark Gable taught her not to worry!

By Katharine Hartley

kneading my hands and wondering what the family would do about it when I came home a failure. That never seemed to happen, for I always managed to pull through, somehow . . . but I suffered agonies!

"I suppose that there are millions of girls like that in the world. Perhaps my experiences will help.

● "AS I GREW older and began to look for parts on the stage, I grew worse. I would leave my home with high hopes. But by the time I reached a producer's office, I had worried so much that I could scarcely speak my piece. Yet, strangely enough, if I did get a turndown, I never wailed about it. I would almost feel relieved that it had happened, because that was what I had expected to happen. It was strange that while I always used to cry over the milk's possible spilling, I never cried when it did.

"I think that a little tenseness in an actress is perhaps a good thing. At least, it was true in my case that, the more high-strung and the more nervous I was before an opening, the better I was in my performance. This tenseness creates a sort of electrical energy that can be turned to good advantage on the stage . . . but this same electrical energy displayed elsewhere is apt to drive one's friends mad.

"And that's true not only among friends and relatives. I suppose I have been responsible for much gritting of teeth among dressmakers, car salesmen, clerks in department stores, and the like. I could never help being 'persnickety' over every little thing I bought or did. 'Was the article going to last? For how long was it guaranteed? Would Norman like it? Would Mother like it? Would *I* like it, after I had bought it?' And so on! And, afterward, I would be conscience-stricken, and try to patch up things with a smile, just to show that I wasn't such a fuss-budget as I had made myself out to be."

● "WHEN I came to Hollywood, a big new worry entered my life," continued Claudette. "My *face!* It had always stood me in pretty good stead on the stage, but when I saw it for the first time on the screen, I nearly had apoplexy. I was certain that I would *never* have a picture career. My cheekbones were too high, my nose was tiptilted . . . and those two features were the ones that every cameraman dreaded most! I actually cried that night, I was so worried. Mother said, 'Now, what's the use of worrying? It's your face, and you can't change it. Let the photographers worry about finding a way to photograph it!'

"Again I was certain that she didn't understand. She *couldn't* understand what all this meant to me . . . or she wouldn't be so casual about it. So I shared the studio's worries. Eventually things worked out all right, of course; my face problem was conquered.

"But, with that particular headache out of the way, I began to worry about scripts and parts and proper directors—until making a picture was actually an ordeal, instead of the fun it should be. Even then, I never realized how much my worrying was annoying other people, until *It Happened One Night* came along.

● "I REMEMBER that only a few days after we had started the picture, I was voicing my worries about it to Clark Gable. I had my doubts about the script . . . the dialogue was too flip, I [*Continued on page* 73]

Says Claudette: "There is only one worry of which I have never been guilty . . . and that is how I look off the screen." (P. S. Why should she?)

The Grandest Romance Ever Born from the Fire-Dipped Pen of Dumas!

Reckless sons of the flashing blade ride and fight for love again!

WALTER ABEL, dashing young Broadway stage star as D'Artagnan, gay and audacious, as Dumas must have dreamed him! Beloved PAUL LUKAS as Athos, MARGOT GRAHAME, who soared to dramatic heights in the year's most praised picture "The Informer", plays the alluring Milady de Winter together with a superb cast including Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, Onslow Stevens, Rosamond Pinchot, John Qualen, Ralph Forbes and Nigel de Brulier as Richelieu.

Cast to perfection!
Produced with a lavish hand by Cliff Reid.
Fencing arrangements by Fred Cavens.

This month a real thrill comes to the screens of the world as RKO-RADIO gives you one of its finest pictures.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Superbly directed by Rowland V. Lee.

RKO-RADIO PICTURES YOU WILL WANT TO SEE!

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "TOP HAT." Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin . . . . Katharine Hepburn as Booth Tarkington's most loved heroine "Alice Adams". . . . The superb screen play from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel "Jalna". . . . Lionel Barrymore in David Belasco's greatest stage success "The Return of Peter Grimm" and Merian C. Cooper's spectacle drama "The Last Days of Pompeii"

What Every Smart Woman Should Know

DOLORES DEL RIO, who has charm that matches her beauty, makes this provocative statement: "No attractive woman should be conspicuous!"

BY J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

"THIS is my listening room," smiled Dolores Del Rio, as we entered her modernistic living room. "I suppose I have done more good listening here than in any other room of the house. Learning to listen is important, you know. No woman can be conspicuous, if she listens more than she talks."

Dolores is one of Hollywood's most charming women—but far less aggressively so than some of her sensational contemporaries. She does not (and never will) try to startle onlookers with her allure. Artists may pay tribute to her classic loveliness, but she, of all the people in Hollywood, seems least conscious of that fact. She has the inherent good taste of a sensitive sophisticate, who feels that a woman should not ballyhoo her charm, but allow others the pleasure of discovering it for themselves. (If a woman has charm, they *will* discover it.)

Men like that quality in Dolores Del Rio. She attracts them without making any apparent effort to attract. And what are her subtle secrets? What is her "philosophy of charm"? I went to interview her—to find out.

"In the matter of dress," she said, as she sat back gracefully (and few women know how to sit gracefully), "no woman who wishes to be attractive should dress so that she stands out in a crowd. She should avoid too many bright colors, rakish hats, flouncy gowns and novelty gloves. No one part of her ensemble—her dress, her hat or her shoes—should stand out from the others. If she wants to be charming, she should not enter a room in a manner that says, 'See who's here!'"

"I think that the really well-dressed woman is not the one you notice first, but the one you remember longest. I do not believe that many men are attracted to conspicuous women—women who have no glamor of mystery, no poised reserve. They do not rush toward the women whose dresses are the flashiest, whose voices can be heard above all others, and who are constantly saying 'I' or 'my' or 'me.' I'm sure that any man would rather be with a woman whose mannerisms denote quiet good taste, who does not go in for excesses of dress, and who will listen and let him talk about himself occasionally, instead of forcing him to talk about her. He has a way of feeling flattered when such a woman—a woman of subtle feminine graces—likes his company."

● What kind of woman does she think is the saddest victim of that all-too-human

[*Continued on page 62*]

"The really well-dressed woman is not the one you notice first, but the one you remember longest," says Dolores Del Rio. (She is wearing a metal-cloth shirtmaker frock—very chic and tailored)

SHIRLEY Health

If she hadn't been healthy, she would never be the world's most famous child today. And Dr. Russell Sands, who knows, tells what her mother has done for her!

Shirley Temple today—aged six—in *Curly Top*

Mrs. Gertrude Temple

ONCE upon a time, a small miracle was born. Everyone, unless he has been South-Poling with Admiral Byrd during the last year or two, knows that the small miracle who arrived in the Santa Monica Hospital on April 23, 1929, is none other than the dimpled darling of Fox Films—Shirley Temple! There were other details to be noted at the time, such as an elfin face framed by wisps of golden hair revealing a tendency to curl, a mere suggestion of a mouth, and a button of a nose.

Today, aged six, she is the world's most famous little girl—one of the Ten Top Favorites of the world's greatest entertainment medium, the movies—and has just completed her ninth starring picture, *Curly Top*. All at the age of six!

And the root of Shirley's tremendous charm today—her glowing health—leaves nothing to be desired. She is a bit heavier than the average six-year-old, but is as solid as her own box-office appeal. And she is endowed with the sunniest of dispositions—the logical result of fine health in any child.

How Shirley acquired her amazing health and energy, and her sweet, lovable, cheerful disposition makes a story with a theme as old as life itself—the story of mother-love.

But it took even more than this love to accomplish the miracle you see upon the screen today. It was love coupled with a mother's intelligence, and an understanding application of a pattern designed to make a child healthy in body, mind and character.

If Shirley ever voiced anything so unoriginal as a bromide—perish the thought!—she might seriously utter that famous classic, "All that I am I owe to my mother."

● DR. RUSSELL SANDS of Santa Monica, whose life's work revolves about children and their health, has been Shirley's doctor from her infancy. And he lays all the credit for transforming this tiny mite into the robust, rounded, merry *Curly Top* at the feet of Mrs. Gertrude Temple, Shirley's mother.

"Shirley's health is letter-perfect," Dr. Sands told me. "She has a balanced, stable nervous system, a sound body, the sweetest nature imaginable, and an alert mind far beyond a child of her years. Why? Because Mrs. Temple sought advice in building up Shirley, and then adhered rigidly to the routine prescribed. She persisted in following the rules, even in the face of ridicule by other mothers."

The secret of that health program might be briefly summed up in three salient points: 1. Proper diet. 2. Plenty of rest. 3. Supervision of character-building habits.

But before going into this, I want to let you in on another secret. The charming friendship existing between this favorite actress of millions and the eminent child specialist is one of the most interesting things of which I know.

In the first place, Dr. Sands pretends to be serious in his remark that Shirley is just another patient to him. Without her glamor, he says, she would be the typical little American girl. But give him half a chance, and he will tell you about her lovable nature, her unusual intelligence, her amazing personality, and so on, just as if he were her press-agent!

And does Dr. Sands wax indignant about any suggestion that she will ever be "spoiled"! Not that I *have* suggested such a thing—I know Shirley better than that. But just watch your step, if you commit such a *faux pas* in his presence!

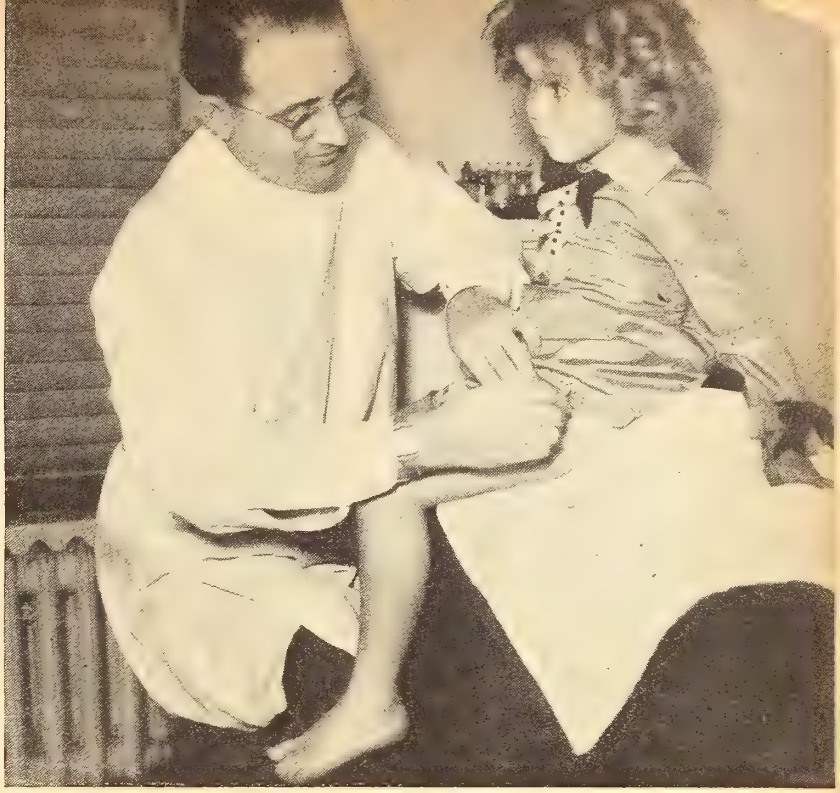
TEMPLE'S Secrets

BY ANNE ELLIS MEYERS

● AS FOR Shirley, she thinks the tall, good-looking, pleasant doctor is O.K., thank you. They get along splendidly together. I saw her in his office recently, an edifying picture of what the well-dressed young miss is wearing this season. A double-breasted blue coat revealed a glimpse of a blue-and-white checked frock, and a bewitching blue bonnet covered her curls. She dashed across the room and embraced the doctor in a big bear hug. There were several friends of Dr. Sands present, and she was introduced to them.

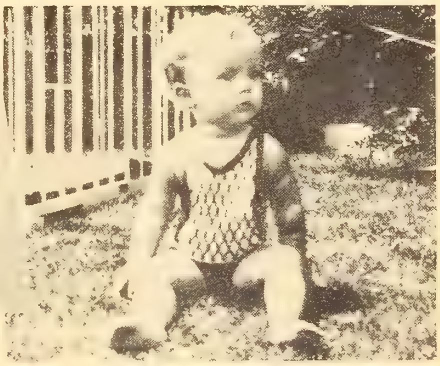
"How d'you do, Mr. So-and-So," she said to each in turn, repeating every name correctly.

The social amenities over, Miss Curly Top turned her attention to the toys in the reception room. Tucking a lavender-colored woolly dog under her arm, she obediently followed her mother into the doctor's private office. Another child might tremble at this point, but Shirley has no fear. Everything is fun to her—the shiny white table, the instruments, the bottles in the cabinet. She refuses to be awed by the doctor, addresses him formally [*Continued on page* 64]



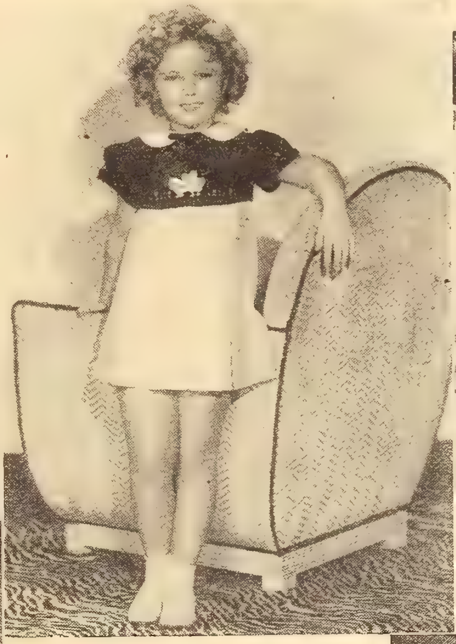
Dr. Russell Sands, her lifelong friend, vaccinates the inimitable Shirley

Aged two years



Shirley at eight months

Shirley wears white crepe, with organdie shoulder pleats



And white crepe, with a black velvet capelet

And a yellow silk crepe, designed by René Hubert

Hurrell

There's *Only One* JOAN!

Joan Crawford has been accused of trying to be a hundred different people. But she doesn't deserve the accusation any more than you do!

By S. R. Mook

SOMEONE always seems to be discovering "a new Joan Crawford"—a "different Joan"—a "more worldly Joan." I'm sick of it. I haven't seen any weird, fantastic collection of different Joans. I have seen a changed Joan, yes. But I have been changing, myself. So have you. If the years brought no changes in us—changes for the better—we would consider them wasted. And Joan has done anything but waste the few brief years that she has been in Hollywood!

But these stories about a hundred "different" Joans have finally reached such proportions that movie-goers now are shrieking, "Please! Not *another* Joan!" The stories have reached such proportions that it's time we heard from the person most intimately concerned—Joan, herself.

"Joan," I asked, point-blank, "don't you ever resent it when you read all this twaddle about 'new Joans'? Doesn't it annoy you when you read that 'our Joan has gone grand on us'?"

She gave what sounded amazingly like a snort. "There aren't any new Joans," she informed me, incisively. "I haven't gone grand. Look! Take any girl, or any group of girls. When they are in high school or college, life means little to them except dancing every night. All they want is excitement. They want to be on the go all the time. But after a few years, that sort of existence begins to pall. They start looking around for other pleasures, other activities.

"I was no different from any of those other girls. I had worked hard ever since I could remember. When I first came to Hollywood, I lived in a little two-by-four room. I didn't know anyone at the studio, and no one knew me. I was young, full of life, and with nowhere to go and no way to let off excess steam.

"As I began to get acquainted, and various lads wanted to take me dancing, it was as natural for me to go as for any other girl in any other walk of life. I was no older than any member of an average group of college girls. Also, don't forget that I had never had the time or the opportunity for playing before. But as time went on, I grew tired of dancing—just as any other girl would have if she had danced as much as I had.

"Let's still use that group of girls as an example," continued Joan. "After they tire of dancing, they marry and settle down. So [*Continued on page* 75]

Exclusive to
MOVIE CLASSIC!

GARBO Talks —for Publication

Garbo to Sweden: "Well, here I am now—wild and uncombed"

It has been years since you have read a Garbo interview. But here is one—authentic, dramatic, straight from Sweden!

BY GUNILLA BJELKE

EVERYBODY in Gothenburg, Sweden, knew that Greta Garbo was on board the Swedish liner, *Kungsholm,* which was slowly moving into its home port. Everybody in Gothenburg was there to see the ship dock. But would anyone actually see Garbo? Or would she be smuggled ashore in a packing case—or go ashore dressed as an old man—or perhaps be spirited away by the boatload of optimistic reporters that had gone out to meet the ship—or some other fast motor-boat? Or was she actually going to come down the gangplank like any other mortal, to greet—and be greeted by—her admiring fellow-countrymen?

Out on the little press boat, the newspaper people—a couple of them from as far away as Greece—were wondering if she would escape them, as she had escaped reporters in New York, and not grant them an interview. Being one among them, I must admit that I was uneasy, too, having flown from Stockholm to Gothenburg for the sole purpose of seeing Garbo.

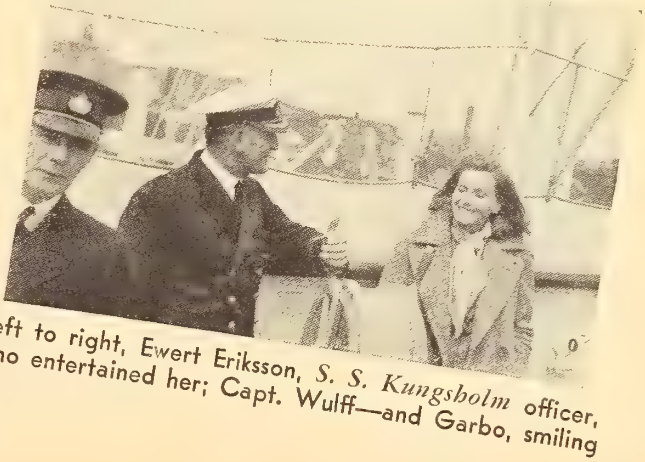
At the top of the staircase leading up the ship's side, we were greeted cordially by Captain Wulff, himself, who escorted us to the ship's library. He urged us to sit down and wait. "She will see you," he said reassuringly—and disappeared. Minutes ticked past, and nothing happened.

Finally, we had been waiting for a full half-hour—and the ship was drawing near the pier. Had we been fooled into coming in off the deck, so that she could escape? The news photographers re-arranged their cameras, examing their lights, to make sure that everything was ready, in case Garbo should appear and disappear suddenly. I personally had been accompanied by the photographer, Paul Melander. But since we had stepped on the boat, he had mysteriously disappeared. I couldn't go looking for him now. And I had no way of knowing that I was to have good news from him later. . .

We had waited three-quarters of an hour when a most irritated gentleman, faintly reminiscent of Mussolini, entered. He took charge of the whole gathering, treating us all as if we were his employees. Which made us highly amused. Who was the man? Nobody knew. And cared less—after a while. He undoubtedly had Greta Garbo's welfare on his mind—most likely unasked for, we gathered. Extremely annoyed at us, he told the calm photogra-

[*Continued on page 77*]

Photos from Ahlen & Akerlunds



Left to right, Ewert Eriksson, *S. S. Kungsholm* officer, who entertained her; Capt. Wulff—and Garbo, smiling

CHAPLIN—in Quest of Love

All his life, the genius of mirth has been seeking an ideal love. And all he ever found was heartache—until he met Paulette Goddard

BY DELL HOGARTH

"HIS weakness is women." So said a producer and a director, standing on the sidelines at the old Mack Sennett comedy studios in Hollywood, watching the little comedian shuffle through his inimitable antics. The verdict was pronounced lugubriously. Charlie Chaplin had just skyrocketed into fame as one of the greatest box-office draws in the struggling movie industry. Now, starting a new two-reeler, he was showering attentions upon his new leading lady as soon as he stepped off the set. This weakness, they agreed, would get him. He would make a meteoric flash and then, shorn of creative powers by some lovely pair of hands, sizzle out to oblivion.

If these gentlemen could have foreseen the host of beautiful and illustrious women who would weave a bright pattern of his emotional life, they would have thrown up their hands in disbelief.

For they *were* wrong, these gentlemen. Women are *not* Chaplin's weakness. They are his strength. Love is the life-blood of his creativeness as an artist. His every picture has been inspired by some woman, and his every effort has been a tribute to an adored one. But, contrary to popular belief, he has not been emotionally involved with all of his leading ladies.

Edna Purviance, of *The Gold Rush* and *A Woman of Paris* fame, occupies a unique position in his life. And so does Paulette Goddard, his leading lady in his latest picture, *Modern Times*. Of these, and his two child-wives, we shall speak later. But Merna Kennedy, Virginia Cherrill, and Georgia Hale were merely actresses as far as Chaplin was concerned. Pola Negri—to whom he was once reported engaged—may have meant a little more. She never appeared with him on the screen.

But this is the important truth to know about the great comedian, the only comedian ever to be called "a genius": The love of some inspirational woman is more vital to him than breath, for without such love, he holds life to be nothing, and not worth living.

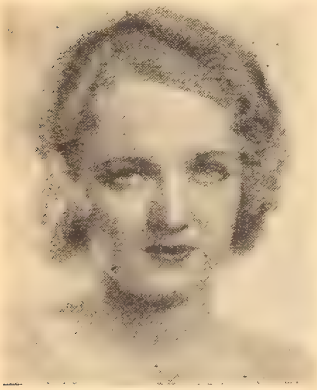
● IT WAS nothing, to this sad-eyed Pagliacci, not so long ago. He had reached an emotional abyss in which life held no gifts that could stir his desire to go on living. "Living," he confided bitterly at the time, "has become no more than a habit."

He had just returned from his triumphal trip around the world. He was still to meet Paulette Goddard. He was tired of wealth and fame and love. He was surfeited with them all. He was aching from ennui. But one tiny flame still fluttered feebly within him, beckoning onward.

He wanted to live in his youth again, he wrote, hoping "to capture the moods and sensations of childhood," so remote from him then, and unreal, almost like a dream. He wanted to turn back the clock of the years, to venture into the blurred past and bring it into focus.

And the fountain of youth, Chaplin was wise enough to know, is to be found in the heart.

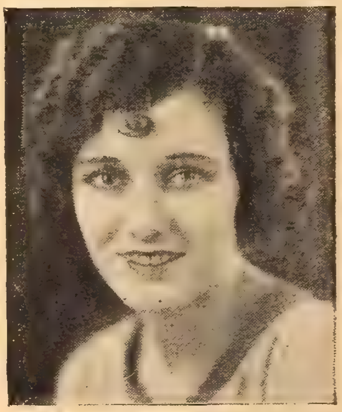
Since those melancholy days when he had propped his tired elbows on the window-sill of a workhouse orphanage in London to gaze longing- [*Continued on page* 84]



Virginia Cherrill

Pola Negri

Edna Purviance



Georgia Hale

Charlie Chaplin knew little affection as a child. And so, sensitive dreamer that he was, he imagined an ideal love that should make up for all he had missed. The constant heartache of the search for this ideal has given him that wistful quality. . . .

"The cleverest girl I have ever known," Chaplin called Paulette Goddard two years ago. He was not exaggerating

Wide World

Lita Grey bore Chaplin two sons—Charles, Jr., and Sidney—with whom he spends every weekend. But differences in temperament parted Charlie and Lita

Mildred Harris' beauty appealed to the artist in Chaplin. But, little more than a child then, she could not keep pace with his feverish mind

The *"Dinner-for-Eight-on-$3"* Club

Four members of Hollywood's smart younger set start something new in depression dining. It's fun—and practical!

By Kay Osborn

"THE Junior League might get away with a thing like that," said Patricia Ellis, doubtfully, "but could *we?* You can practise any kind of economy in the name of Charity or Society, but remember we're only picture players, and the public supposes we have a lot of money, even if we haven't . . . and if we give a dinner that costs as little as three or four dollars, won't people think we've gone stingy? Honest, Paula, I don't think it will work!"

Patricia Ellis and Paula Stone, movie newcomer and daughter of famed Fred Stone, were discussing the problem of entertaining their "set" . . . and how to do it on the least possible amount of money. Their "set," in case you aren't up on Hollywood's younger generation, includes Anita Louise and Tom Brown, Helen Mack and her new husband, Charles Erwin, and Henry Willson and Ben Alexander, who keep Pat and Paula, respectively, from being lonely in the big movie city.

You see, the boys in the group had trotted them around to the Trocadero and other night spots time and time again, and now they felt they should do something to repay them a little . . . but what, and *on* what? That was their problem. (And doesn't it sound very familiar to you?)

● "I KNOW!" said Paula, suddenly inspired. "We could make a club out of it. And we could put a little competition into it, too, just to add fun and suspense. I could give a dinner for the eight of us . . . then you could give one next week . . . Helen (Mack) could be next in line, and then Anita could have her turn. Each of us would be required to plan our menu to cost less than three dollars. That will take a lot of ingenuity . . . and each hostess will have to put her itemized budget right on the table, so that there will be no chance to cheat. And then at the end of the four dinners, we can vote which dinner was the best, and the winning hostess can get a prize or a medal or something. How does that sound?"

"Let's ask Helen if she thinks it can be done," suggested Pat, reaching for the phone. "She's the only housewife

[*Continued on page* 88]

Anita Louise (left) and Paula Stone and Patricia Ellis (below) are three of the girls who served complete dinners on $3 apiece. So could you!

Helen Mack said it could be done

Are You Up-to-date about Helen Vinson?

The tall, poised Southern girl is the very newest international star. And fascinating from any angle!

By Valerie Gay

WHEN Helen Vinson, then in her teens, walked into dress shops in her hometown of Houston, Texas, she never dreamed that, in a very few years, her taste in clothes would be world-famous.

When she finished at the University of Texas, where she was known as "the campus menace," and started on the stage in romantic rôles, she never dreamed that world audiences would become Vinson-conscious by her expert playing of unsympathetic "other women" parts.

When she first left Broadway for Hollywood, she never dreamed that she would attain stardom six thousand miles from Hollywood—in a British picture. And in a romantic rôle.

And when she played her first game of tennis, she never dreamed that one day she would interest (romantically) the world's greatest tennis player—who is none other than tall, smiling, colorful Fred Perry of London, England.

All of which gives Helen the impression that practically *anything* can happen in this life that we are all living!

● SHE was born Helen Rulfs, the daughter of a well-to-do Texas oil man, and grew up to be five feet, six inches tall without benefit of high heels. Moreover, she grew up with a Southern accent. At first, both her height and the soft Southern slurring of words seemed like possible handicaps on the stage. That was why, for a while, she became a professional model.

But elocution lessons lessened the accent, and her poise made her height a distinct asset, not a liability. She proved that the tall girl could be graceful and charming without being statuesque. She had glamor. She had charm. She had intelligence. She was human and understandable and likeable—*even when the script writers made her appear a super-menace!*

In other words, Helen has won public approval the hard way. She has taken the thankless rôles and turned them to her advantage. She has refused to be tied down to any one studio—so that no one studio has felt the necessity of "building up" her standing as an actress, as a personality, or as a woman who dresses beautifully. She has earned every bit of her reputation.

And it has not gone to her brownish-blonde head; nor is there any fleck of egotism in her brown eyes. Whatever praise may come her way, she takes in stride—with a smile about the possible impermanence of it. She is a firm believer in the old

[*Continued on page* 66]

Helen Vinson has won a reputation as one of the world's best-dressed women. This black net and satin, with a sari cape, is a Molyneux creation

Colorful Women—*and*

By Selena Morrison

DO YOU remember the excitement you felt when *Anna Christie* came to your theatre and you first read those magic words, "Garbo TALKS"?

But 1935 has brought you a new "high" in movie thrills. You have met that vivacious vixen, *Becky Sharp*. You have seen something more than shadows on the "shadow screen"; you have seen a woman in natural, lifelike color—a woman whose expressive eyes are blue, whose ash-blonde hair catches and reflects the glory of a sunny day, whose lips, trembling in fright and ecstasy, are red lips!

To Rouben Mamoulian, orange-yellow expresses the personality of Miriam Hopkins

Becky Sharp will paint Hollywood red! And she won't stop there! Yellow, blue, orchid, green, magenta, brown, pink, tan, orange, purple, cerise, crimson . . . . . Just name your favorite hue and *voilá!* there it will be!

But stop a moment.

What are color films going to do to *your* favorite star, and mine? Miriam Hopkins, who played *Becky*, may be "just the type," but what of Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Katharine Hepburn? What of Garbo? What of the others?

The more I asked myself these questions, the more determined I became to know the answers. *All* the answers—and the right ones. Who could tell me?

Rouben Mamoulian, of course! The man who directed *Becky Sharp* for Pioneer Pictures—and the only man, incidentally, who has directed the three leading glamor queens from abroad: Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, and Garbo.

● I FOUND him charming and as eager to talk about color as we are to learn its possibilities.

"Set all your fears at rest," he told me. "Color on the screen will enrich every face—it doesn't matter whose—because it will make every player's individuality, or glamor more pronounced. The color of the complexion, the hair, the eyes will accentuate the features, making each face more individual than it has been up to now, and adding to the variety of faces on the screen.

"Let me put it this way," Mamoulian offered. "There is a saying that 'at night all cats are gray.' So are humans in the color-blind eye of the black-and-white camera. They are all reduced to gray, which becomes the Common Denominator as it were.

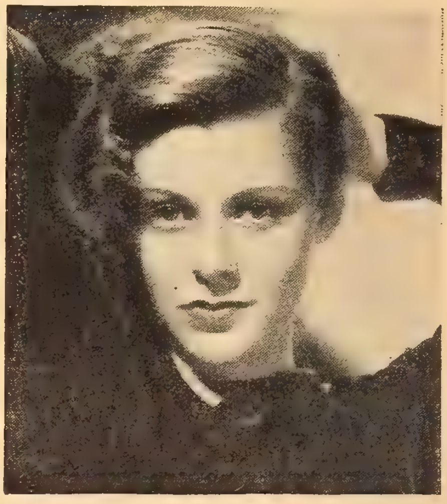
"Then," he suggested, "consider the same man or woman in the color scheme of things. Hair, complexion, and eyes are brought to life and animated. So color makes for greater individuality, for greater expression of personality."

"Just how," I asked, "would you go about selecting a blonde or a brunette for a part?"

"I'm glad you brought that up," the director answered quickly, "for that is just the point! You *won't* select a 'blonde' or a 'brunette' in the new color era, although I'll grant you that we used to do just that. You will select individual beauties individually! Formerly, if the heroine were a brunette, then the ingénue would inevitably be a blonde—'for contrast.' In Hollywood the blondes had to become even *blonder* blondes, and the in-between shades had to become darker, so that their outstanding values would photograph dramatically. Finally, the monotonous sameness of shades has become very dull and uninteresting."

To color-conscious Mr. Mamoulian, Marion Davies suggests sky-blue

Marlene Dietrich—exotic, remote, regal—suggests light purple



Frances Dee—alert, modern, sensitive—suggests clear blue

You!

Do you have a vivid personality? Wear the right colors and no one can miss it! . . . Movie stars will soon be showing you how, predicts Rouben Mamoulian, who directed "Becky Sharp"

Rouben Mamoulian should know what color can do—after directing *Becky Sharp*

● "BUT, before long," he continued, "women on the screen will cease to fall into merely *two* categories. There will be platinum blondes, ash blondes, golden blondes, auburn, titian, chestnut, light brown, dark brown, blue-black and iron grays. Coupled with these variations, consider pale blue, gray, hazel, light brown, dark brown, dark blue, black, violet and green eyes! And, with these infinite possibilities for fascinating contrast, consider the added lure of complexions ranging from alabaster through fine golds to pinks and olive. Color, through these various avenues of expression—eyes, hair, skin—will give new values to every screen face. No longer will we judge beauty only by the contour of a face; color will count, too—as it does in real life.

"Color, we must always realize, is not superficial. It is not adornment, as a dress worn for an occasion, but is properly a part of the physical make-up of any person, male or female!

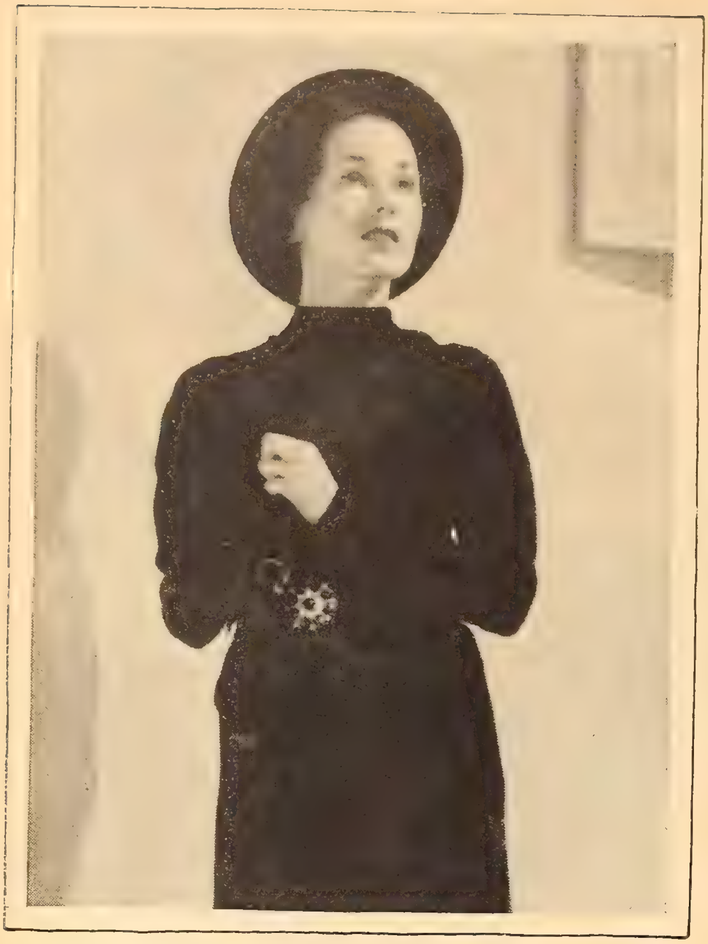
"And here is another thought: in every picture in the not-far-distant future, color should emphasize all of the story's dramatic significance, for color is a great and powerful factor in life itself. From time immemorial, colors in infinite variety have provoked a variety of different emotions in us. Smart women select their colors carefully to dramatize their beauty, their personalities, to the fullest. Just so, Hollywood will heighten the drama of a story by the careful selection of colors to illustrate it.

"All combinations of color in harmony and [*Continued on page* 70]

Ginger Rogers—impulsive, athletic, sunny—brings to mind warm yellow

Irene Dunne—serene and poised, with quiet charm—suggests blue-green

Mae West—daring, provocative, keen-witted—could wear orange-red



As new as tomorrow is Maureen O'Sullivan's utterly smart outfit. There is chic in her halo hat, and the high draped neckline and charming simplicity of her black dress are Very Autumn 1935

Fashion Foreword

BY GWEN DEW

HELLO, Autumn . . . Here so soon? . . . As much as we love summer, we *have* been looking forward to our "dressed-up" date with you and trying on all those new clothes you're bringing us from Hollywood and Paris and New York . . . O, we know all about them! Our spies have been peeking in the packages—and they've seen a whole world of new things . . . Subtly flattering, utterly chic, gaily-colored things . . . And all for us!

Becky Sharp wasn't any more colorful than we'll be when you arrive . . . That grand new shade of "pottery rust" fascinates us . . . and purple in woolen dresses . . . blue and red together . . . all those lovely new "Zinnia" colors, ranging from amber to copper, but always with a "Zinnia" glow . . . rich Renaissance blue . . . honey-colored neckwear for black dresses . . . and black with white trimmings for silk dresses and for coats.

● AND this "Renaissance trend" intrigues us. So much so that we've checked into it and found a fascinating story . . . All about an exposition of Italian Renaissance art in the Petit Palais in Paris that inspired fashion creators to adapt Renaissance styles to modern times and bring a brilliant new theme into 1935 fashions . . . In a painting by Raphael, for example was a striped, off-the-face turban—and soon it will be in every millinery store in America, too! Botticelli's *Madonna of the Pomegranate* inspired the new aureole hats. Titian's painting of the Doges is responsible, all these hundreds of years later, for hats low in front, high in back.

So, because all of these glorious paintings were shown in Paris a few months, Renaissance styles will hold full sway in our new clothes. They're romantic-looking . . . their lines are flattering . . . and the materials for evening will swish and swirl around our feet, while we become delicately feminine. Yes, even intriguingly feminine.

And there will be draped effects, even in daytime things . . . in capes, pockets, sleeves, and bodices. And we are looking forward to those new tunic dresses. They're becoming to almost all figures. And plain high necklines, draped to give fulness and grace, are very enchanting to wear, and very, very smart!

Our spies have told us, too, about the fabric contrasts in the new dresses—such as velvet combined with crêpe, crêpe with satin, and wool with velvet. This has been a year of contrasts—in colors, in fabrics, in details of ensembles. So why shouldn't the "contrast" cavalcade continue? Particularly when the trimmings for the new fabric combinations will include soutache, ciré and rat-tail.

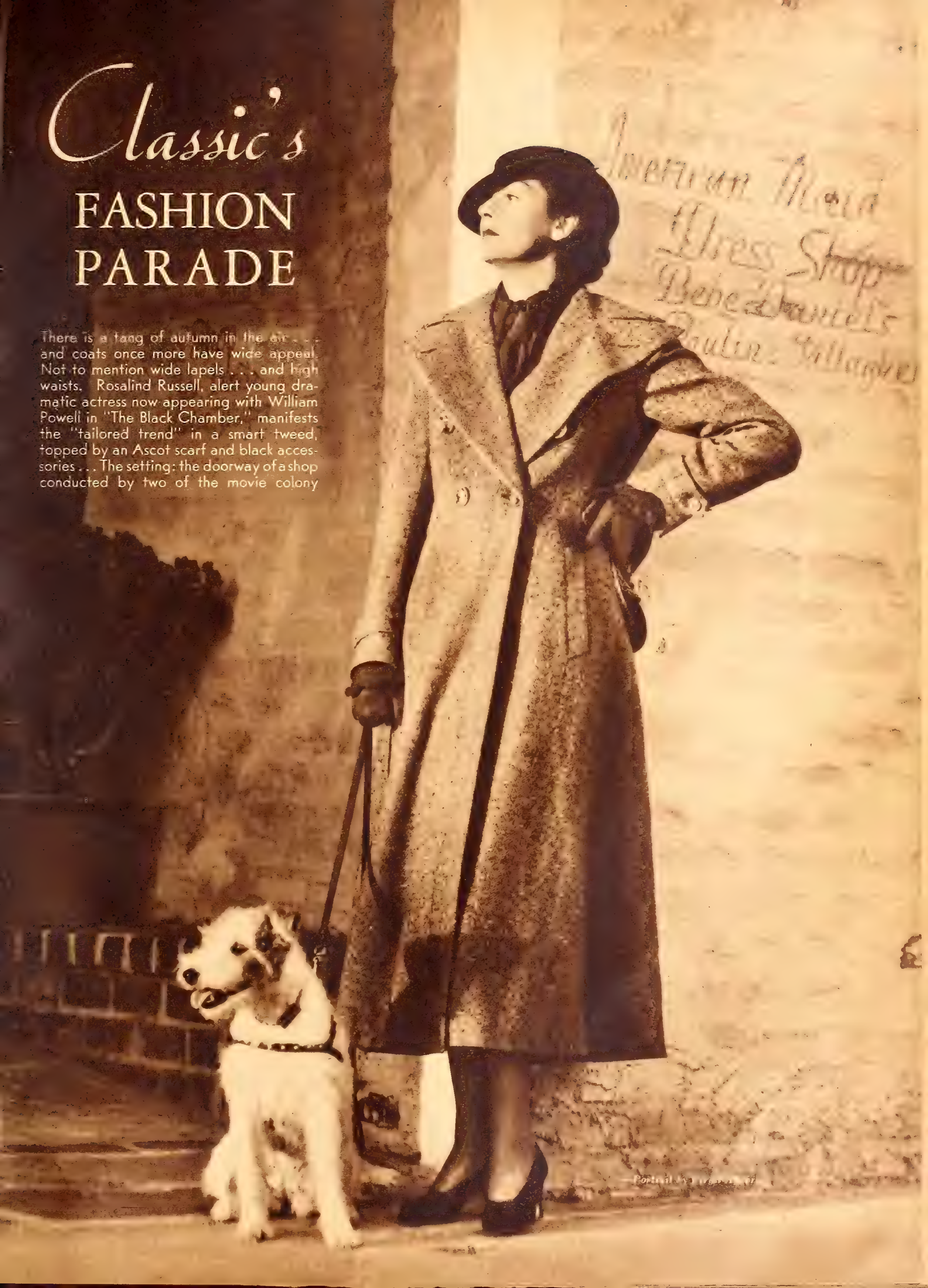
[Continued on page 81]

Highlights

● Clothes will take on the soft, warm vividness of "Zinnia" colors. ● Romance will enter our lives with the glorious Renaissance fashions. ● Wardrobes will be doubled, simply by acquiring smart jacket costumes. ● Skirts will inch up on us. ● Tams will give us Latin Quartier "atmosphere." ● And figures will be glorified by intriguing draperies and slender lines.

Classic's FASHION PARADE

There is a tang of autumn in the air . . . and coats once more have wide appeal. Not to mention wide lapels . . . and high waists. Rosalind Russell, alert young dramatic actress now appearing with William Powell in "The Black Chamber," manifests the "tailored trend" in a smart tweed, topped by an Ascot scarf and black accessories . . . The setting: the doorway of a shop conducted by two of the movie colony



Portrait by [illegible]

If you want to look

Just follow the lead of pert Ann Sothern

By GERTRUDE HILL

"A smart suit is important." Left, Ann's unusual one

IF YOU were a cuddly, baby-doll type of girl, and you very much wanted to look sophisticated, how would you go about it? That was the problem Ann Sothern faced when she first went to Hollywood six years ago.

If ever there was an ingenuous ingénue, eighteen-year-old Ann was it. Soft curly hair (medium-brown), a round little face, big eyes and a pouting mouth—Ann had them all. A cute little trick she was, a bit of very feminine fluff.

But no one takes an ingénue seriously. Her rôle in life is to provide a pretty interlude of romance with the juvenile. She misses out on all the big dramatic scenes; she never is allowed tense moments; no audiences sob and sigh and thrill with her emotional cadences. To be frank, she lacks distinction.

And in order to get anywhere in Hollywood, or even in Snoqualmie, Washington, you must have distinction! So young Ann laid her plans. From a peaches-and-cream ingénue she would evolve into a champagne-and-caviar sort of girl!

She had much to learn, and much to overcome. But today there is no question as to the Sothern *chic,* her languid poise, or her smartly sophisticated manner.

A black skirt, silver-cloth shirt, and caracul cape

Sophisticated . . .

—who refused to be a baby-doll type any longer!

- Ann began her re-characterization with her personal appearance, guided by the direct supervision of the late great glorifier, Florenz Ziegfeld, to whom she was under contract. He told her to lighten her brown hair to a cornsilk yellow. She trained her eyebrows to be questioning, slightly supercilious arches. She brushed the curls away from her face and cultivated a sleek hairline. She was no longer the girl on the candy box; she was smart, assured, and ready for the next step in her transition to a sophisticated lady.

"After I had done as much as I could to overcome the babyishness of my face, I started in on my clothes," Ann told me. "Fortunately, I didn't have to do anything to my figure." (I glanced upon the luncheon table set up in Ann's dressing-room between morning and afternoon scenes of *The Girl Friend*. Salmon loaf *en casserole*, crackers, tomato and cucumber salad, black coffee. No sugar, cream or butter, but a generous portion of very rich cheese pie for dessert. If she diets to maintain that figure, she must do it on off-days. But why should dieting be necessary, when a girl is naturally small and dainty?)

"Sophistication," she continued, "really means a chic simplicity. So I discarded everything that was fussy and loaded down with doodads. In place of them, I chose clothes that were svelte, individual, and cleverly designed. The aim of the sophisticate is to be noted for her distinction and good taste rather than to be startling or bizarre.

"I still select my wardrobe according to the rules of my original schedule. The guiding principles are simple and almost any girl can follow them with success. In the first place, I buy a few clothes every season, and I never carry one season's gowns over into the next. I dislike to wear one dress too many times, and besides, it is poor business to do so if you can possibly avoid it. You become associated with that one costume, and you [*Continued on page 76*]

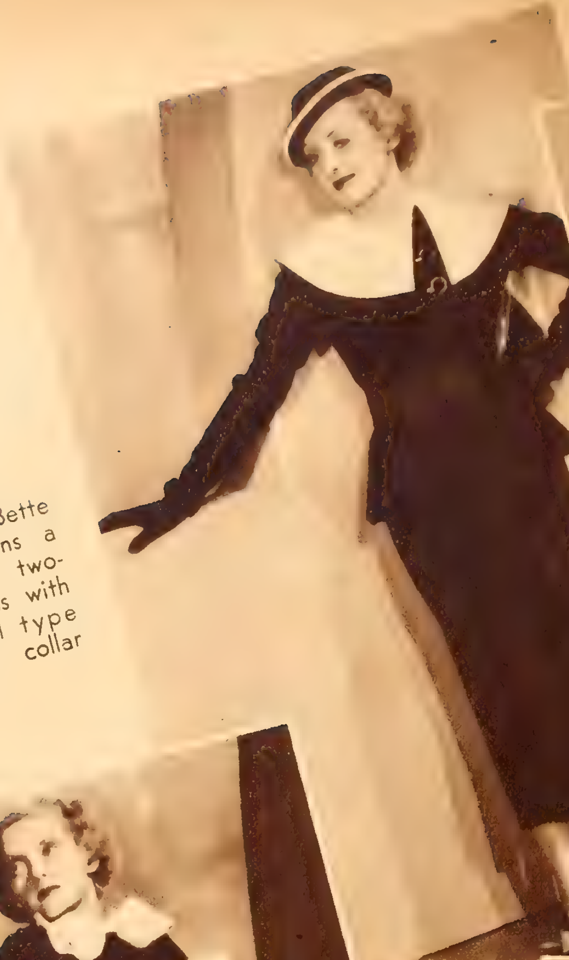
Novel necklines help. Left, ruffled revers with rick-rack trim

Distinction counts. Right Ann's soufflé dinner gown

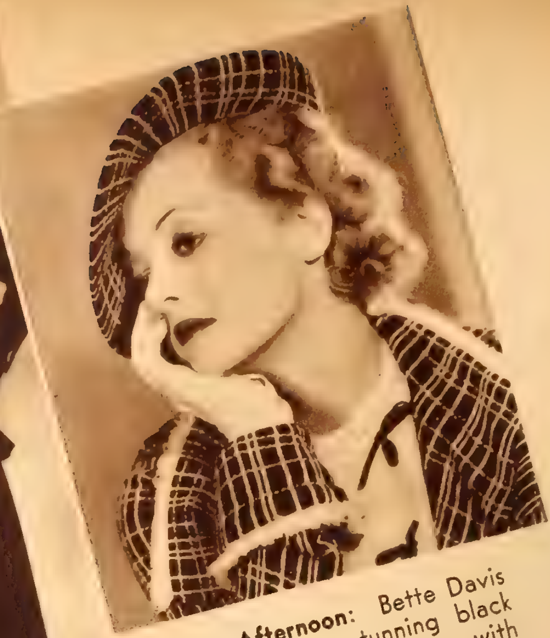
All portraits by Irving Lippman

Near left, Ann proves that simplicity is smart

Far left, Ann introduces the new shirred capelet

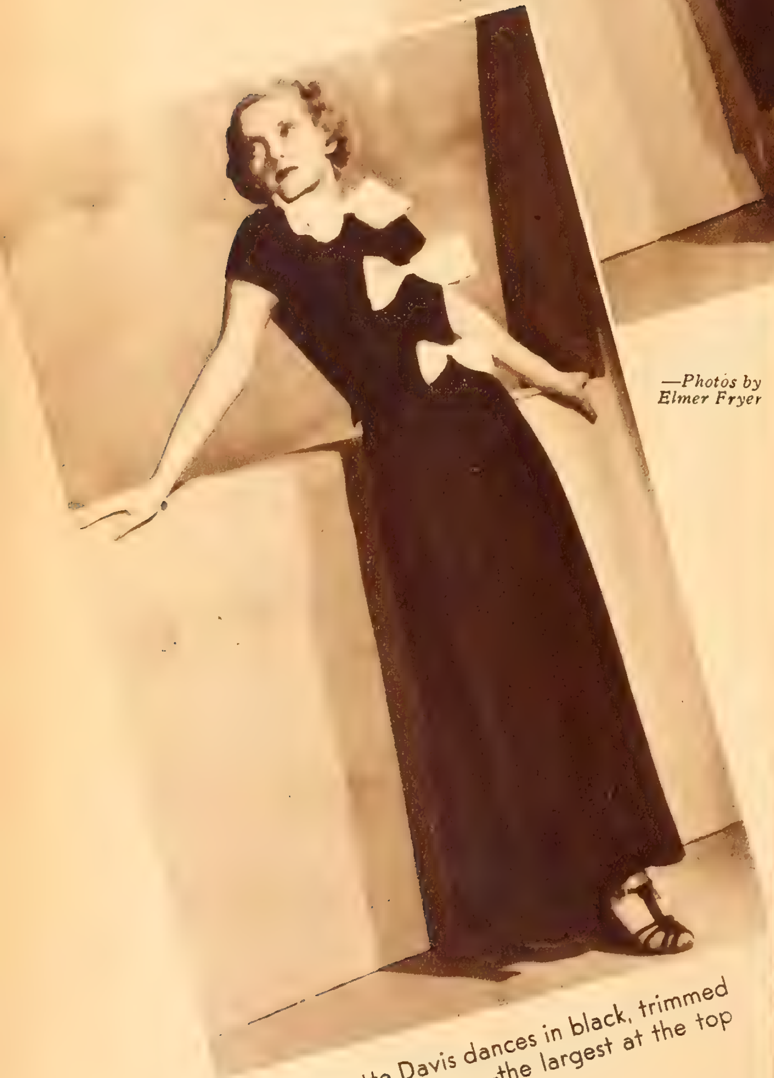


Morning: Bette Davis dons a black wool two-piece dress with medieval type of white collar



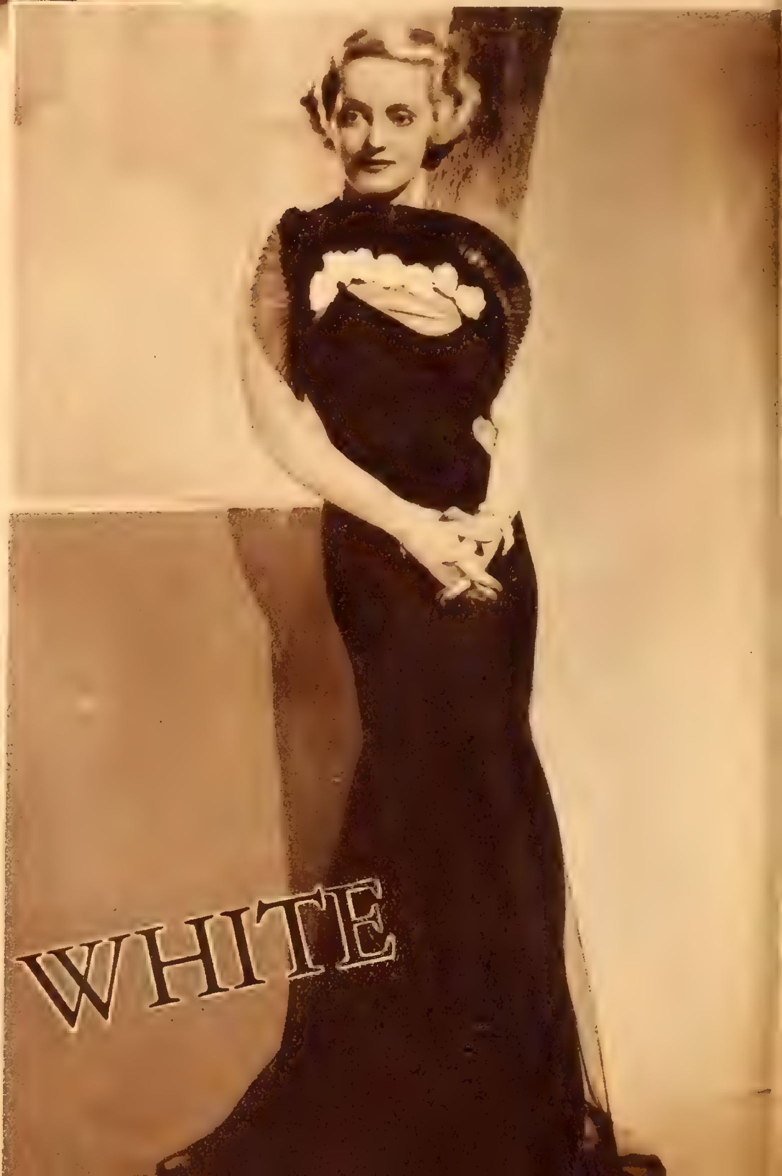
Afternoon: Bette Davis wears a stunning black and white coat, with a matching cloth hat

Evening: Bette Davis rustles—and is chic—in crisp black net over taffeta, its novel neckline trimmed with flowers



Teatime: Bette Davis dances in black, trimmed with three saucy bows—the largest at the top

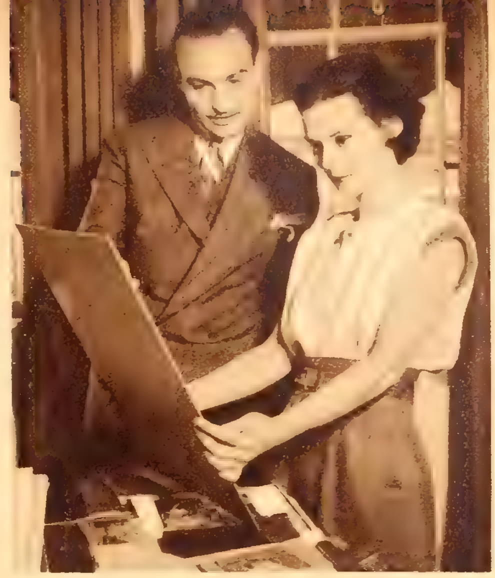
—Photos by Elmer Fryer



Here's the story in BLACK and WHITE

Evolution of a Dress

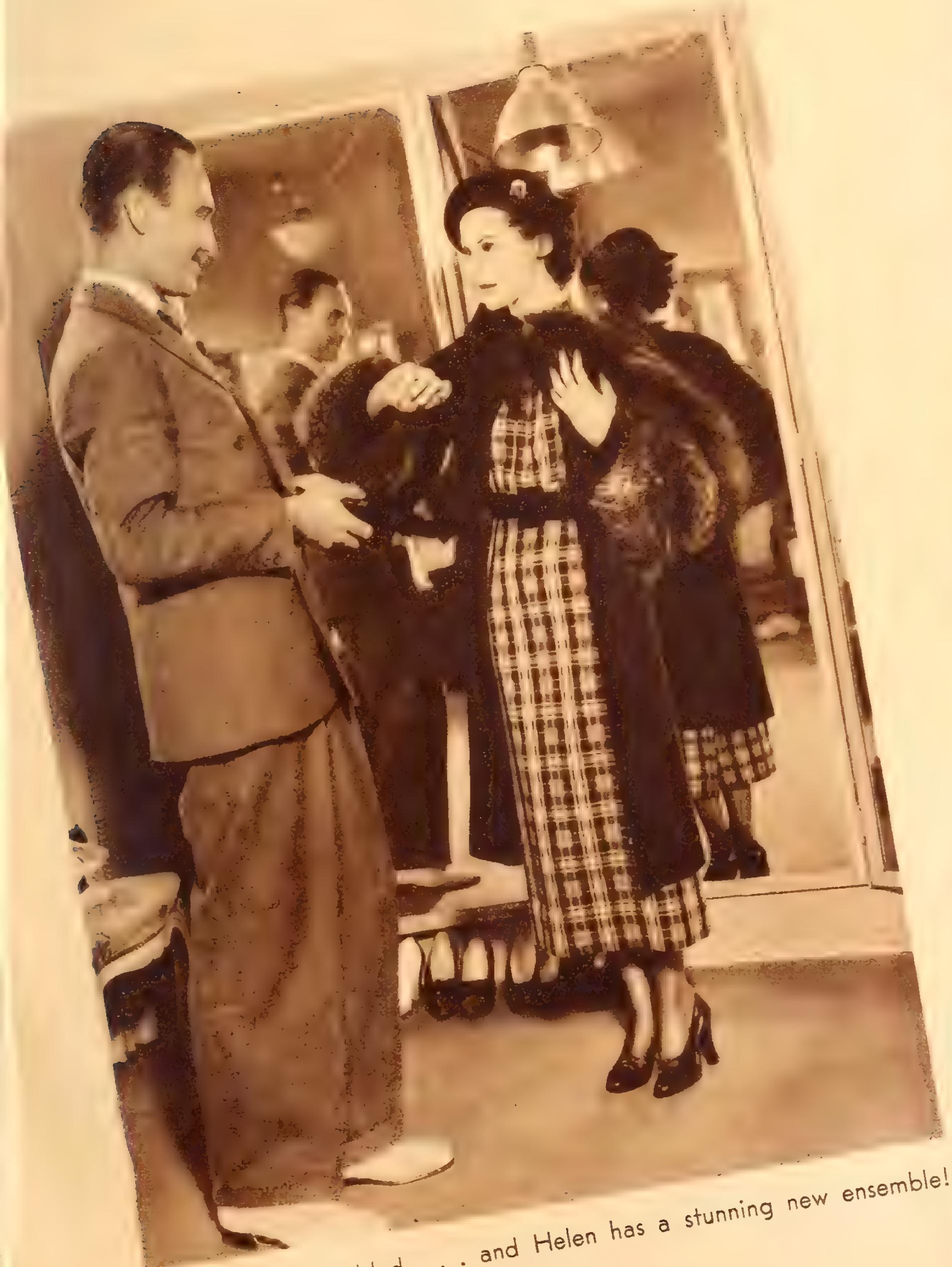
Here's how a movie dress is born—to be correct in style, suited to the actress, and easy to photograph. There are five major steps in the evolving of an ensemble, which Walter Plunkett, RKO designer, and Helen Mack, now in "The Return of Peter Grimm," illustrate



1. Stylist Walter Plunkett shows Helen Mack his design for a new dress

2. The designer and his fitter, Marie Ree, measure material for pattern

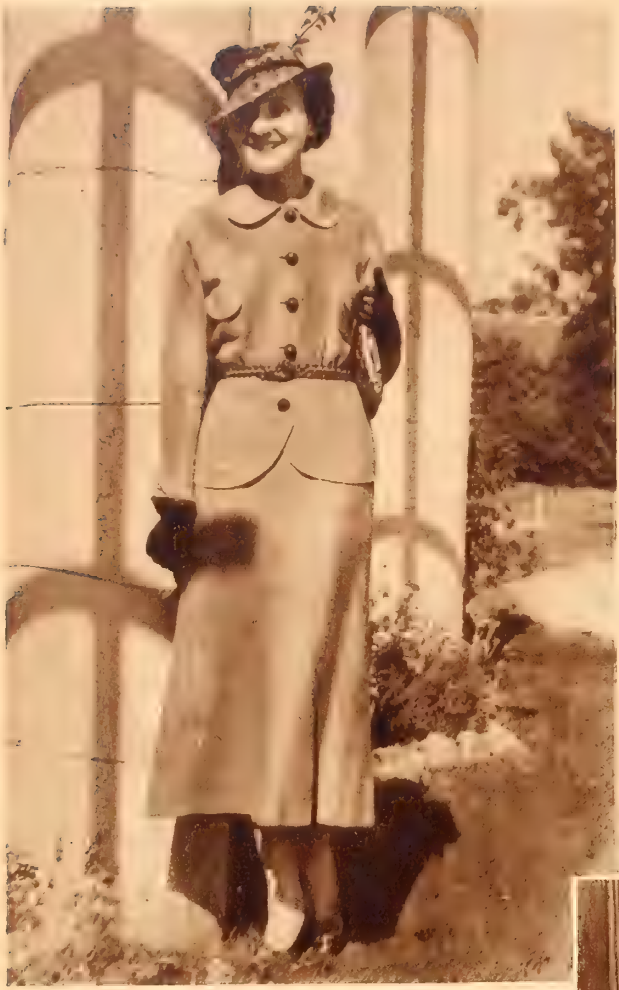
3. Fitter and designer fit the dress on a form the same size as player



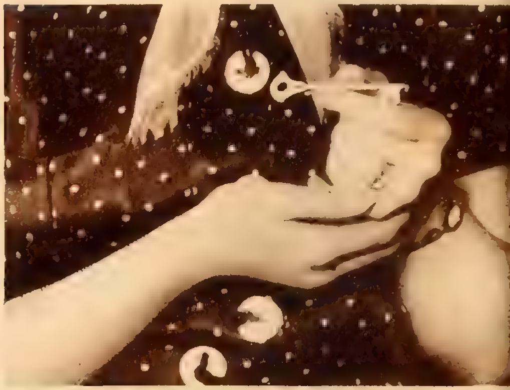
5. Accessories are added . . . and Helen has a stunning new ensemble!

4. Miss Mack tries on dress, plus coat—which gets finishing touch

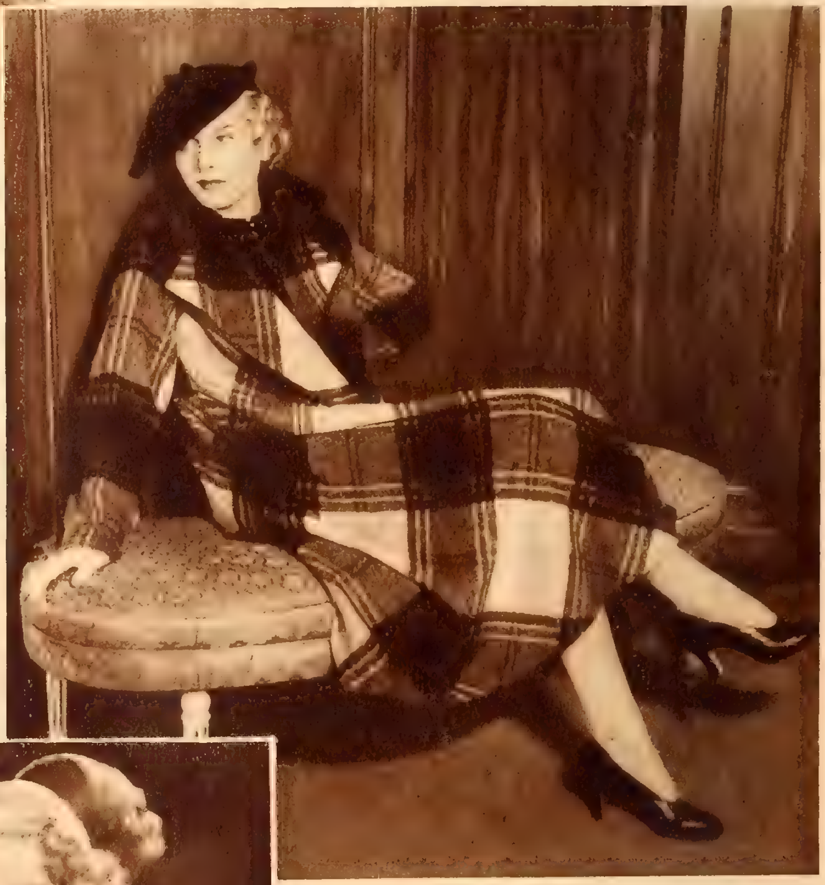
Accessories That Are *Successories*



Hats of novelty printed material, with bags to match . . . watch for these this autumn. June Clayworth's wool frock is of Chinese red. The buttons and braided belt are "electric blue"

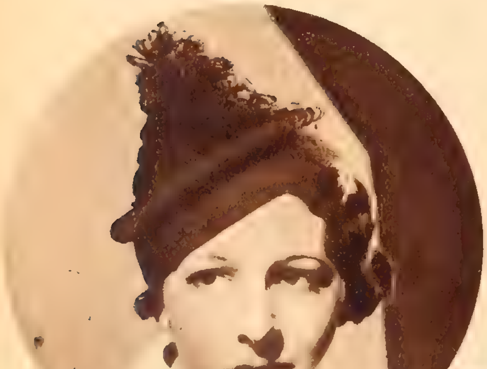


The hands and the key belong to Virginia Bruce . . . who has made a part-time accessory (a scarf pin) out of her dressing-room door key



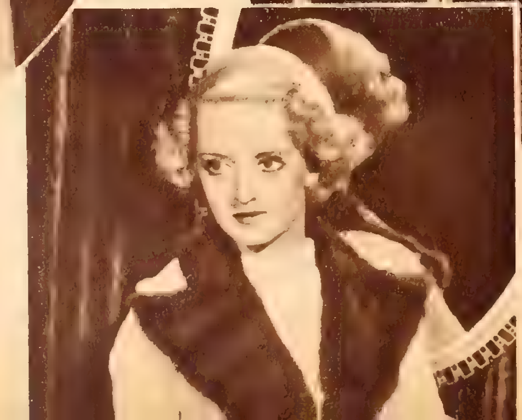
—Rhodes

Berets will be more popular than ever this fall. Esther Ralston wears one of felt, leather-trimmed, with her plaid swagger coat



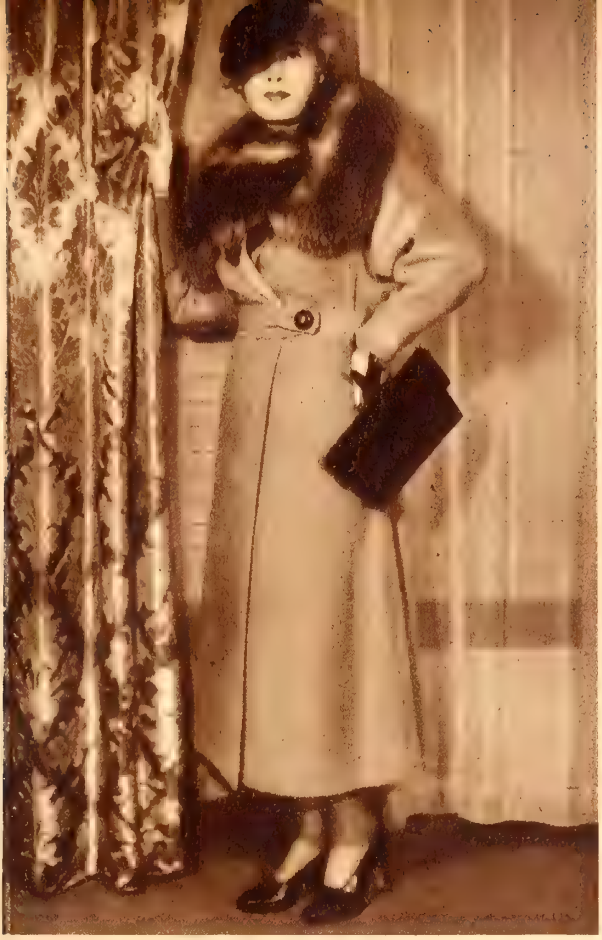
© G-B

Ostrich feathers and braided felt combine to make a Pierrot hat . . . an English fashion tip given us by pert Pamela Ostrer



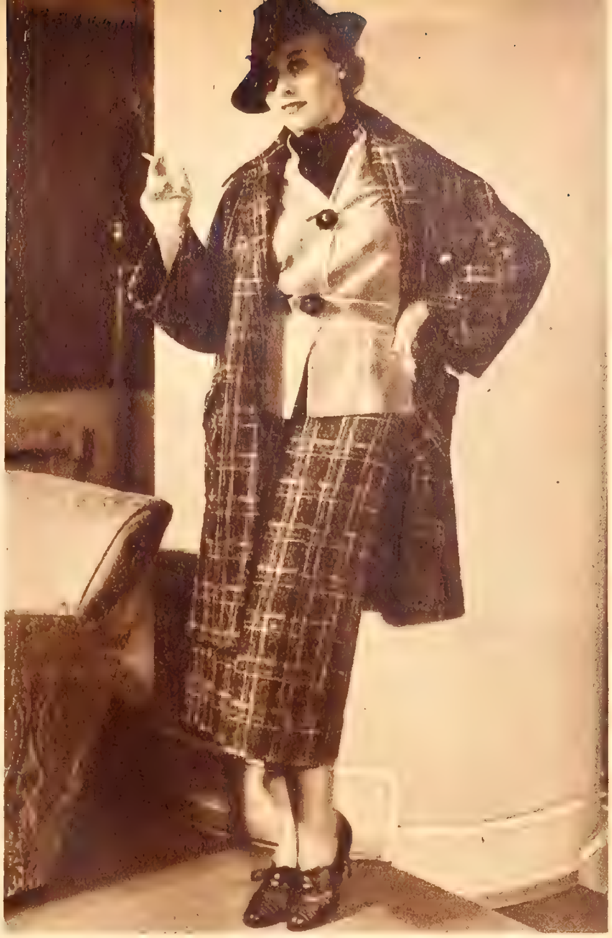
Lapels are almost necessities on suits; now, on dresses, they become accessories. Bette Davis decorates a Fall frock with wide fur lapels

—Fryer



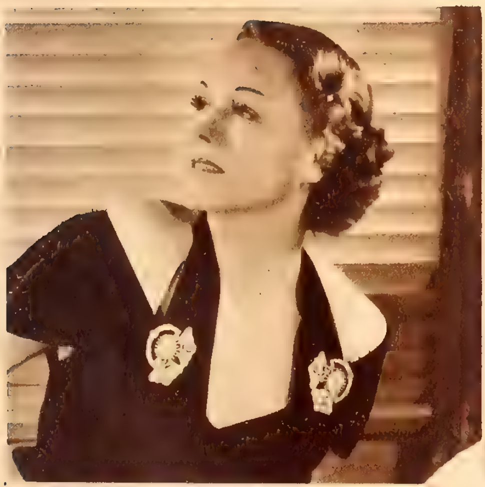
From the Broadway Hollywood Store

Shovel-brim hats continue in tavor . . . as proved by well-dressed Esther Ralston. Note the new square-frame style of her coat's fox collar



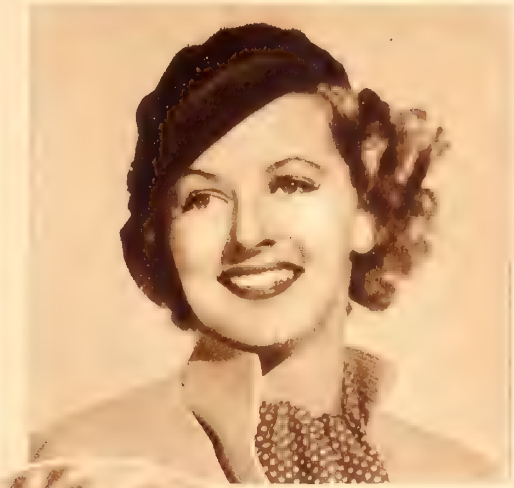
—Rhodes

Jackets . . . what girl can do without one in the fall? Esther Ralston's is of the popular gold velveteen, with leather buttons. Her hat, an Anzac felt



—Kling

Large shoulder clips on evening gowns . . . these are the costume jewelers' newest gift to womankind. Claire Dodd wears them on black satin



—C. S. Bull

Have you seen any of the new "Dutch boy" hats, such as Betty Furness is wearing? You will . . . you will!

Charm bracelets are seen on nearly every feminine wrist in Hollywood. This is Mary Carlisle's

—*Portrait by Walling*

From the land of Buddha, where it is the principal garment of Hindu women, comes the exotic, softly flattering "sari" . . . which Loretta Young wears enchantingly in "Shanghai"

Fashion Tells a Sari Tale

Hollywood adopts a Hindu mode . . . which the world will copy

The "sari" itself is such a graceful costume that it practically demands a graceful wearer — preferably tall, brunette, a bit exotic. And because Kitty Carlisle fits the description, the "sari" fits her to fashionable perfection

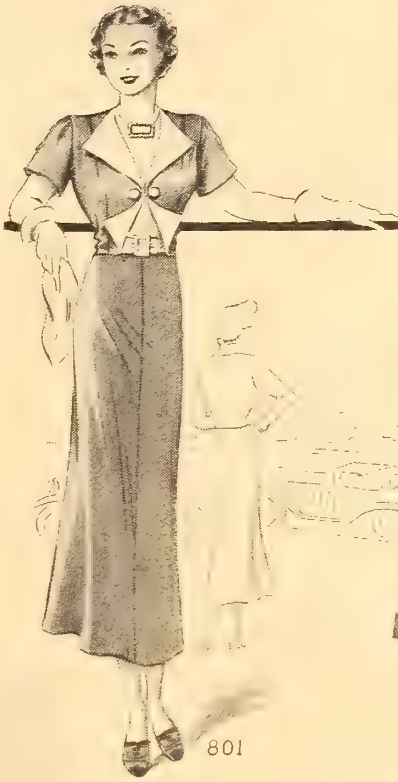
—*Portraits by Richee*

A dramatic newcomer to the movie world—Gladys Swarthout of the Metropolitan Opera — takes to the hood that is a dramatic newcomer to the fashion world. Her first picture is "Rose of the Rancho"

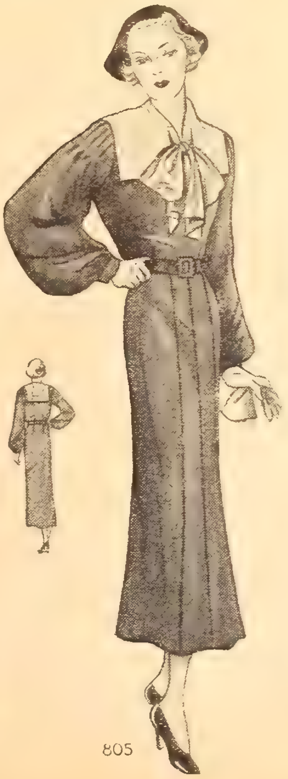
Fashion Yourself a Fall Wardrobe!

Genevieve Tobin and Mary Carlisle model two smart new frocks—simple to make

FOR afternoon wear, for office wear, for almost any wear—anywhere—you could use a frock like Genevieve Tobin's (right), which she wears in *Here's to Romance*. It has simplicity, plus chic and charm. The material is wine-red crêpe, with a vest of white piqué, repeated in the revers. But it could be made just as easily in purple crêpe-back satin, with vest and revers of the lustrous side of the crêpe. Particularly with MOVIE CLASSIC Pattern 801. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Pattern, 25c. Order by coupon.


801

PETITE Mary Carlisle, of M-G-M films and Hollywood's younger set, is noted for her clever clothes. At the left is a brand-new sample—which is yours for the making. The material is white-flecked black silk that looks like wool, with a collar of quilted white satin and a burnt-orange bow. Note how the big sleeves make the hips look thin. Note its simple lines. It might also be made in novelty wool, satin-back crêpe, wool jersey—from Pattern 805. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Pattern, 25c. Use coupon below in ordering.


805

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service
529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.................................please send me Genevieve Tobin Pattern No. 801—Mary Carlisle Pattern No. 805 (circle style desired).

Size...... .... Bust... ....

Name..

Street..

City..

Patterns, 25c each

Here are the answers for autumn to your cry of: "I wish I could be as pretty as a movie star!" You can be!

By Alison Alden

YESTERDAY'S CAROLE

What the Stars Have

SUMMER'S at an end, and the thrill of autumn days is here. Regretfully, we watch the long hours of tennis, swimming, riding, become memories. But, as long as there are football games to watch, long hikes to take, new clothes to buy, life can still go on. Especially, if we—like old Mother Nature—acquire new loveliness in the autumn!

Look into your mirror, and what do you see after summer days are past? A petal-smooth skin? A lovely, radiant face? Look at yourself as critically as any Hollywood star might look at *her*self. Then answer yourself truthfully as to whether your skin does or does not need some special attention.

While hours in the sun have been wonderfully healthy ones for you, there is a tendency to a drying of your skin due to swimming and the effect of the sun. If you were a Hollywood star, would you just let this situation pass, and think that perhaps time would remedy it? No, of course not. You would know that it would mean lost loveliness, lost prestige. With an office and home audience to face, *you* are likely to be criticized for a lack of personal care. And there's no profit in that. So let's do just as the stars would, and make our appearance conform to the fall pattern.

Carole Lombard did not change from the conventionally pretty girl that she was a few short years ago into the ravishing beauty that she is today without being self-critical constantly. Neither did Joan Crawford. Nor Jean Harlow. Nor Ginger Rogers. And they kept asking the questions until they found the right answers. Moreover, with every changing season, they find new, additional answers!

● FIRST, consider your skin. You will soon begin to want to lose that deep tan—for lighter skin tones are what the darker autumn clothes fashions will demand. As the days go by, your skin will fade, but there are skin bleaches that are mild and harmless and will help the process along. They will help you change from a bronze Indian maiden into a smart "paleface."

Then your dry skin will need lubricating, and you should apply a nourishing cream with a good deal of oil in it to remedy that condition. Of course, skins vary in their needs, but if yours is the kind that becomes dry and coarse by the end of the summer, it must have nourishment.

There's something else, too. Every star has some facial defect to overcome, and she is not averse to using some clever, sane cosmetic aid to remedy it, to make herself look as lovely as possible.

SKIN CARE

Soft fresh skins must always be cleansed, lubricated, and stimulated. Glenda Farrell is intent on her task!

TODAY'S LOMBARD

RIGHT NOW . . . WRITE!

If you have any beauty problems, don't be afraid to tell them to Alison Alden. She can help you to solve them, personally!

If you would like to know the trade names of any beauty aids that she describes this month, she will be glad to tell you.

Just send your questions, with a stamped, self-addressed return envelope, to: Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Done—*You Can Do!*

Here are some suggestions that she might give herself—and you:

If your nose is too long: Put just a tiny bit of rouge under the tip.

If your face is thin: Put your rouge farther back and away from your nose. Rouge your ears slightly, but not your chin.

If you have circles under your eyes: Blend your rouge up a bit into the shadow.

If your face is broad: Your rouge should be placed higher up and nearer your nose. Try blending just a tiny bit of rouge on your chin.

If your lips are thin: Use lipstick freely in the center of both lips, and less toward the corners.

If your mouth is too wide: Use lipstick on the center only, and then blend to the edges. If your lips are the least bit thick, don't rouge the lower one, but merely press the two lips together.

● EXPERIMENT a bit with make-up, and you will find that it works wonders in your appearance that you never dreamed could be achieved. The stars do it by make-up . . . . why not you?

Let me tell you of a beauty treatment that many stars have found valuable. Use two shades of powder . . . one that is your natural shade and one of a lighter hue.

This combination works like magic. It gives harmony to your features—features that may not be exactly classic in their proportions. For instance, the girl with the too-prominent nose can make it appear smaller by using a darker shade of powder than that used on the rest of her face. Or, if you are a girl with a slightly receding chin, you can make it look firmer by using a very light coat of rouge all over your chin, as well as a lighter shade of powder than that used for cheeks, nose and forehead.

Hollywood beauty aids are worth knowing!

Last month, I told you how to apply your powder and rouge . . . and this month I'd like to make a suggestion about something *not* to do.

Never get your rouge inside your "smile curve." By that I mean that when you smile there is a curving line down from the nose to the lips, and your rouge must always go outside that curve. And your rouge must never be lower on your face than the line of your lips. It will make you look older if you don't follow this tip!

● IN THE actual care of the skin, there are three fundamental things you must always do: 1. Cleanse. 2. Lubricate. 3. Stimulate. There are different ways of meeting these needs, but a *system* is absolutely necessary if you [*Continued on page* 87]

MAKE-UP

Ginger Rogers is a lovely exponent of the importance of taking the proper amount of time to apply make-up

Star right—Star slight

Sally Blane is one of the five chic stars who form the Fashion Council

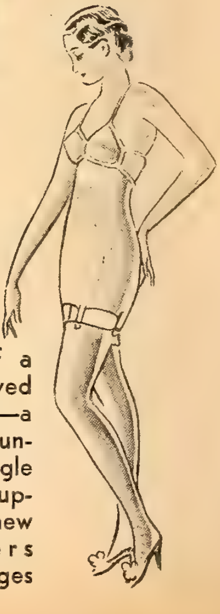
Esther Ralston

Gloria Stuart

Binnie Barnes

Adrienne Ames

LET'S GET DOWN to figures! After all, what is more important in feminine lives than smooth, slim figures? And where do they know more about attaining them—and retaining them—than in Hollywood? . . . One smart company recognized Hollywood's supremacy in svelteness, and organized the Hickory Fashion Council, made up of five of filmdom's most chic stars: Sally Blane, Esther Ralston, Gloria Stuart, Adrienne Ames and Binnie Barnes. They act in an advisory capacity to a staff of expert designers, suggesting new innovations in girdle design. No two feminine figures may be alike, but when five ultra-feminine stars can agree on what every figure needs, it stands to reason that their consensus of opinion will result in a combination of smart style and smooth figure control in Hickory foundations. A brand-new idea—and a grand new one!



This is a sketch of a fall creation approved by the Council—a two-way-stretch foundation without a single seam! It has an uplift brassiere, and new "layflat" fasteners eliminate garter bulges

JOAN
Why so fussy about cleaning your face? It's late.

LOTTY
I never leave stale make-up on all night.

JOAN
What's the harm in that?

LOTTY
Don't you know stale make-up left clogging the pores causes ugly Cosmetic Skin? Lux Toilet Soap's made to guard against it.

THE lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. That's why it protects the skin against the enlarged pores and tiny blemishes that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. If your skin is dull or unattractive, *choked pores* may be the unsuspected cause.

Don't risk this modern complexion trouble! Guard against it the easy way thousands of women find effective.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove from the pores every trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt. 9 out of 10 screen stars have used it for years because they've found it *really works.*

Why not follow their example? Use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care that's so important to loveliness—and charm!

Margaret Sullavan

Star of Universal's "NEXT TIME WE LIVE"

USE ALL THE COSMETICS YOU WISH! I AVOID COSMETIC SKIN BY REMOVING MAKE-UP WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP**

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Much more is expected from women today

These days are good to women. They have independence unheard of a generation ago. And with this new status every woman is expected to have a frank, wholesome outlook, particularly in those matters which affect her intimate feminine life.

Take the question of feminine hygiene. The modern woman has found out that *Zonite* is the ideal combination of strength and *safety* needed for this purpose. The day is gone when caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough. In the past, you could not criticize women for using them. But today every excuse for them is gone.

Zonite is *not* poisonous, *not* caustic. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause damage to sensitive membranes, never leave an area of scar-tissue. This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. Yet it is far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the human body.

Zonite originated during the World War. Today it is sold in every town or city in America, even in the smallest villages. Women claim that Zonite is the greatest discovery of modern times. Comes in bottles—at 30c, 60c and $1.00.

Suppositories, too—sealed in glass

There is also a semi-solid form—Zonite Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, $1.00. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and liquid Zonite by name at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet "Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. It will make you understand. Get this book. Send for it now.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION FG-510
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
( ) Facts for Women
( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME..
(Please print name)
ADDRESS....................................
CITY.......................STATE...............
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

Ask Yourself
TEN QUESTIONS
—And Win a Prize!

● Movie Classic invites you to enter one of the world's simplest, fairest contests—in which *every entrant will be a winner.*

Do you have a pencil handy? Get it! You may win $25.00 with it—now. You are *certain* to win an attractive, useful article that any girl would like to have. Just by playing this little game of answering ten questions frankly!

You are acquainted with Movie Classic. But we want to get acquainted with *you,* with your personal likes and dislikes. That is why we are asking these ten simple questions. Your answers—if they are frank and honest—can be our greatest guide in giving you the kind of magazine that *you* want to have.

All that it costs you to enter is a three-cent stamp . . . and a few brief moments of your time. Certainly, you know what you like—and certainly you would enjoy entering *one* contest in which *no one can be a loser.*

The whole contest hinges on the tenth question. The answers to that will decide the money-prize winners. You stand as good a chance as anyone of thinking of a story title that would be alluring, irresistible. Just think of a title that would impel you, yourself, to read a story.

Wouldn't it be nice to pick up $25.00 with little effort? Someone will. Why not you? And there are other cash prizes that you stand a chance of winning. Second prize is $10.00. Third prize, $5.00. The ten next-best titles will win one dollar each. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And everyone who competes—whether a cash-prize winner or not—will receive a "mystery prize" of an attractive, indispensable beauty aid!

The rules are simple: (1) All entries must be addressed to Contest Editor, Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City— and submitted on coupon below. (2) They must be in our office not later than September 20, 1935. (3) All entries, to be eligible, must have answers to all ten questions. (4) The decision of the judges—the editors of Movie Classic—will be final. (5) Members of the Movie Classic organization and their families are not eligible to compete.

Winners will be announced in December Movie Classic.

Are you ready? Get set! Go! Remember—*everybody wins!*

1. What is your name?..
2. Your address?..
3. Your vocation?..
4. How old would you tell a census-taker you are?..
5. How often do you go to the movies?..
6. Why did you buy this copy of CLASSIC? Because you have "the CLASSIC habit"? Because someone told you about the magazine? Because of its fashions, or its beauty and charm features? Because you were attracted to it by the cover? Or why?..................
   ....
7. What three features do you like best in this issue of MOVIE CLASSIC?..................
   ....
8. What three photographs?..
9. Which five players would you like to see "covered" by MOVIE CLASSIC'S star reporters?..
10. What would you suggest as a title for a story about your favorite star?..................
   ....

Clip and Mail to

Contest Editor • Movie Classic • 1501 Broadway • New York City

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"

Pimples were "ruining her life"

1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have *died*. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.

2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!

3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get *any* time to sleep!"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun——

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times —make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood*. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.

Supplies Vitamins
A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily before meals

—*clears the skin*

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

B R I G H T

EYE-DEAS
by Jane Heath

EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

Lots of women we know hesitate to wear glasses because they believe them unflattering. Not a bit, if you beautify your eyes! Glasses make them look smaller—so enlarge them . . . with Kurlash, the little implement that curls back your lashes lastingly between soft rubber bows. Your lashes appear longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter, deeper! Opticians recommend Kurlash because it keeps your lashes from touching your glasses. $1, at good stores.

Hold the Line

Don't neglect your eyebrows, either! Tweezette, which "tweezes" out an offending hair at the touch of a button, is the easiest way known to shape your brows, painlessly, at home. Make them conform to the upper curve of your glasses, and the latter will be less noticeable! $1, also, at your drug store.

First Aid Kit

Behind your glasses, you can use eye make-up liberally and defy detection! Try Shadette, at $1, to give your eyes size and allure. And the little marvel Lashpac to travel in your handbag everywhere. It holds a stick of mascara for accenting brows and a little brush to groom them later. Also $1. Write me if you aren't sure what shades to use!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department F-10. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

They're the Topics!

[*Continued from page* 10]

having long hair when her romance with Hal Mohr was flourishing and now that he is her husband he won't let her cut it. She is the only star in Hollywood with genuine "flowing tresses" long enough to sit on. "And sometimes," she confided, "I feel like a freak. I'd adore having it bobbed—but I dread the scene that would follow at home!" Hmmm—looks as if we'd found one man who is head of his house! Or maybe that is what comes of having a wife with hair of an old-fashioned length. . . .

HOLLYWOOD BOWL, during the "Symphonies Under the Stars" season, gets a big play from music-lovers among the picture folk. But there would seem to be no set mode of dress for these concerts in the vast theatre with the sky for a roof.

For example—at the first concert Marlene Dietrich wore a navy-blue tailored suit with matching accessories. Gladys Swarthout wore a wine-colored peasant linen dress with natural-colored straw bonnet. And whatever Lily Pons wore was concealed beneath an ermine wrap.

WHEN Mae West steps out evenings, she invariably wears wide-brimmed flopping hats. And there's a reason aside from the sartorial angle.

La West can manipulate the brim of that hat like nobody's business—merely with a toss of the head. Those who get close to her and start to take a good look will find that brim—front, back, or sides—always in the way.

LILY PONS has a keen sense of showmanship, as she has proved on many occasions. At a garden fête that she gave recently at her Los Feliz home in Hollywood, Mlle. Pons chatted with her guests the while she held in her hand a large crystal glass, filled with orange juice. The color scheme of the drink just rounded out her orange ensemble and scarf. . . .

IT'S THE slack season in Hollywood, and we don't mean from a business standpoint. We just mean wearing apparel.

In one afternoon recently we noted the following "slackers": Mae West in white slacks, white felt hat, white silk man's-style shirt and white polo coat; Patricia Ellis in tailored linen slacks, azure blue upper, natural color straw coolie hat with blue ribbon tied under the chin; Anita Louise in white silk pajamas with red polka dots and red hair ribbon; Joan Crawford in white slacks and Mary-Jane kid slippers with her name perforated on the toes; and—hold everything—Marlene Dietrich in a white linen sports suit.

SPEAKING about the wearing slacks fad around the studios, Bing Crosby saw so many of the gals so attired that he decided, for a gag, to stand in himself. So he clowned around a whole afternoon attired in vivid blue shorts and a polo shirt until Dixie Lee arrived on the lot and gave Bing the "Go" signal . . . The Bings have been vacationing between pictures in their new home at Rancho Santa Fe. (And Movie Classic is going to tell you about that home. Watch for "Bing Crosby Wanted a *Small* House!"—Editor.)

JAMES DUNN'S a changed man. And a blonde did it! Maybe you've wondered why you haven't heard of him being at this night club and that one, hitting the high spots in the old Dunn custom. He's actually saving money and has a nice trust fund established, thank you. All because Patricia Lee made him do it. They've had the let's-go-together habit since they played in the same picture, *Stand Up and Cheer.* And Pat has given Jimmy food for serious thought. He used to be up in the clouds all the time. Now he has his "feet on the ground"—but he has taken up flying! His whole object these days is to get enough hours in the air so that he will be eligible to enter the air race to Cleveland in the early fall.

Meet the Newest Topic—Walter Abel. For his first screen rôle, he plays *D'Artagnan* in *The Three Musketeers!*

Mrs. Samuel L. Barlow *of Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City. Socialite . . . ardent horsewoman and dog lover . . . traveler . . . international hostess . . . collector and interior decorator. Her husband is a brilliant composer.*

AN INTERNATIONAL HOSTESS OF *Charm* AND *Distinction*

Mrs. Barlow considers Listerine Tooth Paste as much of a luxury in its small way as the antiques and tapestries that adorn her gracious homes in Gramercy Park, New York City, and Eze, on the French Riviera.

Mrs. Barlow's drawing room in her New York City home, with its rich 19th century French tapestries.

Mrs. Barlow's winter house at Eze, on the French Riviera, overlooking the Mediterranean. The foundations of the rambling buildings at Eze are partly Roman and the structures themselves are largely of the 10th Century. There has been little change here since mediaeval times. Like her other homes, this too, houses a rare collection of antiques and objets d'art, and is the scene of many a brilliant social gathering.

"It seems that we have always used the products of the Lambert Company. Naturally when Listerine Tooth Paste came out we were delighted to find that it came up to the usual high standards expected from such a conservative old company. I particularly like the clean, exhilarating feeling it gives to the mouth after using—it reminds me of a fresh wintergreen berry picked off the ground in a New England pasture."

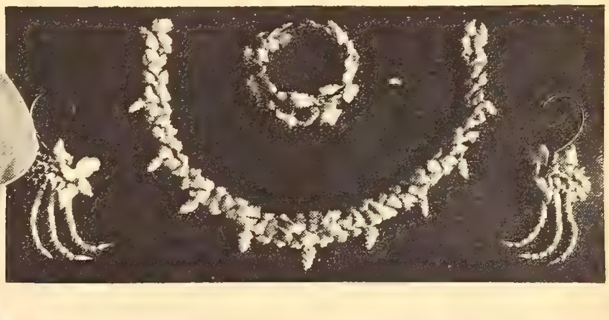
It is significant that men and women who could easily afford to pay any price for a dentifrice, prefer Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine. Obviously, the price of 25¢ could be no factor in their choice. They are won to it by its marvelous quality and the quick, satisfying results it produces.

Nearly 3,000,000 men and women have discarded old and costlier favorites for this better dentifrice.

If you have not tried it, do so now See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Marble bust of Joel Barlow, Ambassador to France in 1812, by Houdon, the famous sculptor.



Mrs. Barlow considers her carved coral jewelry one of her most valued possessions. The photograph, of course, does not do justice to its beauty and delicacy.

Listerine

TOOTH PASTE

Large Size 25¢ . . . Double Size 40¢

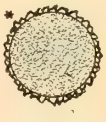
Beauty Robbing
DIRT VEIL
Removed from Hair in 10 Minutes

Amazing, new-type shampoo gives dull, faded hair gleaming life and lustre—with a single washing

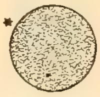
• • • •

ACCEPT GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER
NOTE COUPON BELOW

Is your hair dull and lifeless—even after you have just shampooed it? Then the chances are 9 out of 10 that the hair shafts are covered with a beauty-robbing *Dirt Veil*... A *single* shampoo of Mar-O-Oil will completely remove this *Dirt Veil*. When this happens, your hair will gleam with life and lustre. It will sparkle with beautiful highlights. And how soft and silky it will feel... Mar-O-Oil makes this startling change because it has the power to loosen and remove this *Dirt Veil*, when other methods fail completely. Then, being a scalp treatment and tonic, as well as a super shampoo, it nourishes the hair and imparts a lovely sheen... Get a bottle of Mar-O-Oil from your drug or department store. Use it only ONCE. If you do not agree that it is the finest shampoo you have ever used, your money will be refunded in full. Or, mail the coupon below with 10c, either in stamps or coin, for a regular sized 25c bottle.



*Magnified hair shaft showing Dirt Veil left on it after improper shampoo.



*Magnified hair shaft shampooed with Mar-O-Oil. Note how clean. Not a trace of Dirt Veil left.

*MAR-O-OIL
Soapless
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

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Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau
Please send me your regular sized 25c bottle of Mar-O-Oil for which I enclose 10c in stamps or coin.
NAME..........
ADDRESS..........
CITY..........STATE..........

Speaking of Movies . . .

[*Continued from page* 18]

Brady's stockbroker pal. (Universal)

● ● ● **Page Miss Glory** is light comedy, amusing, but slow-moving, whose biggest attraction is Marion Davies. You haven't seen her in months and months, and the reunion with her is refreshing. No star of long standing has retained her beauty without a blemish, as Marion has. Millions of women must envy her the secrets of perennial charm that she knows. In this, she is a naïve, plain-as-a-hedge-fence chambermaid in a big hotel, where Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, and Mary Astor, who think fast, are trying to stave off eviction and starvation. They make a composite photograph of several movie stars and enter the result in a photo contest, calling their entry "Dawn Glory." *Dawn* wins, and then the trio have a struggle to keep the press from finding out that there is no such person. Dick Powell, an aviator who is the chambermaid's ideal, has fallen in love with the picture—and the trio have to fight him off, too. Finally, just as the battle seems lost, the chambermaid is dressed up and made up—and turns out to be a gorgeous creature, who looks like the winning photo. Her efforts to be a lady, her objections to a frustrated romance with her hero, all are amusing—if not actually hilarious. One wishes, though that Marion Davies—an obviously intelligent person—could sometime play a smart, ultra-smart modern! (Warners)

● ● ● **Jalna** is the long-delayed picturization of Mazo de la Roche's prize-winning novel of the same name—the story of a large and narrow family stagnating on a decrepit estate. As a film, the story loses much of the book's strength—probably because of its condensation. The plot is neither novel nor fast-moving; nor is it epic. And the concentration on conversation is a bit stifling. Which leaves the acting to be considered—and that is flawless, even though no big names adorn the cast. Jessie Ralph has an acting holiday as the hundred-year-old matriarch of the family. David Manners is excellent as a selfish poet, as is Kay Johnson in the rôle of his sensitive wife. Peggy Wood and Nigel Bruce brighten and lighten the story in their scenes. Ian Hunter, as the strong, silent brother, is likable and convincing. But when it is all said and done (mostly said), the picture leaves you, emotionally, just where it found you. It just doesn't make you step inside the characters and live their lives with them. (RKO)

● ● ● **Dressed to Thrill** is sophisticated, sparkling, amusing—and it uncovers, as its major surprise, a brand-new and practically unheralded personality. Her name is Tutta Rolf. Jot it down in your memory book; you will be hearing it often after this picture gets around . . . The story revolves around three people, and she is two of them; the third is Clive Brook. He falls in love with her when she is brunette and a little Parisian dressmaker; and when she becomes a blonde and an opera star, he doesn't recognize her and falls in love a second time. She wants him to love the dressmaker, not the opera star, and uses complicated but novel ways to try to get her wish. She is charming, with a charm completely her own—except for a first brief suggestion of another Dietrich, which soon fades. And not only is she charming, but convincing. What more could any woman want to be—except, perhaps, a movie star? And Tutta Rolf will soon be that! (Fox)

● ● ● **The Irish In Us** gives you just what you think it will . . . high emotional appeal and a gusty robust comedy, just as any true Irishman would. It all may not be pure "art," but it has what it takes to make you laugh and cry . . . and what more could one want? James Cagney, in the central rôle, again proves that he is a real actor, and turns in one of the finest performances of his career as the scapegrace youngest son of a family. He is devoted to his mother, at odds with his older brothers, and determined to make a success of the fight game. And Mary Gordon plays the most convincing Irish mother we've ever glimpsed on the screen. In his scenes with her Cagney reveals genuine tenderness and his work in the fight scenes climaxes the story with a real two-fisted wallop. Olivia de Havilland, a new personality on the screen, shows considerable promise, and is the girl in the case. Then there are Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, and Allan Jenkins, all adding to the fun. If you like to laugh, put this down as a grand picture to see! (Warners)

● ● ● ● **In Old Kentucky** is a grand Will Rogers laugh-fest, and it's the most hilarious thing he has done in years! It has Rogers' wit, a grand love story, a mile-a-minute plot, the rhythm-crazy dancing feet of Bill Robinson, and some plain everyday tomfoolery. The story is laid in the Kentucky hills, where the *Martingales* and the *Shattucks* carry on an ancient feud with undiminished venom. Rogers plays a wisecracking horse-trainer. Fired by the wealthy *Shattucks,* he is promptly hired by their deadly rivals, and devotes his talents and his philosophies to the final triumph of romance. (Fox)

From lovely, blonde ANN SOTHERN

TO THE surprise of Ann Sothern, her guests Helen Davis and Louise Lee, declined her invitation to the preview of, "The Girl Friend," her latest Columbia picture.

"You'll meet screen stars, directors, and other interesting people there," urged Ann Sothern.

"That's just it," returned Helen, "I'd feel self-conscious meeting glamorous celebrities when I'm so dull looking."

"So would I," returned Louise.

"Nonsense! You're better looking than you think—I'll prove it to you by taking you to Max Factor, the Hollywood genius of make-up. He knows a secret that can make you glamorous too."

An hour later the famous make-up artist was creating a beautiful living portrait from the dull little face of Helen Davis. With every touch of his deft fingers, her face blossomed with new beauty. Color harmony powder, followed by color harmony rouge, then lipstick...suddenly with a thrill of joy, she saw in her mirrored image, a beautiful woman!

"You see new beauty," explained Max Factor, "because for the first time you have used the three harmonized shades of powder, rouge, and lipstick that reveal the beauty of your brunette type. Color harmony is a discovery I originated in creating make-up for living screen star types, and consists of powder, rouge, and lipstick in shades that harmonize with each other, and with the individual colorings of blondes, brunettes, redheads, and brownettes."

Louise was also amazed at the power of color harmony make-up to dramatize her redheaded type. Enchanted with their new found beauty, the two girls attended Ann Sothern's brilliant preview where they met famous stars, authors, and directors with the poise and assurance that comes to a woman when she knows she is lovely.

"Thanks to your make-up secret, life is going to be much more fun now," they told Ann Sothern.

Would you too like to share the luxury of color harmony make-up created originally for screen stars exclusively? If you are a blonde, brunette, redhead, or brownette, there is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being just as it did for Helen and Louise. Max Factor's Powder is one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge is fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is one dollar. At leading stores.

ANN SOTHERN'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

POWDER. To dramatize her delicate blonde coloring, and give her skin satin-smoothness, *Ann Sothern* uses Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Its color harmony shade enlivens her skin, and its texture makes it cling persistently. Used exclusively, it safeguards her sensitive skin, keeps it young and normal.

ROUGE. To give a radiant, lifelike glow to her cheeks, *Ann Sothern* uses Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge. Exquisitely smooth, it blends so easily that it appears to be her own coloring. The color harmony shade remains alluring under any light because it has been light tested.

LIPSTICK. Being moisture-proof and pure, Max Factor's Vermilion Super-Indelible Lipstick is applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them a perfectly natural appearance that remains uniform in color *for hours.*

© 1935, Max Factor & Co.

Ann Sothern
in Columbia's
"The Girl Friend"

a Brunette *and* a Redhead Learn how to Dramatize *Their Beauty*

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: *Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony*

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*. FREE.

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COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES* (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐

The Magic of
Maybelline
Eye Beauty Aids
will instantly transform
your eyes into glowing
pools of loveliness

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

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BLACK AND BROWN
EYE SHADOW
BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN
Maybelline
COLORLESS
EYEBROW BRUSH

What Every Smart Woman Should Know

[*Continued from page 31*]

urge to "stand out from the crowd?"

"She is the woman who has ample money to spend, but does not spend it intelligently," says Dolores, after a moment's thought. "When she enters a shop to have a frock made, she always selects something vastly different from the present mode, fondly believing that she is a season ahead in style. When she selects a hat, she selects it for its freakish design. Her shoes are expensive, but do not harmonize with the rest of her attire—and draw undue attention to her feet. She clutters up her wardrobe with too many accessories. Her voice is usually strident, and her grammar does not indicate culture.

"When she enters a café, she greets too profusely every person she knows, as she is shown to her table. And she could so easily avoid feeling—or being—conspicuous, if she never turned her head or bowed even to her best friends, until she was seated! I know. It is a long-standing refuge of mine.

"Then, when this woman goes to parties or to formal dinners, she spends hours thinking of some original mannerism, some seemingly unconscious trick, by which she can attract attention with her entrance. Her laugh is usually affected and fools no one into believing her light-hearted. She talks so much to so many people that she can never hear anything that might improve her grasp of events and her mentality."

Dolores smiled at the "gruesome" portrait she had drawn, but I told her that she had probably overdrawn the picture very little. Everywhere, one meets women who are just like that.

"And the sad part is that they usually are very nice women—who just don't know how to make themselves inconspicuous," she commented.

ONE WAY in which any woman can achieve attractiveness without ostentation, Dolores believes, is to take special care with her make-up. Eyes should not be mascaraed until all other features practically vanish by comparison. Neither should lips be so over-emphasized as to detract from the face, nor should cheeks be painted until a good mouth or fine eyes are obscured. Eyebrows should not be plucked into lines unnaturally thin or arched, or blackened to the point where they look artificial. Like every part of a costume, every feature of a woman's face should be in harmony with every other part, forming an attractive ensemble.

"I often think that women dress not to attract men, but to fascinate women," Dolores said. "Any woman would rather have another woman come up and say, 'How stunning you look tonight!' than to have a dozen men say the same thing. Another woman's approval of a woman's appearance is the most subtle flattery she receives.

"Never wear cheap jewelry," is another Del Rio dictum. "It attracts the kind of attention that doesn't flatter your tastes. If you cannot afford real jewels, never wear the cheap imitations. Excellent costume jewelry is preferable. But never overdo 'the accessories touch.' A woman over-jeweled reminds one of the well-known—how do you say it?—Mrs. Astor's pet horse.

"ALSO, select your shoes with care. They are a very important part of any ensemble. Never buy cheap footwear, which may soon look tawdry and torture your feet besides. Men notice whether or not a woman is well-shod long before they pay the slightest attention to her clothes or her curves. Select shoes that are the very best you can afford, even if you must skimp on gowns to buy them; then take the best possible care of them, keeping them on shoe-trees and brushing them thoroughly before putting them away. A well-shod woman is a well-dressed one."

"One sees many a woman, otherwise well groomed, spoil the effect of her entire ensemble with flamboyant gloves. To be really inconspicuous, a woman must coordinate the various parts of her ensemble without one discordant note, for it will always be that note that will first attract any observer's eye."

She believes that when a woman tries consciously to make herself conspicuous, she defeats her own purpose of being charming. When a woman is entirely oblivious to the effect or impression she may be creating, and concentrates on being smartly comfortable, she subconsciously creates the sort of impression that is favorable.

"It is decidedly painful to watch a woman enter a room where a number of people are gathered," says Dolores, "and to see her stop in the center of the floor and look around as if to say, 'Well, what do you think of me?'"

Anyone who moves in the upper strata of Hollywood society will tell you that Dolores Del Rio never violates the "philosophy of charm" that she has given here. It helps to explain why she is admired, almost worshiped by her fellow stars and is a welcome guest at any social gathering from a Mayfair ball to an informal cocktail party.

WHAT sort of person is Dolores Del Rio, behind that outward resemblance to a love orchid? You have found part of the answer above, in her own words. But there is more.

For example, one side of her that is little known is her interest in hospital children. She takes dolls and toys to them by the carload. One time she found that several small girls in a tubercular ward were made to sleep in the same room with four elderly tubercular women. Her protest to the authorities won them separate rooms. Last year, on St. Valentine's Day, she received a huge box. Opening it, she found that every poor child in the hospital had made her a valentine.

Garbo is a great friend of Del Rio's and often plays tennis on her court. "Miss Garbo is not a formal guest," insists Julia Hudlin, Dolores' maid. "She just walks in when she feels like it. But Miss Del Rio knows that Miss Garbo doesn't like to be talked about and she won't talk about her."

Dolores has the reputation of being the most tactful and successful hostess in Hollywood. "She has the facility," Virginia Bruce once told me, "of making each guest feel that it was he or she for whom the party was really given."

Considerate to the last degree of her friends and her social obligations, she will go to any trouble to keep her appointments. Scheduled to lunch with a party of friends, she was delayed for more than an hour on a movie set. Nevertheless, she eventually appeared, as well groomed as ever, and apologized. She drank a glass of milk, ate a piece of toast, and went back to the studio. She had changed her costume, removed her screen make-up, dressed in appropriate clothing and driven from Burbank to Beverly Hills, rather than disappoint her friends.

SHE is not conscious of her own rare beauty. She never thinks of herself as beautiful and yet she praises other women of the screen unstintingly, both for their beauty and charm. Yet I have heard many strangers say, when they see her at Hollywood gathering places, "Why, she looks more like a star than any of them!"

Says Julia Hudlin, her maid, "When Miss Del Rio first came to Hollywood, she spoke English with a decided accent, and it made her very shy of strangers. For that reason, she gained a reputation for being cold and distant. But during the past two or three years, she has studied English systematically and now has hardly a trace of accent. This has enabled her to overcome her shyness and be as gracious to strangers as anyone could be."

Her extreme tenderness and the constant fear that she will do something in her pictures that will give the public a mistaken impression of her is exemplified by an incident that occurred while she was making a certain picture. The script called for her to push a child away from her as if angry with him and to indicate that she disliked children. She refused flatly to do it, and when the director insisted, she went to her father. "Don't do it, even if it costs your contract and a million dollars," he told her. "Do not let your public think you would hurt a child."

She is married to Cedric Gibbons, art director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, who designed their beautiful modernistic home. She herself is a star at Warner Brothers' Studio where she has completed *I Live for Love*.

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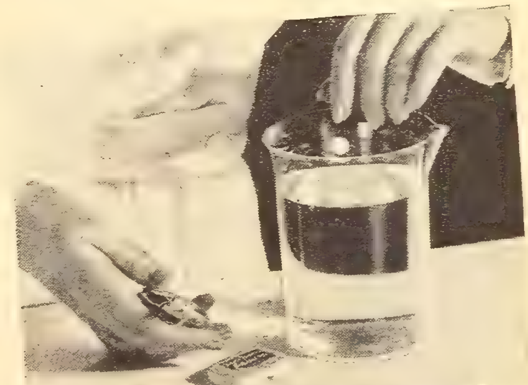
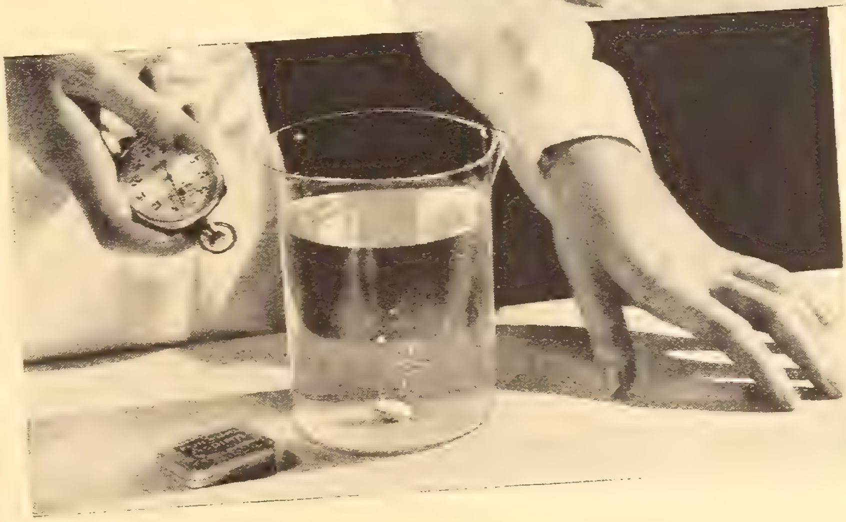


DROP A BAYER ASPIRIN TABLET INTO A GLASS OF WATER.

BY THE TIME IT HITS THE BOTTOM OF THE GLASS IT IS DISINTEGRATING.



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Look at them, and you will see *one reason* why Scientists rate BAYER ASPIRIN among the fastest agents, *now known or ever known*, for the relief of headaches and pains of neuritis, neuralgia and rheumatism.

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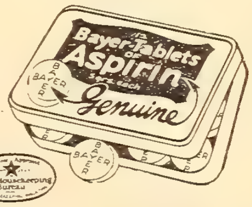
Countless thousands know that about BAYER ASPIRIN. Know by experience that it brings the quick relief you want when in distress.

Keep this in mind the next time your work or play is handicapped by a bad headache, neuritis or rheumatic pain. And ask for Bayer Aspirin by its full name "BAYER ASPIRIN" when you buy. Learn for yourself how fast you can get relief.



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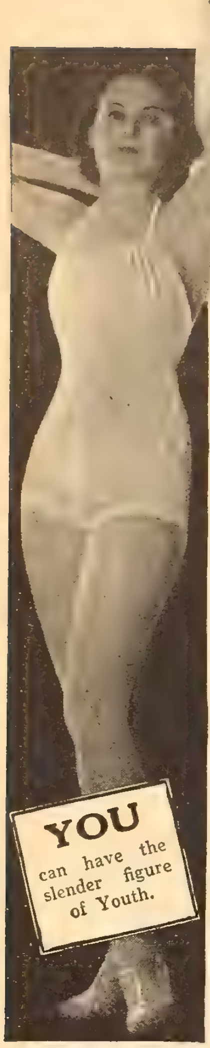

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NOTE: MRS. LANGLEY USED THE SAFE DILEX-REDUSOL METHOD OVER A PERIOD OF 10 WEEKS.

Now — YOU, too, can take off pounds of ugly fat this safe, easy, quick, way!

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Sounds too good to be true? Yet it *is* true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism; that is, they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality!

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REDUCE 12 POUNDS
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We make this guarantee because hundreds of tests have proven that consistent use of Dilex-Redusols will reduce your weight to *what it should be!* They will not reduce you below normal! The length of time required depends upon the number of pounds you need to lose.

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At last you can reduce safely and quickly without denying yourself the good things of life. You do not need to diet or go through tiresome exercises—simply take these carefully prepared capsules and watch the pounds disappear! Dilex-Redusols are effective because they remove the cause of obesity.

Both Men and Women Report Amazing Reductions

"REDUCED 24 POUNDS", SAYS MR. C. W. P.

"I stay around 180 pounds, having reduced from 204 pounds and feel fine. I still have about 50 tablets left in my second box."

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"On February 20th I weighed 193 pounds and now, May 31st, weigh only 153 pounds. Enclosed find money order for another box of Dilex-Redusols."

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Do not accept any substitute for safe Dilex-Redusols . . . the **absolutely harmless** capsules that reduce your weight by increasing your metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredients. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

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☐ Enclosed find $3.00, please forward, postpaid one box of Dilex-Redusol Capsules.

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Height.............. Weight.............. Age..............

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Shirley Temple's Health Secrets

[*Continued from page 33*]

as "Doctor Sands," confides that she loves him, and beams at him affectionately.

Shirley has had no real illnesses, ever. A few minor colds, perhaps, in her earliest years, but even those have been gradually eliminated. She has been spared such juvenile ailments as measles, mumps, and all the "poxes." She has an excellent constitution, but to safeguard her further against possible contact with germs, she has been immunized against practically everything. And Shirley doesn't like being vaccinated.

"Of course, she's no cry-baby," said the doctor, a defiant look daring me to differ. "She's a little girl, after all, and no martyr to pain. But though she may cry like the dickens, it's never for long. Her forgiving nature won't let her stay 'mad' at me more than three minutes!"

SHIRLEY'S diet, in the beginning, consisted entirely of certified Holstein milk, with feedings on a four-hour schedule. At three months of age, her two a.m. meal was discontinued, and cooked cereal added to the 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. feedings.

But let Dr. Sands continue the story:

"At five months, we added strained vegetables to the 2 p.m. feeding. Speaking of vegetables, they were always puréed for Shirley until she was a year and a half old.

"At six months, the 2 o'clock meal was increased by meat in the form of finely-ground, well-cooked liver, lamb chop, or beef. Until the age of six months, this is about the routine that the average child should follow.

"At six-and-a-half months, Shirley's diet was increased by egg yolk at 10 a.m., and puréed fruit and cottage cheese at 6 p.m.

"At seven months, Shirley was a sturdy young lady, and we put her on 'three square meals a day.' Breakfast consisted of orange or tomato juice, cereal, egg or chopped bacon, and eight ounces of certified milk.

"Small interiors get hungry often, so at 8:30 she was given fruit juice or milk. Also, cod-liver oil may be given at this time, increased from a minute quantity at the age of three weeks to two teaspoons of straight cod-liver oil, or one teaspoon of cod-liver oil with Viosterol.

"Luncheon included milk, two green vegetables, meat or a meat-vegetable soup, and either fruit pulp or a simple pudding for dessert.

"Shirley dined between five and six o'clock on milk, cereal, or another starch such as baked potato, baked banana, boiled rice, macaroni or spaghetti, or milk toast; cottage or cream cheese, and cooked fruit.

"Except for the added nourishment at 8:30 a.m., Shirley never was given food of any kind between meals, and her mother still observes that rule. When a child plays hard, fruit between meals is a tonic, but otherwise it is better omitted.

Wide World

It's no fable, that Shirley Temple is a happy—as well as healthy—child. For proof, here is a new, unposed snapshot of her with her mother and father

"I BELIEVE that the average normal child does better on a three-meals-a-day regimen, starting between seven and eight months, than if more feedings were continued past that time," Dr. Sands continued. "At this age a child accepts the routine very well and thrives upon it. Furthermore, it makes the care of the child a great deal simpler from the family standpoint, because the baby's meals can be prepared at the same time as the family's. But in following this routine, two rules should be observed—add only one new food at a time, and always start with a small quantity, gradually increasing it.

"Shirley's diet at six years of age is similar to this one that I have outlined—with more variation, of course."

Shirley's favorite dish is ice cream and "gravy"—an ice cream sundae—which she may have on state occasions. Next on her list of favorites comes vegetable soup. At the studio she lunches in exclusive solitude in her pretty white bungalow, for too many people clustered about and disturbed her when she formerly ate with the other stars in the studio café. And there is no danger of her getting indigestion for she eats slowly, chewing her food thoroughly.

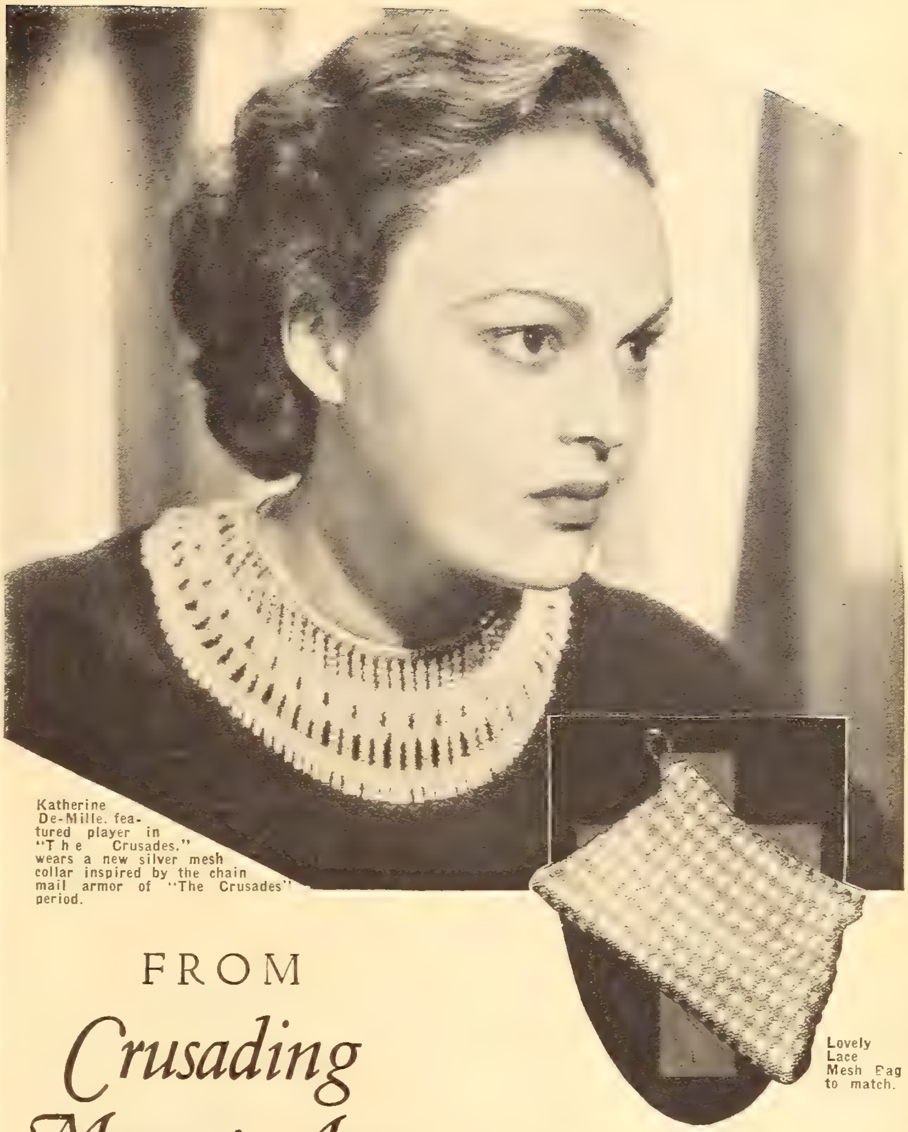
"Then there was the matter of rest," Dr. Sands went on. "Shirley had two naps every day from infancy until she could not sleep that much. Now she takes a long nap in the afternoon, and her bedtime is seven at night, with twelve hours of sleep in store for her."

BUT let there be no misunderstanding on one score. Shirley is no "mama's angel child." Mrs. Temple guards her daughter's health, play, and associations, but disciplines her whenever necessary.

"Mrs. Temple hasn't allowed the aura of glamor that surrounds Shirley to influence her in letting down the bars even an inch," said Dr. Sands. "From the very beginning—long before Shirley was a 'child wonder' or a 'miracle child'—she has sacrificed personal pleasures at a cost that few mothers would be willing to pay. The family's home life is unostentatious and simple, in wide contrast to the excitement in which the child lives at the studio and in public."

In tempering indulgence with discipline, Mrs. Temple has followed another of Dr. Sands' rules. In his opinion, you can't indulge a child one hundred percent and expect her to be anything but "spoiled." From the time that Shirley was old enough to be reasoned with, her mother has been frank and honest with her.

Unconsciously imitating the attitude always shown toward her, this very famous Shirley has remained sweet, good-tempered and unaffected. She is the happiest of youngsters, her little feet are firmly set on the ground, and her lovely curly head remains balanced and unspoiled!



Katherine De-Mille, featured player in "The Crusades," wears a new silver mesh collar inspired by the chain mail armor of "The Crusades" period.

Lovely Lace Mesh Bag to match.

FROM
Crusading Men at Arms comes the Vogue of
METAL MESH

From the hand-wrought chain mail of warrior Crusaders springs the motif of this ultra-smart style accessory—METAL MESH by Whiting & Davis.

In smartly styled Mesh Bags for day or evening wear, in collars, belts, gauntlets, capes, and even in shoes and caps, Whiting & Davis METAL MESH adds to the fall costume those individual touches of gleaming metal which win Fashion's approving nod. Send for brochure showing many styles, sets, and the latest in trimmings of METAL MESH.

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Novelty Roll Top Mesh Bag, newest creation by Whiting & Davis' Paris designers.

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Sallow Skin? Pimples?

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TO CORRECT ugly eruptions, blotches, sallowness—all the common skin troubles caused by a sluggish system—doctors have long advised yeast.

Now science finds that this corrective food is far more effective if eaten *dry!*

Tests reveal that from *dry* yeast the system receives almost *twice* as much of the precious element that stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons. The digestive juices can more easily break down *dry* yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B—the tonic substance which makes yeast so valuable for correcting the cause of many skin ills.

No wonder Yeast Foam Tablets have brought relief to so many men and women. These pleasant tablets bring you yeast in the form science now knows is most effective. This improved yeast quickly tones up the intestinal nerves and muscles, strengthens digestion, promotes more regular elimination.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, your skin should soon clear up!

FREE! This beautiful tilted mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.

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1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy tilted make-up mirror.

FG. 10-35

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*Address*____________________________

*City*__________________ *State*__________

Are You Up-to-date about Helen Vinson?

[*Continued from page 39*]

Hollywood adage, "No player is bigger than her last picture." And respect for that adage pays dividends, particularly if you can pick your parts, yourself—and make the right guesses.

ON the screen, the impression that she usually creates, with deft serenity, is that she is an exotic sophisticate, a deliberate and skilful attention-seeker. Off the screen, she does not even pretend to live up to the rôle.

If you should arise early enough some morning when she is in Hollywood, you would see Helen astride her favorite mare, Arabella, riding along some quiet Hollywood bridle path—the typical outdoor girl, with cheeks glowing and hair flying. To see her on the screen, the epitome of "the hot-house flower" type, you would never suspect that, in real life, she plays a rousing game of tennis (and in shorts, too!) or that she is a strong, agile swimmer. And, if you should have an interview appointment with her, you would *not* find her waiting for you in a gown intended to dazzle all onlookers; you would find her in a simple, smart dress, probably of the street variety, with a dash of the active young modern about it.

Moreover, you would not be disillusioned to find her thus. You would suddenly realize that you knew she must be like this—animated, informal, too varied in her interests to be self-centered, and too conscious of the color of life to sacrifice other interests to mere wearing apparel.

Not that she minimizes the importance of attractive clothes. She doesn't. But she thinks that a girl can easily fall into the error of believing that clothes make the woman . . . interesting. "And it should be the woman who makes the clothes interesting," believes Helen.

DOESN'T she enjoy her reputation, then, of being "one of the screen's best-dressed women"?

"Up to certain point, any woman would enjoy such a tag-line," is her answer. "I don't want to get beyond that point . . . to have anyone accuse me of paying more attention to my clothes than to my acting. After all, I *am* an actress, and my prime ambition is to be a good one. What I wear while I am acting is *only* a side issue."

You tell her that many people think that she is after the laurels of the late Lilyan Tashman, who reigned supreme as *"the* best-dressed woman in Hollywood"—and who specialized in "other woman" rôles.

Helen smiles, and asks, "How could I be a 'second Lilyan Tashman,' even if I wished to be? I'm not the Tashman type. She had a marvelous clothes sense—a clothes sense all her own. She really was one star who could tell designers what she should wear, instead of having designers tell her. She had a great flair for the dramatic. Everything she wore was dramatic. She created an instant sensation, wherever and whenever she appeared; and she seldom wore the same dress twice. She spent hours every day—and thousands of dollars every year—in maintaining her title. I don't have that much money but I'm sure I couldn't be dramatic every waking moment. I like my comfort too well.

"And, speaking of money, I'll tell you an additional hazard in wearing glamorous clothes on the screen. People not only assume that you must be wealthy; they think that those clothes all belong to you, personally. And when they see you in several gowns in one picture, and never see you wearing the same gowns in any subsequent picture, they assume that those dresses are just hanging in your closet, gathering dust. So they write to you, asking for them. Letters arrive by the hundreds.

"If only some writer would tell people how small a share we have in the dresses we wear on the screen! We don't, as a rule, own them; we just wear them. They are the property of the studios for which we work. They are made for our particular specifications, yes, and presumably wouldn't fit anyone else. But you might be surprised.

"DO you know how long it takes to acquire a wardrobe for a single picture? Usually, two weeks. Every working day for two weeks, we have to think about that wardrobe. First, the designer shows us water color sketches—works of art, really—of the gowns he has in mind for us, along with samples of materials. We make our criticisms, if we have any, and the dressmaking begins. Then we have various fittings, innumerable fittings, as the making of the dress progresses. It mustn't have a wrinkle anywhere. Finally, it is finished and the picture begins. Every night, when we take off the dress, it is sent to the wardrobe department to be pressed. If there are any makeup stains on it—and make-up stains are frequent under hot studio lights—the dress must be dry-cleaned. Finally, by the time the picture is completed, the dress is worn almost threadbare—from its many pressings and cleanings.

"We usually wouldn't want to buy it, even if it were offered to us. Not only because of its sad condition, but because we are heartily tired of it, after days and weeks of wearing it. So it is sent to the wardrobe department, and then, until it is *literally* threadbare, it is worn by one inconspicuous 'extra' after another. I wonder if all this has ever been explained before? I think people ought to know," she added.

Knowing that she was playing the only feminine rôle in the Gaumont-British picture, *King of the Damned,* with Conrad Veidt and Noah Berry, and knowing that the part was romantic, I asked her if she intended heading in a new direction in her screen work.

Her answer was: "It doesn't matter to me what type of rôle I play, so long as the character is human and interesting . . . Do you know a rôle I think I would like to play? *Lucrezia Borgia.* You know, the lady of the famous house of poisoners. She was supposed to be one of the most heartless women who ever lived; she literally dressed to kill her admirers. Yet she must have been interesting, and she must have had some redeeming traits—some common bond with the rest of humanity. Anyway, I would like to portray her—to try to humanize her and make her understandable, if not exactly likable. If I could play such a character as that, and make that character human, I should feel I had passed my acting test."

IT took the astute and up-and-coming Britons to awaken first to the possibilities of starring Helen. They saw her work in *The Wedding Night,* starring Gary Cooper and Anna Sten; they read critics' comments that she had stolen the picture. On top of that, they saw her work in *Private Worlds.* They offered her a starring rôle opposite Conrad Veidt in the melodrama, *King of the Damned.* Melodrama was new to her; so was the prospect of working in England; and stardom had its attractions. She accepted. And so well pleased were they with her work that they invited her to remain in England to make *Transatlantic Tunnel,* with Richard Dix, Conrad Veidt and Madge Evans. Again, she would be in a melodrama—but one likely to be remembered for a generation, being a story about the building of a vehicular tunnel under the Atlantic Ocean between England and America in some far-distant future. And again she accepted.

By that time, too, romance was brewing. She had met Fred Perry on the ship, going over to England. With both of them, it had been practically love at first sight. Constantly, in England, they had seen each other. Finally newspapers announced that they would marry "within a week." The report was premature, it seems, but the impression that they are seriously interested in each other still prevails.

Should she fulfill the columnists' predictions and become Mrs. Fred Perry, she would hardly be likely to desert Hollywood entirely. After all, he is a frequent visitor to America, and he has almost as many friends in Hollywood as she has. In fact either single or married, she might be the means of persuading the handsome tennis champion to accept one of the many film offers he has received.

But wherever she goes and whatever she does, Helen Vinson, the Texas girl who made good in the big world, she will continue to be one of that world's most fascinating women!

(Since this was written he has accepted one of said many offers.—Editor)

The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN

ALWAYS HERSELF

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) and whose spirits never seem to droop? She is apt to be that eighth woman who uses Midol.

NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

There didn't used to be anything to do about it. It is estimated that eight million had to suffer month after month. Today, a million less. Because that many women have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you riding horseback. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of women, and the kind of women who have adopted Midol mean a lot? As a rule, it's a *knowing* woman who has that little aluminum case tucked in her purse. One who knows what to wear, where to go, how to take care of herself, and how to get the most out of life in general.

Of course, a smart woman doesn't try every pill or tablet somebody says is good for periodic pain. But Midol is a special medicine. Recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. And it can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. Taken in time, it often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

You'll find Midol in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.

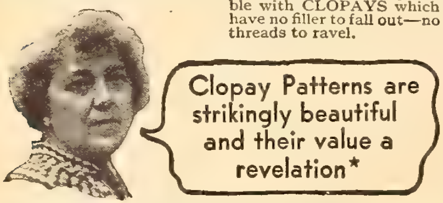
"Here's a TIP!"

Over 4 MILLION WOMEN BOUGHT CLOPAY Perfected 15¢ WINDOW SHADES LAST YEAR...and Here's Why...

TOTAL Clopay sales compared with average purchase per person show the astounding fact that Clopay 15c window shades now hang in 1 out of every 4 American homes! American housewives have seen CLOPAYS, tried CLOPAYS, and then bought them again and again. But, no wonder! The beauty of their lovely patterns and rich texture is not to be equaled in even the costliest shades—beauty acclaimed by leading interior decorators the country over. Add to that the amazing durability of Clopays—their utter freedom from cracking, pinholing, raveling on the edges and other common faults of shades costing far more—then, their sensational popularity is easy to understand. And now the new fall patterns are out—lovelier than ever before. Don't fail to see them. Write for samples showing patterns in full color. Enclose 3c for postage. **Clopay Corp., 1486 York St., Cincinnati, O.**

NO FILLER TO FALL OUT

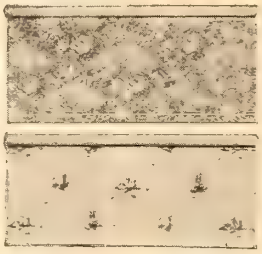
This shows how clay or sizing falls out of ordinary window shades from regular use causing cracks, pinholes and raveled edges. Impossible with CLOPAYS which have no filler to fall out—no threads to ravel.


Clopay Patterns are strikingly beautiful and their value a revelation*

*Says Mrs. Sarah Lockwood—one of America's Leading Interior Decorators, author of widely read book, "Decoration—Past, Present and Future."

Watch STORE WINDOWS

During October leading "5 & 10" stores and many others will feature in their windows those striking new CLOPAY patterns so heartily endorsed by Mrs. Lockwood. Watch for these displays—see how to beautify your home at negligible cost.



CLOPAY 15¢ WINDOW SHADES

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At All 5 & 10 and Most Neighborhood Stores

NOTE: Like all successful products, CLOPAYS are imitated. Beware! CLOPAYS have PATENTED advantages no other inexpensive shade can possess. Insist on genuine CLOPAYS.

"I Can't Pretend!" says Margaret Sullavan

[*Continued from page 27*]

would stop acting!' It made me think. Maybe I *was* acting. Maybe I *could* act! So I went over and joined a dramatic group. . . .

"No, I'm not kidding Hollywood. I'm not pretending. I've always been this way. Just funny. . . ."

It is a blessed kind of funniness, if you ask me—as refreshing as a cool breeze in a Sahara of sophistication.

A GREAT number of people have thought this indifference of Margaret Sullavan's to publicity, to Hollywood, to fame, was a deliberate pose. And it was to get the correct answer that I drove forty miles out to Sherwood Forest, where she was making outdoor scenes for *So Red the Rose.* Two days "on location" with any star can reveal more about her than anyone could discover in two years of casual friendship. Emotions are intensified by the strain of working under unusual conditions. And for the first time the reasons for what the film colony terms *"Miss* Sullavan's strange behavior" became evident.

Her indifference is based partly on that credo of hers—independence. And partly on her shrewd wisdom about what really matters in life. For Margaret was well aware that indifference to its gold and glitter was the one thing Hollywood couldn't understand. Before she ever left for the Coast, she knew that it would be her safest weapon. Just as Joan Crawford once told me, "You can't care too much or it gets you."

It got that pitifully beautiful girl who was once "Miss America." She took the shortest way out—with a bullet. It has got—how many? Only the great movie god knows and the great movie god isn't telling. But it will never get Margaret Sullavan. She could bury herself in an obscure stock company—in fact, she did so last summer—and be just as happy as on a hilltop in Hollywood. That is what living for the moment has taught her.

AN AMUSING thing happened when she was returning by train to take the lead in this production of Stark Young's beautiful story of the Old South—one of Paramount's most ambitious productions of the year. (Paramount "borrowed" her from Universal, where she is next to film *Next Time We Live.*) She had occasion to befriend a couple of old ladies and when they finally discovered who she was, one of them stammered, "G-goodness, I didn't know movie stars were like *that.* W-why, she might have been my own daughter—she was so natural and unaffected and kind. . . ." And this was "the girl that Hollywood couldn't tame."

With all her soul, Margaret Sullavan wants to be a plain human being with both feet on the ground. She is as terrified today of any "glorifying process" as she was the day she landed in Hollywood. That's why her contract stipulates that she shall be permitted to spend half of each year away from Hollywood. And because of that clause, she and her new husband, Director William Wyler, have separated.

"Out here a happy couple can't fight without rumors!" she joked shortly before they parted. And probably they never would have parted, if Wyler had not enjoyed the film city as much as she fears it. It is a part of him. He owes to it everything he has; its life is an integral part of his life. Their main bone of contention was that he would not leave it and she felt that she had to get away occasionally.

"He is a very lovable man . . . but I don't love him." There was terrific finality about that sentence as she said it to intimate friends. It marked the closing of that romantic chapter which began in such whirlwind fashion when they were working together on *The Good Fairy.*

TO UNDERSTAND Margaret's viewpoint, it is necessary to understand that flamelike, independent spirit of hers. The very spirit that makes her so outstanding on the screen is what makes an adjustment between Margaret and the hullabaloo of fame so difficult.

"There's a tendency here toward turning everyone out according to mold," she protested to me.

"There has been an illusion that feminine stars are goddesses. I'm not that type of person! I can't pretend that I am—and no one can build that kind of glamor around me. I don't like any process of whitewashing the human being and elevating her above 'the common herd,' putting a halo around her head.

"If only people would let you be yourself between pictures, if they'd only leave you alone. . . . But they won't. It's up to you to get away every little while or lose your perspective. And life's too short to be narrow-visioned about anything."

It was 110 degrees in the shade in Sherwood Forest the day I arrived. Two of the oldest trees in California were gently waving "prop" beards of imported Dixie moss. The atmosphere was so distinctly 1860-ish that I felt out of place in a shirtmaker frock—until I saw Margaret step blithely out of her hoop skirt and appear in shorts. And I swear that she is the only woman who could do it without losing charm.

She has the childlike quality of all young genius. And something of its sparkle. But most of all, I like the sweetness of "the girl that Hollywood will never tame!"

Hollywood's Heart Problems—and Yours

[*Continued from page 15*]

girls. She has been taught to judge far more carefully, to test and weigh and balance problems in everyday life.

Without a doubt business girls make the best wives *if*—

Yes, there's an "IF." A very big one. It's this: If they don't permit themselves to be too matter-of-fact.

I HAVE in mind a young woman who is gradually and unconsciously ruining her home by being too, too practical. She is spoiling every romantic illusion her husband ever had—and American men are the greatest romanticists on earth. They still don't want to look on a girl as an equal, but as an ideal. Women used to earning their own living sometimes overlook that fact. They get too frank and palsy-walsy in their friendship with men. Don't make that mistake! Keep those illusions for *him*.

If he is calling for you at the office snatch a minute somehow to buy a flower for your dress. Don't take your office personality out into the moonlight with you. Or to the altar! It's the grandest feeling on earth to know that you are equipped to take care of yourself and that you can be brightly efficient if the need arises—but don't thrust the fact in his face morning, noon, and night.

One of the things I like best about the way Olivia de Havilland is managing her career is that she has not allowed it to take any of her sweetness or womanliness away. She still brings a young man home and introduces him to Mother before she goes out with him! It's the truth! Of course, you can bank on her not to make a coy Victorian gesture of it. She simply invites a boy out for a game of badminton or to dinner. And seeing her in her own surroundings makes a boy appreciate a girl.

Business girls need to preserve their mystery "after hours!" If they can retain all their feminine charm and yet manage a career competently, you can rest assured that they will be the ablest manager of a home later on. . . .

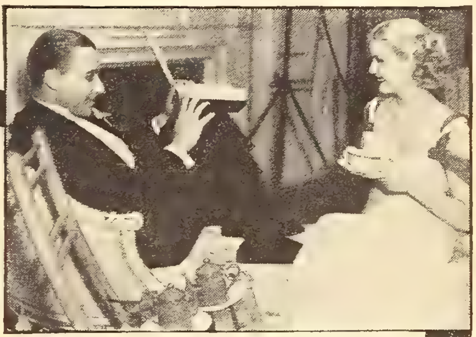
AN 18-YEAR-OLD GIRL, torn between love and a career, wrote to Margaret Dixe for help in solving her problem.

Her letter inspired Mrs. Dixe to ask eighteen-year-old Olivia de Havilland what her answer would be. You have read the sane answer that Olivia gave—and Mrs. Dixe's sound comments on it.

What would you like to ask her? She invites you to write to her. Address: Margaret Dixe, c/o MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

THE SCREEN WANTS NEW TALENT

Hold·Bobs BRING *Hollywood* TO YOU!



Douglass Montgomery and Anita Louise indulge in a cup of tea between scenes during the filming of Universal's comedy "Lady Tubbs".

Jean Rogers, winner of a Boston beauty contest is playing the leading feminine role in Universal's drama "Stormy".

Alice Brady and Anita Louise on the set during the filming of Universal's comedy "Lady Tubbs".

● Universal Pictures are looking for screen talent! HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play join forces to conduct this elaborate search for screen talent. To you, who cannot come to Hollywood—we are bringing Hollywood *to you!!* HOLD-BOBS are giving you the opportunity for a FREE screen test. Your local dealer can give you full details about the "Search for Talent".

Remember, the screen wants new faces and fresh talent. At the Universal Studios, this minute, such newcomers as Dorothy Page and Jean Rogers are working in pictures destined to make them famous!

All you need do to enter the "Search for Talent" screen test is to fill out an entry blank, attach your photo and mail to "Search for Talent" headquarters. You may get entry blanks in any of the more than hundred thousand stores that sell the famous HOLD-BOB Bob Pins—they're printed right on the back of the HOLD-BOB cards!

Here's how these screen tests will be given: The "Search for Talent" movie truck, under the direction of H. E. Howard, with a crew of cameramen and technicians and all equipment for making screen tests, will tour the country. A committee in your locality will select from photographs the most likely prospects for a movie career. They will be given screen tests which will be forwarded to Universal Studios for final judging. Those selected from the final judging will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for a final studio screen test.

Movie stars agree that a well groomed coiffure is most important. HOLD-BOBS insure a perfect hairdress because they have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped—and are available in colors to match your hair. You can identify HOLD-BOBS by the Gold and Silver metal foil cards.

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MERLE OBERON Featured with Fredric March in "The Dark Angel"
Other Coming Films in STORY Form— JOAN CRAWFORD, BRIAN AHERNE in "GLITTER" · CHARLES FARRELL in "FORBIDDEN HEAVEN" · DOLORES DEL RIO'S NEW PICTURE

READ Your Movies FIRST!

THE DARK ANGEL, starring MERLE OBERON and FREDRIC MARCH, is but one of the coming big pictures you can read in story form before it shows at your theatre.

JOAN CRAWFORD, has a new leading man, BRIAN AHERNE, in her coming picture *GLITTER*. You will thrill to the complete fiction story in the October

Romantic Movie STORIES

There is a $1300.00 contest with the fiction story of *THE CRUSADES*, and

I LIVE FOR LOVE
with
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FORBIDDEN HEAVEN
with
CHARLES FARRELL and
CHARLOTTE HENRY

10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
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Colorful Women—and You!

[*Continued from page* 41]

contrast must be planned very deliberately to obtain desired dramatic situations. For each situation, as every artist knows, there is only one color-combination that will best express a given dramatic point or a certain characterization. You wouldn't play *Faust* against a light pink background, or *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* against baby-blue.

"Nor," I contributed, "would you think of Mae West in pastels!"

"Precisely," he agreed.

"CONSIDER some of the stars I have directed," Mamoulian continued. "Hopkins, Garbo, Dietrich, Sten, Sylvia Sidney, Frances Dee, could not all be dramatic against the same color background. No two of them are alike, and each one must be interpreted in colors completely different from those that would heighten the appeal of the others. Even now, in black and white, each must be photographed individually—with lights, angles and dramatic intensity all considered. In color photography, lighting is a part of make-up—heightening, as it does, the natural colorings and bringing out the desired effects. To translate it for every woman, then—no matter where she may be and regardless of her natural coloring—the most effective way to express your personality is to find what *combination* of colors you wear most effectively."

"How fascinating! Which means, of course," I assumed, "that you see the stars' individual personalities expressed by some particular colors in your own mind?"

"That is so," he agreed.

"In that case," I said, "don't you think movie-goers would be extremely interested in learning how Miriam Hopkins, for example, 'translates' in color? What color would express her personality?"

"Well, I see Miss Hopkins as orange-yellow."

"And Greta Garbo?" I prompted.

"Violet-blue."

HE continued, without prompting: "Anna Sten suggests dark green, Marlene Dietrich light purple, Mae West orange-red, Marion Davies sky-blue, Elisabeth Bergner purple, Frances Dee clear blue, Sylvia Sidney dark blue, Joan Crawford bright red, Katharine Hepburn deep blue, Ginger Rogers warm yellow, Ann Harding bright yellow, Irene Dunne blue-green, and Margaret Sullavan dark green, just to name a few."

It seems to me this "color-identification" would make a fascinating new parlor game to replace that antiquated animal, vegetable, and mineral business!

When color films increase in number (and new ones are even now being scheduled), there will be different, more improved methods of high-lighting, according to Mr. Mamoulian. And should you come into a theatre in the middle of a film, you will probably be able to say that the picture is a Mamoulian, or a Cukor or a W. S. Van Dyke production, as a result of certain general coloring and shadow effects, just as today one recognizes a painting by Rembrandt or Corot from their individual use of colors. And, undoubtedly, your favorite stars will also become identified with pastels or sombre rich hues or bright gay colors when they have found their métier in Technicolor!

ALL of this should mean something important to you in your personal appearance, too. You can sit back and let the stars, whose ensemble of coloring nearest approaches your own, do all your experimenting for you! And when dusky Dolores Del Rio or blonde Joan Bennett or auburn-haired Janet Gaynor arrives at the lipstick, eyeshadow, rouge, and powder that seem just right, then *you* can step out and do yourself up brown—or blue—or violet, as the case may be.

And don't, for one moment, think that complexion isn't a deciding factor when it comes to beauty. Mr. Mamoulian believes that complexion alone gives one a definite impression of a face—for frequently a lovely skin makes a girl pretty, or even beautiful, though her features may not be.

"Eyes," Mamoulian says, "are today but two black dots on the screen, almost infinitesimal in size and practically of a color with the rest of the picture. But think of them as bright blue eyes! Immediately they become interesting and intriguing, like two cornflowers in a sunny field—for a golden complexion gives added beauty. Do you recall when the sun goes under a cloud, however briefly, the change that comes over the landscape? Just so," he says, "the change to color is rapid and convincing."

Hollywood has always had beautiful women, and now they are to be *colorful* as well! That is, if Mr. Mamoulian has anything to say about it—and who can doubt that he will have something to say?

Because, to use the words of Cole Porter's song, he's the top!

At last!

A novelist pictures Hollywood as it really is.

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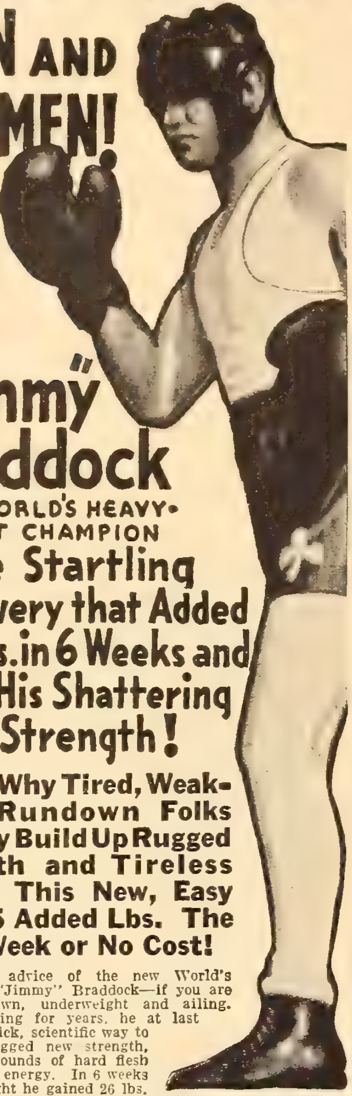

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Take the advice of the new World's Champion—"Jimmy" Braddock—if you are weak, rundown, underweight and ailing. After searching for years, he at last found the quick, scientific way to build up rugged new strength, good solid pounds of hard flesh and dazzling energy. In 6 weeks before the fight he gained 26 lbs.

He says: "Tests convinced me that rundown conditions, poor blood and skinniness come frequently from iodine-starved glands. When these glands—particularly the important gland which controls weight building—lack NATURAL PLANT IODINE (don't confuse this with ordinary chemical iodine), even diets rich in fats and starches fail to add weight and produce energy. That's why skinny folks often have huge appetites, yet stay skinny."

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Kelpamalt *Tablets*

Charm in Men

[*Continued from page* 24]

constantly subjected. And then, suddenly growing tender, she said: "But he sobers up onct a month and then he's *so* chivalrous!"

Man may commit a thousand major crimes, but let him, in an off moment, be thoughtful and kind, and most women are eternal slaves!

H STANDS for **humaneness.** I mean the quality that calls for friendship—and gives it. It progressively covers friendship, love, marriage, and companionship. It also embraces understanding—the greatest of all human relations. Without understanding, which in itself makes a man charming, he lacks much that women find vital to their happiness. If he is cold, unfeeling, indifferent, no woman can find him charming.

A IS for the **"assertive"** quality in a charming man. Now please don't misunderstand. I don't want you to confuse assertive with aggressive, for one has little to do with the other. An aggressive man, by and large, is not only a bore, but a very annoying animal. An "assertive" man is really a "masterful" one.

He never leaves you in any doubt that he is a *real* man. He will see that you are comfortable and happy, even if he has to fight a whole regiment to make it possible. He doesn't shilly-shally. He likes you. He makes it perfectly clear. But, remember, he is also chivalrous—and he doesn't force his attentions. He is simply there to do whatever he can. And he does. You can't make a convenience of him. (You wouldn't want to do so.) But he will be your friend, if that is your wish—and he will do everything in his power to make you his wife, if that is his desire. You find it exceedingly difficult even to try to dissuade him. You see that assertiveness is one of his most persuasive charms!

R IS for his **romantic quality,** the Romeo lurking in every charming male. And women love romance!

When I say "romantic," I am not thinking only of a balcony scene or even a gondola built for two in a lovely Venetian setting. A romantic quality is much more than mooniness in a moonlight setting!

For instance, it may mean that a man dances well, that he walks with virile grace, or has a voice with timbre and depth. Or a romantic quality may enable him to enjoy the poetry that you do, be the athlete to whom you may point with pardonable pride, or his ideals may be such as to make you justly proud.

FOR **M** there is only **magnetism.** Magnetism is the very core of charm—it *is* charm! Magnetism, in its most obvious sense, "attracts." It is that subtle something that causes us to turn to a certain one in a group for interest and appreciation. It is vague, provocative, and, of all the qualities which comprise charm, it alone cannot be either acquired or cultivated. It simply is—or, lamentably, it isn't!

All together, these five attributes spell C-H-A-R-M!

ASKED to illustrate these points, I find myself thinking of an assortment of types that have caught the imagination of *all* women, men who seem to be the personification of each ingredient of charm.

For chivalry, there is Leslie Howard, who appeals to women as the type of man who would do all those tender little things which endear men to us. He is the embodiment of old-world charm that accounts for the vogue of English actors in Hollywood's renaissance.

For humaneness, Gary Cooper, with whom I am co-starring in Paramount's *Peter Ibbetson,* and who suggests to women everywhere the constant friend, rich in understanding and devotion. And Gary *is* humane. He is kind to everyone alike—and friendly to all. One believes in humanity through him.

For assertiveness, Clark Gable stands as the pre-eminent example. Women find in him the man who overcomes barriers, who knows what he wants and has the courage and ability to go after it. And get it! No if's, and's, and but's for him. He is no weak-kneed, indefinite, wavering fence-sitter, but a man who asks only to be depended upon.

For romance, the Prince of Wales is an international figure who makes Prince Charming come to life. No figure calls forth more adoration from feminine hearts than David Windsor, the jaunty bachelor. Wherever he goes, the Prince is a figure of romance materialized.

For magnetism—Lindbergh. The flier's very name is mesmeric. His lanky good looks are not those of a Beau Brummell, but his appeal is sheer magic. His charm, a strange mixture of modesty and outstanding bravery, is a heady drink for women.

And yet charm, for the average woman, is not prefaced by titles or great deeds. It is a happy combination of man's natural instincts cultivated by the appreciation and sympathy of women. All men have charm in varying degrees, but it takes a woman to discover it. That's your gift from the gods above!

How Claudette Colbert conquered her greatest enemy!

[*Continued from page* 29]

insisted. It was all very cute and light, of course, but that was just the trouble with it. What audiences would want to watch Clark and me working out a thumb-formula for hitch-hiking?

"Well. Clark listened to about as much as he could stand. Then he said. 'Oh, forget it, Claudette! What do you care? And if you do, you'd better keep it to yourself; because, as far as I'm concerned, it just doesn't matter. If it's going to be a flop, it's going to be a flop. If it's going to be a hit, it will be one. Don't forget: you and I just work here. The script isn't our business any more than the photographing is. Come on, how about a game of checkers?'

"Well, to make a short story of it, he absolutely scoffed me out of my worries. He suddenly made me ashamed of myself because I realized that I was annoying everyone.

"I LEARNED from Clark a thing or two about taking life in stride, and I'll always be grateful. He's so amiable, so unperturbed, that I couldn't help learning! I never start on a picture now without a Clark Gable talking-to.

"Then, too, whenever I entertained, I used to have such a bad time at my own parties, worrying about whether my guests were having a good time, that everyone else sensed the strain in the air. That, incidentally, is a failing that many women have—anticipating trouble at their own parties.—And if anything will spoil a party, that will! I have learned now not to worry. I invite only my eight or nine close friends to parties, anyway.

"There is only one worry of which I have never been guilty . . . and that is how I look off the screen. If someone sees me wearing a pair of comfort-shoes, instead of snappy high-heeled slippers, I don't care. I'm comfortable, and I refuse to parade.

"And here is the final proof that I really have improved! Just recently I bought a beautiful plot of land in Holmby Hills. I selected the plan for the house I wanted—English Colonial—and started to build. The foundation was scarcely begun when the whole industry began to talk of moving out of California. If this had happened three years ago, I would have been thrown into a panic. But I had learned the Clark Gable shrug. I used it. I figured that it would take the industry a couple of years to move, anyway, and by that time I might be retiring from pictures. But I would still have my house . . . the house that I had always wanted. Doesn't that sound as if I am cured of worrying?"

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BABY RASH
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(from external causes)

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JUST THINK! Over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema are now used yearly! Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of skin irritations like eczema and burns. Nurses first discovered how wonderful it was for their red, chapped hands, and for helping to improve their complexions. Today Noxzema is used by millions—bringing soothing comfort and aiding in healing ugly skin flaws.

Women enthusiastic

If you are troubled with large pores, blackheads or pimples caused by external conditions, apply Noxzema after removing makeup—and during the day as a foundation for powder. Notice how it refines large pores—helps nature heal ugly pimples—helps make your face smoother, clearer, more attractive.

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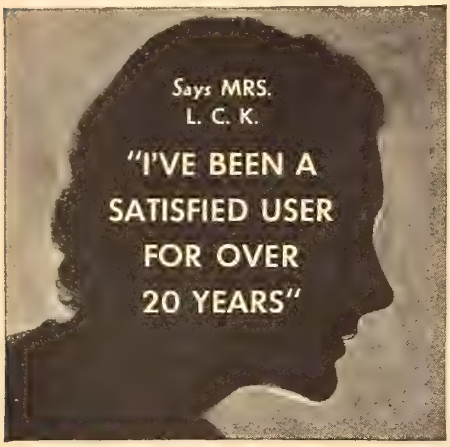

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Charm in Women

[*Continued from page* 25]

of charm. I have been told that there are certain universal standards by which this priceless quality can be judged. Maybe so. If there are, they must be judged universal on the strength of the fact that they appeal to all people.

THIS subject of charm is one I don't recall ever having heard discussed in my early days in Montana. A man and woman there began marriage with scarcely anything but individual courage, mutual interest in their home, and four willing hands. They had to fight for those conveniences that most of us now take for granted.

And yet, despite the hard winters, unreliable crops and the cattle that strayed, starved, or were frequently stolen, they managed to gain a foothold, fight through and flourish. There was no whining, no pouting, no scenes. A wife had vision and courage and faith in the future and by encouraging and toiling side by side with her hard-working man, she helped him to accomplish the impossible.

Call that charm if you will. The Montana husband probably did. Yet it stands to reason that this Montana woman wouldn't pass inspection in a Hollywood casting office or in front of the stag line at the Ritz.

Those whose business it is to pick the stars of tomorrow from the thousands of young hopefuls who flock to Hollywood set up a lot of arbitrary standards by which they judge potential charm. They demand, so they tell me, poise, beauty, intelligence, womanliness, and sincerity. It sounds as though a combination of all these in one woman should do the trick without fail, but such is not the case.

WE ALL have seen women who have held the attention of all the men around them and who lack some of these so-called "necessary attributes." No man who has ever met Amelia Earhart has failed to remark on her charm. Yet she is not on any Hollywood casting director's list under the heading of "beauty." One or several of these attributes may be missing in a woman, yet some person, group or even an entire nation may set her up as an ideal of charm. Maybe I'm wrong, but we all have seen it happen.

The screen is the conceded international focal point of beauty, yet notice how varied the types are. You will hear Marlene Dietrich rated as the acme of perfection for natural beauty of features, while others will dispute such a contention and substitute Greta Garbo as their choice. Or they may prefer the warmth of Sylvia Sidney, the verve of Katharine Hepburn, or the sparkle of Carole Lombard. And each would be right. That is why any girl can be quite as lovely as any of these if she appears so to her sweetheart. It all depends on who is doing the appraising.

That beauty alone is not considered charm is conceded by all women. It may help to attract a man. But will it hold him? For every physical fault a woman may have there is a compensation. Homely women have been known to hold the attention of men to the exclusion of stunning beauties. They have personality, intelligence, character, wit, or some other quality that outshines mere beauty.

It seems that qualities that go to make up charm can be cultivated, either consciously or unconsciously. There is not a woman living, no matter what her appearance, who cannot find compensating qualities in her nature that will make her attractive to men. This is one of those facts of life on which everyone agrees. How it happens is something else again.

IT'S all a mystery to me. I do not analyze the women opposite whom I play. I have no category into which I can place Ann Harding, with whom I am now appearing in *Peter Ibbetson,* nor Marlene Dietrich, Marion Davies, Carole Lombard, nor any of the others. I enjoy working with them, and that's that. To be where they are in motion pictures naturally presupposes that they have what is commonly known as charm. I assume this and go on that basis.

There are women all over the country who are dead-ringers for many of these actresses, yet they don't set things on fire to the same degree—and some of them perhaps not at all. They may be sincere or artificial, exactly alike in most ways or with a number of differences, yet they bring a different reaction in men. Why this is so will have to be answered by greater authorities than myself.

You might also ask these authorities why the standards keep changing so often. I would like to know why myself. The chorus girl with the "boyish figure" seems to be the standard today. The buxom beauty went out with the mustache cup. There must be someone who decides these trends, but no one has yet been able to identify him or it. This seems to prove that there doesn't seem to be any use looking for a formula or a gauge!

You can have a lot of fun speculating on just how far Lillian Russell would go on the screen if she were alive and in her heyday today, or how the bald-headed row would have received Joan Crawford if she held Lillian Russell's place back in the '90's!

I feel safe in saying that there is only one hard and fast rule:

CHARM is inherent in every person. Find it in yourself—and then make the most of it!

There's Only One Joan!

[*Continued from page* 34]

did I. They don't live the same impulsive, happy-go-lucky life as married women that they did as single girls. They have new responsibilities now. They can't help being more dignified. It was the same way with me.

"The difference between them and me lies in the fact that their friends expect *them* to settle down after marriage. If they continued going out night after night, even with their husbands, people would talk. They would say that those girls were wrecking their husbands' health and lives, keeping them out every night until all hours, preventing them from going to work on time.

"But because *I* settled down, I had done grand!" exclaimed Joan.

"THOSE girls, after they marry, occasionally go out dancing. So did I. If I feel like going to the Cocoanut Grove or the Beverly-Wilshire today, I go. But as any girl grows older, it is natural that less strenuous pleasures should attract her.

"No beings on earth remain the same year after year. If they show the least inclination to stay static, the world moves on and leaves them behind. When you are a child, you read books by Louisa May Alcott. As you grow older, their simple sentiment cloys. You go on to a little more mature fiction. After awhile you become satiated with that, too. You go on to something else, something with more meat and substance to it—biographies and histories, perhaps. I don't believe anyone starts out by reading classics. You work up to them gradually. You have to develop an appreciation of them."

I knew what Joan was driving at. Some time ago an actor-friend of mine was working in a picture with her. He came home one night muttering about her trying to show him up. Pressed for an explanation, he said that during the day he had quoted a line from one of Shakespeare's plays. Joan had picked it up and recited the whole speech from which the quotation was taken. It gave him a feeling of inferiority because she had known the whole thing and he had known only a line of it.

Yet it was he who started it! In repeating the incident to others later, this actor did not bother to explain that part of it. All that he found necessary to say was that Joan went around the set flaunting her knowledge of Shakespeare in others' faces to impress them with how well-read she was!

I HAVE KNOWN Joan pretty well over a period of years. I have never known her to try to impress anyone with anything. This chap started the conversation. There was no reason for her to be awed by his casual use of a

[*Continued on page* 82]

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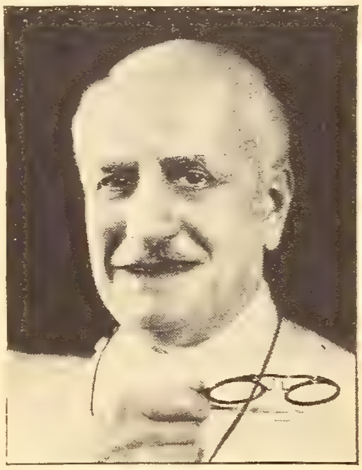

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If You Want to Look Sophisticated . . .

[*Continued from page* 45]

lose your personality. You are no longer Mary Smith, but 'The girl in the yellow dress.'

"EVERY wardrobe must have a dominating color, and you can do no better than to choose black. It can be worn anywhere, any time, triumphantly. Black shows to best advantage on blondes, of course. Since my hair has been lightened, it is much easier for me to dress becomingly, for I can always rely on black.

"The most important item in my wardrobe is evening gowns. I must give them the greatest attention because I make most of my public appearances at formal evening affairs. However, for the non-theatrical girl, or the girl who doesn't go out a great deal at night, I think the most important single costume is her tailored suit. It is much the best thing, if you can possibly afford it, to have this made for you. You have to be fitted by a regular man's tailor to achieve that crisp precision of line that is so essential. With my suits I prefer tailored shirtmaker blouses.

"If a girl has to economize, I would suggest that she save on the little casual dresses she wears on the street in summer and under her heavy coat in winter. The wash silks, the prints, and the plain in-between dresses can be purchased for very little money, and still put up a good appearance.

"For example, I have a new navy silk luncheon dress printed with white polka dots. It is entirely simple save for the unique trimming of shirred navy blue taffeta ribbon that runs the length of the sleeve from shoulder to cuff. With the addition of a bow-tied sash of the ribbon, and a tie at the base of the neckline, that is all there is to the gown. It is an exclusive model designed for me, but it certainly wouldn't cost a great deal to duplicate.

"Although I like clothes, and I like to have as many of them as possible, I don't consider myself extravagant. Perhaps the only thing I indulge in to excess is shoes. I have slippers of all different types, colors, and materials. My hose I buy by the dozen pairs, but that is merely for convenience. I am not especially hard on them.

"Handkerchiefs, lingerie, and gloves are other accessories I purchase in quantity. They are staples, and it is only practical to have a generous supply on hand.

"LET me show you the clothes I have selected for my fall ensembles. I had them designed by Dot Gregson, a young couturière who is making a name for herself as an American modiste. These dresses are all very new, and I think indicative of the trend that winter fashions will take, during the coming season.

"I am simply crazy about the black and white evening gown. To me, it has everything. It is made of sheer black wool crêpe, molded closely about the hips and flaring below the knees. The blouse is nothing in the world but two giant, beruffled berthas of white soufflé, falling over the shoulders to the natural waistline. A black velvet ribbon ties in a bow at the front of the low décolletage, and loops over my neck. With this I wear a very plain black velvet hat, and a little cape of the white soufflé ruffles. I also like large single pearl ear-rings with the costume, and no other jewelry.

"My new dinner dress is entirely of soufflé. The black skirt is softly draped, and concentrates its fullness at the back of the waist. Black elbow-length sleeves are so full that they seem almost to be part of a cape. Over the front of the black bodice comes a large, low collar of pale blue soufflé, shirred into countless tiny ruchings. Pale blue and black intertwine to form the girdle.

"My suit is unusual. It is entirely hand-made of a dark wine-colored crêpe. The blouse of crêpe is most severe, and its long, narrow neckline is edged with finely pleated grosgrain ribbon. A little bit of a toque with a nose veil matches the suit, and is trimmed with a saucy cluster of yellow daisies right in front. The daisies are sisters to those that make up my corsage. Black patent-leather pumps with rhinestone buckles, a double scarf of silver fox, and a luncheon date make the effectiveness of the outfit complete!

"ANOTHER street costume, that I have, introduces a new note with the shirred insertion of the tiny shoulder cape of black crêpe de chine. The capelet, which is finished off with a wide, shirred flounce, goes over a plain waist with full elbow-length sleeves. The skirt of black crêpe is wrap-around and has a flounce.

Still another smart street ensemble for autumn in Ann's wardrobe is a two-piece dress with a short jacket of black caracul. The skirt is black with a faintly ribbed design; it is topped by a shirt of silver metal cloth with an Oliver Cromwell collar.

"With sophisticated clothes, you gain self-assurance," Ann points out. "They encourage you to be smart and modern in your appearance, your manner, and even in your mode of thinking. You subconsciously live up to your clothes, and the first thing you know, you have the gift you have been seeking—Sophistication!"

Garbo Talks for Publication

[*Continued from page* 35]

phers "not to blaze their spotlights in her eyes." He said, vociferously, "We must not scare her!"

Then, a moment later, we saw her standing in the doorway. Greta Garbo herself, smiling. She did not look tired, as reported. She was tanned, healthy-looking.

SHE sat down, and as a group we looked at her—Sweden's *Queen Christina.* Greta Garbo never has been so popular in Sweden as she is right now, since making this picture.

For a moment no one said a word.

As a beginning, someone asked the most obvious possible question: Was she happy to be home again?

"Yes, indeed," she said—and sighed a deep, contented sigh.

We inquired how she felt personally about the popular *Queen Christina.*

She looked sadly disappointed. She shook her head, while she said: "That picture never was done the way I wanted it—not at all."

"IS IT true that you love Nature—the country—more than the city?"

"I love Nature, yes. I feel free and clean when I am out in Nature. And free—only then."

We asked if she saw many pictures.

"Yes, I love to see pictures. And I do whenever I have time to see them. But I have so little time."

Does she ever see Swedish pictures? And does she like them?

"I have seen so few recently. But—they all seem to move in the same circle. Why?"

Greta Garbo asked *us.* And we could not answer. That amused her.

"Now, you see how difficult it is to answer some questions," she joked—throwing her head backward, laughing. She made us all laugh with her.

What did she think about the newly-found Mauritz Stiller manuscript? This was the play that the late great Swedish director (and her discoverer) had wanted so much to film, with Garbo as star, upon his first arrival in Hollywood.

"How can I make any statement about that off-hand? It is entirely too important—maybe—and very near to my heart."

What were her plans?

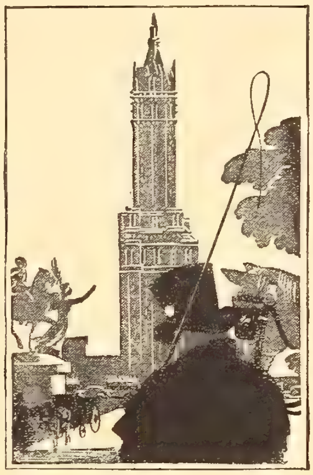
"How do I know?" she said. "I make plans and change them. I never know what will happen. I have as yet no idea what I will do tomorrow."

"Do you mean actually tomorrow—or in the future?"

"Both," she said slowly.

"BUT, Miss Garbo, you must have some plans of your own. Something that you desire—something that

[*Continued on page* 78]



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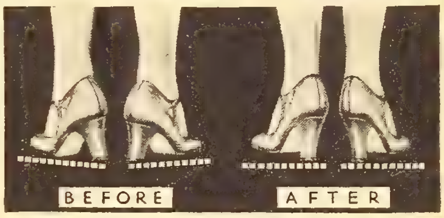

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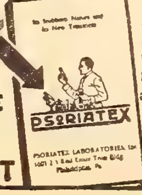

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Garbo Talks for Publication

[Continued from page 77]

you want to do yourself—very much."

"Yes," she said, "I have. But what is the use of telling them?"

How cleverly evasive her answers were! All right, we would try one more question.

We asked about her friends. Did she have many?

"Not many. I have so little time to be out socially. And when I am, I have just a few."

"You play tennis a great deal?"

"Tennis is exercise."

"Do you play it with friends?"

"Sometimes."

We were getting nowhere—if we wanted to find out anything about her private life, her own thoughts—her hopes, her ambitions. That, after all, is her private business. But, unfortunately perhaps that is what the world wants to know—even if it has no business to know it at all. Garbo in self-defense, has developed a clever technique in dodging questions. And hard-crusted reporters find themselves admiring her for it.

We asked her about her men friends.

"How could I answer?" she said very sweetly.

WHILE we had been talking, the photographers had been busy continuously and Garbo had flashed her captivating smile occasionally. It was as if one had been in a studio in Hollywood, watching them making pictures of her—a sight that is rarely the privilege of the uninitiated.

The "royal" photographer asked her to smile for a special picture—which she very graciously did—and I took a look at her costume for the first time. She was wearing a gray suit, gray scarf, blouse, shoes and coat. Her hair was uncurled—windblown—and extremely girlish. She looked much younger even than she is.

What we had expected happened: her handsome brother, Sven, came to rescue her—and do the "forgive, but I have really no more time" for her. Which he did most charmingly.

"You know," he said, "my sister has never deliberately granted an interview in any other place than Sweden for years. So—when she has loved so much to see you—I know you will not mind, if I take her away now."

He helped his lovely sister up from the chair, took her coat from her arm, and escorted her to the door. She turned there to smile a friendly farewell—and was gone ahead of her brother.

Naturally, we went out on deck to see her descend the gangplank. That was worth seeing. She stood on the deck—and suddenly stepped up on the gangplank in front of her brother. Her hair flew back from her face. And as she stood there she reminded every onlooker of the marvelous last shot of

Queen Christina—where she stood at the prow of the sailing vessel that was to take her away to foreign lands, with the wind blowing through her hair. She created entirely the same impression now. And she must have sensed it, like the thousands who were waiting for her on the pier.

Her lips quivered, as all eyes were turned up to her. Then she shouted, so that everybody could hear her:

"Well, here I am now——," and added, as she put her hand through her hair, "wild and uncombed." Then the tears choked her. She could say no more. But the thousands below were cheering wildly. It was as if Queen Christina, who had left Sweden three hundred years ago, had come.

WHEN Garbo's waiting limousine had disappeared among the old streets of the city, headed for an unknown destination, I went into the *Kungsholm's* bar—to have a well-earned cocktail. There I met a charming Englishman, who had been seen with Garbo a couple of times during the journey.

He was all aglow with the memories of glorious days on shipboard. In fact, he did not feel like going ashore and breaking the spell.

"She is the most fascinating person I have ever met—and ever expect to meet. There is no one like her. I swam with her several times. She swam twice a day generally. And I was one of the few who were up early enough to see her. We chatted and had a glorious time. And let me tell you—she is lovelier than ever in her bathing suit."

"What color bathing suit did she wear?"

"A light blue, of very fine wool, cut out low in the back. Sun-back, they call it. And she always hid her hair under a tight bathing cap."

"Very modern and feminine, in other words?"

"Decidedly so. I don't like her pictures at all. But I see them all several times just the same. You see—she has always fascinated me. And I haven't changed my mind since meeting her.

"She kept to her stateroom almost all day a couple of times. But she was not seasick—only resting. And most of the passengers never saw her, except for a few glimpses they got of her passing by in her dark blue slacks—or if they occasionally were up early enough to see her exercise in the morning in her yellow pajamas—or hurry back to her cabin in her gray morning coat."

I did not have to ask any questions. The chap was so engrossed with his memories of shipboard incidents that I earnestly believe he gave me all this information without knowing he was talking to a reporter—or anyone, for that matter.

He told me that she amused herself by playing deck games. Often she played with Madame Bostrom, wife of the Swedish Minister at Washington, or with the ship's officers. Particularly she played with the good-looking young second officer, Ewert Eriksson, who was born a few houses from where she herself was born. "The young man entertained her with droll stories that she seemed to enjoy."

SO I went to take a look at the young officer, who, I discovered, had movie-possibilities himself. I wanted to call one of the photographers to get a picture of him. But he refused to be photographed.

He also refused to say one solitary word about Miss Garbo. But he gladly admitted that he had had a good time on this particular trip. And that his fondest dreams were to be a motion picture actor.

Before I left the ship, I went to meet the chef, who told me in confidence that he would have liked so much to cook the finest dishes he knew—and particularly the ones that he alone knew—for her.

"But her diet was Spartan," he told me. "For lunch she ate a few vegetables—and a slice of brown bread with layers of raw white onions. For dinner a few more vegetables—and a small piece of grilled lamb—with all the fat removed. And no salt, no pepper. But the last day she really ate a juicy Swedish beefsteak."

Otherwise, the chef would not tell much. A couple of American women told me that they did not like the idea that she avoided taking her meals in the dining room—except at the captain's dinner the night before reaching Gothenburg. Then she came.

"SHE wore a black velvet costume," they told me, "very lovely in its own way—cut very mannishly, tuxedo fashion—with a plain white silk blouse—and low-heeled shoes. She talked mostly to the captain, whom she had visited daily during the journey. And she left before the dessert."

When I was about to leave the ship finally, my photographer, who had so mysteriously disappeared, returned.

"I got pictures of her up on the captain's deck. No one else got them. And I accidentally got a couple of the second officer."

I had learned things about Greta Garbo on vacation from Hollywood that none of the other reporters had learned, because they had followed her ashore. And now I even had exclusive pictures. (Two of them, exclusive with MOVIE CLASSIC, are published on page 35.—Editor.)

Just before leaving the ship, I heard that the fair Garbo had been in excellent humor throughout the voyage and seemed happy to be "going home." After the emotional strain of the title rôle of *Anna Karenina*, which should make her even greater than ever before, she really needed a vacation among old friends. Or alone, as she so much likes to be—at least until she has become thoroughly rested.

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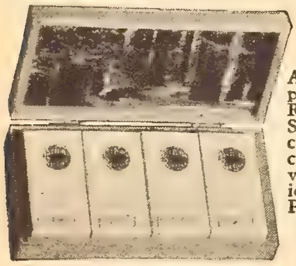

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Handy Hints from Hollywood

By Marian Rhea

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* * *

Sylvia Sidney is one of those girls who hates cold corners and drafty rooms in her house, and that's a sentiment we all endorse. But sometimes in summer homes or beach houses there are no heating systems, and along comes a rainy or cool day, and it's all very shivery and miserable! Sylvia found this true even in sunny California at her Malibu Beach house, so she has a Nesco de Luxe Circulating Heater, which affords approximately twenty-five hours of continuous operation on one gallon of kerosene! These helpful burners are well built, and come in one or two burner sizes. They are excellent aids in beach houses, mountain cabins, or in any house in which there is no heating system or the heat is not turned on until freezing weather.

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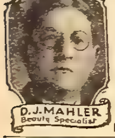

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Fashion Foreword

[*Continued from page 42*]

And we can't imagine anything we'll enjoy wearing more than one of those new street ensembles. We mean, a plain, simple woolen dress with a matching knee-length coat—perhaps with a band of fur around the neck and down the entire front, both for chic and warmth!

Tams, tams, tams! Big ones, little ones, cocky ones and sedate ones—they all are on their way to us. And they look as if they came straight from the Latin Quartier. We (and the artists of Paris) shall go around wearing gay head-coverings that dip down amazingly over one eye and flare amazingly high over the other. They are full, use a great deal of shirring, and ostrich-feather trimmings—all of which gives them "that feminine touch," not to mention charm. Just thinking about them, we feel ourselves going romantic. What shall we be like when we actually are wearing them! . . . And we know we're going to see (and have) some halo hats. They can make almost any girl, with the right facial contour and coiffure, young and angelic-looking . . . and practically fatal to the male of the species.

And jacket costumes. They fill so many needs that we *must* have them!

Skirts a bit shorter and becoming to slim, girlish legs. Flat-heeled shoes that are inspirations for long walks. Dark gloves with flared cuffs to wear with tailored fall suits. Hosiery in autumn shades. Matching lips and fingernails . . . These are all little details for Autumn, 1935.

We're packing our summer things away . . . and making ready to whisk into soft woolens and hand knit things for sports . . . crêpes and satins for day-time events . . . and swishing, rustling gowns, divinely romantic, for the exciting evening hours.

Welcome, Autumn!

DO YOU WONDER—

What you should get to fill out your present wardrobe for fall? Or what you *can* get—and still keep within your clothes budget? Or how you will solve that other little clothes problem that needs solving?

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(P. S. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply!)

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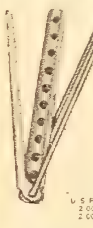

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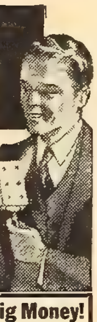

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There's Only One Joan

[*Continued from page 75*]

familiar quotation, and it seems to me it was human and natural for her to chime in with the rest of it. I would have done the same thing—if I had known the rest. But I have probably gone grand, too!

Anyhow, it was shortly after this incident that a story appeared about a new Joan, with thinly veiled innuendoes to the effect that she was posing as a *litterateur*. I have never known her to boast of reading anything. Rather, if she discusses any book, she does it with an apologetic air, as though she is afraid that by merely admitting she has read it, people will think she is trying to show off.

Then there was the "hooked rug" period when another "new Joan" was exploited, more or less sarcastically, as a model of domestic industry. The pendulum always swings from one extreme to the other. When anyone becomes surfeited with night life, whether she is a Joan Crawford or a Mary Smith, it is to be expected that she will seek simpler pleasures.

Unless a person knows Joan, he cannot appreciate what her home means to her. There was nothing more natural, after her final purchase of a house of her own, than wanting to fix it up. I have known dozens of girls and women who have made hooked rugs and needlepoint pieces. One and all, they have told me that the work is so fascinating that they cannot put it down.

Joan is one of the most intense people I have ever encountered. She has never learned the meaning of the word "moderation." To whatever she does, she gives her whole heart and soul. A person familiar with her would realize that she could not make two or three hooked rugs and call it quits. She would not have been herself if she had not made at least a dozen. And I defy anyone who knows her to say that they were made out of affectation.

Eventually she tired of them—as who wouldn't? And immediately we were regaled with stories of yet another "new Joan."

THEN we were told that there was still another Joan who was dabbling in interior decorating. Anyone who has ever known the pleasure of furnishing a home can understand how that craze takes hold of and possesses one.

If you have the money, and little expert knowledge of materials and woods, you call in an interior decorator as an adviser. At first you are charmed with the result. But after you live for a while in the setting he has provided, you begin to realize that it reflects his personality more than yours. So you start making changes.

Every time Joan changed a chair, rumors went the rounds, she was "doing her house over." (It was originally

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JOAN BENNETT'S TWO LIVES
What Hollywood Has Done to Franchot Tone

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Spanish.) In actual fact, she has changed it only once since it was built!

"You see," Joan explained to me, "I didn't know anything about architecture—or about furniture—when I built the house. I had never owned anything beyond a few clothes. I built during the time when people thought that only Spanish architecture was suitable to California. After I had studied a bit and traveled a little, I found that other styles could be even more attractive, so I began renovating it. I found too, after living in it, that I didn't care for Spanish things. Accordingly, I began changing it over to English, which I prefer. I didn't want to go into debt, so I have altered only one room at a time. But every time I have refurnished a room, there have been stories told that I was doing over the whole house.

"Then people commented because I changed it again after Douglas (Fairbanks, Jr.) and I separated. As a matter of fact, I only completed the changes I had started some time previously. But people would not understand that. They quoted me as saying that there were too many bitter memories about the house as it was. That's partly true. It's why I finished all the changes at once instead of gradually. I didn't want to give up the place, because, after all, there are also some very pleasant memories connected with it. This house has a significance for me. *To* me, it stands *for* me with all the changes that the alchemy of time has wrought in me.

"WITHOUT change," Joan continued, "we stagnate. It's like an old woman trying to dress and act like a young girl. She only makes herself ridiculous. I don't want to develop along only one line. If I am going to develop at all, I want everything about me to keep pace with my development."

"Joan," I asked earnestly, "do you know where you are going, what you really want from life?"

She shook her head. "No. I only know that I want to find myself."

That's Joan. Ever since I have known her, through all her changing moods and shifting fancies, that has always been Joan. She has passed through many phases (as who hasn't?), but always there has been one Joan with one consuming purpose: that of making something of herself. She has made mistakes along the way, some of them ridiculous, some of them laughable, just as we all have. But I can think of no one who has improved herself and developed to the same extent as Joan!

I glory in her spunk in sticking to her purpose despite jibes, jeers, and laughter. And, I might add, I am very proud of knowing her.

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"William Powell" by Jim Tully
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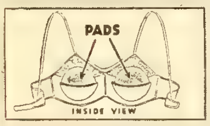

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Chaplin—in Quest of Love

[*Continued from page* 36]

ly into the murky distance, he had dreamed of a perfect love. His vision had risen above the squalor of Whitechapel to fasten upon a will-o'-the-wisp that would lead him through life.

That was only natural. His mother was an actress, jumping from town to town with a vaudeville troupe, trying to contribute something to the support of her child. He had known little affection as a child, none of the tender solicitude of friends. And so, sensitive dreamer that he was, he imagined an ideal love that should make up for all he had missed. It has been the constant heartache of the search for this ideal that has given him that wistful quality on the screen which has endeared him to humanity the world over.

HIS career has moved smoothly upward, so far as fame and fortune are concerned. But with love, rocks and brambles have tripped him, and bruised him. Money and fame meant one thing only with him—a means to a rich emotional life. But ever his goal remained unattained. That was why, a scant two years ago, he said despairingly to a few intimates: "I am a failure."

If Chaplin had not been an artist, he might have found his ideal long ago. For an artist sees first with his eye. The lady who haunted the comedian's dreams had to be beautiful, with that fragrant beauty found only in the bloom of youth. And once this elementary sense was satisfied, Chaplain ecstatically leaped to the conclusion that his ravishing angel possessed all the other requisites as well. His disillusionment in every instance was torture.

The story of his emotional life is a history of impetuous loves broken off after first blooming, dropped to earth, and ground deep into the dust by a slender high heel.

Mildred Harris was his first wife. She was barely sixteen when they married. Her features were so fragile that they could not be caught by the camera, and she never made a great success in pictures. Not that Chaplin cared, for he wanted to cloister her in his home. "The loveliest girl who ever appeared in Hollywood," was the unanimous verdict at the time. But people wondered how the marriage would turn out, whispered about the difference in their ages, and, because human nature envies those on top, hoped for the worst.

All too soon they were able to gloat—to say, scornfully, that Chaplin could not be happy with any one beauty for long—to imply that any gorgeous young creature could hold him only for a brief while, until, tiring of the same caress, he would gaily move along, searching restlessly for another.

The same charge might be repeated today if something happened to his marriage to Paulette Goddard. I hope this article will lay that ghost forever.

WHY did he and Mildred part? What broke up his home with Lita Grey—mother of his two sons? You should already be able to infer the answer. But this story must begin at the beginning.

Chaplin's first romance was typical of many others—except that it lasted longer. For twenty years.

Let us get a picture of him at that time. He has said that he was a spiritually starved child of nineteen, earning a haphazard living as a vaudeville sketch artist. Life was lonely. His social activities were limited. He yearned for more than his environment could give him. He lived through moody days without romance or beauty until one memorable August night . . .

He saw her, that night, standing in the wings about to scoot on the stage with a troupe of other girls. He, himself, was shortly to appear as a ragged harlequin. As he feasted his eyes on this lovely brunette, his pulse began to throb, for she was smiling, and smiling at him.

Three days dragged by torturously before he mustered courage to speak to her. Laughingly, she asked why he had not done so before. With eyes and smiling lips, she had done her best to encourage him. He asked her to have dinner with him after the show. No, she replied, she had a previous engagement. But she suggested meeting the next afternoon at Kensington Gate.

Chaplin was transported into heaven. And there he remained, if the misery of youthful, unrequitted love could be called a heaven. They saw each other at every opportunity after that, Chaplin dining her whenever his slender purse could afford such a treat. And when he left her at night, to walk home to his tenement along the Thames Embankment, the passing wraiths of people were startled by a cavorting gnome who danced past them in the fog. He was living on that high plane of emotion where everything was worth while.

SUDDENLY, she went away. She went to the Continent with the troupe and he did not see her for two years. Then Fate brought them together again. He was crossing Trafalgar Square one day when a limousine slowed down and a white-gloved hand waved from a window. Hetty, more vivacious and beautiful than ever before! He went home with her that night and met her mother and brother. She had to return to the Continent in the morning, so they sat up alone, dreaming, until she fell asleep on his shoulder at dawn.

Then she left for America to join her brother. Chaplin resolved to follow her.

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Three years later, he was in New York. He searched all over the city before he located her address. His hopes were dashed. Hetty, her brother said, had returned to London. And she was married.

It is indicative of Chaplin's capacity for devotion that even this could not erase her from his heart. In Philadelphia, Chaplin was signed up by Mack Sennett and left for Hollywood. He was tasting already the fruits of success when one of her infrequent letters arrived. "If you are ever in London," she wrote, "please look me up."

Up to now the affluence of her position had added to his sense of inferiority. But now, he could return like a conqueror. He quickly put his affairs in order and left for England. Her brother, with whom he had corresponded, met him at Southampton. As soon as Chaplin saw the chap's eyes looking up from the dock, he knew that something tragic had happened. But it was more than an hour before his shy nature was able to ask: "By the by, is Hetty in London?" The brother stared at him. "Why," he said, "I thought you knew. You must not have received my last letter. Hetty died three weeks ago."

The comedian was prepared for any tragedy but this. Years later, he was able to write of his feelings at that time. He had pictured his success as a bouquet of flowers to be addressed to someone, and now it could never be sent to that person.

IT IS easy to understand why this love stands out above all others. He never knew Hetty well enough to be disillusioned. With the others, he was to reap the bitterness of realization.

Mildred's beauty appealed to the artist in Chaplin. But he is also an individual thinker, keenly interested in a variety of subjects, an ardent idealist in every respect. He cannot tolerate people who quote clichés, whose interests will not encompass all of life. Mildred who was then hardly more than a child, could not keep pace with his feverish mind. He would not recognize this at first, but when the disappointing truth could be denied no longer, he decided that there was nothing for them to do but separate. A mind, as well as a body, must be beautiful to Chaplin. And he is constitutionally unable to compromise with his ideal.

Women flocked to him as his fame spread throughout the world. He was forced to assume the rôle of a great lover, which was beyond his emotional capacity. Chaplin is probably one of the poorest lovers in the world. He cannot play when he feels deeply.

Let me explain. Two charming young ladies whom I know have assured me separately of something that I always suspected. Chaplin, they agree, was sweet, considerate, the most entertaining and stimulating person they had ever known. Frankly, each had tried to interest him romantically—and each was unable to touch his heart. He gallantly

[*Continued on page 86*]

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Chaplin—in Quest of Love

[*Continued from page* 85]

devoted his attentions to them and even pretended, when their eyes conveyed a message that no man can misread, that they had captured his affections. They knew better. He couldn't even pretend.

THAT is why, when Chaplin has fallen in love, he has been so hopelessly at the mercy of his beloved. He loves utterly. He gives without thought of cost or consequence.

Lita Grey bore him two sons—Charles, Jr., and Sidney Earle—who attend a West Coast military academy, with whom he spends every weekend on his yacht, *Panacea*. (Only an idealist would give such a name to a boat!) He adores his children. But their mother—perhaps through no wilful fault of her own—filled his house continually with guests. She loved to be surrounded always by gaiety, this stunning Mexican girl in her middle teens. But Chaplin couldn't stand it. An artist matures in solitude.

Thus ended his marriages to a blonde and a brunette. Edna Purviance was dark, also, and there is no question that he loved his first leading lady. It was a curious love for Chaplin, linked strongly to respect, and mellowed, as time went on, to an enduring friendship.

But that spark of his creativeness, the secret dream he had locked in his heart, was at its lowest ebb before he met Paulette Goddard. He has not been known to look at another woman since he had her change her blonde hair back to its natural color, rich brown tinted with gold. Her glowing beauty is proverbial, as is her intelligence. She is twenty-one, he, forty-seven.

"The cleverest girl I have ever known," he enthused to friends, a week after he met her. Her actions bear out his contention. If it isn't necessary, she doesn't come to the studio when Chaplin is working, as is the custom with most Hollywood sweethearts and wives. When they are together at the studio they do not lunch together. He dines in his bungalow with his cronies and she eats with her mother. With her mother, she will go to Palm Springs for weeks at a time, to leave Chaplin alone with his thoughts and his friends. It is fatal, she understands, to smother genius with affection.

Chaplin's quest for love has not ended. For with him, as Paulette knows, love is not something static. It is not a tender word in the morning, and work, and play, intimate chatter over teacups, friends in to dinner, and a goodnight kiss. The search for romance must be endless to keep love, itself, alive. But it is a dual adventure now, instead of a solitary one. Two eager hearts are trying to enjoy that dream that a street urchin had long ago.

So Chaplin has recaptured his youth.

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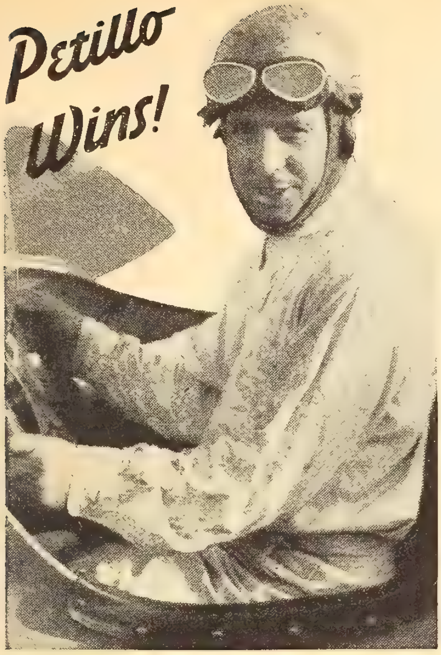
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What the Stars Have Done—You Can Do!

[*Continued from page* 53]

would have a lovely skin. Some of you like to accomplish all this with one cream, and there are some very excellent all-purpose creams on the market. Others of you prefer to use a variety of creams.

New Make-Up Aids

Can you imagine a powder that will stay on your skin for a whole quarter of a day? There's a new miracle-worker in the form of "liquid powder" that does the trick. It also acts as an astringent and foundation base at the same time. It takes less than three minutes to apply and stays on from six to ten hours! It comes in seven grand shades, any one of which can be used, thus making it possible to change the coloring of your complexion at will. It costs only $2 a bottle, or 50c for a supply to carry in your purse!

How would you like to have everything for the care of the skin in one grand-looking kit? There is a stunning new cream-and-orange one that holds, in one compartment, generous portions of liquefying cream, tissue cream, skin tonic and skin lotion; while another compartment contains rouge, lipstick, and face powder. All for approximately three dollars!

There is a delightfully light, fluffy cream that does wonders for a dry skin. It contains vegetable oils that are welcomed by the skin cells. It soothes, as well as cleanses, and is especially penetrating. This is an excellent cream to use, as the first step, in your cleansing at night. The price is only $1.

How would you like your use of soap made into an amusing game? With the soap made of the purest domestic Castile so that you would feel that you *had* to use it? *Popeye,* the comical cartoon sailorman—as well as *Oliveoyl* and *Wimpy*—have been made into soap-figurines. And the set of three sells for 50c.

You will like a new creamy mascara that is now on the market because it will leave your lashes feeling so silky. What's more, it is "run-proof." The shades include blue, black, and brown. There is a little brush to use with the mascara—to help you to make your lashes look more lovely. All for 50c.

I've come across a bleach mask that will help you remove the tan from your skin without harming it. It is one used by many Hollywood stars after the summer season is over, when it is time to recover the pink-and-white coloring that is appropriate for autumn activities. And sells for $1 at any good cosmetic counter.

Here's a find—a new way to remove hair: You spread on the hair remover, then immediately pull it off with flannelette strips that come in the same package. And your arms and legs will soon be as smooth as a baby's.

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See Handy Hints feature on page 80.

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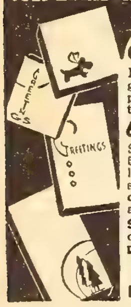

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The "Dinner-for-Eight-on-$3" Club

[*Continued from page 38*]

among us. If she says eight people won't starve on three dollars, I'm willing!"

Well, to make a long story short, Helen said she thought it *could* be done, and that's how Hollywood's first and only "Dinner-for-Eight-on-$3 Club" was formed.

I DON'T want to put any ideas in your head—but you know, of course, that history can repeat itself!

Before we begin on the menus, remember that the prices I quote are California prices. Naturally, food costs vary all over the country . . . but they will not vary more than a few cents on each item. Some items may even be less expensive where you live. Another footnote I'll add is that all the dinners the girls gave had to have four courses—that was one of the by-laws!

Here is what Paula served:

Grapefruit Cocktail	$ .15
Pot Roast Cooked with Browned Potatoes, Carrots, Celery and Onions	1.20
Spinach and Hard Boiled Egg	.25
Muffins and Butter	.20
Tomato Salad	.20
Crackers and Cheese	.30
Strawberry Shortcake	.60
Demi-Tasse	.10
Total	$3.00

None of Paula's dishes was complicated, so we can dispense with recipes. And, I ask you, could anybody stick up his nose at that dinner, even if it did cost only $3?

PATRICIA ELLIS tried to go her friend one better, and offered curried lamb as her entrée. Her menu:

Tomato Juice Cocktail	$ .15
Curried Lamb*	.85
Rice Baked Tomatoes (rice)	.10
(tomatoes)	.20
String Beans (French style)	.20
Rolls and Butter	.20
Diced Beet Salad	.15
Prune Whip	.70
Brownies	.30
Demi-Tasse	.10
Total	$2.95

**Recipe for Curried Lamb:*

Cut your lamb, about 3½ pounds, in one-inch pieces, and put in kettle; cover with cold water, and bring to boiling point. Then drain in colander, and pour over it 1 quart of cold water. Then return your meat to the kettle, cover with a quart and a half of cold water; add four or five small onions, and a sprig of thyme and parsley. Simmer until tender, then remove meat, strain liquid, and thicken with butter and flour cooked together; to the flour add ¾ teaspoon of curry powder, a little salt and pepper. Then add the meat to the gravy, reheat, and serve with border of steamed rice.

HELEN MACK'S menu was as follows:

Creamed Spinach Soup	$ .20
Stuffed Pork Chops	1.25
French Fried Onions*	.15
Parsley Potatoes	.10
Applesauce	.10
Hot Biscuits	.20
Carrot and Walnut Salad	.20
Ice Cream	.60
Cookies	.10
Demi-Tasse	.10
Total	$3.00

**The Recipe Helen used for her French fried onions:* Peel medium-sized onions, and cut in one-quarter-inch slices, and separate into rings. Dip the rings in milk, drain, and dip in flour. Fry in deep fat, drain on brown paper, and sprinkle with salt. That's all there is to it . . . and they are delicious!

AND last, but not least, came Anita's turn . . . and her dinner was a complete success, just as the others had been. This was her menu:

Appetizers	
Chives	$ .01
Pretzels	.10
Cream cheese	.20
Crackers	.10
Cream of Tomato Soup	.15
Qt. milk	.14
Tongue	.75
Carrots, parsley, onions	.05
Riced potatoes	.05
Candied Carrots	.20
Green Salad	.20
Rolls and crackers	.20
*Chocolate Bread Pudding and cream	.70
Demi-Tasse	.10
Total	$2.95

**Anita's chocolate bread pudding is made like this:*

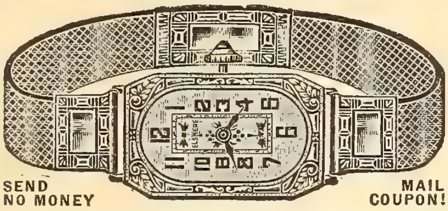
The ingredients are 2 cups stale bread crumbs, 4 cups scalded milk, 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 tsp. vanilla, 2/3 cup sugar, 2 eggs, ¼ tsp. salt.

Soak bread in milk thirty minutes; melt chocolate in saucepan placed over hot water, add one-half sugar and enough milk taken from bread and milk to make of consistency to pour; add to mixture with remaining sugar, salt, vanilla and eggs slightly beaten; turn into buttered pudding dish and bake an hour in moderate oven. Serve with hard sauce or whipped cream.

Now, with these menus to guide you, see what you can do with a "Dinner-for-Eight-on-$3 Club" in your gang! It's loads of fun, and practical as well. And don't forget where the idea originated. In Hollywood—the most entertaining town on earth!

GIVEN Ladies'—Girls' WRIST WATCH

OR CHOICE OF CASH COMMISSON



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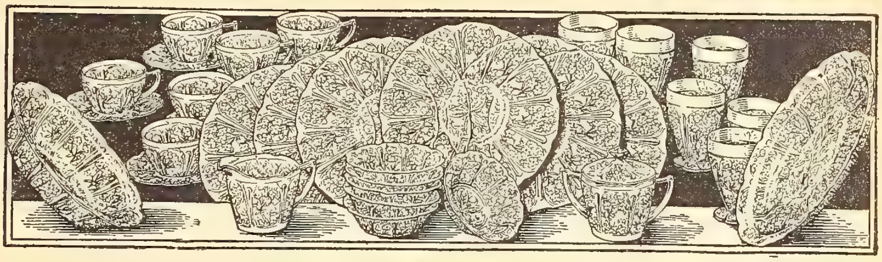

Latest Cherry Blossom design—first quality and modern—green or pink colors. Extremely beautiful! Mrs. Bryan Thompson, R. I., says—"Received my dishes in perfect condition, they are beautiful. I'M so proud of them." **SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE** beautifully colored art pictures suitable for framing with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per new big premium plan book. Wonderful chance for live wire agent. Our 40th Anniversary. We are reliable—40th year—Be first—MAIL COUPON NOW. **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-B, Tyrone, Pa.**

MOVIE GIVEN

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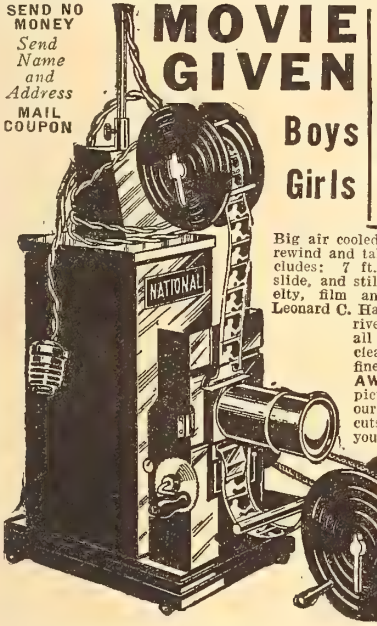
Send Name and Address

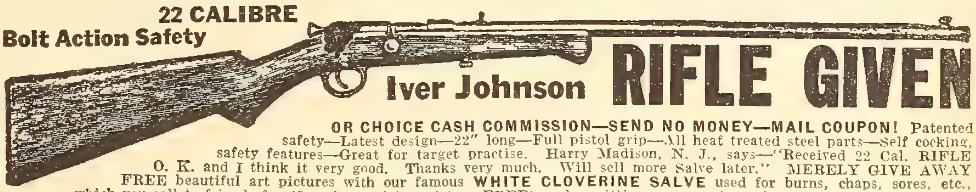
MAIL COUPON

Boys Girls



Big air cooled MOVIE, adjustable lamp socket, rewind and take up wheels. Uses big film, includes: 7 ft. cord, show bills, tickets, metal slide, and still pictures—U.Draw em slide novelty, film and instructions. It's marvelous! Leonard C. Harlow, N. H. says—"Big movie arrived O. K. We had a picture show all evening. Pictures were fine and clear. Want to earn more of your fine premiums." **SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE** beautifully colored art pictures suitable for framing, with our famous **White Cloverine Salve** for cuts, burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per new big premium plan book. Other choice Movies. MAILCOUPON NOW. **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-C, Tyrone, Pa.**

22 CALIBRE Bolt Action Safety Iver Johnson RIFLE GIVEN



OR CHOICE CASH COMMISSION—SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON! Patented safety—Latest design—22" long—Full pistol grip—All heat treated steel parts—Self cocking, safety features—Great for target practise. Harry Madison, N. J., says—"Received 22 Cal. RIFLE O. K. and I think it very good. Thanks very much. Will sell more Salve later." MERELY GIVE AWAY FREE beautiful art pictures with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends for 25c a box (giving picture FREE) and remitting per premium plan book. 1 to 3 boxes sold most every home. 40th year. Be first. MAIL COUPON NOW! **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-D, Tyrone, Pa.**

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Big GUITAR OR MICKEY MOUSE Wrist WATCH GIVEN

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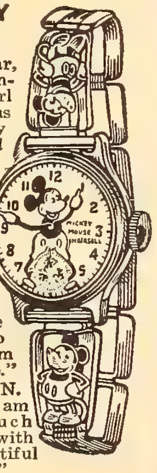
SEND NO MONEY

BOYS—GIRLS

GIVEN



Standard size Guitar, regulated—fretted ebonized fingerboard—pearl position dots. Just as shown. See Mickey Mouse on the Dial! In colors too! Mickey's also on the strap or link bracelet. What a watch! Harry Edwards, Minn., says—"My friends and I think watch wonderful. Keeps good time. The girls all want to wear it. I'm greatly pleased." Frank Telish, N. J., says—"I am very much pleased with the beautiful Guitar."

Either Given

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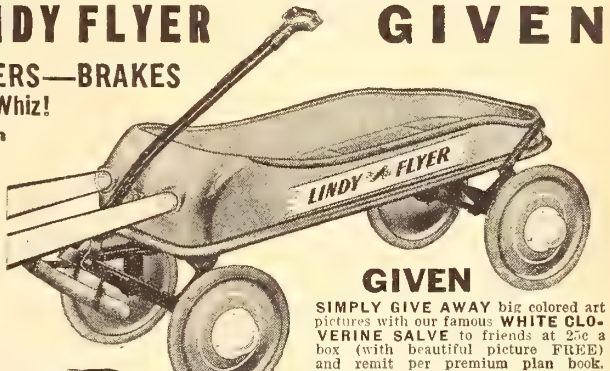

GIVEN

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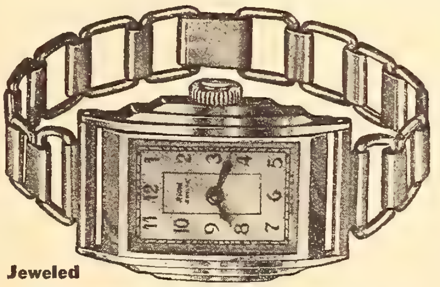

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Send No Money—We Trust You—Mail Coupon

Link band—chrome case—hugs wrist—gilt numerals—silvered dial—quality parts—keeps good time. GOOD LOOKING! Louis Balazes, N. J., says—"The Watch is a very good timekeeper." **GIVE AWAY FREE** pictures with **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per premium plan book. Pictures sell salve on sight. BE FIRST. MAIL COUPON NOW.
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Just As You Say . . .

MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers have the final word—and win prizes with their letters

Grace Moore in *Love Me Forever* is the new theme of the letter-writers. And they predict opera is here to stay!

$15 Prize Letter

More Praise for Moore—While it may be true that *Love Me Forever* is not quite as faultless as its predecessor (sequels seldom are), it is also an undeniable fact that this film will prove tremendously popular—because it is chockfull of merits of its own, plus a story that holds the spectator's interest throughout.

Miss Moore's voice has never been better; its sonorousness, tone, volume, flexibility are as dexterous as ever; too, her acting has improved considerably since *One Night of Love;* and Columbia has had the good judgment to surround Miss Moore with a supporting cast that goes a long way toward making *Love Me Forever* the success it is.

In short, *Love Me Forever* is the second milestone on the road to screened opera entertainment; and the hosts of music lovers who were under the impression that the glorious voices of the operatic world were to be heard no more, since opera was "a thing of the past," will be overjoyed at this new trend in picture endeavor.—*Maurice Jacobs, 937 W. 42nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

$10 Prize Letter

Not Pretty, But Art—What a powerful picture *The Informer* was! Its story was wild, rude, tender, noble and craven, yet full of a shaken kind of laughter. Its photography was suggestive, poetic, and dramatic. Its direction was superb. Victor McLaglen, as the brutish, helpless, innocent *Gypo Nolan,* gave an inspired and unforgettable performance. We know now how Judas must have felt after he took the thirty pieces of silver, after hearing *Gypo's* agonizing cry, "I didn't know what I was doing!"

The Informer wasn't a pretty, glamorous picture with its terror, tears and trouble, but it was art—for art need not be confined to a pleasant mold. Truly, it was one of the classics of the screen!—*Bruce Cameron, Box 322, Oakmont, Pa.*

$5 Prize Letter

All for Beacons—Well, *Oil for the Lamps of China* is a picture with a lot of fuel in it which isn't all oil and isn't all intended for the Chinese, either. In fact, it casts an illuminating beacon on some practices which in too many Big Companies have been explained in the past with a shrug of the shoulders and a "business is business" lift of the eyebrows. Which is why I'm for it a million. It's an honest story and Pat O'Brien is as real in the rôle as if he had actually been living it and some movie scout came along and took the shots when he wasn't looking. And that's true art in acting.—*Helen Stoll, Box 271, Menlo Park, Calif.*

$1 Prize Letters

A Voice in Protest—Some famous designer names a list of the ten best-dressed women on the screen and—presto! the battle is on, with all the other stars rushing to get on this or that list. Is all of this necessary to a star's popularity?

Did Mary Pickford become "America's Sweetheart" by wearing someone's latest creations? Was our beloved Marie Dressler's great popularity due to decking herself in the latest frills and fashions? Is Janet Gaynor's appeal based on dressing in an ultra-sophisticated manner? The answer to these questions is NO.—*T. M. Feemann, 161A Prospect Ave., San Francisco, Calif.*

Reader Feemann makes the point that screen actresses are too clothes-conscious. What is your own reaction? Do their "latest creations" bore you—or do you get inspiration and helpful ideas from them? We'd like to know. (P. S. So would the stars!)

Approves Shirley as Peter Pan—MOVIE CLASSIC raises an interesting discussion as to the possible casting of Shirley Temple in the title rôle of *Peter Pan.* Personally, I imagine her perfect as Barrie's impish un-grown-up, and more fascinating to both adults and children than a grown-up simulating "lightness of step and spirit." A collection of fairy tales (preferably those charming old German stories) would give Shirley a chance to keep her childish charm untarnished.—*Con Cowell, Manhattan Apts., Vancouver, B. C.*

Thus, one reader—commenting on the suggestion of a MOVIE CLASSIC *letter-writer that Shirley should play* Peter Pan. *The suggestion has attracted wide interest, with comments both pro and con—mostly pro.*

However, another reader has a supplementary suggestion:

Suggests Freddie, Instead—Since someone suggested the casting of Shirley Temple in *Peter Pan,* why shouldn't Fox Studios borrow the famous star of *David Copperfield,* Freddie Bartholomew, and star them both? *Peter Pan* was a "boy," so why let a girl spoil the originality when an equally talented and impish boy is available? However, Shirley would make a most charming mother as *Wendy,* and the part would afford ample opportunity for songs and dancing. The co-starring of the two most popular screen children would also give the public their opportunity of choosing their favorite.—*Meta Willging, 2136 White St., Dubuque, Iowa.*

What is your reaction to this *suggestion?*

Vivid Discovery—Permit me to swell the crescendo that must inevitably arise when movie fans have seen Luise Rainer in *Escapade.* At last the one girl brings us Garbo's mystery, Colbert's vivacity, and a sweet new simplicity of her own. Those first two actresses have been thrilling us right along—and now comes the answer to the perplexed movie-goer who cannot decide who is the reigning queen. She reminds us of their charms—bringing us the qualities we like best in each—and adds to that a poignant beauty of her own that is irresistible.—*Emily MaGill, 1019 West 39th St., Kansas City, Mo.*

Tip to Producers—If a grocer attempted to get rid of a stock of canned tomatoes by putting a corn label on them, his store would soon be a good place for Greta Garbo to spend her time—that is, if she wanted to be alone. And yet movie producers will lure us into a theatre with a title that is about as much like the picture itself as Boris Karloff is like Janet Gaynor. And then, when the star of such a picture fails to draw at the box office in his or her next production, it is attributed to the fans' desire for new faces or some equally ridiculous reason. Mr. Producer, here's a tip—the next time a star begins to fall, look over his recent pictures and see if he hasn't been starred in a production in which the public was misled.—*M. Seitter, 6454 Laflin St., Chicago, Ill.*

WHY DON'T YOU tell us *your* movie thoughts?

They certainly are worth repeating—and they may be worth money to you. Each month we offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each.

The editors are the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write *today*—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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Alive and alluring as flame . . . yet soft as the note from a thin silver chime. Dashing and gay as Hawaii's wild Hibiscus flower; vivid and daring as a grass skirt on Fifth Avenue . . . still as easy to wear as the most elusive perfume. It's the brighter red you have dreamed of and hoped for — in indelible lipstick, but has never been available because it would turn purplish on the lips. Now, Tattoo has found a way to give it to you without even a hint of purplish undertone. You'll find it the same luscious, appealing red on your lips as it is in the stick. See "Hawaiian." Tattoo your lips with it . . . *if you dare!*

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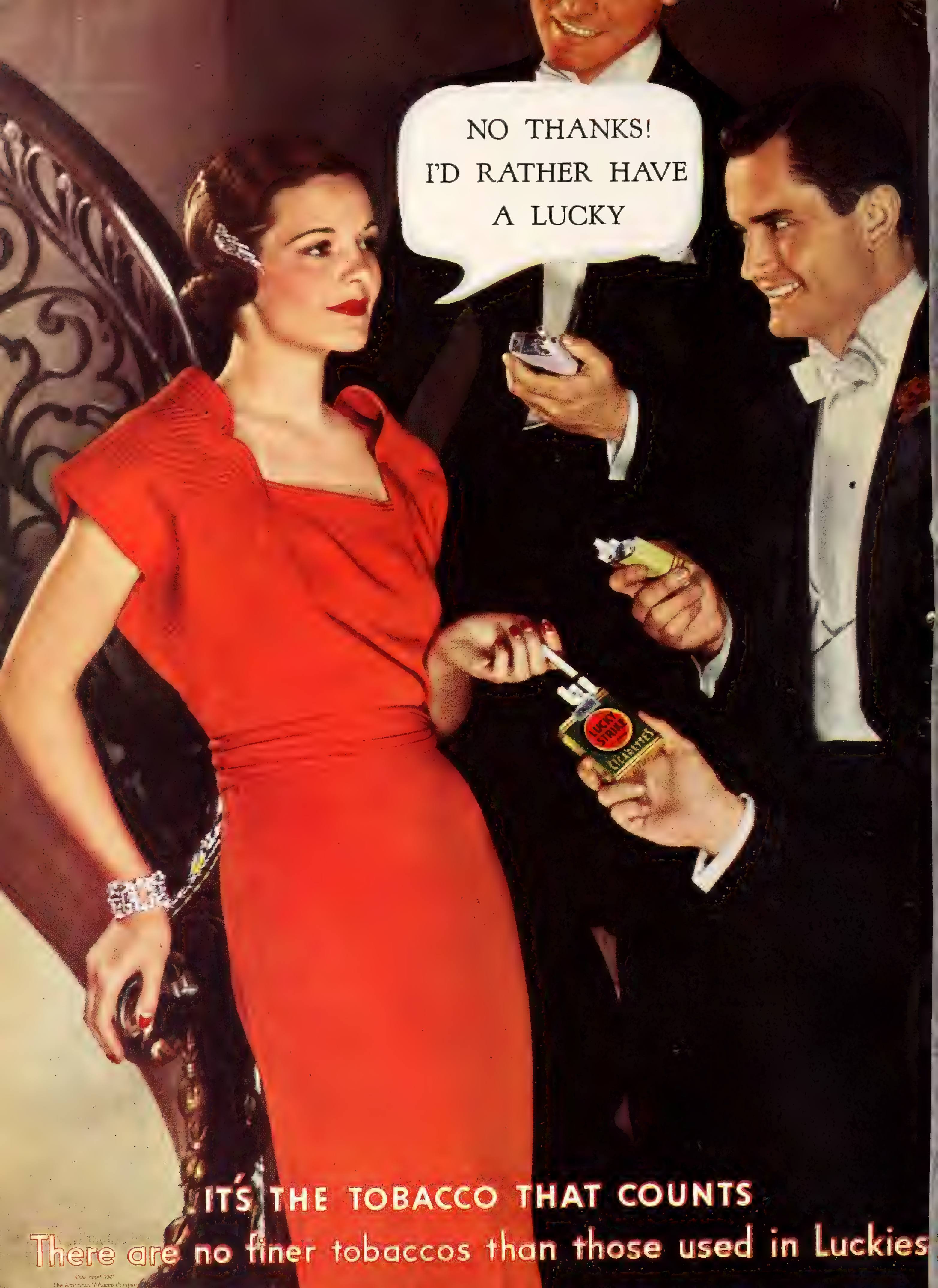
NO THANKS! I'D RATHER HAVE A LUCKY
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies

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MOVIE CLASSIC

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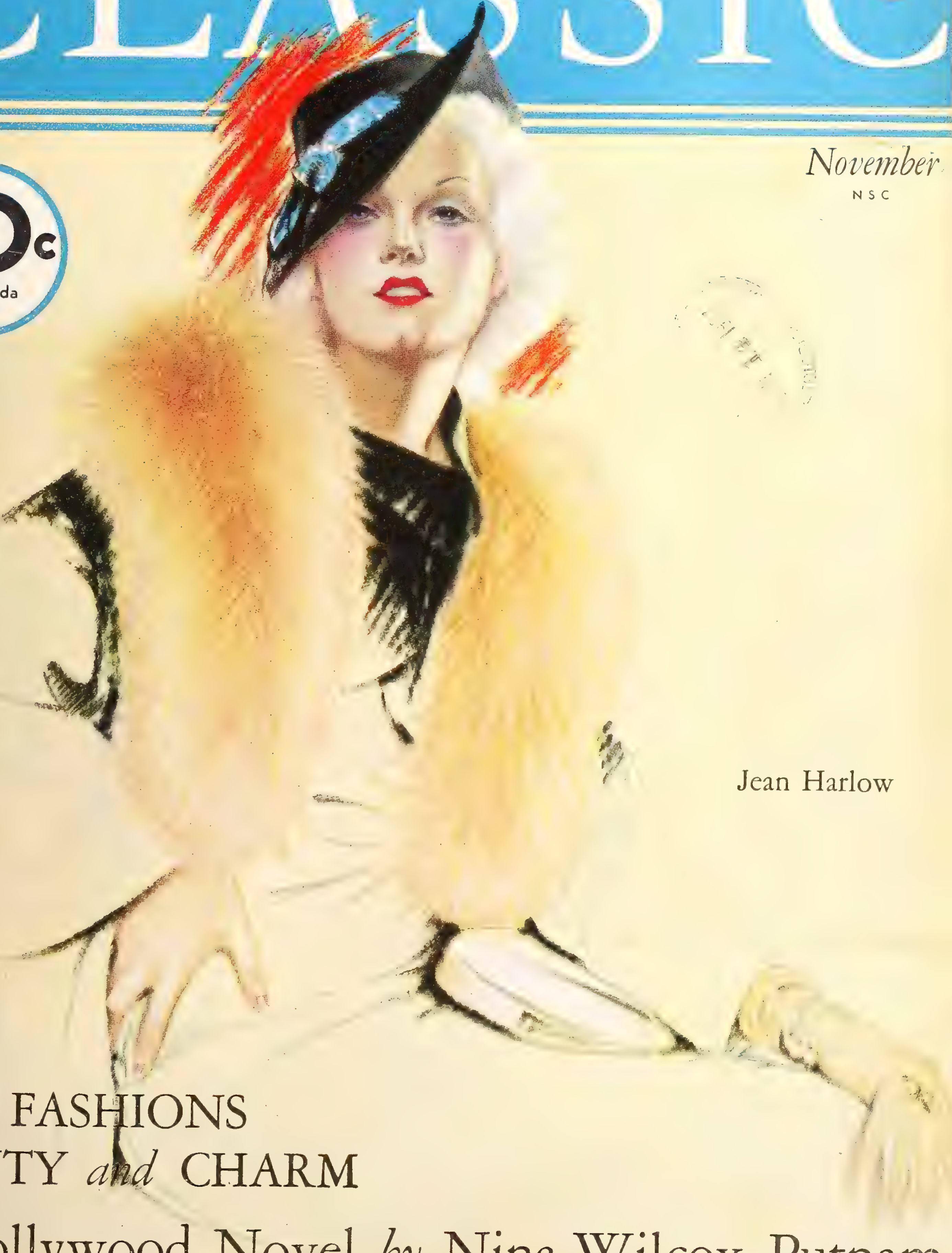
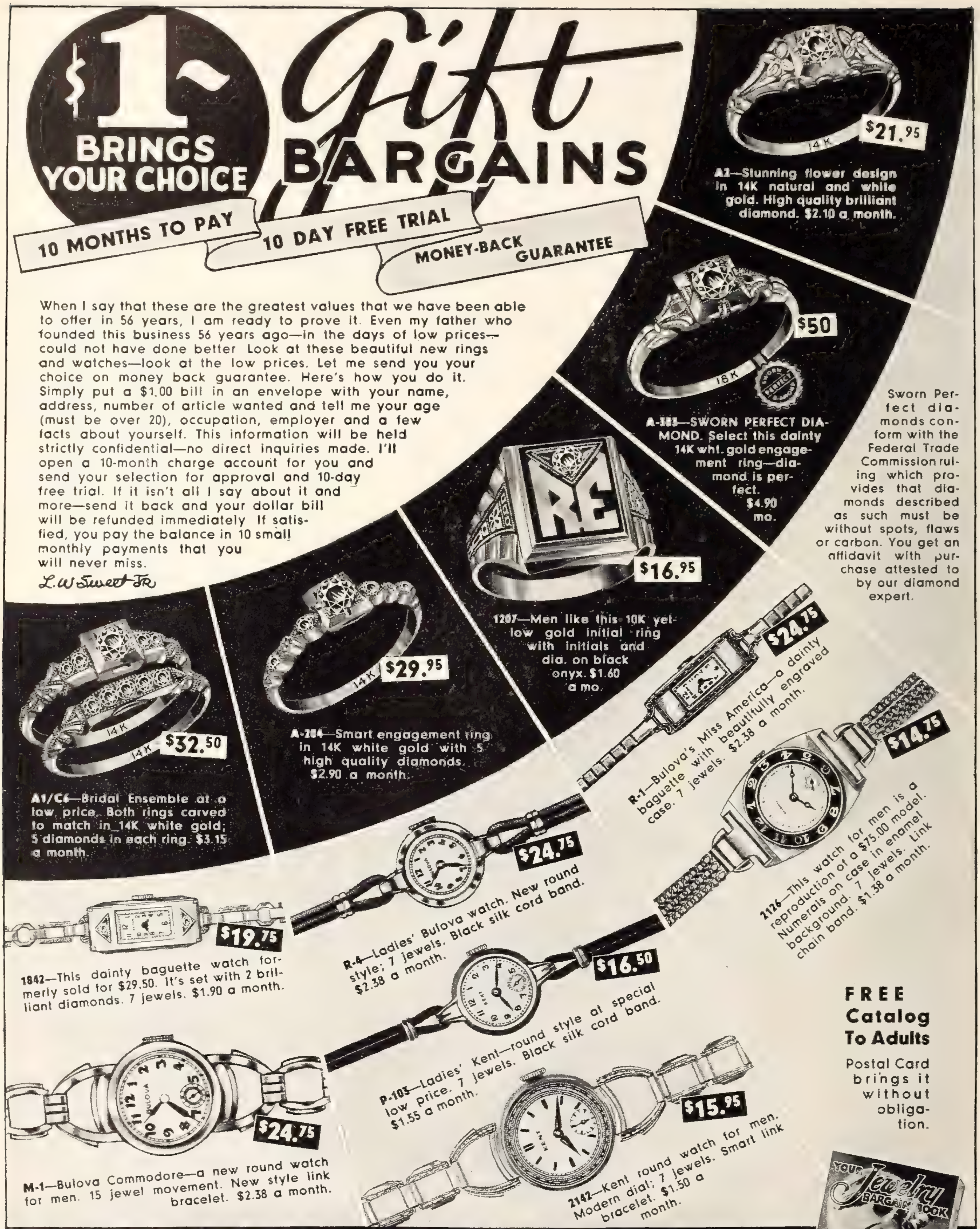


Jean Harlow

FILM FASHIONS
BEAUTY *and* CHARM

A Hollywood Novel *by* Nina Wilcox Putnam



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R-4—Ladies' Bulova watch. New round style; 7 jewels. Black silk cord band. $2.38 a month.

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M-1—Bulova Commodore—a new round watch for men. 15 jewel movement. New style link bracelet. $2.38 a month.

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2142—Kent round watch for men. Modern dial; 7 jewels. Smart link bracelet. $1.50 a month.

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"That's an immensely valuable lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums," would be *his* reaction . . . "Vigorous chewing, rougher foods, and more primitive eating generally, would stop a host of complaints about gum disorders—and about 'pink tooth brush.'"

For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!" Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease far in the background.

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Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in *both* will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 15-year success in promoting complete oral health.

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"You Are My Lucky Star"
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"Sing Before Breakfast"
"I've Got A Feeling You're Foolin'"

by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, composers for the original "Broadway Melody"

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SID SILVERS · BUDDY EBSEN
JUNE KNIGHT · VILMA EBSEN
HARRY STOCKWELL · NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-*Goldwyn*-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth · *Produced by* John W. Considine, Jr.

NOVEMBER, 1935 VOL. 9 No. 3

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

JAMES E. REID
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

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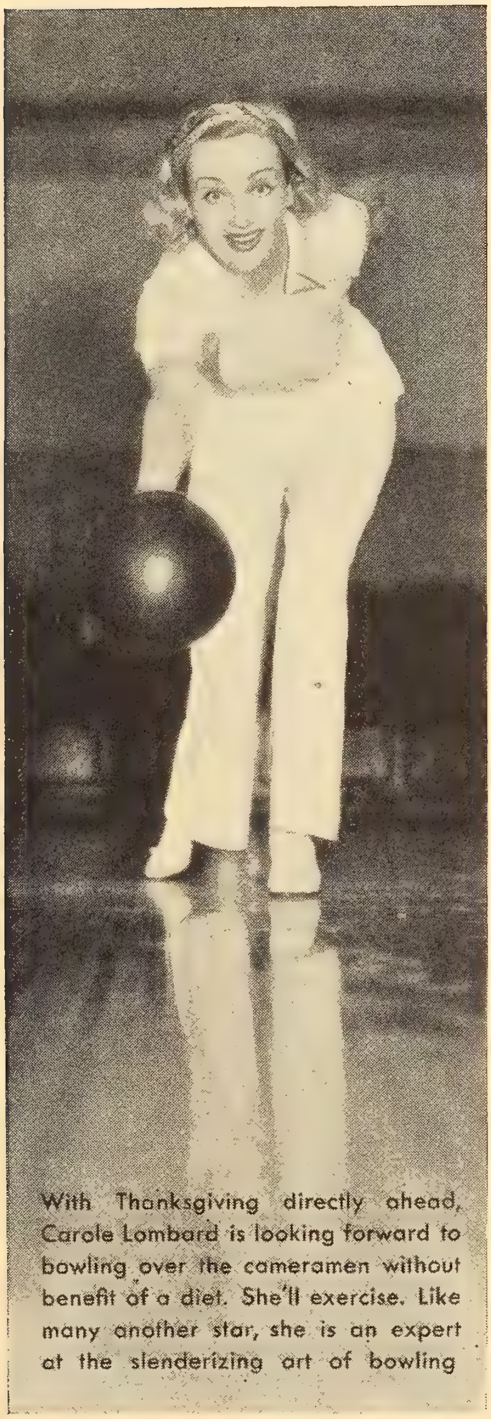
MOVIE CLASSIC wants to call particular attention to its cover this month—a fashion portrait of Jean Harlow by Charles Sheldon. You have never seen anything like it on a screen magazine before. It is something new, unusual and smart—for the magazine that is smartly different.



With Thanksgiving directly ahead, Carole Lombard is looking forward to bowling over the cameramen without benefit of a diet. She'll exercise. Like many another star, she is an expert at the slenderizing art of bowling

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Newspaper headlines said Will Rogers was dead. But "Steamboat 'Round the Bend" makes that hard to believe

Gone...?

● "ALL I know is what I read in the papers," you used to say—smiling that shy, boyish smile of yours, talking in that querulous drawl, as if you, personally, wouldn't guarantee that the papers were right.

Now, we've got so used to having you joke us about believing *all* the headlines, that we're suspicious of half of them. We don't believe half of them. Like those about you and Wiley Post, for instance.

The first ones said you and Wiley—a great flier, that pal of yours!—were off on a flying vacation. To Alaska. Maybe on to Siberia and Russia. Maybe on around the world. You didn't know. Wherever you were going, you were happy about going by air.

Those particular lines of type were easy enough to believe. We knew how you had made three pictures in a row, without a rest, just so you could get away for a real holiday. We knew how you loved flying. Maybe we wished you wouldn't do so much of it—or take off for places where mountains and fogs and storms didn't seem to like strangers. But we sort of flew along with you, sharing your adventuring.

We were happy to hear about the hit you made up North. That was easy enough to believe, too—and "More power to you," we said. We understood how the Alaskans felt about you.

Then, one morning the headlines about you stopped being small and casual. They jumped to giant size; they started screaming. They said that you and Wiley had crashed on that bleak Alaskan tundra, that the torn, twisted wreckage of the plane had been found . . . and two broken bodies.

They said that the world had lost you.

We couldn't believe that. Not that last part. We had to believe the part about the plane slipping, smashing to earth . . . about the two bodies. They showed us pictures of a shattered plane, of two flower-covered coffins.

But we couldn't believe them when they said that *you* were gone. The Will Rogers we all knew couldn't perish in an airplane crash. Or in any other way.

● YOU may have stopped writing those pungent little Letters to the Editor. And maybe you don't stand up in front of a microphone any more, with an old alarm clock at your elbow, philosophizing to the folks until the alarm clatters. But you're still with us—in your books, in your pictures, in our hearts.

You showed us plenty of ways to live more fully, no matter who we were or what we were. You showed us how far a little philosophy, with a sprinkling of laughter, could take us. You showed us the fun of being a little more honest with ourselves, a little more tolerant of the neighbors—a little more warmly human all around.

And we still want to be shown. We're going to see those last two pictures of yours—*Steamboat 'Round the Bend* and *In Old Kentucky*. And we're going to ask to see pictures like *State Fair* and *Judge Priest* and *David Harum* and *Doubting Thomas* again.

Just to prove to ourselves, Will, what we know already: Those headlines were mistaken when they said *you* died in Alaska.

James E. Reid

"So Red the Rose!"

The Flower of Southern Chivalry Dewed with the Shining Glory of a Woman's Tears . . .

The Girl He Left Behind Him

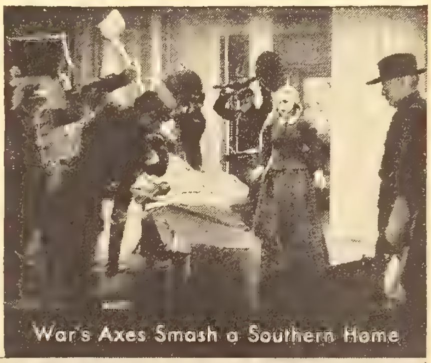
Slaves in the First Frenzy of Freedom

A Son of the South Goes Forth to War

A Daughter's Love Heals War's Wounds

A Last Sad Parting as the Bugles Sound

Women Await the Dreaded News



War's Axes Smash a Southern Home

"SO RED THE ROSE," starring MARGARET SULLAVAN and Walter Connolly with Randolph Scott. Directed by King Vidor. From Stark Young's novel. A Paramount Picture.

Don't Fool Around with a COLD!

A cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

Definite Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, *from the inside!*

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

• Be Sure — Be Safe!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes—35c and 50c. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be secure in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you he "has something better."

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

Wide World.

Leslie Howard basks in the sun with his young radio-actress daughter, also named Leslie, before filming his Broadway hit, *The Petrified Forest*

● THE height of something or other was one of the last-beach-parties-of-summer, thrown by Merle Oberon in honor of a famous European style expert who was in Hollywood for a brief stay. Merle's guests included Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Miriam Hopkins and a dozen other smart dressers. But when they showed up at the beach, there was not a dress in the group.

Dietrich wore white silk slacks, Norma Shearer wore blue ones, and the rest wore either slacks or shorts. The hostess, Miss Oberon, wore a dog collar—at least, she called it that—and a brief beach outfit. The girls, dressed thusly, gave the boy from over there no ideas about what the fall fashions would be.

● THE film colony's new winter playground will be Ensenada, the Mexican resort which Jack Dempsey started a few years ago and which has never been a big-paying venture until now. With gambling barred at Caliente, the Ensenada place (a beautiful resort, by the way) will get the excitement-seeking crowd, for it has an iron-bound permit to allow gambling—and this permit cannot be voided for fourteen years more.

● ADD to things you never knew till now: Jack (Producer) Warner, Al Jolson and Mae West all carry on their personal payrolls from a dozen to a score of former successful actors and actresses now decidedly out of the money, with Jolson topping the list as a Good Samaritan to the needy. The late Will Rogers was one of the best friends the unfortunates ever had. His untold philanthropies ran into six figures.

● THOUGH his studio assumes an optimistic air and fully believes that W. C. Fields will return to the screen in less than six months, those closest to him, his neighbors at Toluca Lake, do not share in this optimism. Fields has moved from his Toluca Lake home to his ranch at Encinos, and, though past the danger point, he is still a very ill man. The basic source of his trouble is a back ailment that necessitates his having to recline in a barber's chair, which seems to ease the pain, whereas a hospital bed of the adjustable type did not. Paramount has several pictures lined up for Bill and his irrepressible sense of humor.

● DON'T take your rumored Hollywood romances too seriously. All too often couples step out where the chatterers congregate, and the chatterers immediately publicize a hot romance when, in truth, the alleged romance lasts only until a full volume of publicity has been gleaned.

Recent romance rumors not to be taken too seriously include those pairing Marlene Dietrich and John Gilbert; Lee Tracy and Estelle Taylor; Jack Oakie and Hazel Forbes, heiress to toothpaste millions. And there are a score of others.

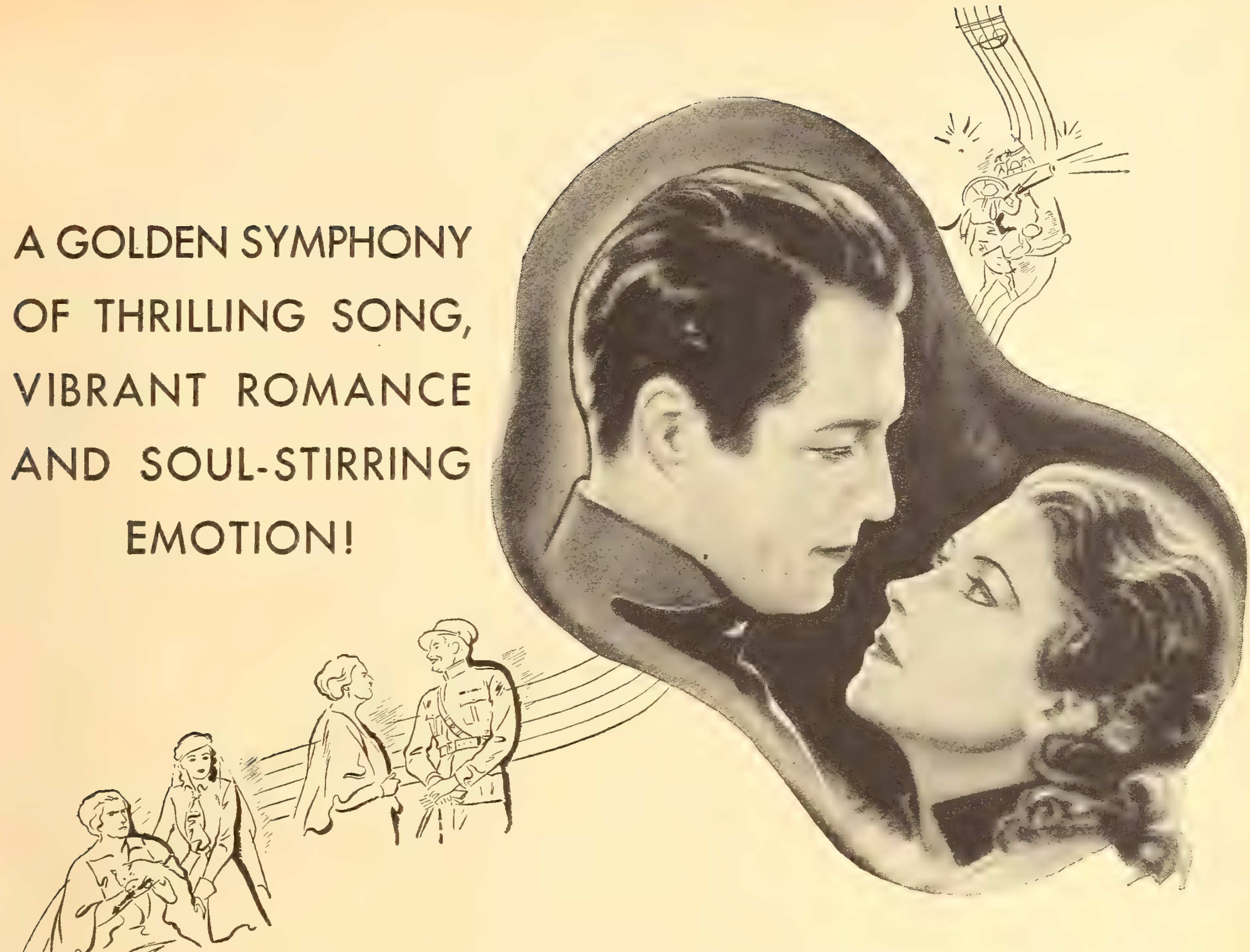
Wide World.

Recognize the girl with the dark hair at the premiere of *Top Hat*? The fans penetrated the wig disguise—and Ginger Rogers had to sign those autographs

● A CERTAIN blonde star may be depended upon to give an honest opinion when asked for one. A few nights ago, some friends of hers, preparing to launch a stage play in the film city, invited her to sit in on the dress rehearsal and give an expression of opinion about it. This was what she told them afterward: "Either call the thing off or be honest and advertise it as Amateur Night."

[*Continued on page* 10]

A GOLDEN SYMPHONY
OF THRILLING SONG,
VIBRANT ROMANCE
AND SOUL-STIRRING
EMOTION!



Thrill to the magnificent voice of the screen's latest find—George Houston, as he sings the "Toreador" song from "Carmen" and "Ritorno di Sorriento", famous Italian folk song.

Even the world's applause ringing in her ears could not silence her yearning heart-song for one glorious moment with the man she loved and one enchanting hour with the son she could never claim!

Harry M. Goetz
presents an EDWARD SMALL *production*

"The Melody Lingers On"

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON
GEORGE HOUSTON
HELEN WESTLEY • JOHN HALLIDAY • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
WALTER KINGSFORD • MONA BARRIE • LAURA HOPE CREWS
DAVID SCOTT • FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK

A Reliance Picture
Directed by DAVID BURTON
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Startling New Discoveries Explain Why Pacific Ocean Sea Plant Can Now Quickly Build Up

WEAK RUNDOWN SKINNY FOLKS!

How Thousands of Pale, Sickly, Tired Out, Nervous Folks Can Now—By Making This One Simple Change Which Corrects IODINE STARVED GLANDS—Build Rugged New Strength and Often Add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week

As the result of tests covering thousands of weakened, rundown, nervous folks, science now claims that it is glands starving for iodine that keep folks pale, tired-out, underweight and ailing. When these glands—particularly the important gland which controls weight and strength—lack NATURAL PLANT IODINE, even diets rich in starches and fats fail to add needed pounds. That's why skinny people often have huge appetites yet stay weak and skinny.

Now, however, with the introduction of Kelpamalt—a mineral concentrate derived from a huge 90-foot sea vegetable harvested off the Pacific Coast—you can be assured of a rich, concentrated supply of this precious substance. 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, Kelpamalt at last puts food to work for you. Its 12 other minerals stimulate the digestive glands which alone produce the juices that enable you to digest fats and starches. 3 Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than 1 lb. of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes, more iodine than 1386 lbs. lettuce, etc., etc.

Start Kelpamalt today. Even if you are "naturally skinny", or if you have been weak and rundown for some time, you must add 5 lbs. the first week, feel better, sleep better, have more strength than ever before or the trial is free.

100 jumbo size Kelpamalt Tablets cost but a few cents a day to use. At all drug stores. If your dealer hasn't yet received his supply, send $1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

3 Steps in the Building of New Strength and Good Solid Flesh

1. Ordinary food enters stomach and is partially digested.
2. Digestion completed in intestines and flesh-building material absorbed in blood stream.
3. Metabolism, when regulated by glands kept healthy with iodine, assures conversion of material into firm, new flesh.

Kelpamalt Tablets

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Build Up Strength and Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 575, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

They're the Topics!

[*Continued from page 8*]

● SPEAKING of amateur night, the fall and winter movie season will see a picture from each major studio with a radio background. Included will be *Broadway Melody of 1936* from M-G-M, which sank a fortune into the picture and will reap a fortune from it; *Millions in the Air* and *Big Broadcast of 1936* from Paramount; *Radio Jamboree* from RKO; *Stars Over Broadway* from Warners-First National; and *Thanks a Million* from 20th Century-Fox. Walter Wanger beat the gun with his *Every Night at Eight.*

● ORRY-KELLY, fashion creator for Warners, has designed a hostess gown for Marion Davies that is expected to create a furore this fall and winter. The gown, with flowing lines and long train, has a wide band of hand-made point-de-Venice lace edging the white foundation, over which a black Lyons velvet house coat is worn. A wide flaring collar and deep cuffs of the lace distinguish the upper half of the design.

● WHEN Marlene Dietrich received a tempting offer to make a picture for an English company, she promptly made it known to the foreign producer that, before she would even consider the offer, she must first be assured that Travis Banton, fashion creator for Paramount, would fashion her wardrobe for the picture. And little wonder!

Banton recently designed a very smart gown for La Dietrich. It is a dinner gown inspired by the chain mail costumes seen in *The Crusades.* The skirt, full and long, is of black satin, and the blouse of mail has a long sash that falls over the skirt in front.

James Cagney takes it easy, working up a sailor's complexion for his new picture, *The Frisco Kid* . . .

Gladys George, star of the biggest Broadway hit, *Personal Appearance,* is Hollywood-bound when it closes . . .

● JOAN CRAWFORD, via Adrian, M-G-M costume designer, has introduced more smart dress accessories than any other movie star. In her new picture, *I Live My Life,* Joan carries an evening bag of metal cloth and gold, eighteen inches long and five inches deep. It is lined with white satin, with compartments for powder, rouge, lipstick, hairpins and even for a tiny flagon of perfume. Go to it, girls—Joan claims no copyright on the idea.

● AN elderly and shabbily-dressed woman makes the rounds of the leading studios regularly, visiting all the pay telephones in the outer recesses of the studios and in nearby stores. She is seeking nickels that may have been left in coin-return slots.

Studio hangers-on have named her "Nickel Annie," and they claim that she ekes out a fair living in this way. What "Nickel Annie" does not know, however, is that many a nickel is slipped into a telephone slot when she is seen approaching.

● AT LAST Henry Fonda has had his wish fulfilled. He has a house! It's a Mexican farmhouse out Brentwood way, not far from the homes of Joan Crawford and the Clark Gables. And—such is the influence of pictures—after playing croquet in a scene for *Way Down East,* he went and had a croquet court laid out. It's Hollywood's newest gathering place!

THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven . . . imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT'S
first motion picture production

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

from the classic comedy by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
accompanied by the immortal music of
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

JAMES CAGNEY · JOE E. BROWN · DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE · OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND · JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT · FRANK McHUGH · ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE · IAN HUNTER · VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY · HOBART CAVANAUGH · GRANT MITCHELL

AUGMENTED by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by ERICH WOLFEGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, *its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.*

Bobri

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

● ● ● ● Exceptional
● ● ● Excellent
● ● Good
● Skip it

Mickey Rooney hypnotizes Dick Powell in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Bartlett, Fellowes, and Colbert in *She Married Her Boss*

Rochelle Hudson and Henry Fonda as the lovers of *Way Down East*

Ginger Rogers and Fred (Cabbie) Astaire in their newest, *Top Hat*

Henry Wilcoxon, as *Richard, the Lionhearted,* in *The Crusades*

Speaking of Movies...

● ● ● ● **A Midsummer Night's Dream.** Two and a half unforgettable hours of Shakespearean fantasy, with mood-music by Mendelssohn, performances by an all-star cast, and direction by Max Reinhardt. Nothing like it has ever before been attempted on the screen, which makes the success of this monumental effort all the more remarkable. Moviegoers will discover charms in Shakespeare that they may never have suspected were there. The story revolves around two pairs of lovers and a rough weaver, lost for a night in a magic and ancient wood inhabited by fairies, sprites and gnomes—a dream-world where the unreal seems real. Of the tremendous cast, including such names as James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, Jean Muir, Olivia de Havilland, Verree Teasdale, Ross Alexander, Anita Louise, Frank McHugh, Ian Hunter, Victor Jory, and Mickey Rooney, not all fit the pattern of Shakespearean players; but, without exception, all are believable—which is what matters. The greatest of them all is young Mickey Rooney, as *Puck,* the mischievous. Next best are Olivia de Havilland, vivid as *Hermia;* Joe E. Brown, as *Flute,* the slow-witted cart-driver, masquerading as a woman; Victor Jory, as *Oberon,* the sonorous king of the fairies; and Anita Louise, ephemerally beautiful as *Titania,* his queen. (Warners)

● ● ● ● **She Married Her Boss.** This prosaic title masks a comedy-drama that is anything but prosaic. It has Claudette Colbert and all the other ingredients of entertainment that *It Happened One Night* had. When the situations are dramatic, they are excitingly real; when they are comic, they are uproariously natural; and the acting is flawless. No rich girl this time, Claudette is a stenographer who weds her employer—only to discover that she has an unromantic husband, a stepchild who has tantrums, a sister-in-law who has nerves, and a carefree admirer who knows how to sing and be merry. Between the four of them, she leads a life that is never dull, never dreary. Edith Fellowes, as the freckly problem-child, gives a classic performance. Melvyn Douglas, as the husband who can't lose his dignity, etches a clear-cut portrait. Michael Bartlett, as the singing playboy (you heard him sing for the first time in *Love Me Forever),* looks like one of the next stars. And Claudette—never more beautiful or glamorous—was never more natural. (Columbia)

● ● ● ● **Way Down East.** Long a classic of the stage, this famous drama of old New England now becomes a classic of the screen. Its story has been told so often, its characters and situations are so familiar, that you might think there is no vitality left in them. Not so. In its new version, it becomes stark drama, compelling and moving—something to talk about and remember. Rochelle Hudson, a last-minute substitution for Janet Gaynor in the rôle of the tortured young heroine, reveals unsuspected dramatic depth—and is on her way to stardom. Henry Fonda, as her country boy-lover, terrified by the consequences of their impetuousness, cements the stardom he won in *The Farmer Takes a Wife.* (Fox)

● ● ● ● **Top Hat.** Hats, top and otherwise, will be tossed high over this latest entertainment invention of Astaire, Rogers & Co. Fred, of the nimble feet and the nimble wit, and Ginger, his agile partner, not only have an amusing story to work with, but practically the same amusing supporting cast that they had in *The Gay Divorcée.* Fred again is an American dancer appearing in London; Ginger is a pert young person who resists his attentions because she thinks (unknown to him) that he is a married man; Edward Everett Horton is an absent-minded producer with a knack for getting into difficult situations; Eric Blore is his bland, comical valet; Erik Rhodes is a dandified designer who creates the clothes (and what clothes!) that Ginger models; Helen Broderick is Horton's dryly witty wife, who thinks she has a flair for matchmaking. Light and airy, its lilting mood is contagious—just as every Irving Berlin melody in the picture is catching. One of the best numbers, *Top Hat,* Fred does with a male chorus. But he and Ginger are poems in poise, dancing *Cheek to Cheek* and *The Piccolino.* As for the "best performance," why start an argument by trying to select one above all the others? (RKO-Radio)

● ● ● ● **The Crusades** lasted a long time in reality, and they last a long time as they unreel on the screen, under

[*Continued on page* 16]

IT TAKES MORE THAN THIS TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY . .

THIS is Pamela . . . pretty and charming . . . adding to her good looks with a "permanent." The big Spring party is on at the club tonight, and Pamela would like to be voted the Queen of the May, or, better still, the queen of some suitor's heart . . . But Pamela will never be queen of anything . . . people with halitosis never are . . . it is the millstone about many a lovely neck . . . and all so unnecessary.

Why take a chance?

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. But others do, and give you the cold shoulder. What do they care how attractive you are if your breath is a nuisance! Why offend others unnecessarily? You can put your breath beyond suspicion in a second or two. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine attacks fermentation, declared by a noted dental authority to be the cause of 90% of mouth odors. Then it gets rid of the odors themselves, leaving the breath sweet, agreeable, and wholesome. Don't forget also, that Listerine overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes, devoid of antiseptic power, fail to conceal in several hours.

Never make the mistake of assuming that you are immune to halitosis. Fermentation takes place even in normal mouths; consequently anyone is likely to offend at some time or other. Don't take that chance. Use Listerine every morning and every night and between times before social engagements. It is so pleasant, so refreshing, so safe, so effective.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

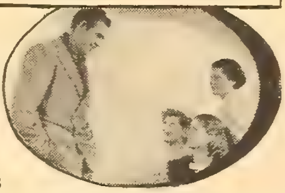
Listerine quickly checks Halitosis (Bad Breath)

CHARLES FARRELL *chooses girl with* **NATURAL LIPS**

HERE'S WHAT CHARLES FARRELL SAW

UNTOUCHED
PAINTED
TANGEE

Film star picks Tangee Lips in interesting test



Charles Farrell makes lipstick test between scenes of "Forbidden Heaven", a Republic Pictures Corporation release.

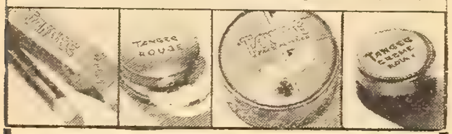
● When Charles Farrell says he prefers natural lips, doesn't that make you want to have soft, rosy, kissable lips?

Millions of other men dislike bright red lips too . . . that's why more and more women are changing to Tangee Lipstick. For Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint!* Instead, Tangee, as if by magic, accentuates the *natural* color of your lips. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy, ask for Tangee and be sure you see the name Tangee on the package. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation . . . there's only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New **FACE POWDER** now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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ROCHELLE HUDSON *Isn't* Killing Romance!

The pretty twenty-year-old who stepped into Janet Gaynor's shoes in "Way Down East" has great appeal for men. And it isn't patented!

BY MARGARET DIXE

This is the fifth of Margaret Dixe's sane, popular and widely-discussed series of articles on "Hollywood's Heart Problems—and Yours."—Editor.

"AMERICAN girls are killing romance!" I've heard that accusation a good many times lately. And it takes a girl like Rochelle Hudson to refute it.

The accusation does not come from foreigners, but from our own American men. Men as typically and romantically American as Fred MacMurray, who first laid hold of feminine fancy in *The Gilded Lily,* recently scored another hit with Katharine Hepburn in *Alice Adams,* and now is opposite Carole Lombard in *Hands Across the Table.*

"Most girls of today make marriage more of a gamble than their mothers did," Fred said to me the other day. "They have more sophistication and far more personal freedom. And—well, we might as well be frank about this. No matter how liberal a man's ideas may be in regard to women, they do not extend to his wife or to the woman he hopes to make his wife.

"Sweetness, innocence, loyalty, are still the prizes every man seeks when the thought of matrimony enters his head. Those attributes are not so common any more. . ."

Fred should meet Rochelle Hudson . . . the girl who replaced Janet Gaynor in *Way Down East,* opposite Henry Fonda, after Janet was injured in a fall. "She has the same sort of 'feminine appeal,'" was the explanation and high praise of Twentieth Century-Fox executives.

● "IT'S queer," says the observant Rochelle, "but the very qualities that appeal to a man in a girl he likes to pal around with—tremendous pep, absolute frankness, that palsy-walsy stuff—are the very qualities that keep him from thinking of love and *Lohengrin.* If a girl wants to inspire sentiment, she has to show some. I don't mean that she has to go vapid or do a 'clinging vine' act. But with just a little effort, she can make a man feel terribly important and strong and protective. And, after all, that's part of a woman's job.

"Ever since I was three I've been in constant training to take a definite place in the world. I have studied dancing, music, proper enunciation—everything that would help further a career. Mother always believed every girl should be equipped to earn her own living. But I'm not 'ambition-mad,' if you know what I mean. When I marry, I expect to give up my career for good and all, and my husband will be my one important interest. Not that I'm going to give up all outside interests in life. Good grief, no! I think a girl holds much more glamor for a man when she has something to talk about besides household cares and her dieting!"

Rochelle is twenty now. Ever since starting in pictures five years ago, she has had an agreement with her mother that until she was twenty-one, at least, she would not allow any boy more than one date a week. This was the idea behind her promise: Rochelle is intensely loyal in her friendships and friendships last longer if they develop slowly.

"You lose too much of the thrill of it when you rush a romance too

Says Rochelle Hudson, seen above in a scene from *Way Down East,* "Men love a girl to be a romanticist. If she gets a thrill out of hearing rain on the roof or seeing sunset from a hilltop, they may tease her. But they love it!"

fast," observed this very wise, slender, dark-haired little Hudson girl.

"I do believe that girls who do things, who have some genuine ambition, are more appealing to men than those who haven't," said Rochelle, the day we sat talking in her charming new Beverly Hills home. "When you have nothing else to occupy your time, the boys naturally suspect that you are after them. But when you are busy and obviously enjoy your work, then it's the other way around. *They* are after *you!* It rouses the male spirit of competition. At first, that is . . .

● "AFTERWARD it comes to a point where a girl has to decide if a man is a matrimonial prospect or if she just wants him as a friend, a dancing partner, a pal. Then her tactics vary.

"If she doesn't want to be taken seriously, all she has to do is wear that air of I-can-take-care-of-myself-thank-you. Independence is like an armor that makes her attractive, but remote, inaccessible. However, if she *does* want to be taken seriously, if he seems to be everything she hopes for in a husband—no matter how strong her footing is in the modern business world, she has to revert to old-fashioned methods to get and hold him!

"She leans upon his judgment—and lets him know it. Oh, every once in a while a good, stirring argument clears the atmosphere. No man wants to be 'yessed' to death. But no man ever grew angry yet by being made to feel his masculine superiority!

"Another thing—men love a girl to be a romanticist. If she gets a thrill out of hearing the patter of rain on the roof or out of seeing sunset from a hilltop, they may tease her. But they love it!"

And right there I think Rochelle has touched on a terribly important thing. Why is it that girls are afraid of looking sweet?

American men, as a rule, are born sentimentalists—and the sooner American girls find it out, the better. Not only for themselves, but for romance. *Don't* kill romance with the sophomore brand of sophistication!

EVERY GIRL faces the problem discussed in this frank article. And there are other heart problems that every girl faces. What is *yours?*

Write Margaret Dixe about it. She will hold your letter in strictest confidence, will suggest a solution in a personal letter.

The address: Margaret Dixe, c/o MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

Lovely to look at-

. . . and mind made up to stay that way!

Behind many a young and lovely face is a mind rich in mature wisdom. The instinctive knowledge women seem to be born with. It commands . . . "Stay lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to your complexion, your hair, your figure. Your dressing table is gay with bright jars of creams and cosmetics. And if you know all of your beauty lore, there'll be in your medicine chest a certain little blue box. Ex-Lax, its name. And its role in your life is to combat that enemy to loveliness and health . . . constipation. You know what that does to your looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because it is mild, gentle, it doesn't strain your system. It is thorough. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it is such a joy to take . . . it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Get a box today! 10c and 25c boxes . . . at any drug store.

When Nature forgets—remember

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MP 115 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

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(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

Speaking of Movies . . .

[*Continued from page* 12]

the guiding genius of Cecil B. De Mille. But you forgive the picture its length, its elongated love scenes, its slow moments because, when it goes spectacular, it gives memory something new to feed on. One scene, showing the Crusaders storming the walled Saracen city of Acre, is tremendous—topped only by the collision of two hard-riding armies on the open field outside Jerusalem. Moreover, if you have a hazy idea of what King Richard the Lionhearted was like, you will discover that (as played by Henry Wilcoxon) he was tall, handsome, rough-mannered, a lover of battle; that he went on the Crusades to avoid marrying Alice of France (Katherine De Mille); that, when he married Berengaria, (Loretta Young), he did so by proxy—with his sword representing him; that, later, his love for her almost wrecked the Crusades. A great story, told in the grand manner, it very nearly makes Saladin, the Saracen king, the most fascinating man of the times. But Ian Keith's playing of the rôle has something to do with that. Loretta Young is beautiful and inspirational. Wilcoxon is convincing. (Paramount)

● ● ● ● **Broadway Melody of 1936.** Here, literally, is a million dollars' worth of entertainment—the best musical extravaganza the movies have yet turned out. It has glorious insane comedy featuring Jack Benny, Sid Silvers, and Una Merkel; sensational dancing by Eleanor Powell, who also plays a dual rôle, and steps to stardom in both of them; singing and dancing by Robert Taylor and June Knight; effective blues singing by Frances Langford; eccentric dancing by Vilma and Buddy Ebsen—all woven together by a logical, amusing story about a columnist and show business. Cleverly planned and cleverly presented, with clever lines, it introduces to you a whole new crop of clever people—topped by Eleanor Powell. Watch this girl with the magic feet. She is going places. (M-G-M)

● ● ● ● **The Dark Angel.** After English producers took the time and trouble to build up Merle Oberon as an exotic personality, Samuel Goldwyn decided she could be even more interesting as a person more sympathetic. And *The Dark Angel* proves he was right. She turns in a magnificent performance, equal to any you have seen this year—sensitive, with fine shadings. The story finds her growing up during the prewar years with two boys who are cousins. Both love her, though one's love is silent, since he knows she loves the other. Then comes the war with its havoc, its turmoil of emotions, catching the three of them in its eddies. An obbligato of pathos runs all through the picture, which is superbly done, considering that the story it tells is no longer new. She enlists your sympathy; so does Fredric March, as the lover who can never look upon her again; so does Herbert Marshall, of the twisted smile, as the unrequited lover. (United Artists)

And don't miss: ● ● ● ● **Anna Karenina,** Tolstoi's tragedy of a woman who deserted husband and child for love, co-starring Greta Garbo and Fredric March; ● ● ● ● **Diamond Jim,** a colorful, amusing character sketch of the world's most lavish spender, starring Edward Arnold; ● ● ● ● **Alice Adams,** a sensitive, poignant portrait of a small-town girl with great and very human ambitions, brilliantly played by Katharine Hepburn; ● ● ● ● **Love Me Forever,** bringing you the glorious voice of Grace Moore, singing more opera; and ● ● ● **Here's to Romance,** introducing you to a new and dramatic singer, Nina Martini.

One of the events of the autumn should be the appearance of the one and only (and still silent) Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*—with Paulette Goddard

Katherine DeMille, featured in "The Crusades," selects a silver Armor Mesh collar with matching bag.

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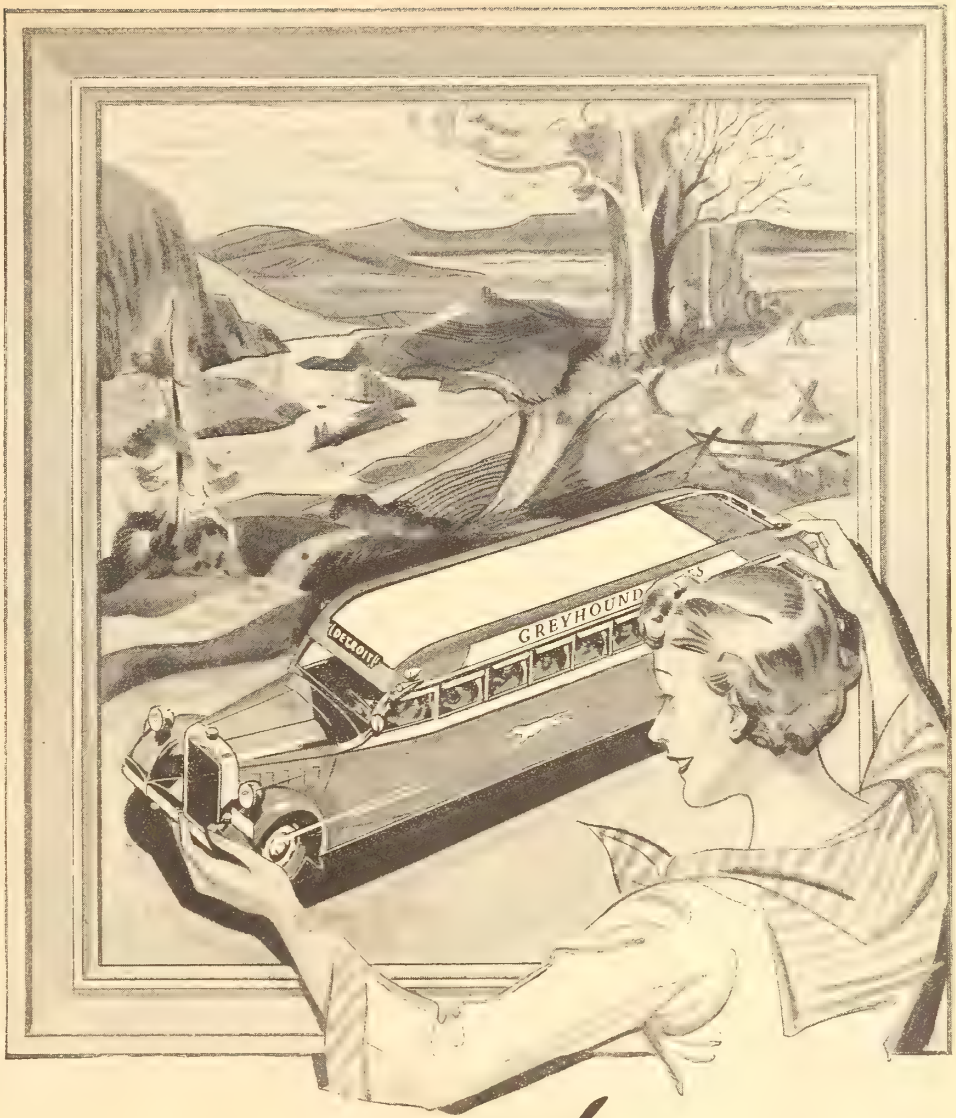

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MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

REGINALD DENNY

VICENTE ESCUDERO

world's greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green

A FOX PICTURE

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Chatterton Soars Again

—*Candid Camera Portraits by Victor Haveman*

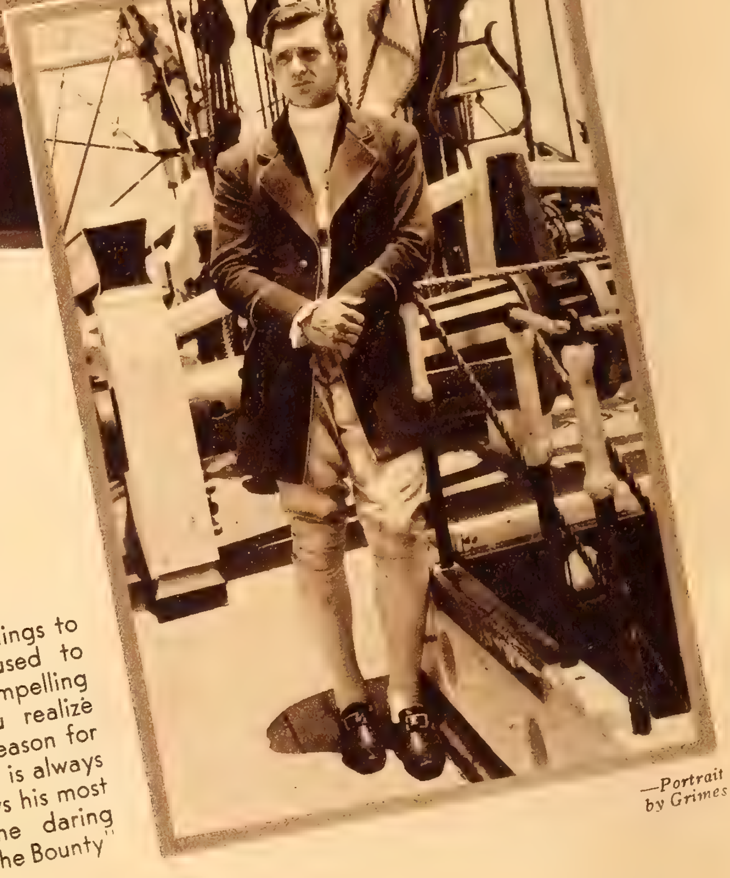
These are not just symbolic portraits of Ruth Chatterton—who piloted Hollywood into the talkies with her first acting flights in films. She actually is an aviatrix, and a skillful one. Recently returning from abroad after months of inactivity, she winged her way to Hollywood in her own plane, to star — appropriately — in "Modern Lady"

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

--Portrait by Bert Longworth

Paul

Paul Muni is one star who is allowed to pick his pictures, himself. Few stars have that privilege. But few know drama, and few know acting, as he does. One of these years, the Motion Picture Academy may awaken and give him the award for superfine acting. Perhaps after seeing him as dramatic, lovable "Dr. Socrates"?



—Portrait by Grimes

Clark

Clark Gable still does things to your emotions. You used to blame it all on his compelling personality. Now you realize that there is another reason for his power over you; he is always believable. Clark plays his most dramatic rôle as the daring leader of "Mutiny on the Bounty"

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Portrait by Wm. E. Thomas

Miriam

Miriam Hopkins has a new world audience waiting for her after "Becky Sharp." People went to see natural-color, and stayed to applaud her vivid performance. She now has another colorful rôle—this time in black-and-white — as the heroine of "Barbary Coast," an early San Francisco beauty who thought she didn't want love

Portrait by C. S. Bull

Jeanette

Jeanette MacDonald, of the songs and smiles, was the screen's first star soprano. Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout all followed Jeanette—who has practically joined the immortals since "Naughty Marietta." She will soon be "Rose Marie" to Nelson Eddy, and she and Clark Gable are to make "San Francisco"

—Cronenweth

Eleanor Powell left Broadway for Hollywood to do a featured tap-dance or two in films. She remained to play a dual rôle and become a sensation —and a star — in "The Broadway Melody of 1936." Now it's breaking M-G-M's heart to spare her to Broadway for a brief appearance

They're New(s)!

Sybil Jason is six and British. No pretty-pretty child, she has great personality, great talent. Overnight, after "Little Big Shot," she is a big little Temple threat

Tutta Rolf, famous in Scandinavia, arrived in Hollywood without fanfare. In her first film, "Dressed to Thrill," she played two rôles. Now Fox Films want to star her in two hundred. . . .

Errol Flynn grew up as a Briton and an athlete, attracted attention, was signed by Warners. He expected to play minor parts. But now, after just one, he lands the title rôle of "Captain Blood"

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Remember how Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor set the movie world on fire as the young lovers of "Seventh Heaven?" (As if you could forget!) Now, Hollywood predicts Farrell will scale the romantic heights again, this time with a new partner—Charlotte Henry. They will bear watching together in "Forbidden Heaven"

—Hurrell

Quick! Name a more romantic story than "The Three Musketeers!" And, after seeing the picture, try to name a more convincing pair of lovers than Walter Abel and Margot Grahame!

—Richee

The romance of Berengaria and Richard the Lion-Hearted made history. And Loretta Young and Henry Wilcoxon, reliving the famous story in the spectacle, "The Crusades," are making film history themselves

Twosomes to Talk About

Meet *—and Watch—* GLADYS SWARTHOUT!

She is young, slender, beautiful, an opera star, and one of the best-dressed women in America. She will be worth seeing and hearing in films!

By P. K. THOMAJAN

THE golden voice of Gladys Swarthout, who has been adjudged the best-dressed star of the Metropolitan Opera and one of the ten best-dressed women in America, has at last come to the screen. Young, slender, poised, she makes her film début in the title rôle of *Rose of the Rancho,* with baritone John Boles as her co-star. It is one of the big film events of Autumn, 1935—to be followed by another impressive event. In the title rôle of *Carmen,* she will be the first to bring a complete opera to the screen!

The soothing mellowness of her rich mezzo-soprano voice, singing "Memory Lane," has charmed air addicts from Coast to Coast. It will soon thrill the moviegoers and music-lovers of the entire world. And no longer will anyone have to imagine the person behind that lovely tone; she will stand revealed—a brunette beauty.

Gladys Swarthout is the epitome of the ambitious American career girl. Born in Deep Water, Missouri, she is of Dutch descent, her name originally being pronounced "Swar-toot." She is the direct antithesis of the old-fashioned prima donna who ate huge meals and starchy pastries, followed by quantities of red wine. This lithe individual prefers to travel light. Golfing and riding, she keeps herself in a condition that dispenses with throat-coddling scarfs and mufflers.

Today, she works harder to continue as a success than she ever did to become one. And, decidedly human, she is ever on the alert to help others with talent get breaks. When Rose Bampton, another mezzo, made her début at the Metropolitan, Gladys called aside an important critic friend, and told him that after hearing such a glorious voice he couldn't give anything but a rave review. In the world of opera, where jealousy is a byword, this action shows the sterling stuff of which this sparkling star is made.

● The tortuous road that leads to fame in opera has been strangely devoid of detours in the case of arrow-eyed Gladys Swarthout. When she was only a locally-known concert singer, friends urged her to make a try for opera, going so far as to arrange an audition for her in Chicago. There she went, sang a few arias, and a few days later was awarded a contract for the following season. And that's pure triumph

[*Continued on page* 66]

I Learned About Love from JOHN BOLES

. . . Being the revelations of a girl who convinced the screen's most popular baritone-lover that she needed advice from an authority

By MARION BLACKFORD

I PUT on my best dress, my three-dollar stockings, a dash of that bottled-in-bond perfume I received last Christmas, a very pale make-up and a lovelorn look. Then I kept my luncheon date with John Boles.

I was going to lie to him. But what are lies when you're out to get something from a man—even if it's only a story?

I went into my act for him as soon as the tomato juice cocktails were served. I squeezed a bit of lemon into the glass, and rubbed the lemon-y fingers across my eyes. The lemon juice stung—and I turned a tear-dimmed pair of eyes on John.

"Why, honey!" he said (pay no attention to that, because he calls every girl "honey"), "you're cryin'. What's wrong?" He was patting my hand, but think nothing of that either—he always does it, except when he's patting your knee, instead. That's nicer.

"Mister Boles," I moaned, "I'm in love."

The poor man! He dropped my hand as though it were a piece of hot codfish. He backed away from the table perceptibly. I found out later that once an ingenious female had crashed an "interview" with him, under faked credentials, just to say she had fallen in love with him and that he must "fly" with her. That was the word she used, so you can tell just the type of filbert she was. He thought I was another one.

"Ah—er—in love?" he stalled.

I shot him a quick answer to unscare him; "Yes—with the handsomest young blond fellow I met the other night." Oh, Truth—poor, poor Truth—how I *hate* blondes! But I had to put John at his ease. You could almost see the sigh of relief when he found I wasn't another huntress in disguise. By this time the lemon had done its stuff, and my cheeks were wet. He was back at the hand-patting again.

● "But honey," he crooned in that low, just-you-and-me voice he uses with girl interviewers, "*that's* nothing to *cry* about, is it?"

"B-b-b-but Mister Boles," I butted, "you see, I don't know what to DO about it! I was raised in a convent and I never had a chance to learn anything about men, and I'm sort of—of—scared . . .!" (And if that one didn't make a piker out of Ananias, what with my marks in rumble-seat technique and catch-as-catch-can necking, in both junior and senior years in college, then my name's Carrie Nation!)

"Yes, child," soothed John, "but what can *I* do about it?"

I'm not sure yet whether the man was just sincere, or maybe hopeful. I was banking on sincerity, so I gave him the works: "Why, Mister Boles," I explained, "inasmuch as you're certainly The Tops when it comes to love on the screen nowadays, I thought [*Continued on page* 68]

John Boles sings of love to Gladys Swarthout in "Rose of the Rancho"

Why Women Can't Resist WILLIAM POWELL

Find the woman who doesn't like him—whether she knows him in person or only in films! . . . A famous writer, who knows human nature and Bill Powell, explains his popularity!

By JIM TULLY

Author of *Beggars of Life, Circus Parade, Shanty Irish*

IT WAS said long ago that the real test of a man was what a few highly intelligent women thought of him . . . women being more subtle, more analytical than men, so far as impressions of the opposite sex are concerned.

From all indications, William Powell is the most popular man in Hollywood—with women.

Carole Lombard once said that William Powell was the most wonderful ex-husband a girl could have.

This, though it sounds facetious, has profound implications.

The average couple, once separated, generally go their different ways forever. Once the fire is burned out, there is no warmth, no glow in continued companionship. Not so with Carole and Bill. She found in her ex-husband a great and understanding friend, in whose heart there was room enough for the hopes and despairs of many such lovely women as herself.

Their romance began when she played his leading lady in two successive pictures, *Ladies' Man* and *Man of the World*. They married soon afterward, their marriage lasting approximately two years. They parted friends, and they still are friends.

Frequently, for months after their divorce, they attended Hollywood parties together. There was no idea of reconciliation. None was needed. The woman he considered worthy to be his wife had the same consideration as a friend.

"Bill," she said, "is one of the greatest souls I have ever known."

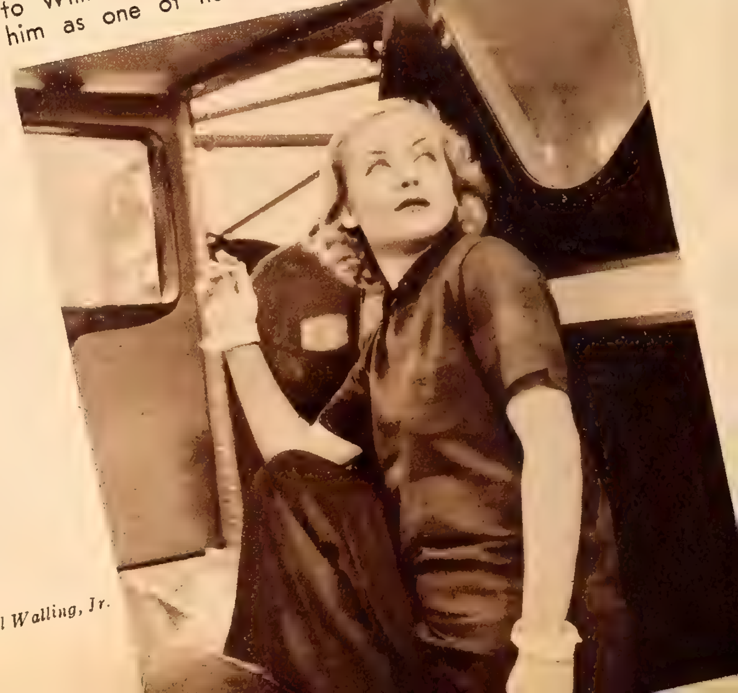
● One who lives in Hollywood for a long enough period can get a true light on any citizen through a consensus of opinion—that is, if the citizen lives in the fierce light of Kleigs and publicity, as a prominent actor must.

Powell is popular not only with fellow-players of both sexes, with executives, with social leaders, with the intelligentsia. He is popular with script girl, electricians and property men on the set. He has not forgotten the days of his hunger—and is not ashamed of having struggled.

Myrna Loy, who played with Powell in *Manhattan Melodrama, The Thin Man* and *Evelyn Prentice*, as his screen wife, has an interesting sidelight on him. It is that the suave sophisticate's success in playing a screen husband lies in the fact that all women dramatize themselves subconsciously, and thereby accept him as the sort of husband they feel they could love and honor.

"One can call it what one wishes—personal magnetism, excellent manners, unique personality—but the result is the same, and it coincides with my own impression of him. Personally, he is a fine, genial gentleman, always considerate of his fellow-players—a man to be admired for his own good qualities as a person, aside from his appeal as an actor."

Any man who could inspire such a tribute from appealing, reticent Myrna Loy would have the legal right to feel that he must be one in a million. But Powell hasn't the capacity for egotism; he's too interested in others.



Carole Lombard, once married to William Powell, still thinks of him as one of her best friends

—Portrait by Will Walling, Jr.

—Portrait by C. S. Bull

"The man who worships one woman will never be free." But William Powell worships them all, and they all adore him

—Portrait by Hurrell

Jean Harlow is likely to find him a comrade for life . . .

And Virginia Bruce, who appeared with him in *Escapade,* says of William Powell:

"He is one of the most attractive men I've ever known. I have never known anyone whose friends so adore him. He casts a charm over men and women alike—including me. He is just that grand to work with, too—and a perfect gentleman."

Ah, William, William—let those who wish draw up NRA codes and American neutrality resolutions. Let them write the laws of a nation —and even its songs. But to rule as a friend in the hearts of such ladies is surely a happier destiny.

● Nor is this all. To be the companion of Jean Harlow, to wear an evening suit like *Sherlock Holmes* on a hot scent, to be nonchalant where lesser men would be flustered, to look upon the Grand Canyon not as a tourist, but as a fellow who has one of them in his back yard—there can be no happier lot. But more than all, William, and I repeat—to be a pal of Harlow's! She's from around your diggings in Kansas City—and surely you reflect now and then, in gazing upon her, that you have gone a far way from being a clerk with a K. C. telephone company.

Jean Harlow, the tempestuously lovely, implies —and bear up, William—that you are one of the most delightful companions that a man or woman could have, that you have humor, understanding, intelligence, tolerance. In other words, she seems to be fond of you. [*Continued on page* 74]

Lily Pons, the newest operatic arrival on the screen, isn't just one unusual person. She's six amazing women!

By

HELEN HARRISON

Sing a Song of Six PONS!

EMELIE, Yvonne, Cecile, Marie and Annette Dionne are merely quintuplets. Lily Pons, young, beautiful and incredibly accomplished new arrival in filmdom goes them one better. There are really *six* Pons—and it isn't done with mirrors!

There is so much to tell about the lovely Lily that it is impossible to know where to begin. Yesterday's opera sensation, today's radio queen, tomorrow's outstanding screen star—such phrases tell only part of the story. Did you guess that she was a brilliant pianist? Do you know anything of the girl, Lily, whose personality is magnetic and whose friends are legion? Or the woman behind the enigma of contrasts that she seems? So few do.

Let me, then, tell you as interesting a story as has ever appeared between the covers of a book of fiction—but remember these are *true* facts about the most fabulous heroine who ever trilled a note, or, still in her twenties, was wildly acclaimed by blasé Metropolitan opera-goers as the world's greatest coloratura soprano!

When Fate set in motion the destiny that would make an unknown little French girl, born in Cannes, a world-famous figure, Fate disguised its intentions so well that even the recipient of its favors did not suspect the ultimate goal. Her parents were well-to-do people, with a great love of music, and were only too happy to foster their daughter's musical talent, which was displayed at a very early age. In fact, she was studying the piano before her childish hands could span an octave. Never, in her wildest fancies, however, did she think of herself as a future singer.

● At sixteen she graduated with a first prize from the Paris Conservatoire, determined to make piano her career. Then she fell desperately ill and the family doctor advised leaving music alone for two years. At sixteen, two years out of one's life are not irretrievable.

But little Lily, an active, eager personality, could not be idle. So, as a form of "rest" she took up acting—which had been her favorite game as a child. It was not long before she obtained a position with the Theatre des Varieties in Paris, where, for the next two years, she played ingénues.

The magnetism which she exerts over people today became manifest then. She was an immediate success. Vitally alert, she made friends easily and then, as now, it was almost unknown for anyone not to bow to her charm at first meeting.

After this Paris interlude, she returned to Cannes to resume her piano studies, but instead she met August Mesritz and married him,

[*Continued on page* 70]

Why LEDERER Likes American Girls

Handsome Francis Lederer is no playboy. He is an idealist, embarked on a search for "the ideal girl." And she may be American . . . .

By DENA REED

WHEN Francis Lederer said he thought he had found his "ideal girl" twice, I knew he was speaking the simple truth. And when he said he had been honestly mistaken both times, I could not doubt him. No woman could. It is impossible not to sense that he wants love, and needs love—because he has missed much of it in life. And, despite his Continental background, American women are not mistaken in their increasing belief that he deserves their acquaintance.

"American girls think," said the handsome and earnest young Czech actor, who is currently starring in a romantic comedy, *The Gay Deception.* "And that is good, for a woman does not need beauty of face or form—but mind and soul." In definition, he touched his forehead and heart. "That is why American women interest me. Their charm is not only that of a lovely face or a 'feminine form divine.' Behind their eyes, one 'sees' something is happening; they are thinking clearly and frankly and honestly. One senses an ability to meet issues, a forthrightness. In them, there is no futile or pampered yearning to be petted and cajoled. They are men's equals, their 'betters,' if you will!"

To understand this unusual young man's attitude toward women, you must really know something of his background, for, remembering the tempestuous difficulties of his parents, the youngest of the Lederers has come to regard love as a very serious business. He can't be facetious about it.

● In the quaint town of pre-war Prague, the cobbler, Lederer, had a home, a wife and three children. Then, the very young Francis noticed, a coolness developed between those whom he instinctively loved best—his parents—until, to the entire bewilderment of his childish mind, there was a divorce.

In the absurd equations of such family split-ups, the two elder children were given into the custody of the mother, and little Francis constituted the paternal spoils of matrimony. What a puzzling thing life was! One cried for one's mother and one's father answered, or perhaps an aunt or grandmother, who tried so hard to make up to Francis for the loss of his mother. And couldn't.

And then a second tragedy entered Francis' life.

Toward the close of the War, just as he and his eldest brother were becoming attached after long separation, that brother was killed in battle.

Francis Lederer has never recovered entirely from that blow. As the yearning for his mother sharpened his discernment toward women, just so this needless death of his brother has imbued him with [*Continued on page* 60]

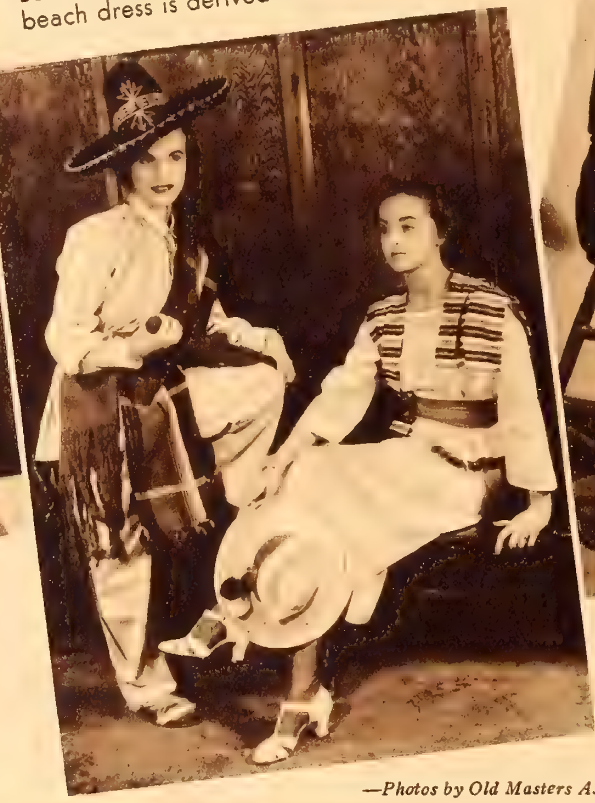
The earnest young Czech star turns to romantic comedy in "The Gay Deception"

Design for Livelihood

By JANE CARROLL

Natalie Visart shows Katherine De Mille one of her designs for "The Crusades"

Below: Two Traphagen pupils show how beach dress is derived from peon garb



Above: Twin sisters, Diane and Denise Massá, shared first prize for a coat design

—Photos by Old Masters Associates, Inc.

"HARNESS your ambitions!" This is the valuable message to the feminine world from a handsome gray-haired woman who earlier in her own life met Adversity in his corner and knocked him out of the ring. Her name is Ethel Traphagen.

A talented artist and world-famous designer of feminine fashions in her own right, she manages a prominent New York designing school that bears her name. It is from this school that such master fashion designers as Bernard Newman, who profits to the extent of $100,000 a year for costuming such pictures as *Roberta* and *Top Hat,* and Gladys Parker, sophisticated dictator of youthful feminine fashions, have graduated.

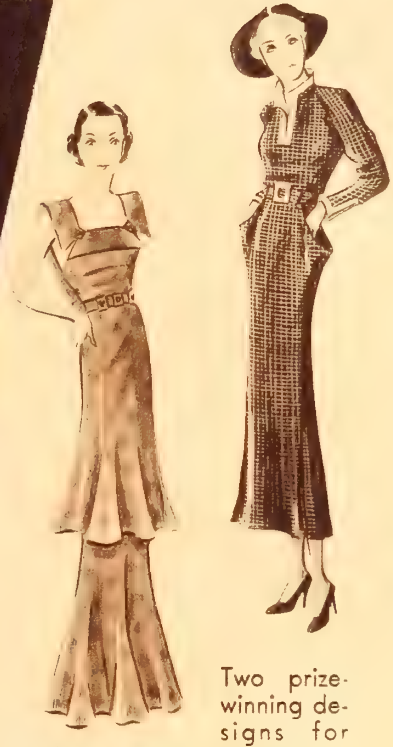
Maralyn Tankersley, of Webster Groves, Mo., is a promising student dress designer

Harness those ambitions for a glamorous career—and give a thought to designing. For the average girl, it has far greater possibilities than acting!

—Old Masters Associates, Inc.

Alert, attractive and young, Page Michie, of Charlottesville, Va., looks able to pass a screen test. But, instead, she's studying to become a designer!

Lettie Lee is giving Hollywood's male designers serious competition



Two prize-winning designs for Brueck and Richards silk dresses, created by students of the Traphagen School of Fashion

When Miss Traphagen says, “Harness your ambitions,” she is thinking of girls with a multitude of ambitions who never seem to find a successful release for their energies.

“Many women today could be financially independent and happy in a fascinating career,” she says earnestly, “if they only awakened to what the fashion field has to offer them. After many years, manufacturers have come to recognize American designers. Frequently, when I first entered the field of fashion, designers were forced to allow Parisian names to be attached to their creations if they hoped to have them accepted. Now the market is wide open to Americans—and there aren't enough to supply the demand.”

Hollywood, in the opinion of Miss Traphagen, has helped to open the door of opportunity to young American designers.

● “Film fashions—smart, original, practical—have helped to convince America that not all the dictates of fashion need to come from Paris,” she declares. “Not only has the screen inspired women to wear their clothes better; it has given them a liking for clothes ‘in the American mood.’ And it has opened the eyes of many to countless opportunities in fashion designing today.”

Her words, “countless opportunities,” carry no exaggeration. The chance of achieving outstanding success in the field of fashion design is considerably greater than the chance of getting on the stage or screen—and often work in this profession leads straight to Hollywood. At any rate, it is an established fact that, although Marlene Dietrich may earn $5,000 a week and Garbo may endorse salary checks to the tune of $400,000 yearly, there are hundreds more men and women profitably employed today as fashion designers than there are players in Hollywood.

But what does it take to become a successful designer? Is special talent essential? What about age? Is vast experience necessary?

“I think ‘talent’ is a highly overrated word,” Miss Traphagen begins, taking up the barrage of questions. “Let me cite an illustration: Only a few years ago I had a student who I seriously doubted would ever become a designer. Unattractive in person, she was slow and somewhat clumsy and seemed impossible to teach. Gradually, by gentle suggestion, I managed to improve her personal appearance. With her own acquisition of neatness, her drawings turned slowly from smudgy, uninspired efforts to well-turned-out designs. From a foreign girl who seemed doomed to a lifetime job of making buttonholes at ten dollars a week, she changed into an independent young lady who commanded a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. That, I think, is indication enough that ‘talent’ or ‘genius’ is not a prime necessity. Neither, for that matter, is neatness. But ambition and application count.

“As for age, one of my pupils, a young man just sixteen, happened to be in a museum looking for ideas on which he might base designs for feminine [*Continued on page 62*]

DICK POWELL tells Six Ways to Be "A Good Date"

Olivia de Havilland interests Dick in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—and off-screen, too

DICK'S SIX:

1. **Be entertaining.**
2. **Be a good mixer.**
3. **Be a good sport.**
4. **Be attractive.**
5. **Be intelligent.**
6. **Be charming.**

The hero of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has ideas about how any girl can interest a man. Good ideas!

By RICHARD ENGLISH

DICK POWELL, attired in a midshipman's uniform, perspired under the lights and sang into the microphone on the *Shipmates Forever* set. A score of Busby Berkeley's prettiest dancing girls formed an appreciative audience. After three "takes," the number was "okay for sound and camera" and Mr. Powell staggered, not walked, in my general direction. "Whew," he said in greeting as he sank into a camp chair and reached for a bottle of pop.

"Hot work, this being a tenor," I sympathized. He withered me with a glance. "A baritone to you, sir!" I changed the subject deftly. "Lots of pretty girls on the set today, Dick. I don't think I'd mind the heat if I rated smiles from beauties on all sides." He said nothing. Dick is as appreciative of feminine beauty as the average young man, but is becoming more than a little tired of being rated Hollywood's favorite bachelor. He finished drinking the pop and unbuttoned his tight-fitting jacket. "Sure, they're nice-looking," he agreed, "but I hope you don't think every 'good date' has to be good-looking. Let's take the case of the girl with a sense of humor, who's a good sport, is intelligent, has poise—"

"Wait a minute," I objected. "You mean you'll take a harem, not just one girl."

● He grinned. "Don't be silly! If you come right down to it, almost every girl who's a preferred 'date' has those four qualities *and* a couple more for good measure! Stop and think about the girls you like to date. Aren't they alike in half a dozen ways? . . . Just because a fellow's in pictures certainly doesn't make him an expert on secrets of popularity, but he's entitled to his own little standards of what a good date ought to be. Like you, or any other guy."

"I don't agree with you so much about this sense-of-humor business," I objected. "These girls who are the life of the party get in—"

"Wait a minute!" Dick said. "I don't like that type either. What I'm talking about is the girl who has a quiet sense of humor, who gets a little chuckle out of life. When you're tired out and the old spirit is worn to a frazzle, it's mighty nice to know some

[*Continued on page* 64]

LUISE RAINER—Sensation!

Six months ago, you had never heard of her. Today her name is on everyone's lips. Why? Because the movie world has never seen anyone like her!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

Portrait by C. S. Bull

A FEW weeks ago a towsle-haired wisp of a girl, driving an inexpensive open roadster, sought to cross the international boundary line from Mexico into the United States. Her broken English betrayed her foreign birth and immigration officers promptly demanded her passport and entry permit. She had none.

"But I am Luise Rainer. . . . I am working in pictures," she explained.

The immigration men were skeptical, to put it mildly. That slip of a girl, clad in nondescript slacks, with uncombed hair and little make-up, unescorted and entirely lacking in "grandeur"—she *couldn't* be the new Continental star whom Hollywood was hailing as its great new discovery. She didn't fit the movie-star pattern—she didn't look or act the part. They had encountered too many stars not to know the type. So they thought.

And so they held Luise Rainer at the border until her predicament ceased to be an adventure in her estimation and she succeeded in finding a film magazine that contained a portrait of her. With its aid, she proved her identity.

But don't blame Uncle Sam's immigration officers for their mistake. Blame Luise Rainer for looking so entirely unlike a screen star. She *doesn't* fit the glamor-queen pattern, and never will. That's just one thing you will like about her. There are more.

● She is small, dark and elfin—an animated little person, as moody as a vagrant spring breeze. Her eyes sparkle with eagerness and vitality one moment—and brim over with dreams the next. One moment she is the quintessence of gaiety; the next, she is impressive in her intense seriousness of purpose. One moment she is confiding; the next, she retreats behind an unscalable wall of reserve.

If ever Hollywood has known an unpredictable person, that person is Luise Rainer. Read *Green Mansions* and you will know her, for, like W. H. Hudson's heroine, she is a child of Nature—an appealing, puzzling, provocative mixture of natural simplicities and natural complexities. Sophistication and artificiality have not touched her at all.

Hollywood has always expected its celebrities to follow its prescribed rules of "celebrity-conduct." Rainer, apparently, is unaware that such conventions exist. Consider, for instance, the prelude to that amusing detention at the international boundary. . . .

The filming of *Escapade,* in which she later made so sensational a début, was scheduled to start within a day or two. Instead of being a taut bundle of nerves—as even the best-established actresses usually are immediately before the start of a new picture—she was completely relaxed. The weather was glorious, the countryside beautiful, and she found herself driven by a gipsy impulse. With only fifteen dollars in her purse, with no luggage in her car and with no definite plan in her mind, she left her home one morning. And disappeared for five days!

The studio's executives were frantic. Her maid was phlegmatic. Rainer would be back. *When?* Today, maybe. Or perhaps tomorrow.

Meanwhile, the little Viennese minx with the wind-tossed hair was vagabonding, most un-starrishly, wherever her fancy took her. She drove to San Diego and saw the Fair. She ate hamburgers at roadside stands. She struck up acquaintance with picnickers and shared their lunches. She stayed overnight in inexpensive hotels and washed her one pair of stockings and her lingerie in washbowls. She drove on, across the Mexican line, to Caliente and reveled in the color of the border towns. And she returned to Hollywood, after her five-day tour, with more than a dollar left in her purse.

No wonder everyone on the Hollywood scene regards her with amazement—and liking! No wonder immigration officers refused to [*Continued on page 76*]

"It's a Woman's World" Says MARY PICKFORD

Every day, in every way, women are fast becoming men's equals. Yes, and often superiors. And the First Lady of Filmland is all for the movement!

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

"THE brain has no sex," said Mary Pickford. "A woman's intellect and inventiveness, as well as her ingenuity, are equal to a man's. Even greater, some psychologists insist. A man often depends on physical strength to get what he wants, while a woman has to be more subtle; so she uses her brain. And she is constantly getting more practice. That's why I say that it's becoming a woman's world, year by year, almost day by day."

We were sitting in the small library of Pickfair, just off the beautiful antique dining room. Mary, with a new coiffure, more severe than the one she wore formerly, looked younger than ever and more than ever the poised, efficient young business woman. Which, indeed, she is—having just become a combination producer, director and star (and, possibly, writer) for United Artists, with a production program of several pictures a year ahead of her.

In my lap lay a newspaper with headlines telling of fears of a new world war. Indicating the newspaper, and the tale it told, she said: "I believe that women are the hope of the world—the sex that will eventually bring about universal peace. They are no longer going to bear male children for cannon-fodder—cannon-fodder for countries reaching out for more land, for munitions-makers who want more business, for industrialists who want more war-time profits. Women do not make wars," she added. "Men make them—without consulting women, who shrink from its terror and tragedy. But one of these days, women will have their way and eliminate war forever.

"There is an old saying that, for every man who rules a nation, there is a woman who

[*Continued on page 67*]

Exclusive to
MOVIE CLASSIC!

Irene Dunne's Thanksgiving Menu

Grape and orange cocktail
Turkey with mushroom dressing
Mashed potatoes
Mashed turnip
Brussels sprouts de luxe
Cranberry-clove jelly
Thanksgiving salad
Mince pie with meringue
Coffee Nuts

A Thanksgiving Dinner to Remember!

By Irene Dunne . . .

As told to Frances Kellum

IT'S SO easy now to make holiday dinners something lovely and "extra-special"—something for the family to remember! Or if you are bachelor-girling it and want a few friends in, it's easy, too, to get that cozy home atmosphere that everybody loves. Let me tell you about a Thanksgiving menu that is easy to prepare and simple to serve without assistance . . .

The first thing on this menu is grape and orange cocktail which is made the first thing in the morning and set in the icebox to chill for several hours. Cut large wine-grapes in half, seed them, and add diced orange from which every particle of skin has been removed. Serve it ice-cold in cocktail glasses, with a sprig of mint on top. If you want to give it extra zest, pour a little of the juice of crushed mint and limes in each glass and serve the cocktail on a plate that has a large green leaf in the middle.

Turkey with mushroom dressing is the entrée—THE entrée, I should say. The "mushroom dressing" is super-tasty. Add a can of condensed cream-of-mushroom soup to the usual bread dressing, instead of moistening it with water or milk. Put the soup in a dish first and add one egg, beating the mixture well, then stir it into the other ingredients. And when you start the roasting process, don't forget that the secret of a juicy turkey lies in its being basted *every twenty minutes.*

Brussels sprouts de luxe are a delicious side-dish. Cook one quart of sprouts in one cup of hot water for fifteen minutes. Add one cup of green Malaga grapes, cut in halves and seeded. Cook until the sprouts are tender. Drain and season with butter, pepper and salt.

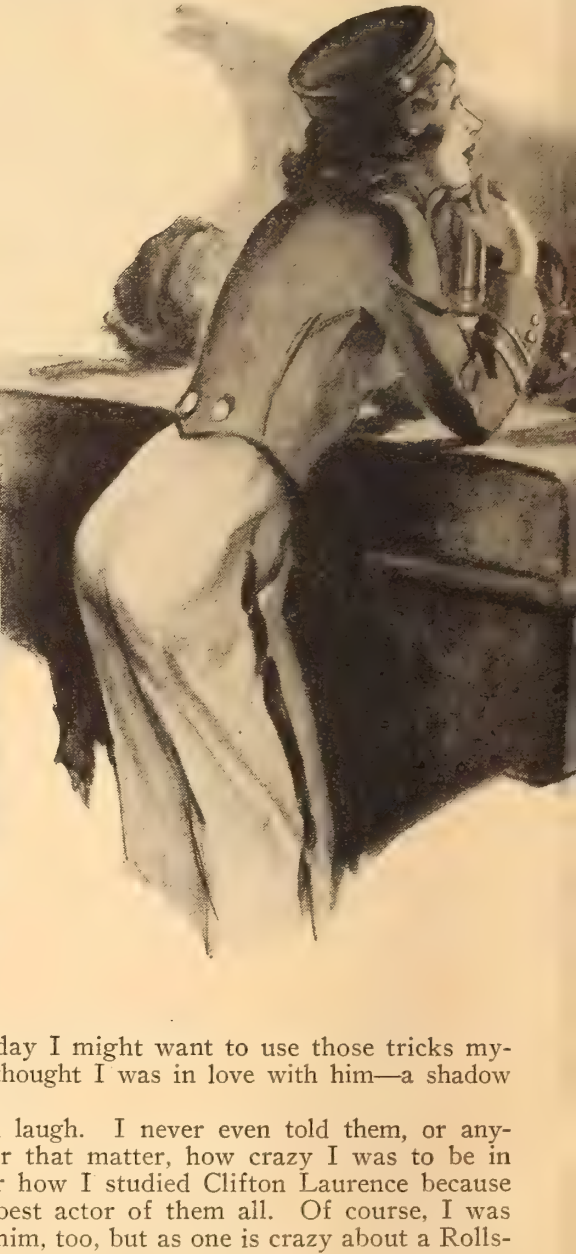
Cranberry-clove jelly would enhance any turkey dinner—and should be made a day or so beforehand to be its most delicious self on Thanksgiving Day. Cook one quart of cranberries with one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of whole

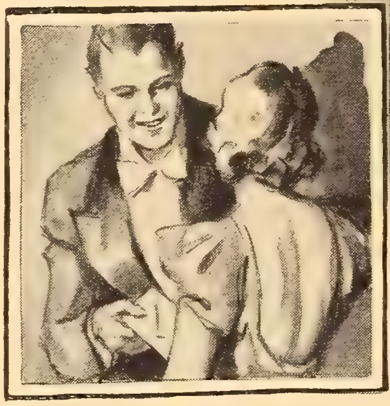
(*Continued on page* 54)

SCREEN - STRUCK

At last! A dramatic, penetrating novel about Hollywood —about the Hollywood that you, yourself, would discover if you were an unknown, desperately trying for a career!

by NINA WILCOX PUTNAM





He spoke in a clear, low voice —to me alone. "Good girl!" said Clifton Laurence. "Keep your head, out there!"

IN THE darkness of the theatre, I was watching the screen eagerly, waiting, as I had waited every day for a month, for the appearance of the announcement that might mean that my whole life would be changed. All across the continent, girls were looking at screens in Burnham Theatres and asking themselves the same burning question I was asking myself: "Am I to have the chance of a lifetime, or stay in a rut all the rest of my life?"

My photograph had been one among thousands submitted, of course. Perhaps it was absurd even to consider the possibility that it would win the first prize in the "Search for New Faces" contest—a trip to Hollywood and a screen test. But, having once summoned up enough courage to send in a photograph, who could help hoping? *Someone* had to win . . . . .

Meanwhile, the two other usherettes at Burnham's Palace, Helen West and Babe Hollis, had gone into a huddle at the back of the next aisle and were having a few laughs at my expense. I could see their round pillbox hats tossed convulsively in silent hysterics.

Of course, as head usher, I had to keep my post near the entrance door. But my back was toward it, and the elbows of my smart little military jacket were on the parapet, my electric-torch making a support for my chin as I kept my gaze riveted on Clifton Laurence on the screen. The picture was *Love Me Only*—you must remember it—the picture that made him a star. What did I care if the other girls laughed at me for it? They simply didn't understand.

● ANYONE could see that he was handsome, in a strong he-man fashion, and his smile was certainly something. But that wasn't all that he meant to me. What those two amused girls didn't appreciate was the fact that Laurence was a splendid actor—that the little things he did were what counted. It thrilled me to watch his subtle tricks of acting and, in watching, to learn. Helen and Babe didn't realize how I was trying to store away in the back of my head what I learned because some day I might want to use those tricks myself. They thought I was in love with him—a shadow on a screen.

I let them laugh. I never even told them, or anybody else for that matter, how crazy I was to be in pictures. Or how I studied Clifton Laurence because he was the best actor of them all. Of course, I was crazy about him, too, but as one is crazy about a Rolls-Royce, or a yacht or a corsage of ten orchids—without any chance of getting them. Clifton Laurence was so far out of my class that I could afford to sentimentalize over him. He was perfectly safe, and so was I!

But I wasn't making a fool of myself over him the way so many palpitating females did. Clifton Laurence, "the handsomest bachelor in Hollywood," was a sort of demigod to me—someone I could worship because he *was* so remote, actually, yet so close, figuratively,

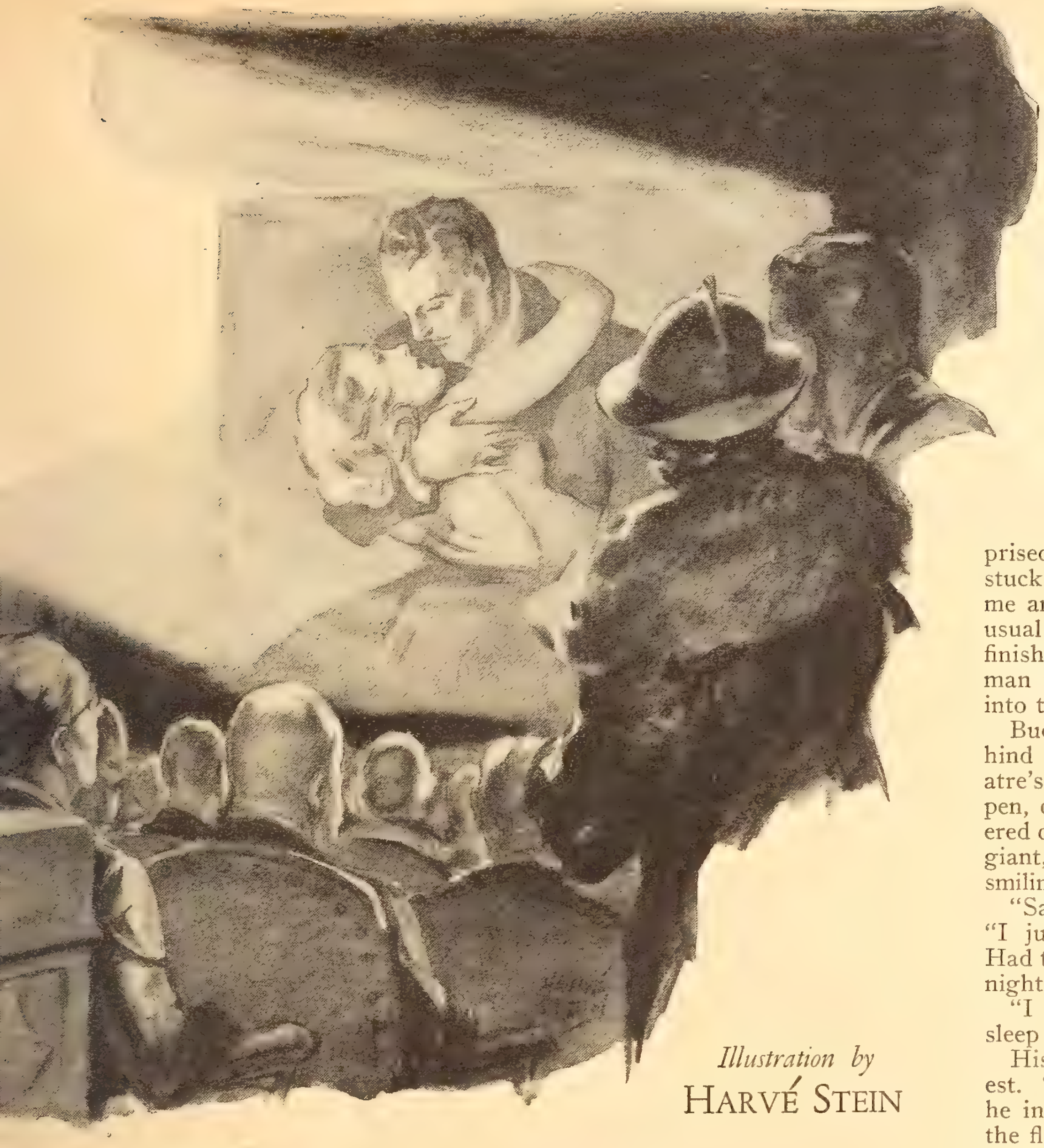


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Illustration by
HARVÉ STEIN

there in the theatre . . . a personification of an ideal.

Now, as I watched him go through a love-scene with Joan Crawford, I knew those two girls in the darkness were whispering about my secret thoughts. In the outside lobby, posters announced that Clifton Laurence would make a personal appearance at the Palace on Saturday night, and no doubt they anticipated that I would faint at actual sight of the man. Well, I wouldn't. In a way, I almost wished he wasn't coming, for it would be just too terrible if I was disillusioned. But, then, it was hardly likely that I'd get to speak to him. In my heart of hearts I *was* excited, of course—because I so much wanted him to be as nice as he seemed . . . Well, this was Wednesday. In three more days, I'd know . . .

The picture came to an end with the usual clinch, and people here and there got up like dim ghosts and stumbled out. Others came in and our three spot-lights guided them to the vacated places, while the newsreel droned on. The best newsreel in the world drones after you've seen it four times a day for three days. I didn't even glance at it, or at the "coming attractions." The one o'clock show was just beginning, so I was not surprised when a familiar head was stuck through the door beside me and Buddy Kane hissed the usual "Phist! Lola!" at me. I finished guiding an old gentleman to a seat and stepped out into the foyer.

Buddy had a pencil stuck behind his ear. He did the theatre's office-work for Mr. Karpen, our manager. Buddy towered over me like a good-natured giant, his homely, kind face smiling, his eyes adoring.

"Say, Beautiful," he began, "I just slipped out for a sec. Had to make sure I'll see you tonight."

"I wanted to catch up on my sleep!" I protested, with a smile.

His eyes were terribly earnest. "Listen, this is important!" he insisted. "I'll be waiting in the flivver after the last show—please!"

"All right," I agreed reluctantly. "But no parking on the lake front tonight—even if there's a full moon!"

Buddy nodded, his eyes still devouring me, with that sweet, doglike devotion of his. For the hundredth time I wished that he didn't care like that . . . or else that he wasn't so darned nice. It was his being such a swell person that made it hurt so to snub him. With a smile and a salute, he was gone and I went back to my job.

The teasers—announcements of coming pictures—were just ending and their place was taken, in a flash, by the Contest Announcement—a brief "short," which told the audience all about the Burnham Brothers' "Search for New Faces" Contest, open to every girl in America, who sent her photograph through one of the Burnham theatres. For weeks we all had been watching the daily flash as if it could tell us something beyond its bare wording. But local excitement over it had died down lately. We had become used to it, and somehow it didn't seem quite real. But this afternoon, a "still" slide had been added. It carried news that made one heart skip a beat:

"Winner Will Be Announced in This Theatre Tomorrow Night!"

I looked at it with a sudden agonizing hope which quickly subsided. How could anyone win without some special influence? And I had none. Why, I didn't even know many people, because my maiden aunt and only living relative, with whom I lived, was poor and we kept to ourselves most of the time. Sometimes I used to envy Helen and Babe for the way they seemed able to make friends. I used to feel out of things sometimes—used to wonder if I was too serious, too self-sufficient . . . The announcement faded from the screen, and I thought to myself: "All that Saturday night is going to mean to me is more people to seat. If I had won, I'd have heard about it before now!"

● AFTER the last show, Buddy Kane did park the car on the lakeside, after all. It was a lovely night, with the moon making a path across the calm water, and I braced myself against any possible lovemaking. But Buddy turned half-around so as to look me squarely in the face, and shot the question that had apparently been seething in him all day.

"Lola Le Grange!" he demanded, earnestly. "How would you like to go to Hollywood?"

I laughed. "I'm not such a fool," I answered lightly. "Why?"

THE AUTHOR:

Nina Wilcox Putnam is a living success story. She sold her first bit of fiction when she was 11, has been writing ever since, and has never had a manuscript rejected. She estimates that she has written approximately a thousand stories—a score of them novels. She insists that she cannot operate a typewriter; she composes her stories by longhand and by dictation. As an author, she is listed in "Who's Who in America," as well as every bookstore, and is a member of the Authors' League of America. Movies she has authored include "The Fourth Horseman," "A Lady's Profession" and "Golden Harvest." Born in New Haven, Conn., she now lives in New York City and Palm Beach, Florida. Immensely proud of her 18-year-old illustrator-son, John, she also says of "Screen Struck," her newest achievement, "I am proud of this story."

Buddy swallowed hard before he could speak again. "You're very beautiful," he said at last. "You've got what it takes . . . at least, I thought you were wonderful in the high school play. Wouldn't you like a chance in pictures?"

"Yes," I answered slowly, "I would like just one chance. I want to be an actress—I want it more than anything. But I've read too much about what happens to unknowns in Hollywood. You say I'm beautiful, but Hollywood is full of girls who have been told the same thing by friends. Some of them *are* beauties—and they're starving. I wonder if I'd like to risk being one of them, if I ever had the chance!"

"You have something most girls don't have," he said, his voice shaky. I looked at him more closely and saw that the big, kind thing was actually trembling.

"Listen!" I said firmly. "Let's forget about my career! What was this important thing you had to talk about tonight?"

"This is it!" he exclaimed hoarsely, seriously. "Lola, I wanted to tell you first, myself. *You are going to Hollywood.*"

"Are you crazy?" I demanded, but my heart began to beat painfully just the same.

"I got an inside tip today," he went on breathlessly. "Karpen told me, around noon. He got a wire straight from Burnham Studios. Lola—*you've won the contest!* You're going to Hollywood—going to have the chance of a lifetime! And is Karpen puffed up! Burnham Brothers scoured America for new faces—and found the prize-winner right in Hopewell, right in one of their own theatres. Only Karpen says they don't know that last part yet. He can hardly wait to tell them. I simply had to beat him to it, telling you the news. Oh Lola, my dearest, you're going to be a star—a marvelous success. You can't lose, Lola, I tell you, you can't lose!"

"Buddy, I—I can't believe it!" I cried, my brain whirling. "*I* couldn't have won."

"Do you think I would tell you anything like this—if it wasn't true?" he asked quietly. "I—I love you too much, Lola."

Convulsively, I pressed his hand. "Don't!" said I. "The whole thing is impossible—it can't be true! There may be some mistake!"

But there was no mistake. What Buddy had said was true, and when the announcement was made the next evening, these words danced before my eyes:

"Miss Lola Le Grange wins . . . a trip to Hollywood . . . a chance in pictures."

Chapter II

THE trunk was very new and so large that it almost filled my aunt's tiny living room. On its side was painted in conspicuous golden letters a legend which proclaimed it as belonging to Lola Le Grange, winner of the Burnham Studio Beauty Contest. I had seen the trunk before in the shop window of its donors the Hopewell Mercantile Company. And now Aunt Neta was busy filling it with the lovely things the other merchants had sent me—hats, shoes, dresses, everything imaginable.

But suddenly I hated the sight of them all. The shabby little room looked very dear and homelike, and in the middle of folding a beautiful silk nightie, the like of which I had never hoped to own, I burst into tears.

"Now what?" exclaimed Aunt Neta. "First you're laughing and running all over the place, and now you're crying! Here, give me that gown before you ruin it!"

"But Hollywood's *so* far away!" I wailed. "And suppose they don't like me when they see me, out there? I just can't face it."

"Hysterical," Aunt Neta commented. "It's that French blood in you, 'way back! Imagine crying over a grand chance like this. Why, in your place, I'd, I'd . . . ." Her face began to work, and in another minute we were crying on each other's shoulders.

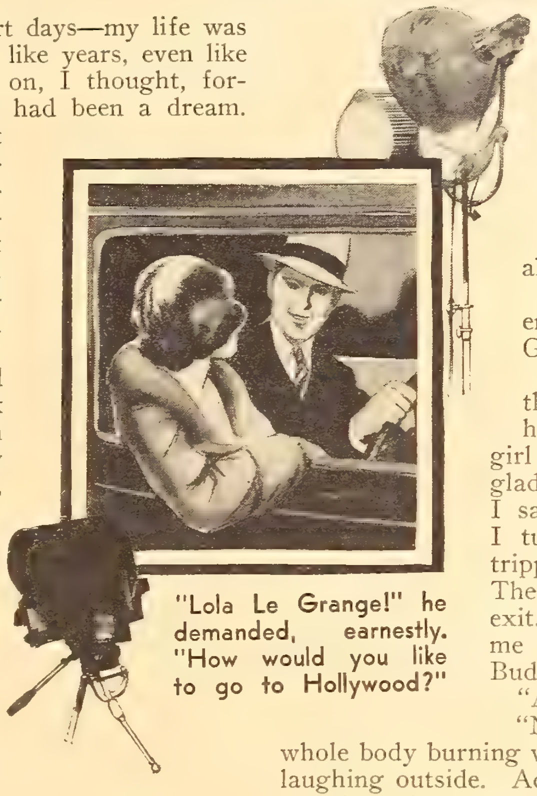
"There, there!" she comforted me. "You'll make good."

"I've got to," I said, drying my eyes and trying to smile. "I'll never dare show my face back here if I don't."

"And you can't go back on Buddy," Aunt Neta added.

I said nothing to that. Buddy Kane headed the throng that was pushing me into this. I felt as though a spotlight had been turned on me, and everybody in town was looking. They were cheering and laughing and egging me on. I belonged, not to myself now, but to Hopewell, Illinois. I was its boast, its citizens' creation. I was going to Hollywood and they were all going to see my pictures (so they thought) and tell each other about remembering me when I was only an usherette at Burnham's Palace—"this very theatre, my dear."

● IN ONLY two days—two short days—my life was completely changed. They seemed like years, even like centuries. This had been going on, I thought, forever; the long, slow days before had been a dream. This was reality. And through it all, there was Buddy Kane, triumphant, utterly thoughtless for himself, absorbed in what was happening to me. No, I couldn't go back on any of them. Nor on myself. After all, it *was* my great opportunity, although I hardly grasped the truth of it as yet.



"Lola Le Grange!" he demanded, earnestly. "How would you like to go to Hollywood?"

It was Saturday morning, and Aunt Neta was helping me to pack—to set out for Hollywood and an unknown, unguessed future. My train was to leave at midnight, after the last show. And for two days there had been a new easel in the Palace foyer announcing that after his personal appearance, Clifton Laurence would present me to my fellow townsmen and personally hand me my ticket to the Film Capital.

It was hard to say whether I was elated or frightened by the prospect of this encounter. Suppose I lost my head and did some silly thing when I met him? Suppose I got stage-fright in front of him? Then, too, it was a terrible task, choosing a dress for this occasion. I had three evening gowns now, and there was much difference of opinion as to which I should wear. In the end I decided on the simplest of them all—a plain white chiffon without any trimming.

"All you need is the wings," Aunt Neta sniffed when I was ready. "Yes, a pair of wobbly wings, Rock of Ages, and the Church Festival would be complete!"

But she was wrong, I thought, gazing at my reflection in the mirror. My hair looked blonder, my eyes bluer, without any color to detract from them. I had done my hair very simply, too, and worn no ornaments. Perhaps, I thought, the audience would not like it, but for this once I was not dressing for the audience—I was dressing for Clifton Laurence.

● IT WAS dusty and draughty backstage as I stood waiting to step in front of the footlights. But the place could have been on fire and I would not have noticed, for watching him—every move of his head, his slightest gesture, the way his shoulders lifted as he sang. He was the handsomest man, in a fine way, that I had ever seen. The Laurence of the gray screen was as nothing beside Laurence in the flesh. His hair was a satin brown, his color bronze, with the red glow of health underneath. I wondered what color his eyes were. Listening to his golden, "laughing cavalier" voice singing *Love Me Only,* I had forgotten all about myself and my own part in the evening's program, when the manager of the theatre touched me on the arm, propelling me toward the stage.

I was out there, in the lights, and he was looking at me. His eyes were gray and laughing. He took my hand and led me to the front of the stage. It was very noisy out there in the audience. He held up his hand and, in the silence that followed, made a little speech. Then he turned and presented me with a long white envelope containing my ticket. The audience roared again as he shook hands with me. Under cover of the noise, he spoke in a clear, low voice—to me alone. No one else heard him.

"Good girl!" said Clifton Laurence. "Keep your head, out there. Good luck!"

He meant it—oh, he meant it, that was plain. This was no ballyhoo, but a personal message to a girl who looked real to him. I was glad I had worn the plain white gown. I said, "Thank you, I will." Then I turned and tried to walk away, tripped on my train and all but fell. The audience laughed at my awkward exit. Just off-stage someone caught me and pulled me into the wings. Buddy Kane.

"Are you hurt?" he whispered.

"No, of course not," I said, my whole body burning with humiliation. They were still laughing outside. Across the stage I could see Laurence hurrying away without a backward glance.

"Well," I thought to myself satirically, "I'll probably never see you again, Mr. Clifton Laurence, but I did get to speak to you after all!" Then I turned to Buddy.

"Get me out of here!" I begged. "Oh, Buddy, do you think it's a bad omen—my making a fool of myself at the very start, like that?"

Chapter III

ON THE way to the train, riding in Buddy's flivver, I felt as though it could not be true that I was really leaving. There was something comforting and homey about Buddy, and even his old rattletrap coupé gave me a sense of security. "Surely," I thought, "we are just going to park at the lakeside and talk, as we've done so many times before!" But no, here I was in a smart new traveling outfit, headed for the railroad station and the midnight train, through the quiet streets of a nine o'clock town.

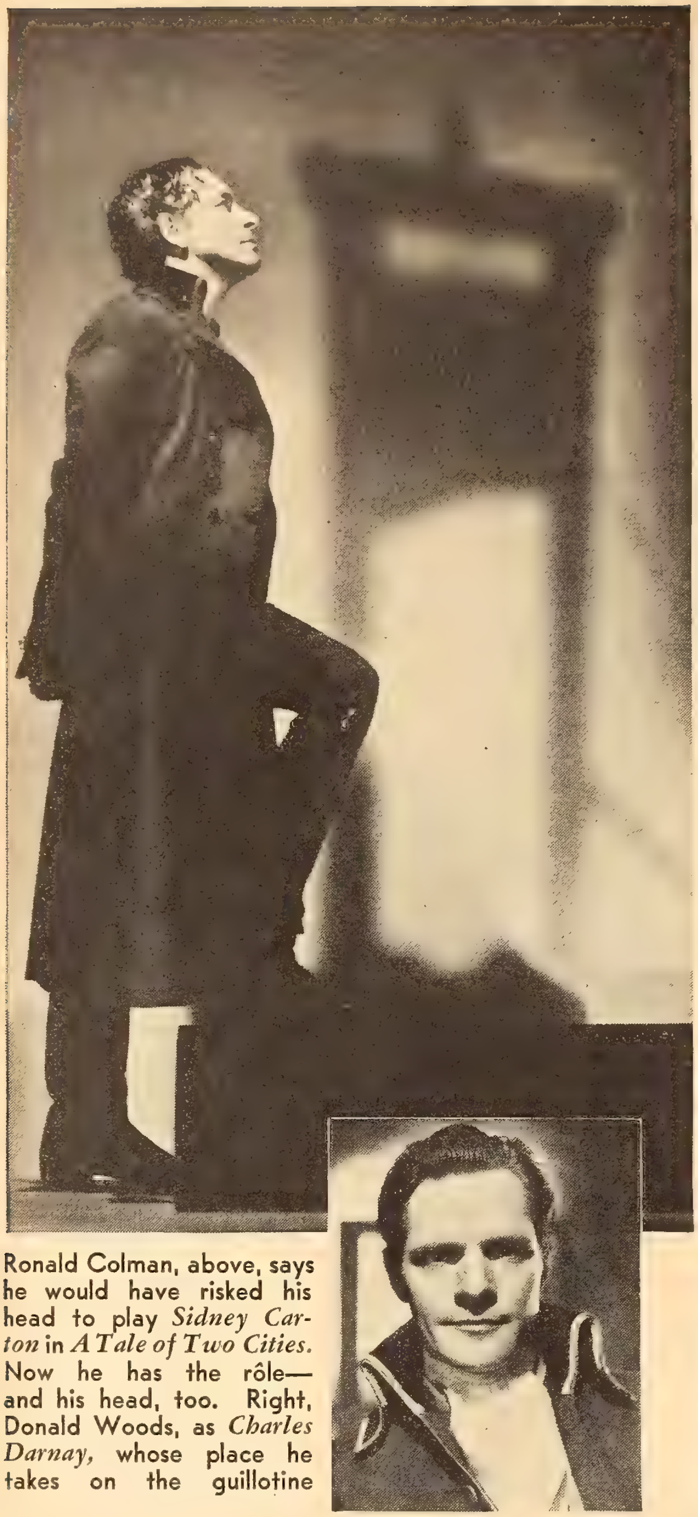
Buddy said very little during the drive. He just sat there driving steadily and carefully and looking at me out of the corner of one eye every now and then. But when he parked at the station platform, instead of opening the door for me immediately, he turned squarely to me and swallowed twice in that funny way of his. Finally the words came.

"Lola," he began, "I know there isn't much I can do for you . . . . . now! But I want you to promise that if things go . . . well, all you've got to do is write me, see? Not that they *will* go wrong, of course, because you'll wow 'em! But if you [*Continued on page 78*]

By
John
Kent

Love for *Lucie Manette*—played by Elizabeth Allan—inspires *Sidney Carton's* supreme sacrifice

A Tale of T*hree* Cities



Ronald Colman, above, says he would have risked his head to play *Sidney Carton* in *A Tale of Two Cities.* Now he has the rôle—and his head, too. Right, Donald Woods, as *Charles Darnay,* whose place he takes on the guillotine

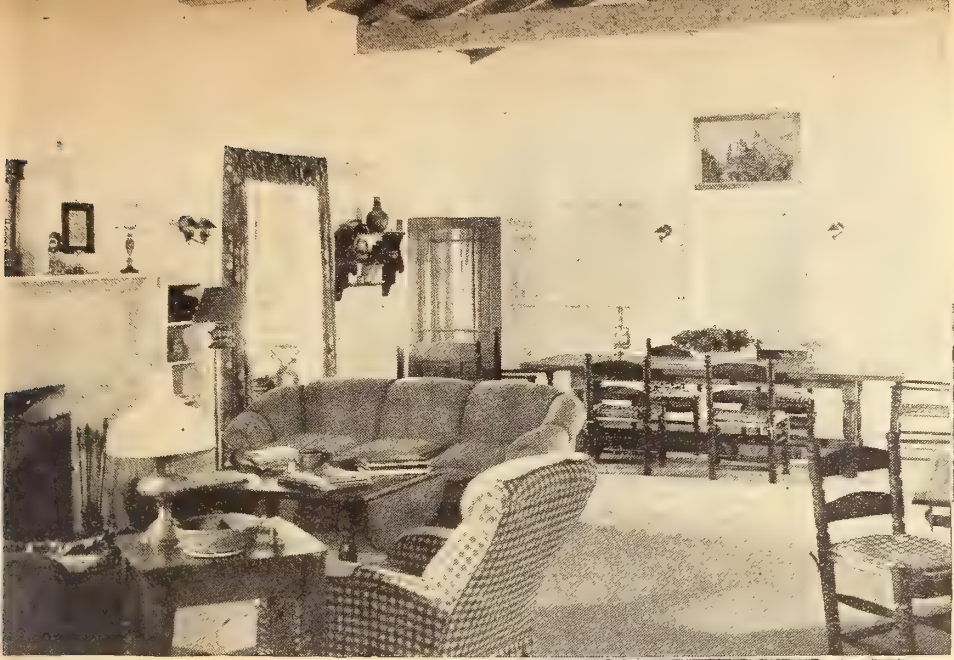
You have read Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." Now read how Hollywood—and Ronald Colman—have filmed its drama!

SEVEN years ago, in 1928, Ronald Colman and I sat in his studio dressing-room, discussing his future in pictures. "Talkies" were, at that time, a remote possibility—a curiosity, not an accomplished fact. Like most of Hollywood's stars, Colman was frankly dubious of their boosters' claims. Interesting, he thought, but hardly practical.

"However," he said, clipping his words in true British fashion, "*if* talking pictures ever are perfected, a new treasure house of dramatic material will be opened. Then it will be possible to do justice to one of the greatest emotional dramas ever written—Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities.* How I love that story—and what I'd give to play the rôle of *Sidney Carton!* I've dreamed of playing that rôle ever since I became an actor. *Carton* is a character one can believe in . . . . ."

And yesterday, on one of the most spectacular sets ever built in any studio, I watched Ronald Colman step out of a "tumbril" and mount the scaffold of the guillotine. *Sidney Carton* was making his supreme sacrifice —and Ronnie's wish had been granted.

● WHEN Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer first announced definite plans for the filming of *A Tale of Two Cities,* Ronnie was away from Hollywood on one of those periodic, vagabond journeys that are his chief delight. He lost no time in rushing home, for he was obsessed by the fear that some other actor would be awarded his long-desired rôle. When he finally signed a contract to play *Carton,* he was jubilant—as ecstatic as so phlegmatic an Englishman can be. He sent slightly insane telegrams to his inseparable pals, Richard Barthelmess and William Powell—and then proceeded to lose his own identify completely in that [*Continued on page* 80]



Left, the living-dining room. This scheme of things makes a small house seem spacious

Right, an exterior view of the small house the Crosbys built for themselves—not to mention Gary and the twins!

Photos by Will Walling, Jr.

BING CROSBY Wanted a *Small* House

So the movies' star crooner went out and got one, which he and Dixie Lee have made super-attractive

BY MARIANNE MERCER

BING CROSBY started it. Said the biggest broadcaster of *The Big Broadcast of 1936* to Dixie Lee Crosby: "Dixie, let's get a house that's a *home*. You know—simple. No fuss. We don't want to raise our youngsters in a young hotel. We want them to feel close to their immediate forebears."

Said Dixie: "I've been thinking the same thing. When do we move?"

It was Bing's mother who really found the place—one of the oldest adobe houses at Rancho Santa Fé, seventy-five miles south of Hollywood. It was a little house built more than a century ago and tucked away beneath pepper trees and palm trees.

"That," announced Bing, "will be for our folks when they want to come down. Dixie and I will build our own home next door." So they built an exact duplicate of the original adobe—and it has five rooms. *Five rooms for five people!* But they are so perfectly planned and decorated that there is ample room for everybody without any crowded feeling. And the place has created something of a back-to-the-small-home fever in Hollywood. Because, for sheer comfort and coziness, it beats any starry mansion that ever stood on a Hollywood hilltop.

● OF COURSE, there is a trick to making a little house seem spacious. Harold Grieve, the decorator who was called in by the Crosbys, revealed it. *"If you keep your walls a light monotone in color,"* he said, *"the rooms will appear larger. The rugs or carpets should be plain. Then, if you keep your furniture in proportion to the room and don't try to use heavy pieces, you immediately get a sense of space and ease."*

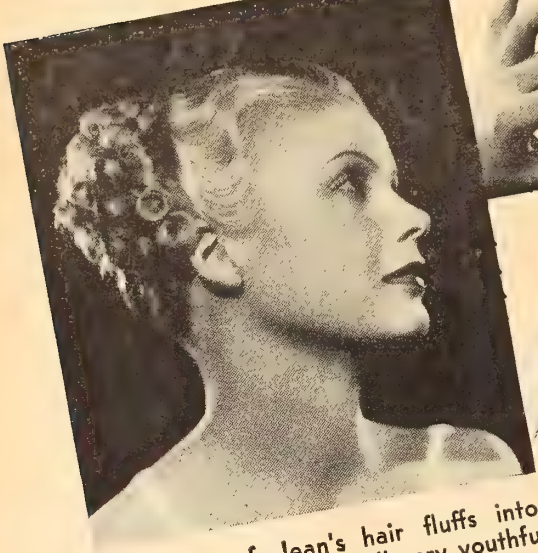
The Crosbys have plain off-white plaster walls that are *washable*. And with three small children in the house, what a boon that is! Sticky finger marks can [*Continued on page* 56]

Head First into Autumn!

Have beautiful hair, and you will be beautiful. Here are the newest hints!

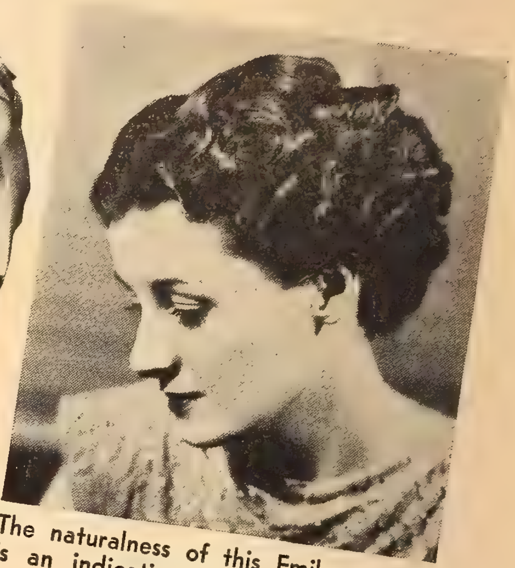
By Alison Alden

Jean Muir shows you Hollywood's newest hair fashions . . . very smooth on top!



The back of Jean's hair fluffs into innumerable curls . . . all very youthful

These famous hands of Emile have dressed famous heads!



The naturalness of this Emile coiffure is an indication of the 1935 trend

"WHAT will our heads be wearing this fall?" . . . There's nothing like asking questions of the right person when you really have a problem, is there? So when I wanted to tell you about the latest and finest beauty hints for hair, I went to one of the foremost hairdressers of America—Emile, of Rockefeller Center, New York City. He "does" most of the "Hollywood heads" while they are in New York, and is considered a leading style authority in creating hair fashions in this country.

"What's the keynote for autumn heads?" I asked him.

"Naturalness, above all things," Emile answered. "Your clothes now are natural ones . . . they are purely feminine and very adaptable to our modern quick tempo of living. So the coiffures must be the same. The hair should have that beautiful cared-for look, as though it has a natural, soft, loose wave, and dressed so that it falls naturally into place as soon as it is waved."

Brush a wave! How many girls have a finger wave and never touch their hair for days at a time, fearing to interfere with its tight finish? Yet you should see Emile go after the wave as soon as the hair is dried. He grasps a good strong-bristled brush, and brushes energetically so that the hair is soon shining with natural oil, and falling into a natural-looking curl.

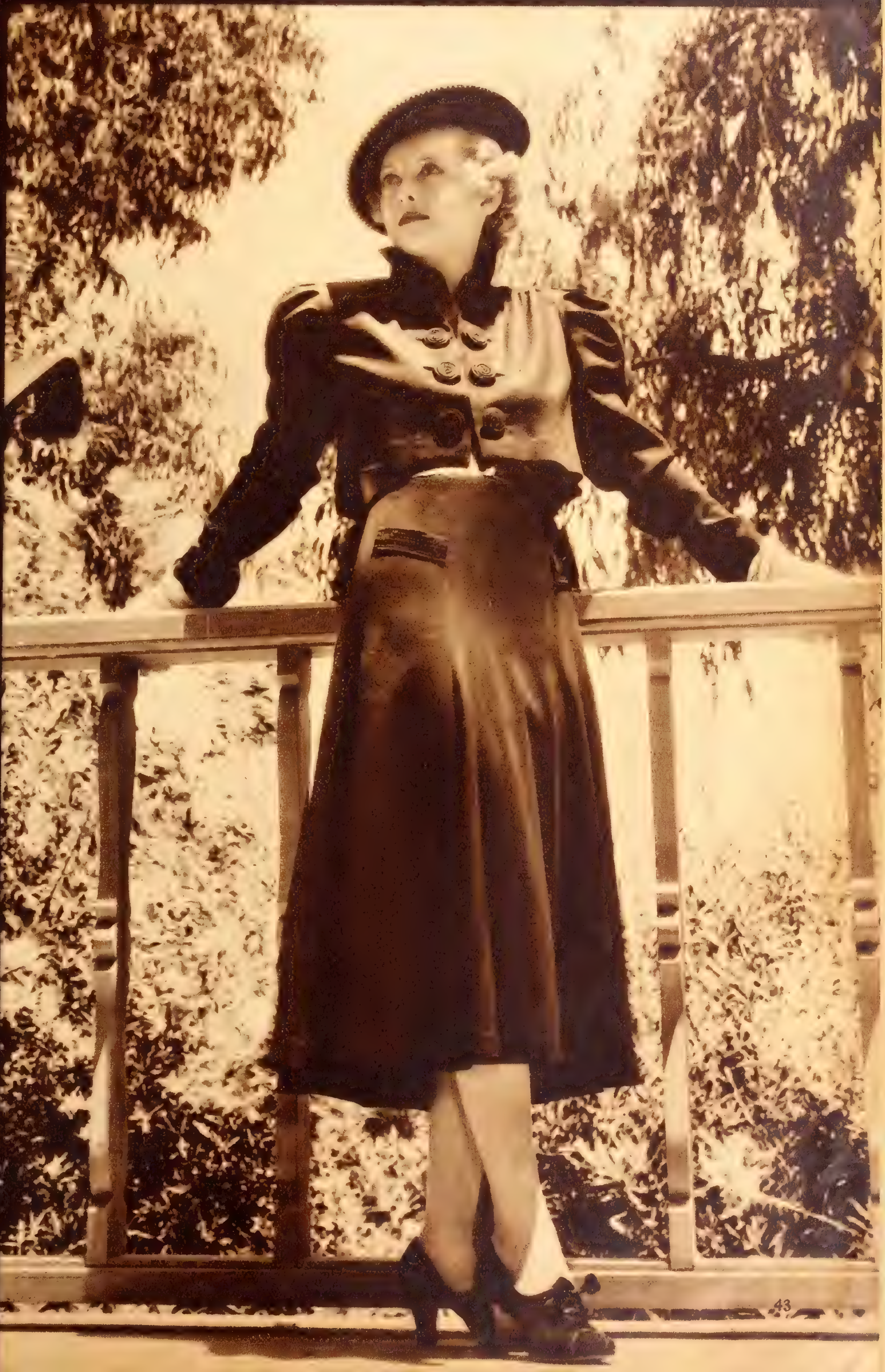
For evening, of course, the hair can be set in special, very formal coiffures, but during the day it should look like a soft beautiful frame for your face. Wear bangs if they suit you, but study your face carefully before you have any new hairdress.

NO HAIRDRESS on earth can look well if your hair is not in good condition. And since I feel that you are going to take good care of your hair, I'll give you some exercises:

1. From the hairline at the base of the neck, brush up to the crown, working backward and forward from ear to ear several times.
2. Brush with vibrating movements all along the face line. Work from the scalp to the ends of the hair to loosen powder, dust, etc.
3. Space the hair in small sections, and with the brush on its side, roll the full length of the bristles with a turn of the wrist, and brush to the ends of the hair.
4. After the entire head has been brushed, fluff the hair with fingers and light short strokes of the brush to let the air circulate through.

Weekly shampoos will keep your hair in good condition. With the exercises I have given you, there should be new lights and sheens to delight you. [*Continued on page* 52]

Classic's FASHION PARADE



The long parade of shorter days begins—and in its wake comes a fashion parade of shorter skirts for daytime wear . . . Bette Davis, always in the front rank of Hollywood style-setters, leads the way with this clever black wool outfit, with its flared skirt, slit pockets with stitched flaps, and chic bolero jacket with stand-up collar, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and novel fasteners. Bette is filming "Special Agent"

VIRGINIA BRUCE'S Bag of Fashion Tricks

Do you know why she is always charming? She has solved wardrobe problems that every girl faces!

By VIRGINIA LANE

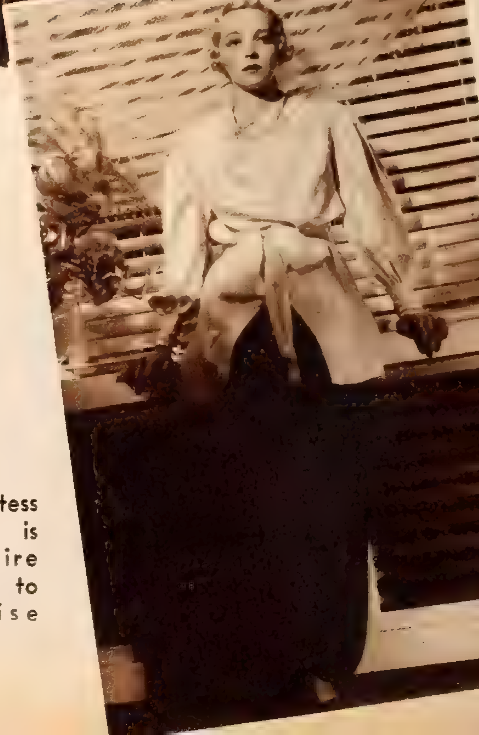
ALL you co-eds and young business girls who are juggling a Wardrobe Problem (aren't we all!) rally 'round for the CLASSIC scoop of the month! It comes from Virginia Bruce, famed for her fashions, her charm and her beauty—and named by artist Neysa McMein as one of Hollywood's "always charming" women. Of course, Virginia had no idea she was delivering a ready-made scoop to me. She thought she was merely serving jasmine tea in the patio of her Toluca Lake home. But she was talking clothes at the same time. And when Virginia talks clothes . . . the result is bound to be real news!

"Spur-of-the-moment buying can kill any wardrobe," she declared. "Every woman finds that out sooner or later, I think. You pick up something because it suddenly strikes your fancy, and afterward you have to scheme like everything to make it fit in with what you already have. It's not only hard on your pocketbook, but hard on your 'chic'!

"The best way to acquire a truly smart wardrobe is to have a definite plan of what you need before you ever start shopping. And this is a rule that will work for you whether you are a college girl, an office girl, or an actress. I found that out during my first year of 'careering.'

- "I checked up and found I needed four daytime frocks, one ensemble—a long coat and matching dress, one afternoon outfit, one dinner dress that would

Virginia Bruce knew how to smarten her silk print for autumn



Wearing hostess pajamas, she is one to inspire other girls to do likewise do for informal parties, two evening dresses, one heavy coat that could be made to serve for both street and dress occasions, one sports coat, and an evening wrap. Many another girl's needs, I suspect, are practically the same.

"I planned the daytime frocks around that sports coat. It was a soft gray wool, I remember, and I bought tie-pumps and gloves to match it. One of the dresses was a scarf-dress of chartreuse, gray and black. One was in hydrangea blue, of the shirtmaker variety. Another was a dark green, and the fourth was a scarlet and black jersey. But what I honestly got excited over were the hats. You won't believe me, but I bought four mad little *white* hats. Since it was early fall, I got them for a song. They were all felts, and I had them dyed the exact shade of my four dresses." (And that's a clothes trick worth remembering!)

"You can bring your budget down in a jiffy, buying out of season like that," Virginia went on to say, "For instance, white shoes are practically given away by stores in the early fall, and it's so easy to have those dyed, too. And there are probably thousands of charming summer dresses hanging on the racks this minute that would carry any girl well into winter. And they're marked at half-price and less! I mean something on the order of that navy print silk of mine. You know the one?"

I nodded. Did I know it! It is of lovely pussywillow silk in a navy blue and chartreuse print with a kick-pleat in front and cute peasant sleeves. It is the sort of dress that looks grand and feels even better on a warmish fall day, and later slips on so comfortably and smartly under a heavy coat. It was on this dress that Virginia performed one of her fascinating fashion tricks. There was an ordinary collar on it, so what did Miss Bruce do but insert a fold of chartreuse chiffon at the neckline. Then, knowing that chiffon hankies tucked in belt or bag for street wear and very, very voguish, she drew one over her navy blue patent-leather belt. And that is the way smart dresses are born!

White is becoming to eight out of every ten girls. Consider Virginia Bruce in filmy white chiffon, with magenta flowers at her throat and velvet belt to match

What is trimmer than a suit? Svelte Miss Bruce models a super-smart one

She found that a daytime wardrobe can be built around a swagger coat . . .

● Naturally, in buying a last season's frock, you have to be sure that you are not buying a last season's fad. But nowadays good designs remain popular for much longer than they used to, and you can bring a frock right up-to-date if you keep well-posted on last-word accessories — such as that chiffon hanky, for instance.

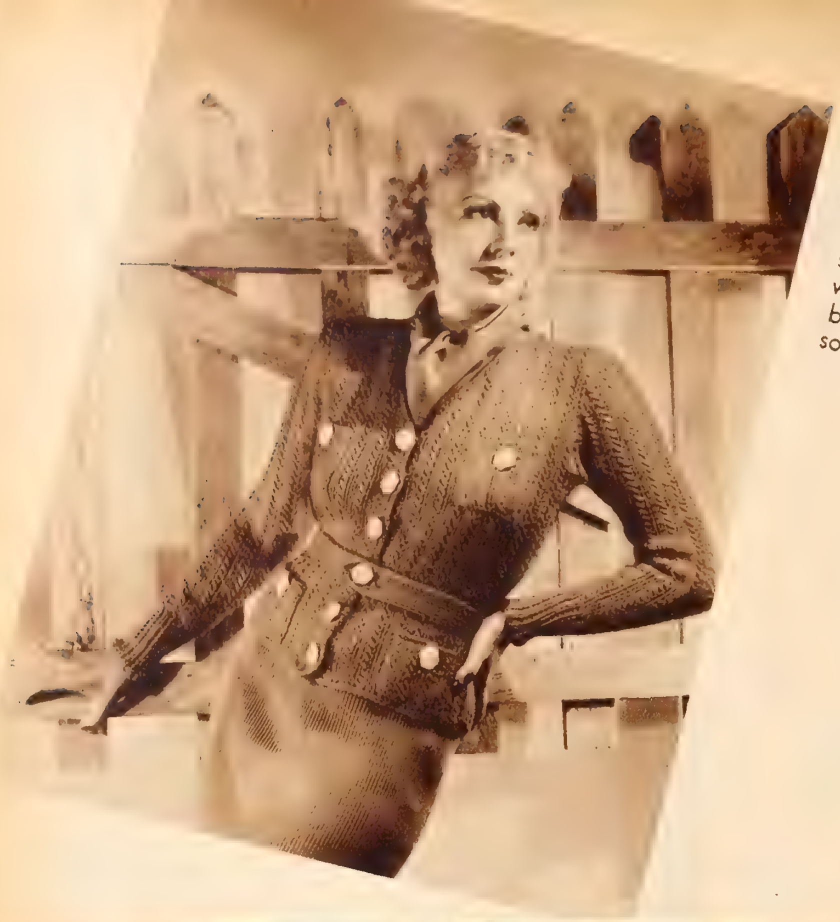
"Do you know where I learned about this 'bargain buying?' " Virginia asked me. "In New York, when I was a Ziegfeld showgirl.

"It is part of a showgirl's job to look exceedingly well-dressed. And usually she does it on surprisingly little money. The Ziegfeld girls were wonderful about showing me how to do it. We would watch for off-season

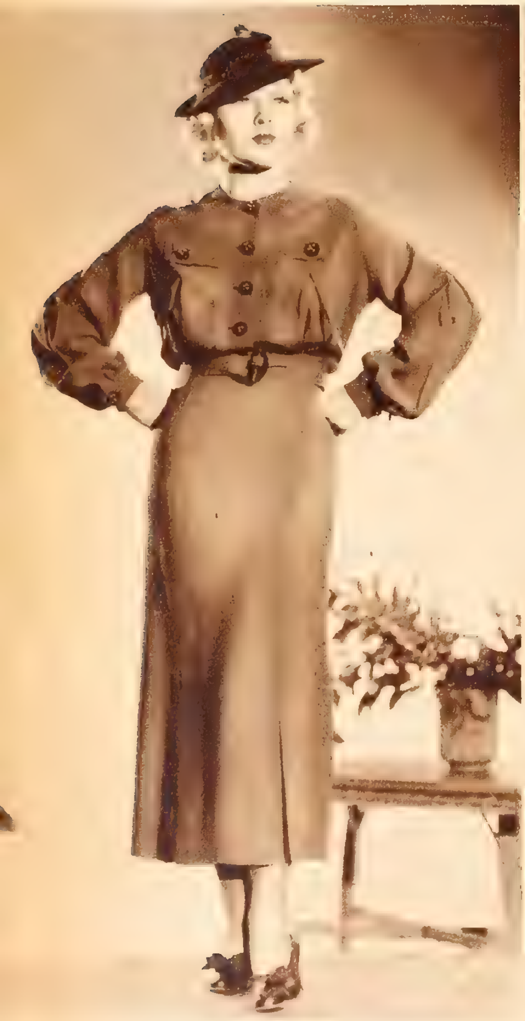
[*Continued on page 72*]

From Nine to Five

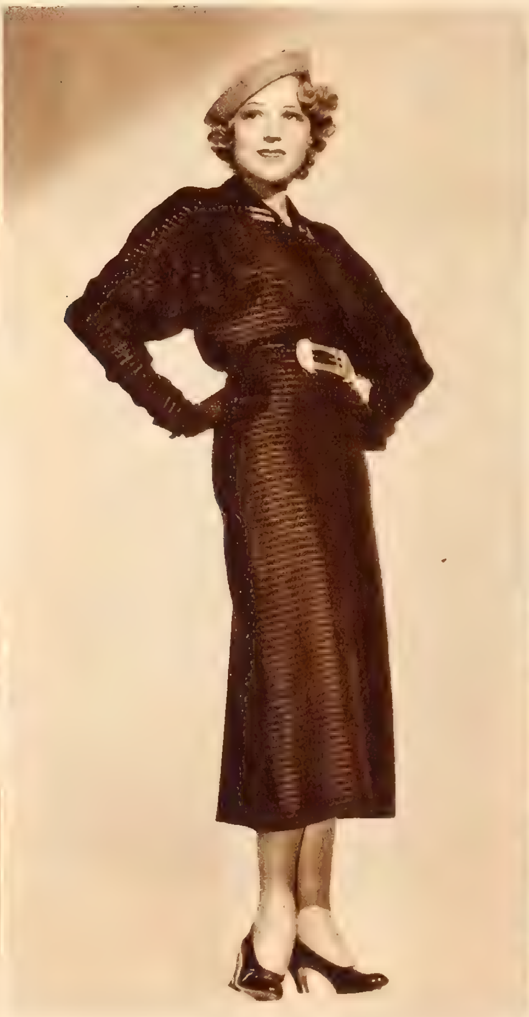
Four practical hints for achieving chic in daytime dresses



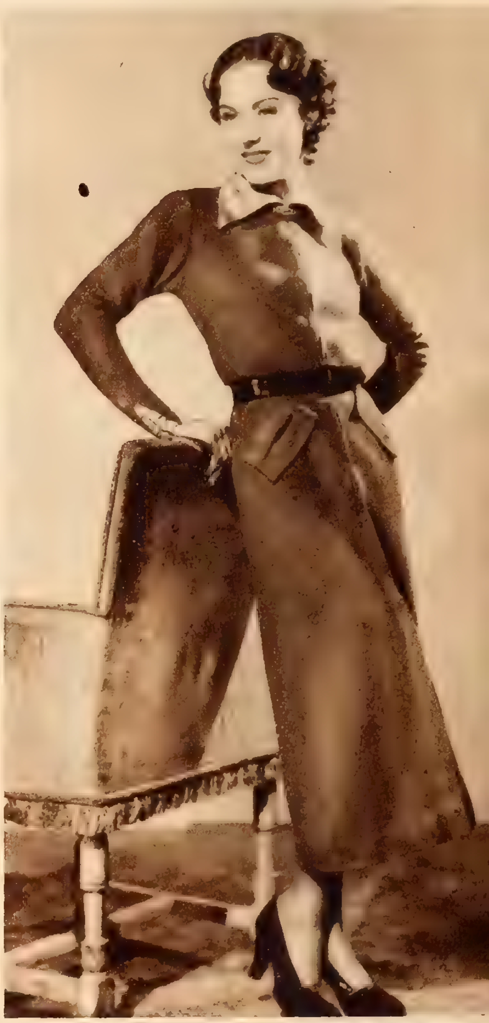
Going hiking—riding—golfing? June Knight suggests a smart heavy green sweater with white octagonal buttons, and a soft Ascot scarf



Mary Carlisle suggests a collarless shirtmaker frock, in amber-colored wool, with brass-studded wooden buttons



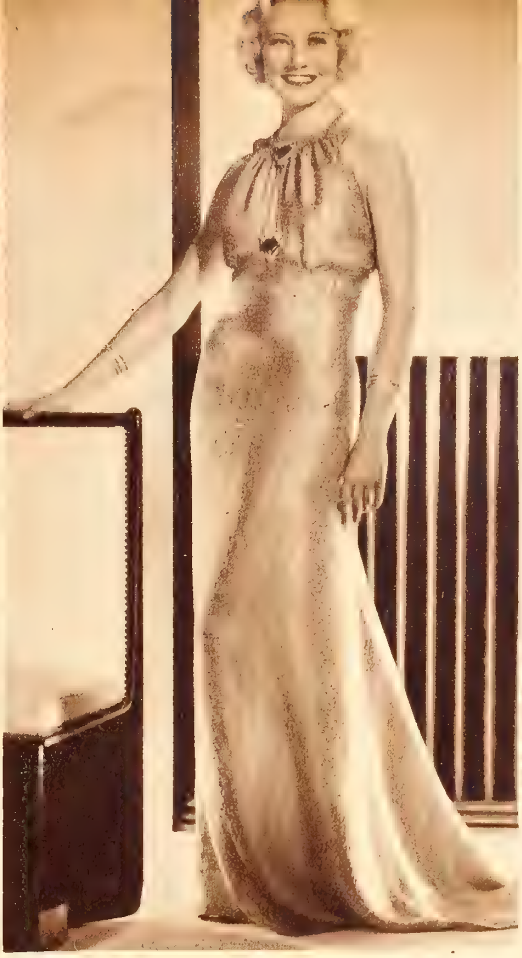
"Dressy" wool things are stunning. Witness Sally Eilers' black dress with gold stripes, red buckle and red hat



© G-B Pictures

Fay Wray wears a beautifully tailored English dress of gray herringbone tweed, with taffeta trimming

Teatime dates will respond to this dress of Olivia de Havilland's—with its pert jacket

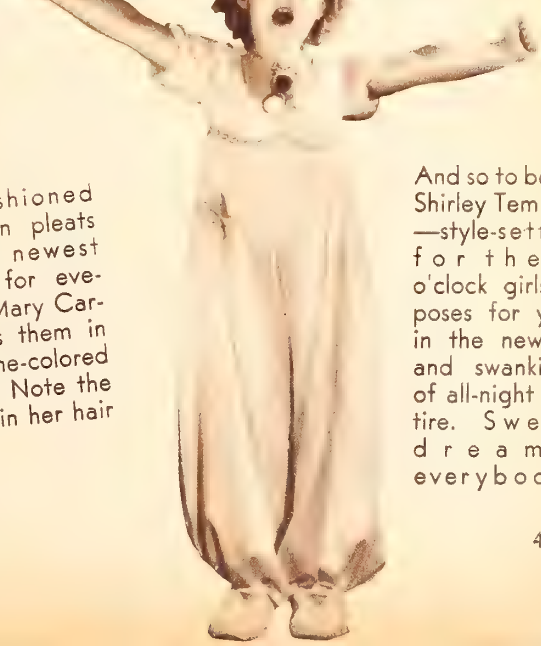


Una Merkel, of the informal smile, models an intriguing formal gown of metallic cloth

Dancing Eleanor Powell finds smartness in this gold lamé dress with its new slit tunic

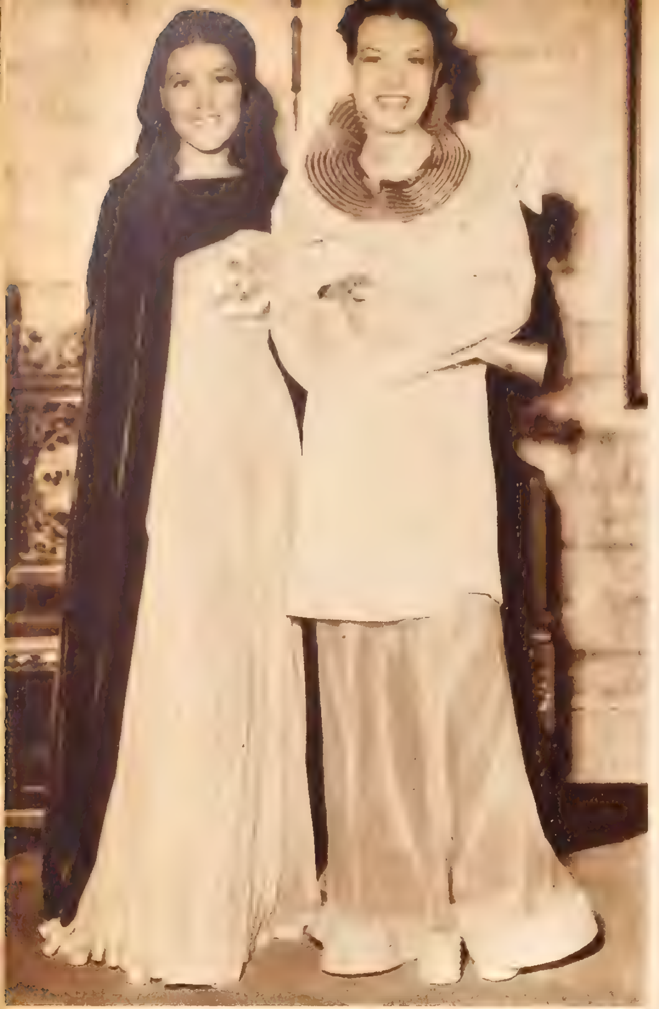
And So On into the Night

Old-fashioned accordion pleats are the newest fashion for evening. Mary Carlisle has them in her wine-colored taffeta. Note the violets in her hair

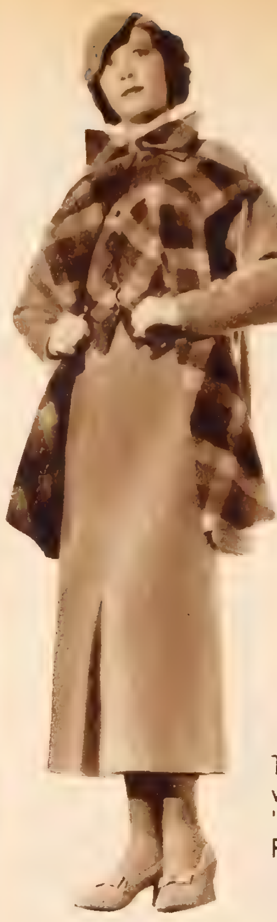


And so to bed. Shirley Temple—style-setter for the 7 o'clock girls—poses for you in the newest and swankiest of all-night attire. Sweet dreams, everybody!

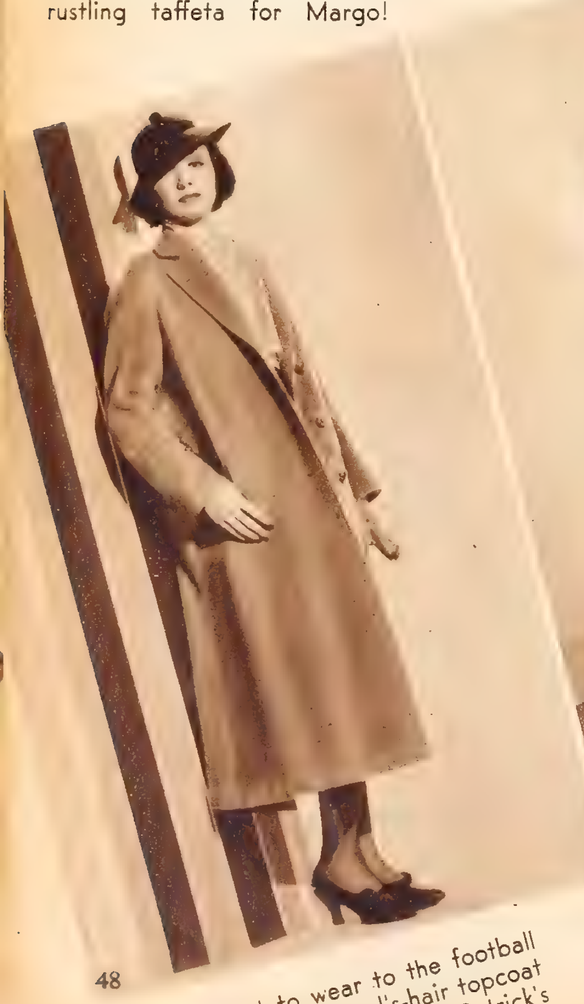
When Autumn Comes... in Hollywood



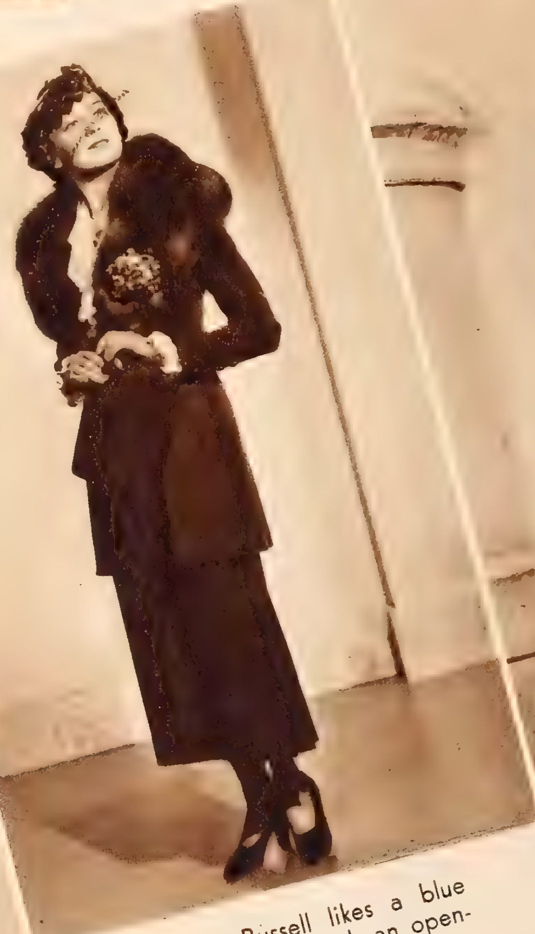
When evening comes . . . chiffon and velvet for Jean Parker, rustling taffeta for Margo!



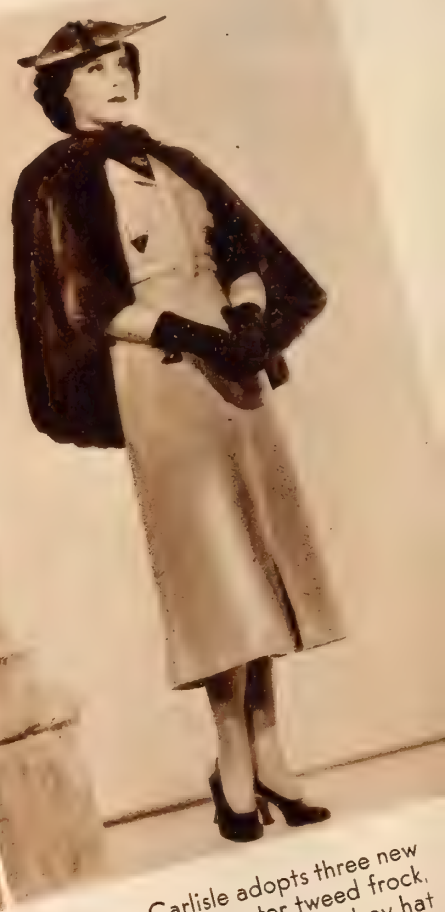
Tweed combined with a gay plaid "suits" Eleanor Powell. Note vest!



What to wear to the football game: a camel's-hair topcoat as swagger as Gail Patrick's

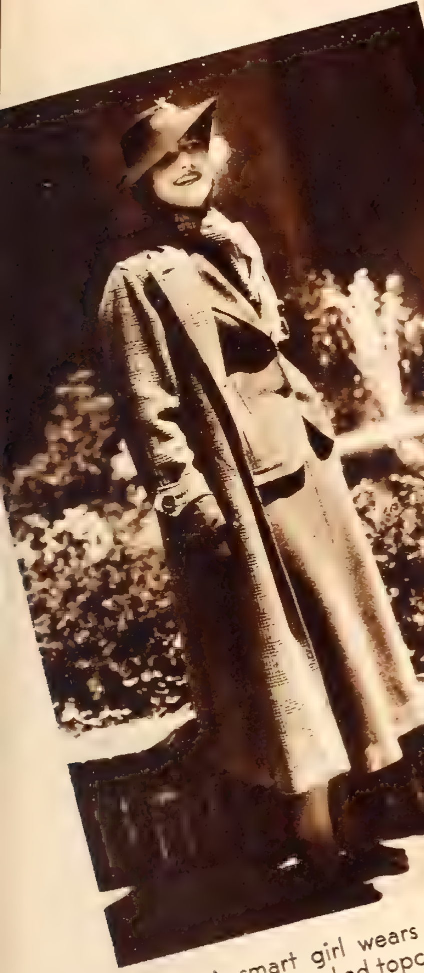


Rosalind Russell likes a blue broadcloth suit with an open-front coat...and fox trimming

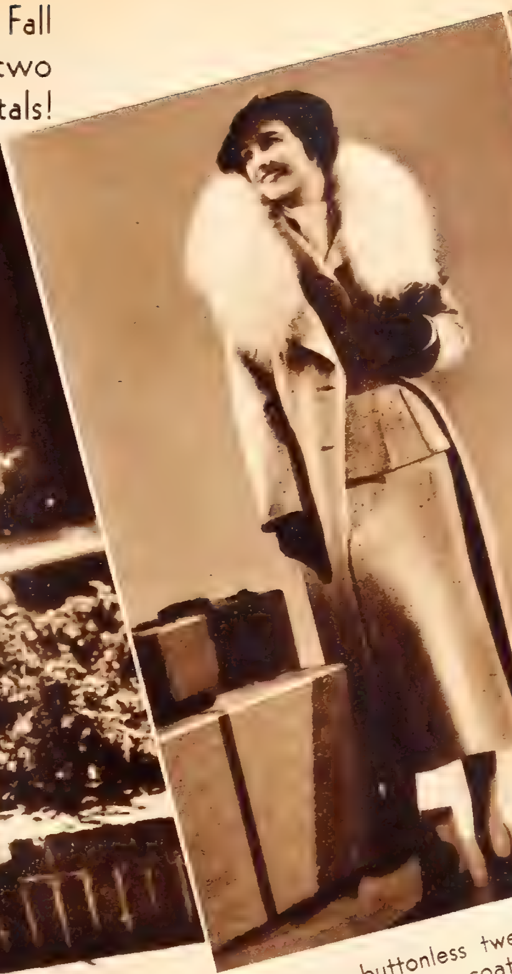


Kitty Carlisle adopts three new trends: a shorter tweed frock, a fur cape, and a choir-boy hat

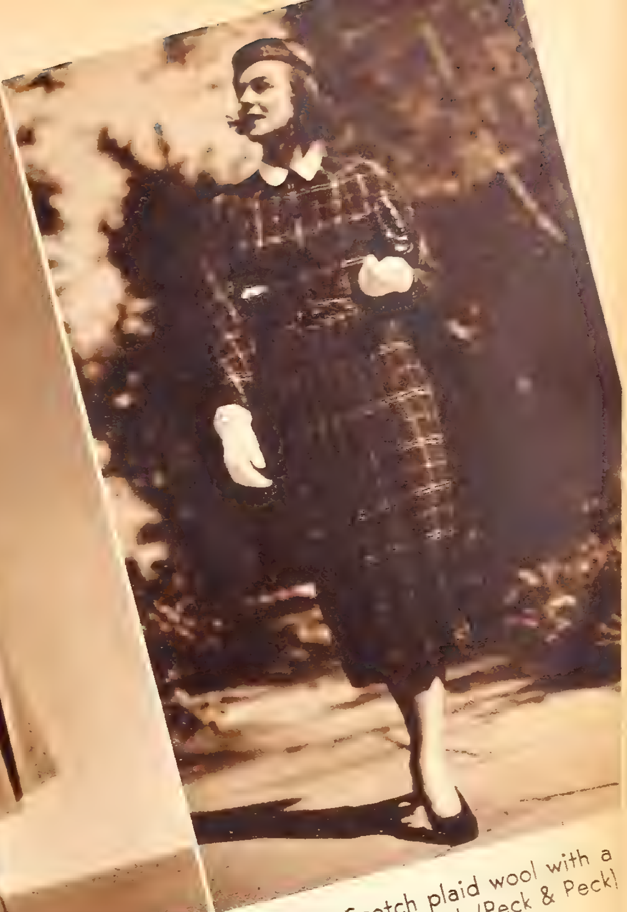
Suggestions for your Fall wardrobe . . . from two American fashion capitals!



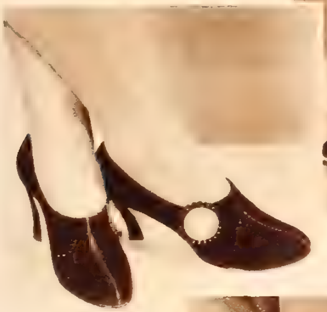
A smart girl wears a smart suit —and checked topcoat. (Russeks)



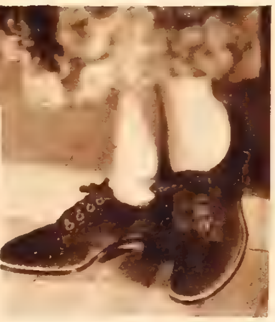
Or a buttonless tweed suit, with softly furred topcoat. (Best & Co.)



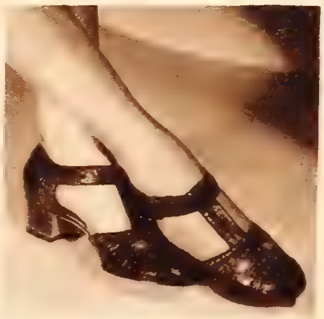
Or a Scotch plaid wool with a long pleat panel. (Peck & Peck)



Chic gipsy seam and side-jewel on suede (I. Miller)

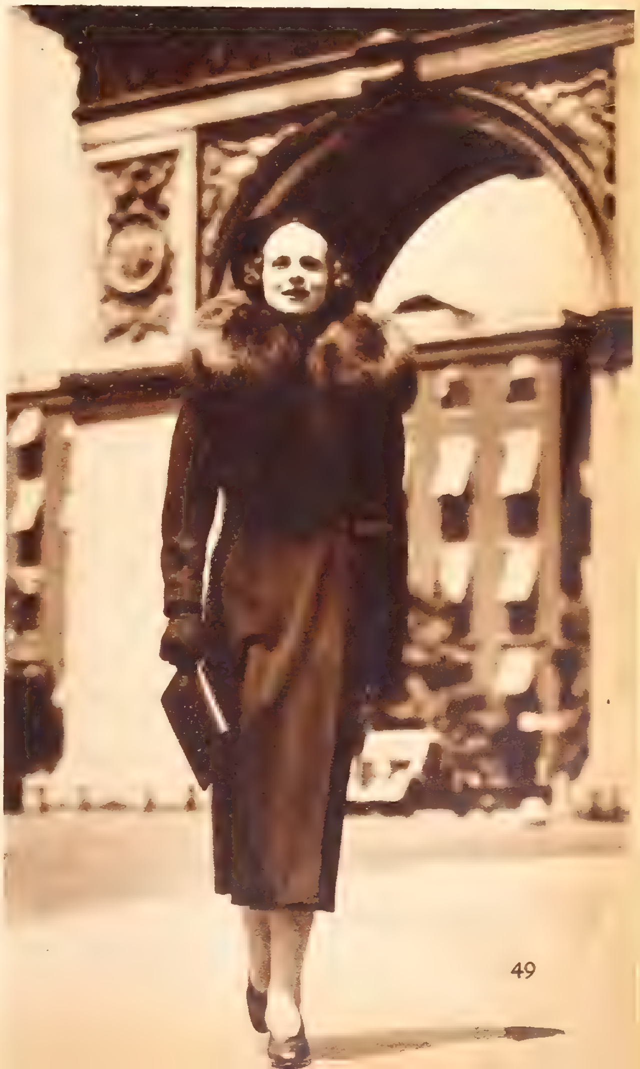


For sports wear, soft brown tie oxfords. (I. Miller)



Sturdy alligator sandals with flat heels. (I. Miller)

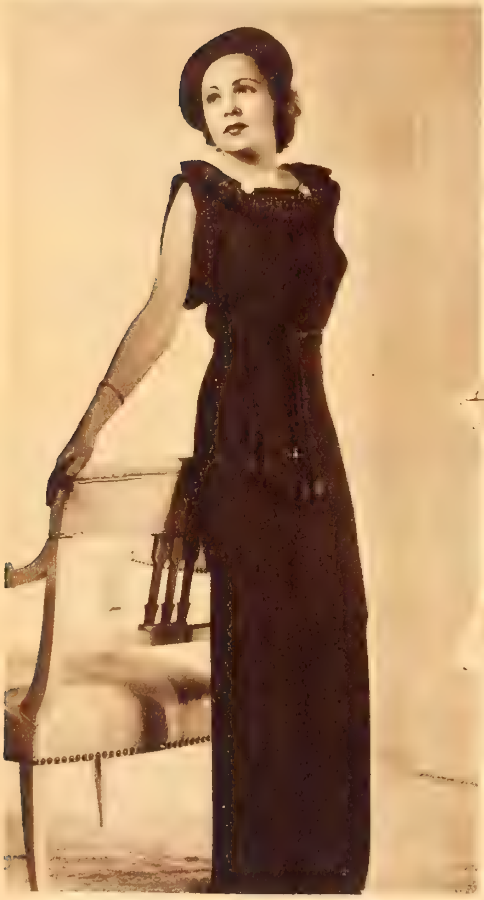
..and in New York

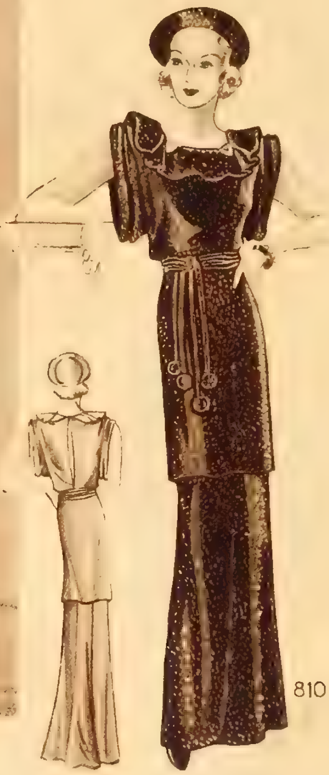


A fashion forecast for cooler days...stunning fabric and a flattering fur collar, with a semi-halo hat. (Wanamakers)

Smart Styles—for Clever Girls

Two members of Hollywood's chic younger set—Gloria Shea and Geneva Mitchell—give you two new autumn wardrobe ideas.





810

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service
529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.......................................please send me Gloria Shea Pattern No. 810—Geneva Mitchell Pattern No. 811 (circle style desired).

Size................................... Bust..................................

Name ....

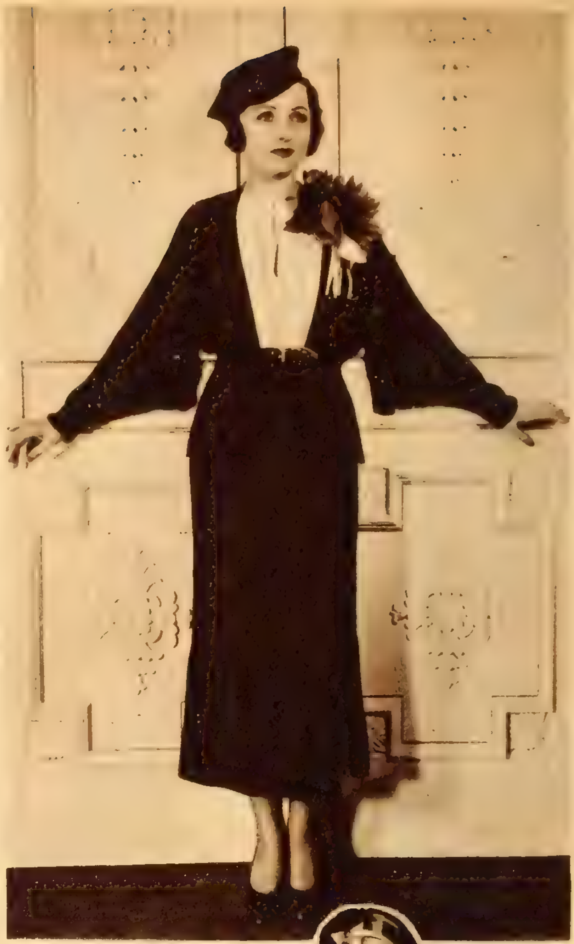
Street ....

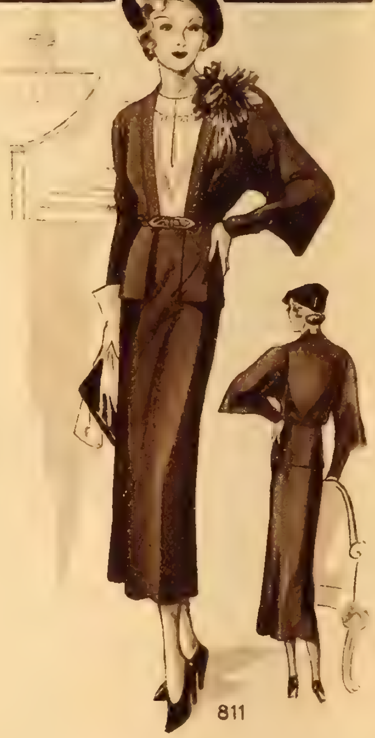
City ....

Patterns, 25c each

Gloria Shea, new Columbia player, models a sophisticated cocktail gown of interwoven metallic cloth in Hunter's green and gold, featuring a tunic and soft drapery in the sleeves. Pattern 810 is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. 25c

These patterns may be obtained at any store selling Screen Star Patterns. Or you may order by coupon.





811

Geneva Mitchell, attractive Columbia player, wears this neat two-piece afternoon dress of sheer navy blue wool, sprinkled with silver metal. The wool skirt is topped with a blouse of white ribbed silk, and a removable jacket with unusual sleeves. Pattern 811 is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. 25c

New Shopping Finds!

Now that we have found some of these things for you, don't you want to have them for yourselves? We can't undertake any shopping commissions, but we'll be very happy to tell you where you can find any or all of these things. Address: Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. And watch for our big list of Christmas possibilities in December MOVIE CLASSIC!

Katherine De Mille, of *The Crusades,* models some of the costume jewelry inspired by the picture—a mesh collar and bracelet, with matching compact

****Crusades jewelry—inspired by the greatest movie spectacle of the times—is the newest, latest word in accessories. (And stunning accessories are becoming more and more important—in Paris, in Hollywood, and in all places east and west.) There are simple pin bracelet sets shaped like shields, gold or silver ones with chain mail mesh, V-shaped bibs that fit tightly around the throat, round medieval collars, small fringed collars, belts of varying widths, little bows and small evening bags. Some have matching compacts, too. Ultra-new . . . and priced from $2 to $4.

****Your grandmother probably used a certain hand lotion to keep her hands soft and lovely, for it has been on the market for generations. Now the manufacturer has had two bright new ideas about improving his boon-to-woman-kind, with the result that the lotion now dries much more quickly and is non-sticky—and there's a new dispenser cap free with each 50c bottle. Which is something to remember this winter—to forestall rough, chapped hands.

****Are we premature—or are you really thinking about making Christmas gifts this year? After all, you have to start some time. And it's painless to start early when the gift-making is fun. Like creating things out of a special kind of crepe paper—bags, mats, baskets, chair seats, all sorts of things. They all are very good-looking and take little time and effort to make. And little money. You'd never guess how little, to see the finished products. 15c per package!

****Now, here's a new find to appeal to any feminine soul—young or old, pretty or homely. Namely, a perfumed powder to put in the rinse water when you do a washing—a powder that imparts a delicate scent to lingerie, woolens and linens. It lasts until the next washing, and will not stain the most delicate garments. And when you wear any of these things next to you, the scent will respond to the heat of your body. It's equally as good in your bath and for rinsing your hair after a shampoo. Also inexpensive.

****Do you have a pair of invisible magic gloves? You can have—with a new cream we have discovered. You rub the cream on your hands and it disappears. Whereupon you can do any chore from gardening to tinkering with the engine of your car, without fear of grimy aftermaths. For, when you wash your hands afterward—presto!—the soap and water take off the dirt along with the cream!

****Hang your hosiery and lingerie on a new hanger we've seen and you won't have to go near the windowsill (or wherever you hang the nightly "washing"). It's a clever gadget with four hooks, is washable, has no metal to tarnish any of your silky things, and costs only 25c.

****Then there's an all-in-one business that would practically set you up in a dry-cleaning establishment. There are four bottles all fitting into a box, and each is the right kind of cleaner for every conceivable kind of spot . . . from grease to juice stains. No looking around, no wondering what to use, for it's all brought together here in one handy little home kit. $1 buys it.

****If you really want to add chic to your outfit, add a hand-made collar and cuff set. Besides, you aren't in the social swim these days if you can't crochet. (Yes, and knit, too.) We saw a set with a collar in the new, smart middy shape, with cuffs to match, which comes in red and white or blue and white. And it can be made for 50c.

****Knitting these days? Everybody is! But not everybody knows about the newest king of needles. It's patented, and a time-saver—a circular steel needle with an eye at each end, through which a string may be pulled and the stitches transferred from the needle onto this string whenever you want to measure what you have accomplished. This process takes just a jiffy, without the chance of a stitch being lost, and you can try on a skirt, blouse or dress you're knitting at any time without trouble. The needle costs 65c.

****New fall dresses require new fall forms. And are you unfortunately just a bit flat where you should be just a bit curvacious? (Take a bow, Miss West!) Then you'll be delighted in a new brassiere with clever little build-up sections that will make you look like Venus di Milo herself. For $1.

****No more squirts from lemons into unsuspecting eyes! Not if you know about a delicious lemon extract that gives perfectly luscious lemony taste to pies, cakes, ices . . . and drinks of the long, cool variety. It costs only 25c a bottle.

Any Woman can be Up to Date

(in her information)

A great deal of the talk among women, on the subject of feminine hygiene, had better be disregarded. Some of it is garbled, incorrect, perhaps even dangerous. And some of it is just plain old-fashioned. Here are the facts, for any woman to read, and *bring herself up to date.*

With *Zonite* available in every drug store, it *is* old-fashioned to think that poisonous antiseptics are needed for feminine hygiene. There was a time in the past, when certain caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose. But that day ended with the World War which brought about the discovery of Zonite.

Zonite is the great modern antiseptic-germicide—far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on human flesh. But Zonite is *not* caustic, *not* poisonous. This marvelous Zonite is gentle in use and as harmless as pure water. Zonite never injured any woman. No delicate membranes were ever damaged by Zonite, or areas of scar-tissue formed.

It is hard to believe that such power and such gentleness could ever be combined—as they are in Zonite. But what an ideal combination this is—for the particular requirements of feminine hygiene.

Also Zonite Suppositories (semi-solid)

Zonite comes in liquid form—30c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid Suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each pure white Suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and Liquid Zonite by name, at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It has been prepared for the special purpose of bringing women up to date. Don't miss reading it. Just mail the coupon.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION FG-511
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
( ) Facts for Women
( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME..
(Please print name)
ADDRESS..
CITY........................STATE....................
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

Head First into Autumn!

[Continued from page 42]

New Beauty Tips

The fragrance of new-mown hay combined with new beauty for your wave . . . that's the recipe for a brand-new shampoo soap. It encourages a wave in hair that has even the slightest tendency to curl, and will help your permanent wave keep its beauty. It is a grand reconditioning treatment. 50c a cake . . . but it lasts a long time!

Dangerous for the appearance of the hair and its future health are poor and cheap "permanents." If you are in any doubt about the quality of the preparations used, ask the operator to show you the little sachets they put on your hair, and see that they bear the name of an accepted maker of "permanent" preparations. And I'll be glad to tell you the name of the best.

Hot oil treatments, which you can give yourself by heating oil, rubbing it into your scalp with a rotary movement of the fingers, wrapping your head in a towel, and leaving it on overnight are excellent ideas to precede a permanent.

A new hairbrush, designed for a firmer, more comfortable grasp, has wavelike bristles with wide spacing for stranding the hair as it brushes. You can vibrate it so that it conforms with the undulations in a wave. Grand to use with the hair exercises I outlined. $1.50 up.

Do you like a soapless shampoo? Then you should discover a grand soapless olive oil shampoo that will make your hair gleam with life and lustre. You really get a scalp treatment and tonic as well, for this nourishes the hair and gives a lovely sheen. Only 25c.

There is a new rinse to brighten red hair . . . which, by the way, is the fashionable hair color of 1935, according to Emile. This is safe to use, and gives a lovely sheen. 35c a bottle.

Have you discovered a cream that gives new life to the skin? I have. And the claim that it *does* bring new, young life to the cells and tissues underlying the skin, has been verified by foreign universities, by the greatest hospitals in the country . . . It erases lines on the face and about the eyes, closes the pores, and keeps the skin fresh and young-looking. In fact, it gives you a skin "as good as new!" $1 a small jar.

Write for Our Help!

Don't you want to know the names of all these grand new beauty aids? . . . And haven't you some beauty problem that bothers you, personally? . . .

Write to Alison Alden, Beauty Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—enclosing a stamped, addressed return envelope. She will gladly help you!

Pure
Mercolized
Wax
Beautifies The Skin

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes so beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite

is a refreshing stimulating astringent lotion when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines coarse-textured skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.

Amazing! Sensational SILK HOSE GUARANTEED TO Wear Without Holes OR NEW HOSE FREE!

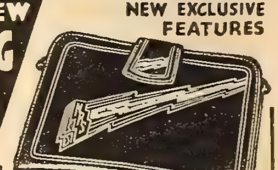
AGENTS: UP TO $24 in a WEEK

New kind of Silk Hose, Chiffons and Service Weights—have "tight-twist" threads—ends snags. 2 pairs guaranteed to wear 3 mos., 4 pairs 6 mos. *Agents*: Big money full or part time demonstrating, in addition get your own hose free. Grace Wilbur, Iowa, reports $37.10 profit in 9 hours. Wessberg earned over $100 one week. Demonstrating equipment supplied. Write, giving hose size.

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.
M-9 Midway, Greenfield, O.

68 STYLES, COLORS

Your Own SILK HOSE FREE!



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WOMEN BUY IT ON SIGHT

"MISS AMERICA" Handbag—brand new, different—and HOW it sells! Exclusive features. Beautiful modernistic design. Genuine Top-Quality Steerhide. Two roomy "Talon Zipper Locked" Compartments for 100% SAFETY—PRIVACY. TRIPLE FITTED!—coin purse, mirror, key case. Initials and full name engraved in 22K Gold FREE. Women rave about this new BAG. Men and women agents cleaning up big profits! Lightning seller everywhere. Write at once for

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"WHO WOULDN'T LOVE YOU..."

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

IT certainly is true that men just can't help falling in love with skin that's smooth and soft. The girl who doesn't win this charm—and *keep* it—is a foolish girl indeed!

There's really no need to risk spoiling your looks by letting unattractive Cosmetic Skin develop. It's when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that tiny blemishes appear, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Guard against these signs of Cosmetic Skin with Lux Toilet Soap! Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores—gently removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap that's made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly!*

Use cosmetics all you wish! But to *protect* your skin—use Lux Toilet Soap before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed!

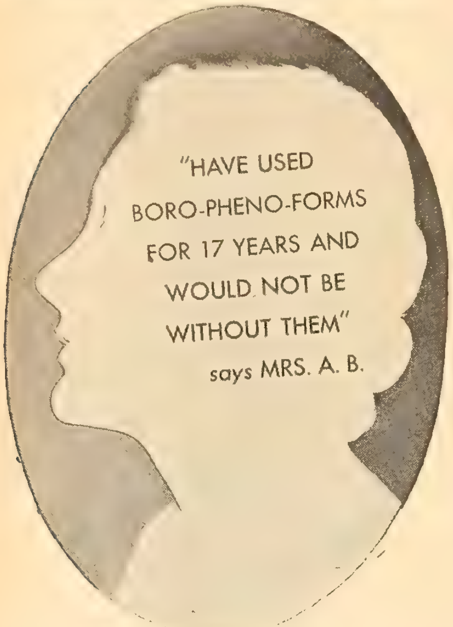
I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH COSMETIC SKIN. THAT'S WHY I USE LUX TOILET SOAP FAITHFULLY

MERLE OBERON

STAR OF SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "THE DARK ANGEL"

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

Free Sample
'DEMONSTRATES'
Doubly Effective
MARRIAGE HYGIENE


"HAVE USED BORO-PHENO-FORMS FOR 17 YEARS AND WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT THEM" says MRS. A. B.

Doctor's Prescription Wins Praise of Millions...

Over 45 Years of Supreme Satisfaction for Users!

"MARRIAGE HYGIENE"—how much depends on those two words! Supreme happiness for those who find a dependable way—untold misery of doubt and fear for those who do not. Why take needless risks? Why experiment with uncertain liquids and solutions, which, if not actually poisonous, have only dangerously brief effectiveness? Dainty, convenient Boro-Pheno-Form suppositories offer DOUBLE effectiveness—IMMEDIATE effectiveness on application, CONTINUED effectiveness afterward.

Send now for the liberal FREE SAMPLE which demonstrates Boro-Pheno-Form superiority so convincingly. Learn from your own experience how convenient it is. No bulky apparatus. No danger of overdose or burns. Can be used in perfect secrecy too—no telltale antiseptic odor. Originated as a doctor's prescription for his own practice, Boro-Pheno-Form was quickly swept to nation-wide popularity. Thousands have written of uninterrupted satisfaction for 5, 12, 17, 20 years and longer.

Send no money, merely mail the coupon below for your FREE SAMPLE and an informative booklet, "The Answer," which will shed welcome new light on the perplexing problem of "Marriage Hygiene." Mail the coupon today.

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162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois.

Dr. Pierre's **BORO-PHENO-FORM**

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Rush me FREE SAMPLE of Boro-Pheno-Form and FREE BOOKLET of Marriage Hygiene Facts.

Name--
Address---------------------------------------
City-------------------------------*State*----------

A Thanksgiving Dinner to Remember!

[*Continued from page* 35]

cloves and two cups of water until they are soft. Put through a sieve. Add one cup and a half of sugar to the juice and cook three minutes. While it's hot, add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine that has been softened in cold water. Then chill.

THANKSGIVING salad is something else that can be fixed the day before. This, too, is extremely easy to prepare. All you have to do is to stir chopped red cabbage into individual molds of lime gelatine and then set it to cool. I like to serve it on lettuce.

And a one-crust mince pie, topped with lemon meringue "tops" a Thanksgiving dinner with a dessert that will have everybody in raptures! For the meringue, beat two egg-whites until frothy, add one-fourth cup of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of grated lemon rind. Beat until the mixture is very stiff. Pile in peaks on the pie and bake in a slow oven for twenty minutes.

If you are without help, the whole idea is to make the dinner service as simple as possible. The fruit cocktail can be on the table before the guests sit down. And when the first course is over—*that's* when the tea-wagon begins playing a big part! Remove the used dishes to the top of the tea-wagon and wheel them out to the kitchen. Then, on the lower tray of the wagon, put your hot dinner dishes, your hot buttered rolls, a dish of crisp cold celery and ripe olives, and the individual dishes for the brussels sprouts. On top goes the "feast" dish—Mr. Turkey.

While the master of the house is carving the turkey, slip out to the kitchen again for the vegetables. Now, in order to facilitate matters, why not have your large wooden steak plank as hot as possible and place vegetables on it? A mound of mashed turnip could go in the middle with sprays of parsley on top. Around this you could have the mashed potatoes, decorated with melted butter and grated raw carrots. Around the outer edge, if you want an extra vegetable, roasted onions on slices of canned pineapple make a very effective border. Then set the plank on a large platter atop the tea-wagon, with the gravy, cranberry-clove jelly, and sprouts flanking it.

After the salad is served, it's nice to clear everything off the table with the exception of the nuts. Then the mince pie can really have the concentrated attention it deserves . . . to be cut and served by whoever carved the turkey.

This, to my mind, is a good, old-fashioned dinner that would make any Thanksgiving a gala day to linger in the memory and, best of all, it's easy to prepare—simple to serve!

A new **DON-A-CAP**

FORM FITTING WAVE PROTECTOR
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No. 800

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tie-around model
25c

PROTECT your lovely hair arrangements more comfortably with this new, form-fitting tailored marcel cap, just introduced........Insist on the original Don-A-Cap. Medium or large sizes, Pastel shades, white, black or brown.

Model No. 300 ties under the chin. 25c
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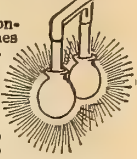
TURNS NIGHT AIR INTO BRIGHT HOME LIGHT!



The scientific, new wickless lamp revolutionizing home lighting! Actually gives 20 times light of old wick lamp at fraction of cost. Floods home with 300 candlepower of brilliant, soft, white light, yet burns 96% *free air*, only 4% cheap kerosene (coal oil).

LIGHTS WHOLE HOUSE FOR A FEW PENNIES Now you can light up the whole house *for hours* for only a few cents! No smoky chimneys to clean or break. No wicks to buy or trim!

30-DAY TRIAL IN YOUR HOME! This amazing, new light is built into beautiful, new art lamps. Have your choice on 30-day no-risk trial right in your home! Enjoy this wonder-light for a whole month! *Write today for illustrated description and TRIAL OFFER!*

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AGENTS! A big money-making opportunity (part or full time). Write at once!

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved

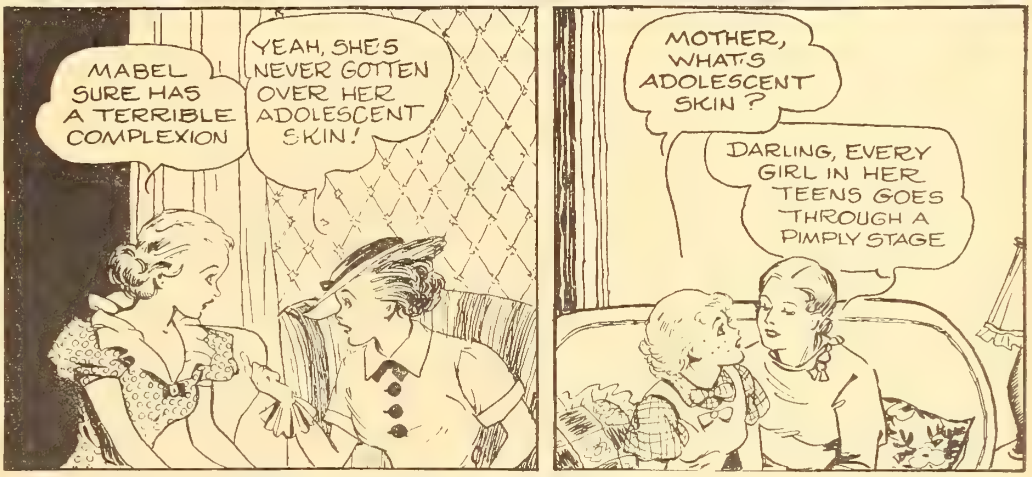
I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040. Merchandise Mart, Dept. 178, Chicago.

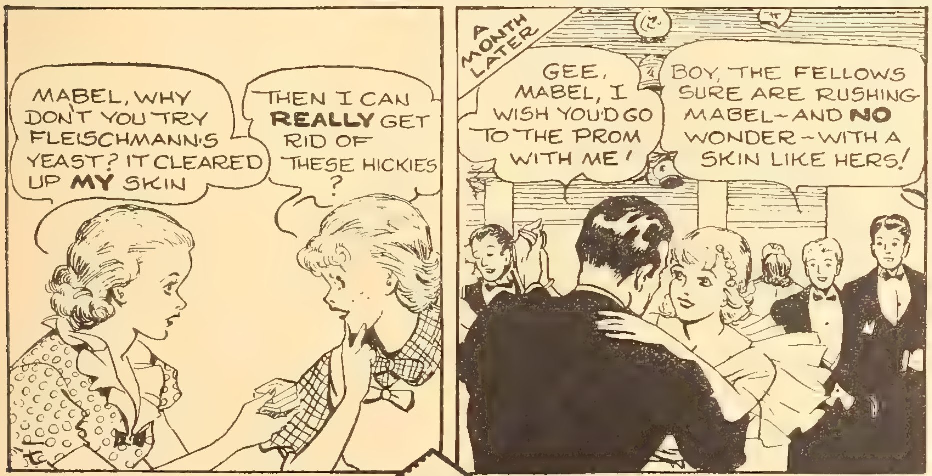
Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
Frontier Asthma Co., A-49 Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

DON'T ASK MABEL— HER SKIN GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

Read how Mabel won lots of new dates


MABEL SURE HAS A TERRIBLE COMPLEXION
YEAH, SHE'S NEVER GOTTEN OVER HER ADOLESCENT SKIN!
MOTHER, WHAT'S ADOLESCENT SKIN?
DARLING, EVERY GIRL IN HER TEENS GOES THROUGH A PIMPLY STAGE


MABEL, WHY DON'T YOU TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? IT CLEARED UP MY SKIN
THEN I CAN REALLY GET RID OF THESE HICKIES?
A MONTH LATER
GEE, MABEL, I WISH YOU'D GO TO THE PROM WITH ME!
BOY, THE FELLOWS SURE ARE RUSHING MABEL—AND NO WONDER—WITH A SKIN LIKE HERS!

Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

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A • B • D • G
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily — before meals

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

WHY BE FAT?

Reduce with SAFETY this Proven Easy Way!

★She Lost 48 POUNDS

● At last! You can reduce **SAFELY**—no dangerous drugs! Now it is no longer necessary to be the slave of ugly fat. Here's a quick and easy method to lose excess weight, using a basic formula developed, thoroughly **tested and proved** by physicians at a nationally renowned research institution. So delightful to take, too—just like eating candy!

Why continue to endure hated fat, with all its embarrassment and humiliation? Others are finding it so easy to have alluring, slender figures, so why not you? This amazing new method not only makes fat vanish, pound after pound, but you look years younger and feel better in every way! This has been the experience of women everywhere, with SLENDRETS (Wafers), the new SAFE way to slenderness.

Read What They Say About SLENDRETS
"I reduced 48 pounds, look ten years younger," writes Mrs. Sims (Iowa) . . . "36 pounds of fat gone. Never felt better," writes Miss Angell (New York) . . . "Lost 5 pounds this week, leaves no flabby skin," writes Miss Nolan (California) . . . "Now wear stylish clothes," writes Mrs. Sanda (Pennsylvania) . . . "As a Graduate Nurse I recommend SLENDRETS," writes Miss Hackett.

This fact is important to you: Safe SLENDRETS absolutely **DO NOT** contain the dangerous drug, dinitrophenol. No thyroid, either. Non-laxative. You lose weight by a safe new principle which doctors approve. SLENDRETS redistribute the carbohydrates. No danger, no risk, and pleasant too. A scientific, proven formula. You can start with SLENDRETS with complete confidence, knowing that they will aid you to

LOSE FAT...OR NO COST!

● If you are not **entirely satisfied** with the wonderful results, you get your **money back in full.** SLENDRETS will delight you or they cost you nothing. Don't wait, fat is dangerous. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for the generous-supply package containing 84 wafers. Or better, send $5.00 for the SLENDRETS "Home Package," the extra-large economy size. (Currency, stamps, money order, or C.O.D.) IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

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☐ Please send me the $1.00 package of SLENDRETS, containing 84 wafers.

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☐ C. O. D.

Name..........
Address..........
City.......... State..........

Bing Crosby Wanted a Small House

[*Continued from page* 41]

be erased, accidental stains cause nary a worry.

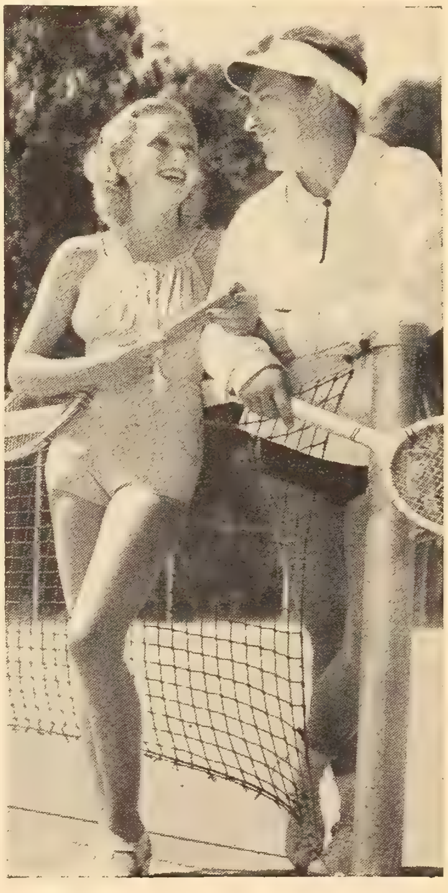
The entrance hall has an old-fashioned hatrack and gay prints on the wall that pick up the color in the hooked rug. That entrance gives you a friendly introduction to the rest of the house. It says, in no uncertain terms, "This is a cheery spot without any pretense. You'll like it." And you more than like it.

The living and dining rooms are combined in one long room—an ideal arrangement for the small house. Naturally, the furniture is placed with an eye to the fireplace. There is a Victorian sofa at one end of the hearth, upholstered in a *dark brown* rough-textured material; opposite it is one of those huge sink-into-me couches, also rough in texture, but a *pinkish-tan.*

The table is of pine and early American in design—like the secretary, the clock on the mantel, and the prints on either side of it. For color notes, there are *yellow* bowls and vases and cigarette holders.

The lamps and side lights throughout the house are all ex-oil burners, electrically wired. And every window has

[*Continued on page* 58]



Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby wanted a home where they could play. And they have one—complete even to a tennis court

IRRESISTIBLE Charm and Warmth

Indera FIGURFIT (COLDPRUF) PRINCESS SLIPS

IT IS no longer necessary to sacrifice charm and style for comfort. The new Indera Figurfit (Coldpruf) Knit Princess Slips have all these qualities--and more.

These slips are knit by a special process, and lie smooth and close-fitting beneath any kind of frock, even the most dainty, without bunching or crawling. They keep warmth in and cold out. Equipped with our exclusive Sta-Up shoulder straps, beautiful colors, easy to launder--no ironing necessary.

Ask at your favorite store for Indera Princess Slips if you want fair prices and the best quality. Accept no substitute; look for Indera trade mark. Choice of cotton, wool mixtures, rayon and wool, 100% wool worsted, silk and worsted. Sizes for women, misses and children.

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WINSTON-SALEM
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Sleeps Fine, Feels 10 Years Younger—Uses Guaranteed Cystex Test

Thousands of women and men sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder have discovered a simple, easy way to sleep fine and feel years younger by combating Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Burning, Smarting and Acidity due to poor Kidney and Bladder functions, by using a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-tex). Works fast, safe, and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to do the work in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists. The guarantee protects you.

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MIRIAM HOPKINS
in Samuel Goldwyn's
"BARBARY COAST"
Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively

Miriam Hopkins Reveals Her Beauty Secret

..and Another Woman Becomes Beautiful

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Janet Ross met in Hollywood for the first time since their school days together. Only a few years had passed, but what a change it had made in the two girls! Miriam Hopkins was lovelier than ever, charming, poised. Janet was dull-looking, self-conscious, awkward.

"Please tell me," asked Janet, "is there anything an average girl like me can do to be more attractive?"

Of course there was! The first step to beauty was to obtain expert advice, so Miriam Hopkins took Janet to Max Factor, the Hollywood genius of make-up. To her delight and amazement, Janet learned that the secret of beauty which had dramatized the loveliness of Miriam Hopkins could be used by anyone.

"Color harmony make-up will reveal the beauty in your face just as it does with screen stars," Max Factor told Janet. "You shall see for yourself what powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade will do."

With the instinct of a true artist, Max Factor selected and applied the colors that would bring out in the dull little face before him, the priceless and elusive thing called beauty. Rachelle powder to enliven the skin and give it satin-smoothness, Blondeen rouge to give alluring lifelike color to the cheeks, Vermilion lipstick to accent the youthful tone of the lips. Color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick . . . the living portrait was finished...and another woman experienced the joy of seeing for the first time, beauty in her own face!

Would you like to see what an amazing change color harmony make-up will bring about in your face? If you are a blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being...Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.

Would you like Max Factor to give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like an illustrated booklet on "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" Mail the coupon and all these will be sent to you.

Janet Ross
Tells Her Own Story About
COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

"MAX FACTOR'S POWDER brought out unexpected beauty in my face through the magic of its color harmony shades. I find it clings for hours, and makes my skin appear satin-smooth even in a close-up.

"MAX FACTOR'S ROUGE is creamy-smooth, and blends so perfectly that the lovely tones appear to be my own coloring. It keeps its true color in any light because the color harmony shades are light-tested.

"MAX FACTOR'S SUPER-INDELIBLE LIPSTICK is moisture-proof, so I apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips giving them an even, harmonized color that is really lasting."

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—*Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony*

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Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood: Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.

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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐

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EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.

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Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but . . . insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations . . . for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

Maybelline Co., Chicago.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Bing Crosby Wanted a Small House

[*Continued from page* 56]

white sash curtains of crinkled organdy easily laundered. From front to back and from side to side, it is a practical home that one can dream in . . .

The dining room chairs are Mexican. So is the long pine table. The kitchen is in *green* and *red*—Christmasy and cute. The walls are a lovely pale green and the curtains are red-checkered. All of the Crosby china is a pale yellow with a red stripe.

Carrying harmonizing colors from one room to another is the secret of charm in a small house. And what goes better with sand, the predominating shade in the Crosby living room, than a rich, deep blue? So Bing and Dixie chose that for their bedroom. The rug is a dark-blue mixture; the curtains are a plaid glazed chintz that unites dark and light blue and is high-lighted with a small red flower. A red glass floor lamp and red glass wall brackets with flowers in them repeat that accent. But the most amusing—and delightful—part of all is the ruffle of the plaid chintz around the bottom of the pine dressing table. It's easy enough to put on. You can do it yourself either with invisible thumb tacks used on the *inside* or with plain adhesive tape.

THE built-in bookcases (in the bedroom!) are a happy thought—to say nothing of the cast-iron Victorian night-tables with their shining marble tops. There is also a white drop-leaf table in the wide window recess, which makes an ideal breakfast spot.

In the nursery, three little beds stand in a row . . . They look like cradles now, but they are made so that the sides can be taken off and the children can use them until they are eight or nine years old. It is distinctly a boys' room; Bing saw to that. There is only *one* fabric used and that is a soft yellow plaid. Each bed has a yellow coverlet bound in red. And there is a spindle-back chair painted in old red. It is a room easy to copy—and easy to keep clean.

Immediately off it is the nurse's room. If no nurse were present, this could readily be transformed into a sewing room, a study or a sunroom.

A little home, tastefully arranged like the Crosbys', saves an enormous amount of energy and simplifies living. And you can decorate it at suprisingly little cost. For instance, for an Early American living room, it is possible to buy a very smart sofa around $45. A gateleg table with mahogany finish runs about $19. A small upholstered armchair, $21.50. A wing chair, $38.00. A high-boy, $25.00. A desk, $40.00.

If you can paint some of the furniture you can cut the expense in half.

It takes only a little attention and care to make any small house, like Bing Crosby's, *a real home.*

Roll Your FAT Away

NO DIET • NO MEDICINES • NO EXERCISES •

AN AMAZING invention called Rollette, developed in Rochester, Minnesota, makes it possible for you to rid yourself of unsightly pounds of fat and have a beautiful, slender form. This remarkable patented device takes off fat quickly from any part of your body without strenuous diets, dangerous drugs, exercise. Leaves the flesh firm and gives a natural healthy glow to the skin. Makes you feel years younger.

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. . . IN ONE MINUTE . . .

Simply apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Quickly relieves the itching torture of eczema, eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless, and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription

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"If you are sick and tired of gasping and struggling for breath—tired of sitting up night after night losing much needed rest and sleep, write me at once for a FREE trial of the medicine that gave me lasting relief. I suffered agony for nearly six years. Now I have no more spells of choking, gasping and wheezing and sleep sound all night long. Write today for a FREE trial. Your name and address on a post card will bring it by return mail." O. W. Dean, President, Free Breath Products Company, Dept. 1343-A, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

MRS. WALTER RADCLIFFE KIRK, *one of Chicago's most beautiful and smartly gowned matrons . . . a famous hostess . . . a patron of the arts . . . a director of Chicago's Civic Opera for many years . . . also notable for her charities. She is seen here with her special custom-built town car, a familiar sight on the boulevards of Santa Barbara, New York and Chicago.*

All hers . . all luxuries . . yet she chooses this twenty-five cent tooth paste

"It is remarkable how quickly Listerine Tooth Paste cleans and what a brilliant lustre it gives," says Mrs. Kirk. "A real luxury!"

The moment you try this modern dentifrice, you will discover why it is the favorite of men and women who, if need be, could afford to pay $25 instead of 25¢ a tube for their tooth paste.

We ask you to see how quickly and thoroughly it cleanses the teeth, attacking tartar, film and discolorations. Its results are rather remarkable.

See what a brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth. The precious enamel, unharmed by this gentle dentifrice, seems to gleam and flash with new brilliance.

Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this unusual dentifrice—a clean, fresh feeling that you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

If you are interested in economy, you'll be delighted to find how far this tooth paste goes. Get a tube today. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"BOWSER"—*son of "Wire Boy," famous Blue Ribbon winner. A thoroughbred wire-haired and Mrs. Kirk's favorite dog.*

GOLD SET. *All the accoutrements of Mrs. Kirk's dressing table, from the dainty file to hair brush, are of gold—a most unusual and luxurious set of heirlooms.*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
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Regular 25¢
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TRAVELING JEWEL CASE—*showing part of Mrs. Kirk's exceptional jewel collection, notable for the careful selection of its stones and their rare beauty—another of her most treasured possessions.*

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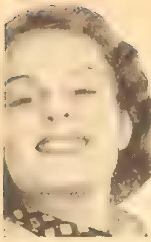

"3 minutes of my time... and I forgot my troubles!"

There's no doubt about it—the three-minute way certainly makes a difference. Three minutes chewing FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing-gum laxative—then good-bye constipation and the logy way it makes you feel. Have you been using racking "all-at-once" cathartics? Then you know what cramps and griping are. The three-minute way is easy, thorough, and oh so efficient! It's good for the entire family—and children love it.

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THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

*Name*____________________

*City*__________ *State*________ *Age*____

Why Lederer Likes American Women

[*Continued from page 29*]

a most precise value of what Peace might mean to men—and women, too.

"Now," he said, continuing the story of his constant search for his ideal, "I have set a hard and fast rule. When I next believe I have found 'the one and only,' I shall set a time limit. I have determined that in two years of friendship, love must prove itself real!"

"And it hasn't proved itself real yet?" I asked.

"Not yet," he answered, "though I am hopeful!"

Moreover, he is prepared to find his ideal in America. For he told me: "The American woman has many traits that women of other countries do not possess. First of all, she is so self-possessed, so poised that one can meet her on one's own ground, discuss one's ideas and feel perfectly understood.

"But," he continued, and his eyes brightened in his intensity, "never believe that the intellect of the American woman leaves her cold and detached as brainy women of other nationalities are apt to be. She possesses that rare and most desired of human traits—the capacity for understanding.

"I realize," he admitted, with charming frankness, "that men are mainly responsible for many womanly 'deficiencies,' and that the American wife is far ahead of her sisters in this respect. But we should also appreciate the fact that American women have themselves struggled and fought for those very things that men have grown to value most!

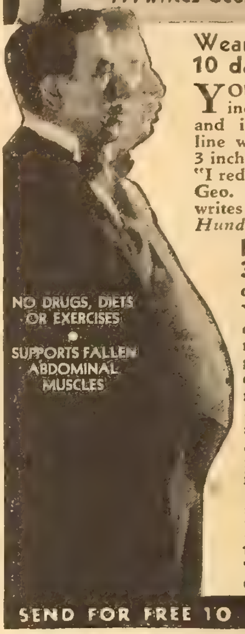
"American women, for the most part, are less given to pettiness, also, than Continental women are. Of course, you can select individuals and say, 'That is not so!' But still it *is generally* true. Mainly, I believe, it is because American women are more independent in thought. As one broadens, there is less room for such nonsense as jealousy.

"The women stars, themselves, are a group who prove this. There may be certain ones who would like to tear each other apart, but my own experience has been that they maintain a very pleasant and interested attitude toward each other's work.

"This is partially due to the advantages of greater freedom that American women have enjoyed. They are able to develop their personalities without restraint. And because of this they make superior companions. If I were traveling the Gobi desert or were stranded in the wildernesses of Tibet, I think an American girl would offer me the greatest understanding and comradeship.

"Americans have much that is peculiarly their own and they should cultivate their unusual and outstanding individuality. Marry an American woman? Why not? Surely none is more fascinating!" he said—emphatically.

"*I have* REDUCED *my* WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT"
... *writes George Bailey*


NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES
SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

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YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches" . . . writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson. . . . *Hundreds* of similar letters.

REDUCE your WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS *or it will cost you nothing!*

You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect, athletic carriage . . . supports abdominal walls . . . keeps digestive organs in place . . . greatly increases endurance.

Simply write name and address on postcard and we will send you illustrated folder and full details of our 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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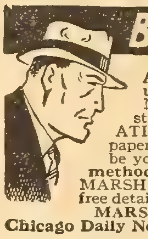

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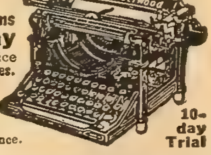

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No cosmetics, no massage, no beauty parlor aids.

The method is fully explained with photographs in a thrilling book sent free upon request in plain wrapper by PAULINE PALMER 1020 Armour Boulevard, Kansas City, Missouri. Write before supply is exhausted.

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Gain for yourself the glowing freshness and charming brightness of sunny golden hair. Secret of loveliness of fascinating blondes. Whether blonde or brunette, let your hair bring out all the natural beauty and charm you possess. Rinse *your* hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. And have that fresh bright clean look your friends will admire.

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Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drug store. For fascinating hair—silky arms and legs start using Marchand's. ***Today.***

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!

(use coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo cleanses thoroughly, rinses *completely.*

EXTRA GIFT FOR PROMPTNESS

A valuable little booklet "Care and Treatment of the Hair" sent free also, to those who write immediately. Send for your bottle. Now!

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1434 N. Wells St., Dept. 350R Chicago

Design for Livelihood

[*Continued from page 31*]

frocks. An elderly man happened by, asked the youth what he was doing. He was a dress manufacturer with an offer for a job up his sleeve. That same young man, George Knox, is a prominent fashion designer today.

To answer the question of age by concrete illustration, Miss Traphagen opened a wide door, to reveal a dozen or more students busy at drawing boards. "You will notice that some of these girls are in their twenties; others are women of forty or more. This class was to end at four-thirty, and it is now six. You can see how the work fascinates them—and how there are no age limits in dress-designing."

I did see. Several of the girls, both in appearance and attire, looked like débutantes in search of independent careers. One was a cripple, who would have faced an insurmountable handicap in almost any other profession; she was doing a beautiful sketch that was later to be sold for her to one of New York's most exclusive shops. Others were plain, frankly unattractive girls who could never hope for a theatrical career, but who are unhampered in this other glamorous field—fashion creation.

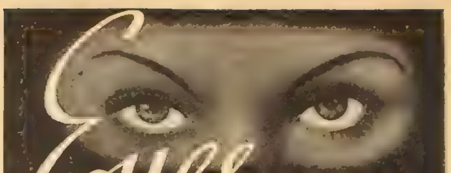
But what are the rules of the game for the average girl—who may never have thought of designing as a possible career for herself before?

First, remember this: it is not necessary to be an artist to become a designer. If you have imagination and a sense of color, you have the potentialities. Further, the ability to work hard is of more value than any first indication of originality or talent. There are many women who have become designers merely by sending their home-made sketches to manufacturers.

But as the work of American designers becomes constantly more acceptable, competition becomes keener. The ones who become outstanding will be those best equipped with a fundamental knowledge of the work. For this reason, study is advisable. Many high schools, colleges, and training schools offer fine courses. In addition, there are professional schools, which usually sell the student's work as she goes along and generally manage to secure employment for her after graduation.

Every change of seasons calls for new variations of feminine fashions—new creations. Designers are never idle. But few realize that, in addition to dress designing, this profession has many other channels to which the ambitious may adapt themselves on discovering their particular enthusiasms. Textile designing—the working out of patterns for almost every bit of cloth that passes through a loom—is one great branch of the profession. Millinery design enlists hundreds of women, young and old, each year. Bathing

[*Continued on page 77*]



Eyes BURNING AND TIRED?

Dust—wind—sun glare—reading—tire your eyes. For relief, cleanse them daily with Murine. Soothing. Refreshing. Used safely for nearly 40 years.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

The Best **GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME**

YOU can now make at home a better gray-hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

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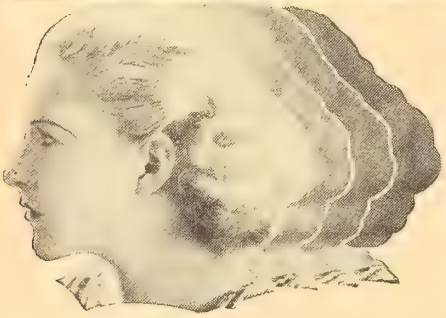

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BLONDES, why put up with dingy, stringy, dull-looking hair? And why take chances with dyes and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade or darken? Wash your hair *2 to 4 shades lighter* with Blondex—*safely.* Blondex is not a dye. It is a shampoo made especially to keep blonde hair light, silky, fascinatingly beautiful. It's a powder that quickly bubbles up into a foamy froth which removes the dust-laden oil film that streaks your hair. You'll be delighted the way Blondex brings back the true golden radiance to faded blonde hair—makes natural blonde hair more beautiful than ever. Try it today. Sold in all good drug and department stores.

Dick Powell Tells—

[*Continued from page 32*]

girl who not only can make you forget your worries, but also make you share in her fun. I've known several like that. Take Margaret Lindsay, for example.

"You won't find an actress in all Hollywood who's more sincere about her work and career. But she has a keen sense of perspective—she has learned that life's a lot more pleasant, not to mention much easier, if you don't take yourself too seriously. When you're out with Margaret, whether you go roller-coasting at the beach or to a dance at a night-club, you can bet you're going to have a grand evening and won't be able to take yourself or your worries seriously.

"AND if a girl has poise, she'll catch me—or any other fellow—looking at her twice. By 'poise' I mean the ability to fit into any situation—to be a 'good mixer' under any condition. I can be interested in a girl who does possess it. Like—"

"Like whom?" I urged.

He grinned, and said, "Well, like Mary Brian." (Dick's and Mary's mutual affection for one another needs no retelling here.) "She has poise. She's perfectly at home, a swell mixer anywhere. And that's important—and in *any* girl's favor, whether she's an actress or not!"

"What keeps a girl from being on a preferred list?" I asked him.

"For one thing, a big overwhelming sense of jealousy," said Dick. "That's sort of funny, too. A man likes the girl he dates to be interested enough in him to resent too much competition—that's only human. But deliver me from those who breathe flames if you happen to smile at anyone else!

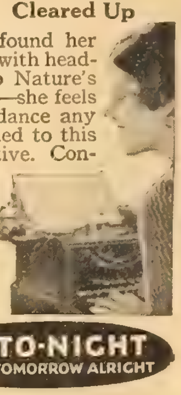
"It's unfortunate, but it's absolutely true—a little jealousy can go a long, long way—in the wrong direction. It wrecks an evening for any couple when either the fellow or the girl goes into tantrums over some little thing that a less jealous person wouldn't even notice.

"What I mean by being a 'good date' could probably be boiled down to one thing—*companionship!* You know the kind of girls I mean. You can merely say, 'Well, what's on the menu?'—and whatever you both decide to do, you end up by having a lot of fun. That's companionship. Or maybe understanding would be a better word for it.

"Every fellow has plenty of flaws and imperfections in his makeup. If he's halfway human, he can't avoid them. But try to find a girl who will take a fellow for just what he is and will be politely blind to his foibles and faults!

"Plenty of girls make a mistake by trying to change a man's manners, his habits and even his mode of living. At first, you're flattered at their interest, but after a while you begin to chafe at the bit. A good sport will see your

WORK . . . "FUN AGAIN" With Constipation Cleared Up



THE end of every day found her tired out, nervous, often with headaches. But now, thanks to Nature's Remedy, work is fun again—she feels like going to a movie or dance any night. Millions have switched to this natural all-vegetable laxative. Contains no mineral or phenol derivatives. Instead a balanced combination of laxative elements, provided by nature, that work naturally, pleasantly. Try an NR tonight. When you see how much better you feel you'll know why a vegetable corrective is best. Only 25c at all druggists.

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shortcomings, but has delicacy enough to leave your faults for your own introspection.

"AND here's another thing. I suppose that you could call it 'class.' It combines several qualities. Attractiveness, not beauty necessarily, but average attractiveness, is one. But equally important are two other things—intelligence and the ability to dress well. And dressing well means just that. What a fellow notices mostly about a girl's clothes is whether or not her gowns are attractive and neat.

"I don't think that dressing well requires much money. But it does demand good taste. You take pride in the way your 'date' looks and, if you're human, you want other males to look approvingly at her. Not too approvingly, though! One thing I can't stand is a girl who looks overdressed. Too much time and money and thought spent on clothes are just as bad as too little!

"And what I've just said about clothes applies to good manners and good habits too. Men are every bit as fastidious as women. And, if you don't believe me, just ask one!"

Intelligence, according to Dick, doesn't imply someone who can step up and explain the Einstein theory. Dick says, "If your 'date' can talk your language, understand your problems, and is conversant with life in general, I think that you will consider her intelligent. And that sort of girl is more in demand than the flighty, fluttery ingénues.

DICK'S leading lady in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* Olivia de Havilland, is a girl who qualifies in the intelligence bracket. Dick has a very real enthusiasm and liking for this brunette newcomer, both as an actress and as an individual—in this case, the individual being a very attractive girl. When a girl is as intelligent as she is pretty she is bound to be popular—whether she lives in Hollywood or Tierra del Fuego.

"Anything else that goes to make for a first-rate date?" I asked Dick.

He smiled. "I guess that I forgot one of the most important things—charm. Funny thing about that charm angle," Dick mused. "Have you ever noticed that the minute a girl learns she has charm, and turns it on full force, she seems to lose part of it? I guess it's an unconscious attraction that loses its power when a girl becomes too conscious that she has it! I couldn't even begin to define it. But, boy, you sure know when it's present! I think that charm, to most of us, simply is all the qualities that we like and admire, combined in one person.

"Yessir, a girl who has charm, class, is a good sport, has a sense of humor—and poise—won't spend many evenings waiting for the phone to ring!"

Director Frank Borzage beckoned to Dick for a close-up. He sighed and said, "I'll be seein' you," and wandered toward the camera. But I'm going back tomorrow and tell him that if he finds a girl like that to save one for me!

WHY JEAN! HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN ?

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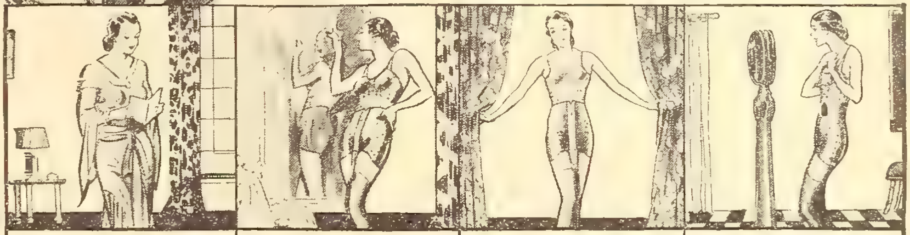
REDUCED MY HIPS
9 INCHES with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"
. . . writes Miss Jean Healy



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"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".

"The massage-like action did-it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".

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3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
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WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

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- The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous massage-like action gently reduces surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

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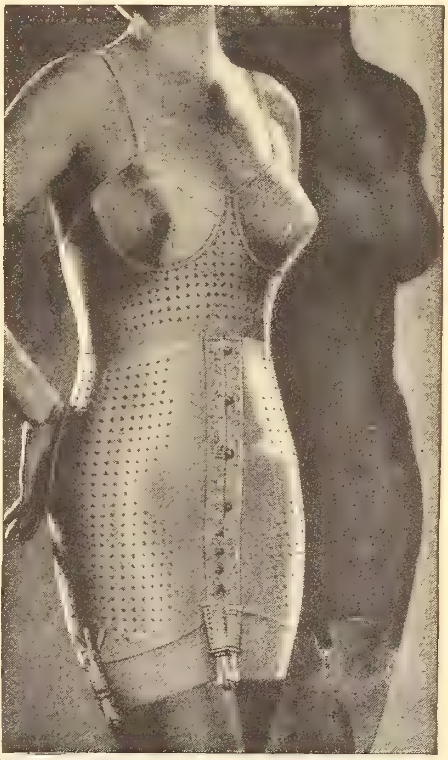

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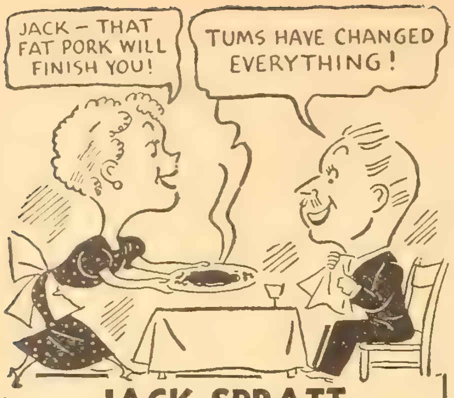
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TUMS HAVE CHANGED EVERYTHING!

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Meet—and Watch—Gladys Swarthout!

[*Continued from page 24*]

of talent. At the time she did not know a single complete operatic rôle, but during the summer preceding her operatic début she learned twenty-three rôles.

The year 1929 marked her big crash into the mighty Metropolitan. It was bound to follow after her string of successes in Chicago. Ever since that memorable occasion, she has been a favorite of the vocal connoisseurs of New York and—via radio—the nation.

At the age of seven, she made up her mind to get a job in a Kansas City church, because she couldn't bear the stiff style in which the contralto there sang. At the age of thirteen she felt herself ready, applied to the choirmaster, said she was nineteen, sang some songs and got the position.

She is determined to master the new craft she is entering and excel in films just as she has in other artistic mediums. With her chiseled diction and smart poise, the difficulties should be few.

To the surprise of everyone, she arrived in Hollywood clad in a plain rose silk dress buttoned up the back and a neat Leghorn hat perched on her pretty head. The effect was completely disarming and yet utterly stunning. Hers seems to be the enviable gift of simplicity without being simple, which is no doubt the height of true sophistication. *"Be the best expression you possibly can be of yourself and nobody else,"* is her advice to herself. (Are you listening in?)

Gladys Swarthout's clothes have had a definite influence at the Metropolitan, and should have a very definite one on impressionable Hollywood. Many of her sister stars go shopping with her, so much do they rely on her unerring sense of the appropriate thing. It is far more likely that Hollywood will go Swarthout than vice versa.

About the secret of correct dressing, she says: "Find out your good points and then deftly accent them. Draw attention to one's good points, and the bad ones are automatically overlooked.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT considers her supreme career as being Mrs. Frank Chapman, Jr. Theirs is one of the great romances of the age. She met young Chapman while traveling in Italy. At the time he was the only American member of the Italian National Opera Company. Not long after their meeting abroad, they sang together in a joint recital in New York, felt that they had struck a common chord, and decided to make the musical blend a permanent one.

Both had been married before, she to a noted artist and he to the daughter of one of America's foremost humorists. With young Chapman, it was a case of songbird and bird man, for his father is the famous orthinologist, Frank Chapman, of the American Museum of Nat-

[*Continued on page 79*]

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FREE—IF YOU ORDER NOW Introductory offer consisting of: Original $2.00 Hollywood Contour Band, Jar of Neck and Contour Cream, and complete instructions for home treatment—Just send a dollar bill to
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"It's a Woman's World," Says Mary Pickford

[*Continued from page* 34]

rules him. That may or may not be true. But it certainly is true that women are opening constantly greater opportunities for themselves, in fields where only men once ruled," she continued emphatically.

I asked her if she felt that this great uprising of feminine legions really is world-wide, or peculiar to America.

"Well, you know what Will Rogers—and how we all are going to miss him!—used to say: 'All I know is what I read in the papers,'" Mary answered, with a smile. "And the newspapers convince me that the only country in which women are retrogressing today is Soviet Russia, where the state is all-important and there is little chance for individualism. Women there still are servants—not of feudal land-owners now, but of the state. They still are expected to perform manual labor and, through lack of education, are kept subjected.

"Remember the prissy old expression, 'It wouldn't be ladylike to do this or that'? It is outmoded today. Today any social customs of a gentleman are also the prerogatives of a lady. If she thinks she would like to smoke, she may smoke, with no fear of censure. If she thinks she would like to sip a cocktail, she may sip it in public with no fear of losing caste. If she likes the comfort of slacks and shorts, she may wear them without being called brazen. She is no longer considered a reprehensible tomboy if she plays a man's game better than he plays it, himself. Only a few years ago, it was the girl who stayed at home, playing the pretty coquette for any possible masculine callers, who was likeliest to go to the altar; the girl who 'went out to work' was practically sacrificing all hopes of romance. Today, the situations are just reversed. We women have progressed. And we are steadily progressing more.

I told her that she had certainly done her share toward trying to make it a woman's world—or at least a half-and-half world. I suggested that we discuss Mary Pickford.

"I'm excited about the possibilities of the future," she said. "United Artists will make a total of twenty-one pictures next year, as compared with only five last year. I shall star in two myself and shall produce and direct others."

Meanwhile, she is receiving royalties from two books—*Why Not Try God?* a slender volume of personal philosophy, and *The Demi-Widow,* a romantic novel with a European setting. She has written the libretto for an operetta, which may be produced on Broadway this winter. She is considering radio offers for another series of performances on the air. She is studying television, preparing herself for the entertainment medium of the future.

P. S. I can't think of a man who has that many interests—or as many varied successes to his credit. Can you?

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ALWAYS HERSELF
She knows how to live . . . how to get through the world . . . the eighth woman who uses Midol.

EIGHT million women have always had to consider the time of month in making their engagements — avoiding any strenuous activities on difficult days when Nature has handicapped them severely.

Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom, thanks to Midol. A tiny tablet, white and tasteless, is the secret of the eighth woman's perfect poise at this time. A merciful special medicine recommended by the specialists for this particular purpose. It can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. And that is all a million women had to know to accept this new comfort and new freedom.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self, leading your regular life, free from "regular" pain. Even if you didn't receive complete relief from every bit of pain or discomfort, you would be certain of a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of those now using Midol mean something? It's the *knowing* women who have that little aluminum case tucked in their purse. Midol is taken any time, preferably before the time of the expected pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain may have caught you unaware and reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. Get these tablets in any drug store — they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or you may try them free! A card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a plainly wrapped trial box.

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Crisp dollar bills for you by the handful! A once-in-a-lifetime chance **for big cash profits every day with the** new sensational Portrait Ring **that** is taking the country by storm! By a marvelous, exclusive secret process, any picture, photo or snapshot of mother, wife, sweetheart, child—anyone—is permanently reproduced on a beautiful, life-time, onyx-like ring. A tremendous hit! Everybody wants one—buys on sight! And you make dollars in handfuls just wearing and showing the Portrait Ring and writing orders for eager customers.

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Men, women—even whole families—clamor to give you their orders for this beautiful, rich-looking remembrance token with the most treasured setting a ring could have—the portrait of someone near and dear. Any picture or snapshot is reproduced with cameo-like clearness and sharpness. Will not nick or scratch. Unbreakable and not affected by water, climate or tarnish. Individually made (1 week delivery). Picture returned unharmed with ring. No demonstration—no high-pressure sales talk needed. Just show your Portrait Ring, mention the amazingly low price of only $2.00 and collect your cash-in-advance profit. No delivering—no collecting for you to do.

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Enclosed is photo. Please rush my individually made Portrait Ring and starting equipment. Will pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage. It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied I can return ring within 5 days and you will refund my money in full.
( ) Send full details only.
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YOUR RING SIZE: Wrap strip of paper around second joint of finger, trim so ends meet. Measure strip down from top on this chart. Number at end is your size
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

I Learned about Love from John Boles

[*Continued from page* 25]

you might be able to help me with some confidential advice."

"Do I look like Beatrice Fairfax? Why not ask Mae West?"

"Oh," I said, "she'd just tell me to give the boy-friend this-and-that, and I haven't the equipment she has. And anyway, I don't want a *woman's* advice—I want you, as a *man*, to tell me what I can do to snap a half-Nelson on the boy-friend."

It took his startled look to make me realize that I wasn't talking like Ermintrude-from-the-Convent, or even like a writer with an aching heart, so I toned down. "I m-m-mean, Mister Boles, that perhaps you, as a kind gentleman who really knows about Love, might tell me, a puzzled but heart-hungry little girl, some things to remember in trying to—er—'get my man,' as they say."

John looked worriedly over to a nearby table, where the girl from the studio publicity department, who usually sits-in on his "love" interviews, was lunching. She did not see his frantic signals for first aid. So John, being the gentleman he really is, came through nobly. He could not let down a lady in distress. He could not fall down on the reputation they are building for him—as the Love Expert of the Screen. He told me:

"WELL, honey, in the first place, and at the risk of being called an old fogy, I'll tell you right out that the Modern Girl doesn't know her stuff in love. She only knows half of it, and she dishes out a double portion of that half, and thereby thinks she's filling the order, when in reality she's making men sick with an overdose of that half menu.

"What I mean is that, speaking largely, there are *two* major sides to love—sensuality and spirituality. I mean by 'spirituality' the old-fashioned kind of romance that goes with sweetness, and moonlight, and soft music and mystery and maidenly reserve, and lace-and-lavender and all those Victorian-sounding things. Today's girl thinks Sex covers the whole ground, and she acts and talks like a biologist-psychiatrist in skirts.

"Remember, honey," he went on, "that every man is essentially romantic. He may be a hard-boiled cynic; he may be as tough as a thirty-cent *table d'hôte* steak; he may be a theological student—but no matter *what* he is, he's a romanticist at heart. And Romance, laid on thick, will get him. But keep it light. Make it fun. Love's a game. It's a deadly serious game, and you're playing it for keeps, remember. But it's a game, just the same. And as in any game, one of your major campaign assets is a good bluff.

"Bluff him, in short, into thinking you're Just The Girl he has always been looking for, but had given up hopes of

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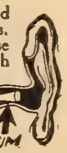

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ever finding in this world. You see, honey, every man dreams that some day, somewhere, he's going to find a dream-woman. A woman who does pretty things that no other woman does, and who doesn't do petty things that other women do.

"Put on a good act—an act so good that it's sincere. Learn enough about his business or profession so that you don't ask silly questions about it, and know where to say 'yes' effectively. Find out what he likes to eat and drink, and see to it that you enthuse over the same, even if they're like gall and wormwood to you. You can get even afterwards, when you're running the kitchen, honey.

"When he wants to play, play; when he wants to be serious, be serious; when he wants to neck, neck—but remember your anatomy and don't forget where the neck leaves off. Modern Girls—uh—well, sometimes they forget how fascinating a bit of mystery can be.

"Don't babble. Don't be a feminine talking machine. There isn't a man in the world who won't fall for the old line 'Darling, just being together like this and not having to say a word to each other, but understanding each other perfectly even without words—doesn't it prove we're in love?' I'll bet Eve used that on Adam!

"Then there are so many 'little things' to watch out for—'little things' that become so big by repetition. Like always powdering your nose, or hitching up your hose, or patting and patting and patting your hair. Sure, honey, sure—I know you have to look your best for him, but don't let him see you doing the mechanics of it.

"The Modern Girl takes 'love' too much as a matter-of-course. She has found a boy-friend who takes her out pretty regularly. Modern openness of living gives them a false start, and she's apt to say to herself: 'I'm modern, I'm not afraid of sex, I know all there is to know.' Maybe she does—that way—but she doesn't know that too much whipped cream makes a man sick.

"Love, honey, is like music. Don't play just one tune. There are so many —and the more you play, the more you appreciate. And that goes for your boy-friend, too. Maybe double."

I had been scribbling furiously, taking notes on the pad in my lap. John suddenly noticed it.

"What you doin', honey?" he queried. "Making notes so you can get your man?"

"No, Mister Boles," I told him, truthfully for a change, "I'm making notes so that I can get my check! You see, I'm really getting all this from you to write a story about your Advice to Girls in Love."

The funniest expression came over the poor man's face. He was partly inclined to be peeved, I think; partly hurt at my duplicity, partly amused.

"Why—why—why, you little. . . "

Just then a waitress dropped a tray. It made an awful crash. I didn't hear what John called me. But I have an idea.

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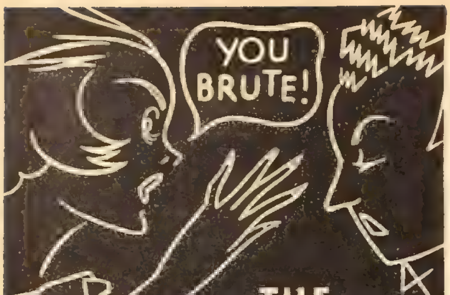

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Sing a Song of Six Pons!

[*Continued from page 28*]

completely shelving her career as a pianist; that is, until one day her husband—who had been a music critic—heard her sing a few songs. He, who had listened to many famous ones, realized that his young wife had great possibilities.

Lily agreed that it would be nice to have another "hobby," so they went to a celebrated music teacher who, upon hearing her sing, cried with horror, "Hobby? Impossible! It must be your life's vocation!"

. . . And so finished the prelude to the extraordinary life of the little Pons of Cannes, the pianist, and the wife. For, as such things pass, so did her marriage, all, in the testimony of her own words, sacrificed on the altar of song. "To me," she says, "it is love of life, of family, and of husband, all wrapped up in the same packet. This I cannot help—it is the greatest life and no one shall change it!"

UNTIL the time Mlle. Pons arranged to study with Maestro Alberti de Gorostiaga, her first and only voice teacher (who is now in Hollywood with her), she had believed that her voice was just a pleasing possession. However, with training it developed with amazing rapidity and within a few months her teacher was wildly enthusiastic, predicting that she had all the potentialities of greatness. In 1927, after three years of intensive study, she made her début in the coloratura rôle of *Lakmé* at Muelhausen in Alsace, and was immediately acclaimed. It was then that she first glimpsed the possibilities of becoming a grand opera star and, with engagements in France and Italy following, she settled down to real work.

One afternoon, following a lesson, Maestro Alberti asked Mademoiselle to remain at the studio and sing for some talent scouts from the Metropolitan Opera House of New York. They received her audition with enthusiasm and several months later she was tendered an invitation to come to New York and sing for Metropolitan producers. She left promptly for the United States and on a day in February, 1930, she had her audition and Manager Gatti-Casazza immediately placed her under contract.

Exactly eleven months later, on January 3, 1931, her American début in *Lucia de Lammermoor* became one of the most sensational events in recent New York operatic history. The audience literally gasped at her high E's and F's (she has a voice range of three octaves) and she was summoned for one curtain call after another. A new opera star, slender and beautiful, had arrived, and the second phase of a brilliant career had flared to a splendid crescendo!

No sooner had Lily Pons flashed across the grand opera horizon than she was besieged by radio producers with attractive offers. It was in the spring

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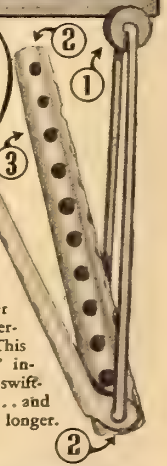

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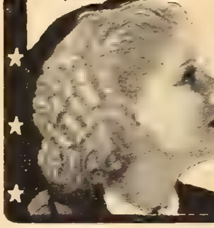

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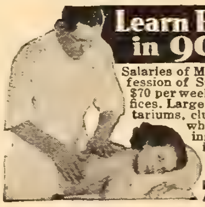

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of 1931 that she made her air début over the NBC network. She has been on the air for four years.

"I am on the brink of a new world and I am as excited as any explorer who has found an unknown continent," she says. "But my responsibility is so much greater than when I made my opera début, you know. Four years ago I was just setting my feet on the road to success and had not traveled far. If I failed, it was not very important. I had no reputation and therefore had nothing much to lose.

"Now," she continues quietly, "it is different. I have been fortunate enough to win favor with opera and radio audiences. I have had the good luck to win to the top of my chosen field. When one is at the top, it requires persistent work and care to hold the position. If I am not, as a screen star, all that my opera and radio following expect of me, I shall lose favor in their eyes.

"I realize that it means hard work and intensive study of still another new technique," she says. "My head swims with the mass of detail work involved. I am terribly concerned about how I will photograph and whether I will have the ability to project my personality from the screen as I have from the opera stage. I don't believe my head will clear until I actually see the finished picture and know if I have been favorably received. One can only hope," she added, wistfully, "that those who have been so kind to me will continue to be my friends when they see me on the screen."

She does not consider her screen work as something transient—something to bring in big checks and a million dollars' worth of publicity.

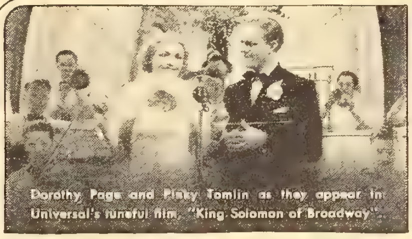
"I like to know that I can give both pleasure and help to many millions of people," she says gravely. "I thrill at every fan letter I get and every one of them is answered."

That then, is the woman who has achieved success and yet retains a love of simple things, for she hates ostentation. She is a charming mixture of little girl and cosmopolitan woman, and her complete naturalness is her greatest charm.

She likes neither night spots, gay hotels nor large parties, preferring a dinner with a few intimate friends, a day in the out-of-doors, a swim in the pool of her home or an afternoon in the gardens.

Music takes up all the rest of her interest and most of her leisure. "There is no time for books or recreation," she says. "When I am not studying, I am relaxing." Nor is there time for love. When her engagement to Dr. Fritz Von der Becke, handsome young German physician, was broken, she said: "I am through with love. From now I only sing of love; I do not think of it."

Let us hope, then, that *Love Song* will be as lovely as the girl who sings it—and that it will be a prophecy which will, one day, come true, thus bringing to a climax the third phase of the melodious life of Lily Pons—destiny's daughter!


Dorothy Page and Pinky Tomlin as they appear in Universal's tuneful film, "King Solomon of Broadway".

Edward Arnold and Jean Arthur as they appear in "Diamond Jim". A Universal Picture.

WOULD *You* LIKE TO BE IN THE MOVIES?

Dorothy Page, leading lady in "King Solomon of Broadway". A Universal Picture.

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HOLD-BOB bob pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play are sponsoring this nationwide Search For Talent and are bringing Hollywood right to your locality! Universal Pictures are looking for new talent. You may be the one they are looking for. Every one has a chance! There are no strings tied to this offer of screen fame!

To enter the Search For Talent, just fill out the entry blank (or facsimile) printed on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photograph and send to the Search For Talent headquarters. A local committee will select from these photographs, the most likely prospects for a screen career. When the Search For Talent movie truck, carrying a crew of cameramen and technicians, comes to your locality, those selected will be given actual movie tests which will be forwarded to Hollywood where Universal executives will select those whom they feel would be successful in the movies. They will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for final screen tests and an opportunity for a movie contract.

We cannot tell how many persons of talent will be found in this search, but there will be at least six who will be brought to Hollywood at *no expense to them!*

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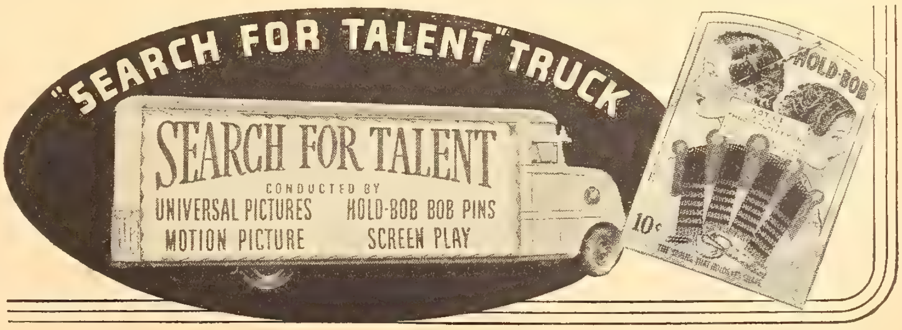

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Virginia Bruce's Bag of Fashion Tricks

[*Continued from page* 45]

sales in those exclusive shops off Fifth Avenue, and more than once I was able to get a really beautiful gown, an original model, for one-fourth the price that had first been asked for it. The best shops in every town and city have these sales, and they are certainly worth waiting for."

And here is a tip for you girls who will soon be in the market for winter coats:

"During and after the Christmas holidays are the times to shop for winter coats," says Virginia, speaking from experience. "If a girl can get along with her old one until then, she can blossom out in January in something new and handsome—and something that has been very friendly toward her pocketbook. The clever thing to do is to choose materials that can stand constant wear without being hard or bulky. When they are bulky, they square off your figure so. Another thing to avoid is a shiny surface that shows the slightest mark."

A few paragraphs ago, Virginia told of once building part of her wardrobe around a sports coat. In a recent picture, she wore a swagger coat that was ultra-smart and adaptable for wear with many a fall frock. (Her screen fashions are something to watch!) On Virginia, the coat looked extra chic—the sort of thing that could be worn to business, as well as to football games. (In fact, she was playing an average business girl.) The three-quarter-length coat was of brown tweed; with it, she wore a tan dress with brown sleeves and, of course, brown accessories.

If there ever comes a year when suits aren't about the smartest things imaginable, it will be a year unique in the annals of fashion. They slim down a girl, tone her up, make her trim and piquant and chic. Virginia wore a suit in a recent picture that was a honey. It was of light beige wool, with a complete dress, whose sunburst of self-pleating at the neck was accented by a diamond clip. The coat was of regulation suit length, very fitted, but made stunningly feminine with a fluffy fox fur around the face.

"YOU can't go far wrong in selecting dresses if you stick to the lines and colors that suit you best," says the modish Miss Bruce. "And watch out for elaborate trimmings! If there are light trimmings on a dark dress, be sure to have them removable, or you'll have to have the whole dress dry-cleaned every time they get soiled. And don't be afraid to have your frocks dyed if you want to give new life to your wardrobe!"

Virginia's evening gown would be insurance for a Large Evening anywhere! The front has that spanking new idea, draped lapels, and there's a halter neck and no back except the lovely one that Nature bestowed on Virginia.

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It has a confined hipline, of course, but the most startling feature is a barbaric wide belt of gold metal and gloriously savage bracelets.

Her hostess pajamas have a tunic top of ivory-colored brocaded silk of the softest texture, with black velvet trousers. The belt of the tunic ties in a big bow in front, there is a big, brilliant clasp at the neck, and the whole outfit has a Russian air that is dashing and exciting!

White is always becoming to at least eight out of every ten girls, and it is the accepted favorite of almost every movie star. There's a reason. White throws a special highlight on the skin that is utterly devastating at night. Also, it makes light hair seem fairer and dark hair more striking by contrast. And—if you will be practical—it lends itself to a hundred ravishing color combinations.

If you want to slay the stag line at a dance completely, without making too great a dent in the bank roll, go in for white chiffon! Wear crushed magenta flowers at your throat and a velvet belt to match, *à la* Bruce. Or make them Parma violets, and carry a large, oh very large, violet hanky. Or again, have a spray of bright red geraniums trotting down your shoulder strap, slip on red and gold bracelets, and wear red satin sandals. There is almost no end to what you can do with white chiffon to keep looking "different."

The shortest fashion seasons are really April-May and September-October, Virginia pointed out. So what a girl buys this fall she ought to plan on being able to use for "second-best" next spring.

AND here is a remarkable tip for bright young things from this same little Miss Bruce, who is named by artist Neysa McMein as one of Hollywood's "always-charming women" and who is appearing, at the moment, opposite Lawrence Tibbett in *Metropolitan:*

For years every co-ed has been going in for sharp, hard colors and boyish lines. You know—little mess jackets, lumberjack coats, severe sailor dresses. Now, advises Virginia, do a right-about-face! Let your colors be just a shade wistful . . . candy pink, twilight blue, misty green. If your dress flutters a bit, so much the better. Discard the old saucy hats and wear those that are becoming. In other words—*go feminine!*

"You have to know your figure," she pointed out. "For instance, if you have a long waist and short legs, don't hesitate to raise your waistline. When you are wearing a suit, hitch the skirt a little higher before you tuck in the blouse. Go Empire-ish for evening. One of the biggest points in being well-dressed is being able to dress your figure correctly. Incidentally, it's a great training for business later on if you learn how to look your best at college *every day*, and to keep your clothes always in trim."

Virginia Bruce has not exhausted her stock of fashion tricks by telling us all of these things. She has countless more up her well-fitted sleeves. And, inevitably, she will be revealing them in films!

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...to relieve irritation and reduce pores

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Why Women Can't Resist William Powell

[*Continued from page 27*]

William, William, how long does it take to learn to be an actor?

My comrade, Matt Moore, the shrewdest observer of people and things platonic in Hollywood, except, of course, Matt's comrade, Jim Tully, is of the opinion—and I am speaking directly to you, William—that you will always be a very successful comrade to Jean Harlow.

As the author of a line that S. Jay Kaufman said should be immortal: "The man who worships one woman will never be free," I will tell you why, William, the women all adore you. That is because—you worship them all.

AND looking back over your career, William—it was a woman's faith that launched you on the perilous theatrical seas.

The debt was long since paid, William. So I can tell it here.

I now step back of the scenes.

It was a woman—William's aunt—who loaned him the money to go to the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York.

His mother thought he would become a lawyer. He thought so, too—and had his eye on a law course at the University of Kansas—until he made a hit in a high-school play. Edwin Booth, he felt, was due to have a successor—if he could only get to New York.

He went to work as a telephone clerk at $50 a month. On the side, he ushered at the Grand Opera House. After months of saving, he had $300 and he still was hundreds of miles and hundreds of dollars distant from fulfillment of his dream.

He thought of his aunt. She had two things that often go together—money and a contempt for poor relations.

He knew it would not be a simple matter to induce an old lady into sending money to a young relative who wished to embark on so preposterous a career as acting. It never has been simple, and it never will be.

But he wrote her a letter. It was twenty-three pages long. It was tactful, pleading, and proud.

A month passed. No answer came.

Then one day, after weeds had grown high on the grave of his hope, his aunt wrote.

She had, she said, carefully considered his letter. She thought his ambition, though dubious, almost worthy. She had instructed her attorney to advance him $700.

One brought back to life could have been no more elated than was the young telephone clerk.

No youth ever entered a school with higher hopes. Being young, im-

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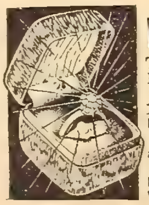

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patient for fame, he felt that his forte was serious dramatic rôles. Not until years later did experience make him realize that the master of one heavy rôle might easily be the master of many lighter rôles.

Once through school, he rented a cheap room, then walked the streets in destitution, looking for work.

Finally, Powell was given work in *The Ne'er-Do-Well* at forty dollars a week. He appeared in three different small rôles in this play. In spite of his high hopes and hard work, the play died early and he was soon destitute again.

Then the clouds of uncertainty parted. Powell was given a fairly important rôle in *Within the Law.*

AFTER the closing of another play, Powell was seated disconsolate at a table in the Lambs Club. A movie director, Albert Parker, sat down beside him.

He glanced casually at Powell's profile, and then said, "My wife liked you in *Within the Law.* How would you like to work in a picture?"

Powell said, "When do we start?"

And thus, through being liked by a woman whom he was not to meet until later, was William Powell's career in films launched.

Today's master detective of the screen—currently the hero of *The Black Chamber*—made his bow to an indifferent world as a "heavy" opposite John Barrymore in *Sherlock Holmes.* That Powell was later to surpass Barrymore in the portrayal of such rôles was not yet written in the faraway cinema sky.

One of his early pictures was *The Bright Shawl* with Richard Barthelmess; another was *Beau Geste* with Ronald Colman. The trio today are inseparable.

Powell changed from "heavy" to "lover" in *Sea Horses.* He appeared in Paramount's first talking picture, *Interference,* and was starred in *Street of Chance.* From Paramount, he went to Warner Brothers, and now is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for which he will soon make *The Great Ziegfeld.*

When the rest of the movie colony recently was concerned about the possibility of the industry's moving East, he was moving into a new, palatial home—which Jean Harlow helped him furnish. It is famous for its multiplicity of labor-saving gadgets.

Bill was thirteen or fourteen years returning the money to his aunt.

He had a lovely sweetheart while he was a telephone clerk in Kansas City. They exchange Christmas cards even to this day.

She was so fond of William—that she married another man.

"She was a wonderful girl," William Powell says pleasantly. He does not say for whom.

I hope I have explained why women can't resist William Powell. Even his aunt liked him much more when the debt was paid.

DON'T TELL ME I EVER LOOKED LIKE *THAT!*

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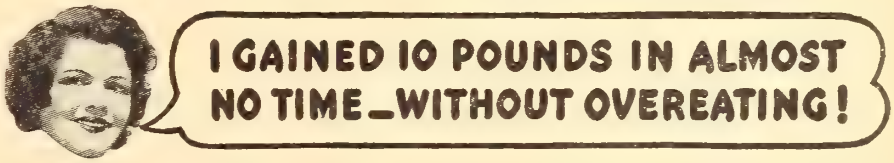
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Don't miss the Readers' Department on page 82.

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Luise Rainer—Sensation!

[*Continued from page 33*]

believe her story! She is too natural and unspoiled to be an off-stage actress or a self-praise artist. She is too eagerly in love with life ever to adopt the attitude of being surfeited with living.

She came to America from Vienna and Paris, where she had already won fame and success on the stage. Characteristically, she came entirely alone. She had never before been in America and she spoke no English. Neither would she study English before her arrival in Hollywood.

"I learn very slowly from books, but very rapidly from people," she explains.

In only a few months, her command of our language was adequate. When Myrna Loy stepped out of the cast of *Escapade*, and her rôle was suddenly offered to Luise Rainer, Rainer was ready.

When she saw the first day's "rushes," she was so disheartened that she wanted to break her contract and return to Germany and the stage. William Powell, nominally the star, judged her work differently—so differently that he strode into the "front office" as the picture neared completion and demanded that she be co-starred with him.

"It's her picture," he said. "She is a magnificent actress and her rôle dominates the story. She deserves co-stardom. She 'steals' the picture."

And that is the highest tribute one player can pay another.

She lives, with her two servants and her dog, in a secluded, Spanish-Colonial house in Santa Monica Canyon. The mesquite-covered hills rise from her backyard and the ocean surges only a few yards from her front door.

Love of Nature, dormant in most Twentieth Century city-dwellers, is a driving force in her life and a determining factor in her character. Hollywood's social whirl means less than nothing to her; California's natural beauty means everything. With the wind tossing her hair and her eyes afire with her love for Nature, she has a pagan charm that is strange and unexpected in Hollywood, the capital of sophistication.

She cannot understand—nor does she appreciate—the idolatry showered on screen players by the American public.

"In Europe," she says, "I was only an actress. Here people want to make of me more than an actress. It frightens me—this tendency to make idols of simple human beings. If I permit such attention, will I not lose touch with the simple things and lose my ability to react simply to simple emotions? Why should people want to interview me? Nothing I say is very important."

Apparently, Luise Rainer does not yet realize that one picture has made her an international figure, that Hollywood believes her the greatest discovery in many, many years, and that, try as she may, she cannot escape the interest of the public . . . now waiting eagerly to see her as *Anna Held* in *The Great Ziegfeld*.

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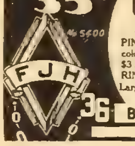

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Design for Livelihood

[*Continued from page 62*]

suits, underwear and shoes—manufacturers are hungry for original ideas suited to these commodities. The demand for designs exceeds the supply.

DESIGNING pays well. The highest-paid designers, of course, are the stylists of Hollywood, who receive fabulous sums. Each, however, had to start from the bottom and work up, and by the same path some young man or woman who bends over a drawing board today, learning the rudiments of fashion design, may be the one who will next set styles for the world.

Considered from every angle, there is no profession today that offers more for young women. With this thought in mind, you are probably asking the all-important question that I asked:

What qualification, more than any other, is necessary for any girl contemplating fashion design as a career?

This is Ethel Traphagen's answer: "To be a designer, one needs only good taste, or the ability to cultivate it, and a love for beautiful clothes. And what girl or woman doesn't possess these?"

You Can Learn More About It!

After reading this article, wouldn't you like further information about designing as a career?

Check the subject or subjects that interest you in the list below, fill in your name and address, and mail this coupon to Jane Carroll, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Leaflets giving you the information you request will be supplied without charge.

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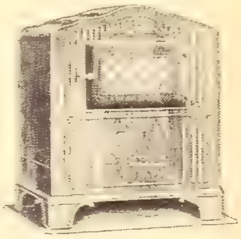

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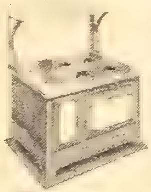

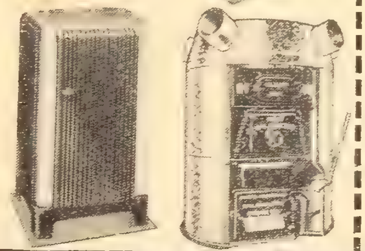

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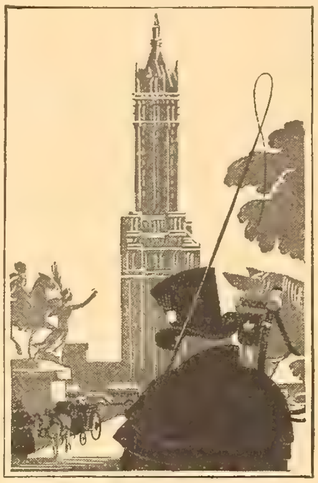

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Screen Struck

[*Continued from page* 39]

change your mind about me—or—or anything, well, let me know, that's all. I'll be there if I have to walk!"

My heart melted "Buddy, you're tops!" I said very solemnly. "I'll never forget you—and what a pal you've been. I do promise."

"There's one more thing, Lola," he said. "I didn't tell you before because I didn't want to speak until I was sure. But I've got me a new job, a real one."

"Why, Buddy!" I cried. "Where?"

"You know Nick Mancini—the fellow who owns the Golden Slipper Club?" he went on. "Well, he's opening up a bigger, better place—and I'm to be assistant manager, at decent money."

"I'm glad!" said I. "Very glad."

"So am I,' said he simply, "because I can save, now, and get to you if you need me!"

Impulsively I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

"Buddy, dear," said I, "I'll need you all my life!" But though he smiled gratefully, it was a sad little smile. He knew that I meant I would need him as a friend.

● THERE was a big crowd at the station in spite of the late hour. Mr. Brown, the Burnham publicity man, his duty done, bade me a hasty farewell and roared away in the big car that had been mine for three whole days. Helen and Babe gathered around me excitedly, a new note of awe in their voices.

At last the train pulled in—and a porter swung down, placing steps. I was rushed forward, for the flyer stopped only on signal, and as I climbed aboard a shower of cries followed . . . "Goodbye" . . . "Good luck" . . . "Write soon" . . . "Goodbye . . . 'bye!" The train gave a lurch and began to move slowly. I waved at the little group on the platform, misty and indistinct now because of my tears. The colored porter took a look at my ticket.

"This way, please, miss," he said, and I followed him down a swaying alley of green curtains to Number Ten. My berth was on the side nearest the station, and I leaned over and pulled up the shade for a last glimpse of Hopewell, which had vanished before the porter had finished stowing away my suitcase. The night blotted out the last of the familiar landscape and a whole epoch of my life.

● SUDDENLY, I began to enjoy myself. Even the experience of being in a sleeping car, my first, was an exciting adventure. I took off my hat, fluffed up my hair, and, selecting a few toilet articles, started rather timidly for the dressing-room. I had almost reached the end of the car when a drawing-room door, directly ahead of me, was flung open and a figure in a blue silk dressing-gown appeared. From enormous heights, that world-famous smile flashed down at me. It was Clifton Laurence.

"Hello!" said he. "Have you seen the porter? My bell doesn't work."

"Mr. Laurence!" I gasped, incoherent with surpise. "I—er, yes, the porter is back at the other end. But, but you . . . are you appearing in St. Louis or somewhere tomorrow?"

"No, thank heaven!" he whispered. "My personal appearance tour ended tonight. I'm on my way back to Hollywood."

I could hardly grasp the full significance of that, at first. He would be there, on the same train with me, for two days! What was that going to mean to me? Would he ignore me in daylight—or would he become . . . a new and very real friend, perhaps my only friend in Hollywood?

Continued in December
Movie Classic

Put yourself in the place of Lola Le Grange, typical American girl—pretty, intelligent, secretly ambitious, screen-struck. What would *you* be thinking and dreaming? What would *you* do and say if a handsome actor asked you to breakfast with him? Would *you* take him seriously—or lightly? What would *you* do if confronted by the adventures destined to befall Lola in Hollywood?

Follow the dramatic, completely real story of this girl . . . share her experiences . . . learn what any beginner might face in Hollywood. Told by one of America's greatest writers—Nina Wilcox Putnam—who knows Hollywood as few writers do!

Meet—and Watch—Gladys Swarthout!

[*Continued from page 66*]

ural History. Father and son both considered Gladys a pretty fine specimen to bear the Chapman name.

To make sure that their romance will avoid the well-known rocks in the sea of matrimony, the singing Chapmans have devised what they call an antidivorce diet. It consists of never—"or almost never"—eating the same things. They figure that the best way to keep two spirited temperaments from clashing is to feed them differently. Since observing this ritual, quarrels and misunderstandings have been conspicuous by their absence. Only when they have singing engagements do they both partake of lamb chops, baked potatoes, and pineapple at the same time.

If by chance, Mr. Chapman, Jr., should find his bride a bit irritable, due perhaps to some secret indulgence, he immediately sends her out to the rowing machine on the balcony of their apartment. There she can work off her temper, rather than on him. Many couples all over the world could well afford to adopt some of the shrewd Chapman methods.

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Perfect Chocolate Pie!

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE PIE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup water
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

● Use any other recipe, and it'll take you 30 minutes' cooking and stirring and watching to get this creamy-smooth filling! Don't fail to clip this magic recipe! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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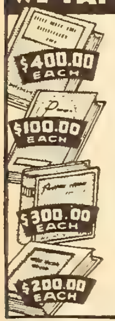

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A Tale of Three Cities

[*Continued from page* 40]

of *Sidney Carton*, a part, which, to him, means the realization of his most-cherished professional dream. For the first time in his career, he has spent his spare time on the set, watching the other members of the cast at work.

The story, as you probably know, is laid in London and Paris between the years 1765 and 1789. Its background is the French Revolution—the oppression of the common people by the nobility, which led to the rise of "Madame Guillotine" and the Reign of Terror. Dickens, the master, captured the sweep of the holocaust by telling the intimate story of four people—*Charles Darnay*, the scion of the great and cruel house of *Evremonde; Lucie Manette*, his wife; *Dr. Manette*, her father; and *Sidney Carton*, the drunken, but brilliant English lawyer who loved her and gave his life on the guillotine to preserve her happiness.

It is a story of tremendous emotional power, and its climax—the scene in which *Carton* bribes his way into the cell where the condemned *Darnay*, whom he resembles, is awaiting execution and there persuades the husband of the woman he loves to let him take his place and fate "for her sake"—is soul-stirring.

Seldom has Hollywood seen a picture produced on so gigantic a scale or with such painstaking attention to detail.

Research started fully eighteen months before a camera crank was turned. Every available document, describing the time and setting was studied by Metro's research department. Special staffs were established in Paris and in London to copy Revolution relics.

On the studio lot, sections of London and Paris were created, not as they are today, but as they were during Revolutionary times. And meanwhile W. J. Lipscomb, the man who adapted *Les Miserables* for the screen, labored to condense a thousand-page novel into five hundred script scenes. Dickens has been too widely read and too universally loved to take liberties with his text.

COSTUMING presented a staggering problem, for several of the mob scenes required as many as five thousand extras. One entire building was set aside to house the costumes, nearly all of which had to be specially made.

The *Place de la Concorde*, which, during the "The Terror," became the *Place de la Revolution*, was duplicated with exact detail and in it was erected an authentic replica of the great guillotine that claimed the heads of nearly thirty thousand French noblemen and noblewomen. The Bastille, the hated prison that represented the power and pride of the old régime, was recreated on the studio lot in its exact dimensions from architects' drawings, borrowed from French archives. La Force prison, the scene of the brutal murder of four hundred aristocrats, was rebuilt. London's Newgate prison and its courtroom, old Bailey, probably the most famous trial room in the world, were duplicated with almost microscopic precision. An equestrian statue of Louis XV, thirty-five feet high, was cast and erected in the *Place de la Revolution,* for the hate-crazed mob to hurl down.

REMEMBER, when you see *A Tale of Two Cities* unfolding its dramatic plot on the screen, that such a picture is a tribute to others besides the director and the cast. Give those unsung stars in the studio's research and technical departments a hand!

Probably the most spectacular scene in the picture is the storming of the Bastille and its complete demolition at the hands of the mob. Five thousand "extras" took part. Twelve cameras filmed the attack.

Another ultra-spectacular scene is the trial of *Darnay* before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Thirteen hundred "extras" worked for the better part of a week in order to record that scene on film.

Besides Ronald Colman, the cast contains many outstanding names. Elizabeth Allan, as *Lucie Manette,* has the finest rôle of her career—one that should make her a major star. I watched her play the scene in which she accepts *Carton's* sacrifice and bids him farewell—and I have never seen an emotional scene played with greater understanding or tenderness.

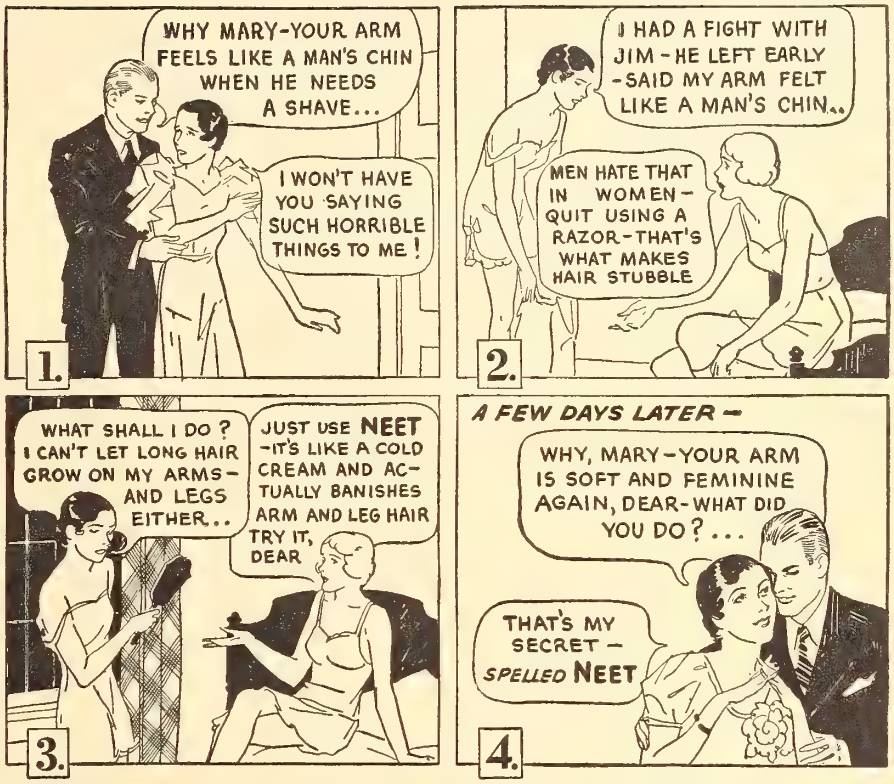
In this picture Blanche Yurka, one of the greatest living stage actresses, makes her screen début as *Madame Defarge,* fiend of the Revolution, as remorseless as fate. Henry B. Walthall, cast as *Dr. Manette,* has his greatest rôle since *Viva Villa.* Isabel Jewell plays the little seamstress who accompanies *Sidney Carton* to the scaffold—a small part as far as footage is concerned, but, nevertheless, one of the outstanding emotional rôles in fiction. Basil Rathbone has an important part as the hated *Marquis de Evremonde.* Donald Woods has the rôle of *Darney.*

And Tully Marshall, grand old man of the screen, came out of retirement to accept the dominant character of a revolutionary. Taking the part, he announced that this would be his last appearance before the cameras. Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Walter Catlett, Fritz Lieber (the distinguished Shakespearean star), H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Claude Gillingwater, Billy Bevan, Lucille LaVerne and Lawrence Grant all have important rôles. In all, there are a hundred and twelve speaking parts in *A Tale of Two Cities.*

But *Sidney Carton* will dominate the picture just as it has always dominated Ronnie Colman's ambitions. *Carton,* the impractical dreamer; *Carton,* the self-sacrificing lover; *Carton,* the drunken, scintillating genius whom love regenerated.

"I lose my head in the picture," Ronnie told me. "And I think I'd willingly have given my head for the privilege of playing *Sidney Carton.*"

WHY MARY REALLY GOT RID OF ARM AND LEG HAIR by Wells


1.
WHY MARY-YOUR ARM FEELS LIKE A MAN'S CHIN WHEN HE NEEDS A SHAVE...
I WON'T HAVE YOU SAYING SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS TO ME!
2.
I HAD A FIGHT WITH JIM-HE LEFT EARLY -SAID MY ARM FELT LIKE A MAN'S CHIN..
MEN HATE THAT IN WOMEN-QUIT USING A RAZOR-THAT'S WHAT MAKES HAIR STUBBLE
3.
WHAT SHALL I DO? I CAN'T LET LONG HAIR GROW ON MY ARMS-AND LEGS EITHER..
JUST USE NEET -IT'S LIKE A COLD CREAM AND ACTUALLY BANISHES ARM AND LEG HAIR TRY IT, DEAR
4.
A FEW DAYS LATER—
WHY, MARY-YOUR ARM IS SOFT AND FEMININE AGAIN, DEAR-WHAT DID YOU DO?...
THAT'S MY SECRET-SPELLED NEET

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Just As You Say..

MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers have the final word—and win prizes with their letters

Which is the greater boy-actor—Freddie Bartholomew (above) or his pal, Mickey Rooney (right)? We expect plenty of letters on the subject after you see Freddie as *Sergei* in *Anna Karenina* and Mickey as *Puck* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

$15 Prize Letter

Bring On Shakespeare!—It is with deep satisfaction that I—along with millions of others—read that both Norma Shearer and Marion Davies are contemplating roles from Shakespeare. Let the cynics scoff that Hollywood is trying to go "highbrow." Hollywood's business is to amuse and entertain millions of people, and that same demand for amusement and entertainment from Elizabethan England was Shakespeare's reason for writing and producing his famous plays.

Personally, I think Shakespeare, with his ghosts and balconies and murders and fairies and shipwrecks, was meant for Hollywood. I, for one, am saying, "Hollywood, bring on your Shakespeare."—*Marion Simmermon, 10411—93rd St., Edmonton, Alberta, Can.*

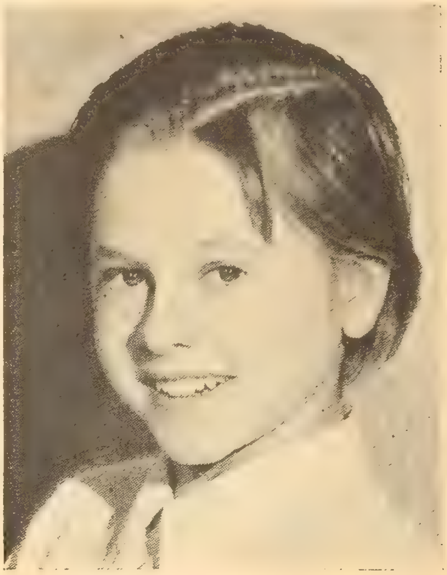
$10 Prize Letter

In Memoriam—Will Rogers dead! The first shock of those electric words failed to penetrate the numbness of my mind. It didn't seem possible that Will, the Ambassador without portfolio to a world in need of homely truth, was dead.

As the screen loses one of its greatest actors, the world loses one of its greatest men. After his untimely death, the producers were uncertain about whether or not they should release his last two pictures. Will made known his views on the subject at the time of the death of Marie Dressler. He seriously believed that her last picture, not yet released, should be shown. Therefore, in accordance with his own desire, why not let his buoyant and lovable character live again, through the medium of the screen?—*Thomas Quirk, 254 Mt. Auburn St., Watertown, Mass.*

$5 Prize Letter

Thought for Today—So many people write to you, telling what they have learned from the movies—styles in clothes and hairdressing, how to walk like Crawford and talk like Harlow. But all I get from these beauteous gals is an inferiority complex and a headache.



After my boy-friend has taken me to a Crawford movie, how do you think I feel when he looks me over afterward? All I can think of is that my eyelashes aren't a foot long, that I am twelve pounds overweight, and that my dress cost only $3.50 in a sale, and that my skin isn't very beautiful from working in a dusty factory.

I'd like to see these glamorous girls in a real situation once: Crawford waking up in the morning with her wave cap on one ear, Harlow coming in from a swim with her hair in limp, wet slabs. Then I'd know that movie stars are as human as I am and I could take the boy-friend to see someone besides Shirley Temple and Wallace Beery!—*Helen Gronowski, Blossburg, Pa.*

$1 Prize Letters

Wants Realism—The wonderful possibilities offered by the economic problems of the past five years have been neglected by the producers. People have been experiencing astounding changes and tragic questions arise almost daily in the lives of commonplace families. Unquestionably, the lives of plain people can furnish interesting plots for pictures.

Are we living in a world of make-believe? Are we interested only in pretty faces, fine clothes and glamorous scenes? *Black Fury* points the way out of make-believe into the world of reality.—*Mae R. Hynes, 511 Park Ave., Effingham, Ill.*

Thus, one reader of Movie Classic. *However, there is not complete agreement in the ranks. Another reader says something else. What do you say?*

Wants the Opposite—Ye gods forbid that I should ever see a portrayal of "real life" on the screen! If we are to take the word "real" in its literal sense, then we cannot escape the prosaic side of life—but why deliberately seek it? Many of us see motion pictures so that we may forget—temporarily, at least—these very realities. We drift away into the realms of dream-life, where dreams come true.

For my part, I want to be carried far away to the land of make-believe where "the cow jumps over the moon" and things are seldom what they seem. What if, at the end of the show, we do hit the earth with a dull thud? Haven't we had our illusive hour with its pleasures and relaxation?—*Evelyn S. Hill, 7704 LaGrange Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.*

Hurt by Headlines—My little boy, twelve, is a great admirer of a certain star and always has read everything printed about her. He was interested in her baby, her supposedly happy home, and had more than once held her up as a model to *me*. I felt so sorry for him yesterday when he read the headlines of her divorce proceedings. He was actually hurt, just as if one of his own friends had done him an injury. . . .

Not that I consider divorce a disgrace, or that I lament over any human faults common to all. It is only when we read the purported statements of actresses or actors that they are supremely happy, can never change, etc., etc., and find ourselves *wanting* to believe it, that we get that duped feeling when things turn out the exact opposite.—*Mrs. M. Seele, 2738 Hatcher, Dallas, Texas.*

Reader Seele expresses one viewpoint about stars' private lives. Another Texas reader feels differently:

Live, and Let Live—I don't think the public has any business criticizing the life of a star—any star—apart from the screen. We want art—real acting. When we get that, why should we still expect the stars to live according to our dictates? They have a right to more privacy from the prying eyes of the world. I don't wonder some of them resent public curiosity so. Why should they, more than any other celebrities, live in glass houses? Humanity in general is pretty decent and so, I think, are the stars.—*R. W. C., Ennis, Texas.*

WHY DON'T YOU tell us *your* movie thoughts?

They certainly are worth repeating—and they may be worth money to you. Each month we offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each.

The editors are the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write *today* — to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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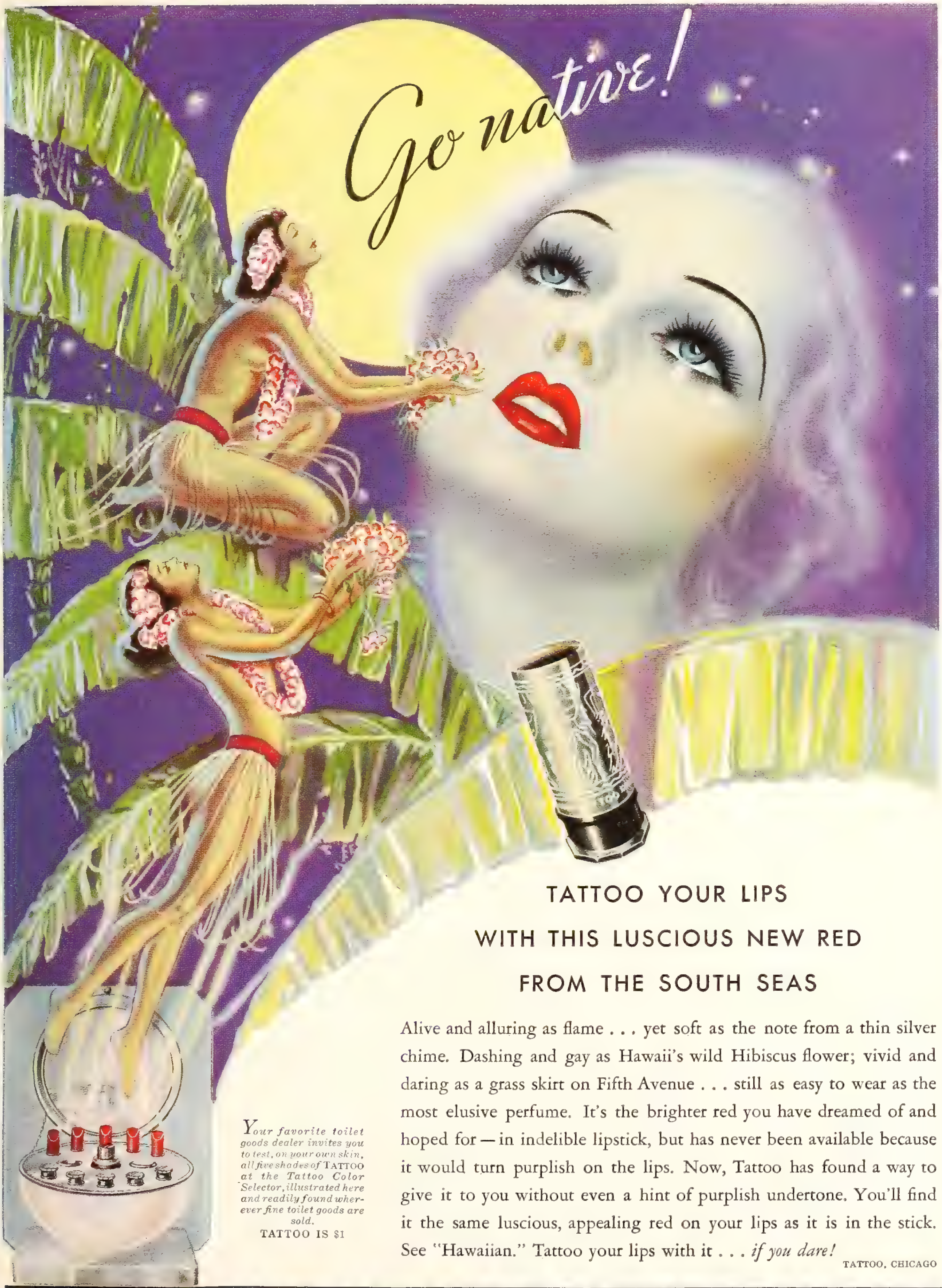

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TATTOO IS $1

TATTOO, CHICAGO

TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"

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MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE

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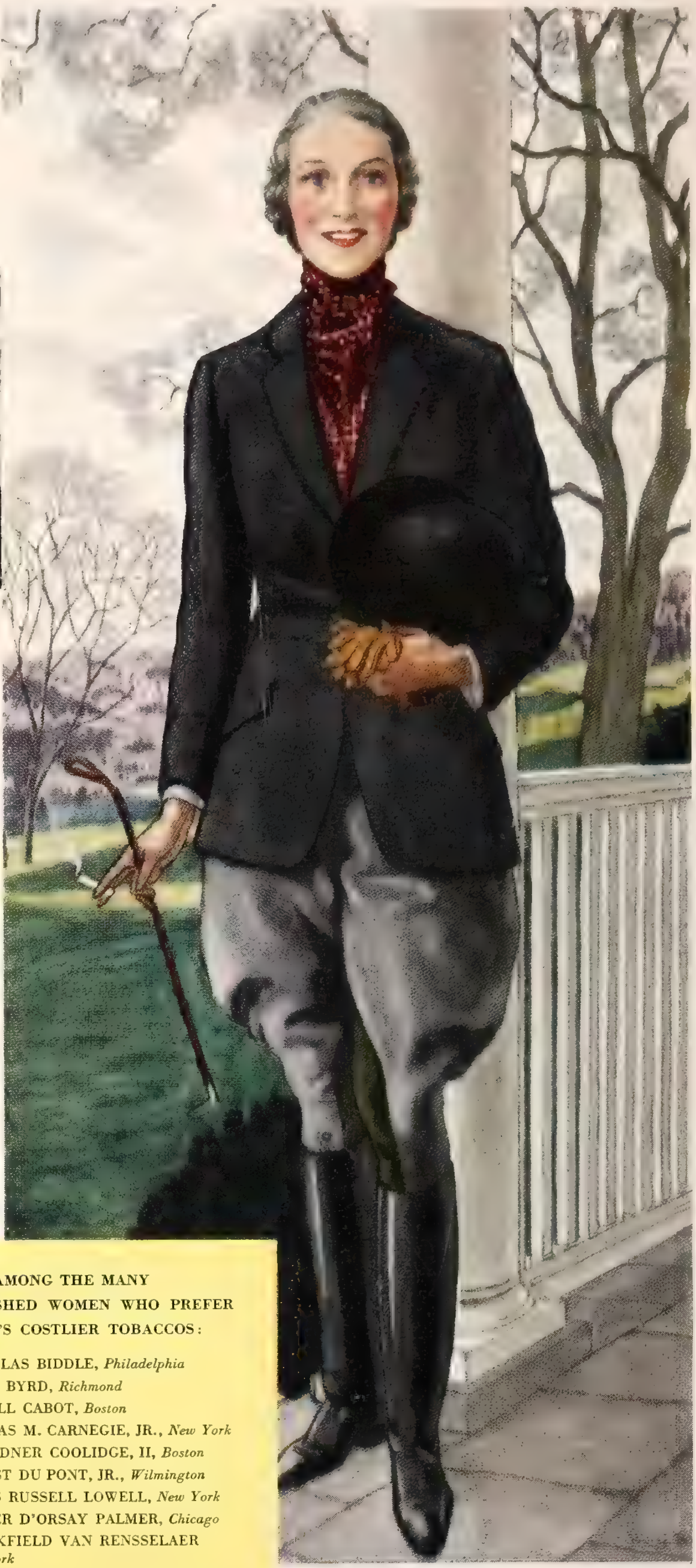

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QUALITY

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MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
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MOVIE
CLASSIC
December
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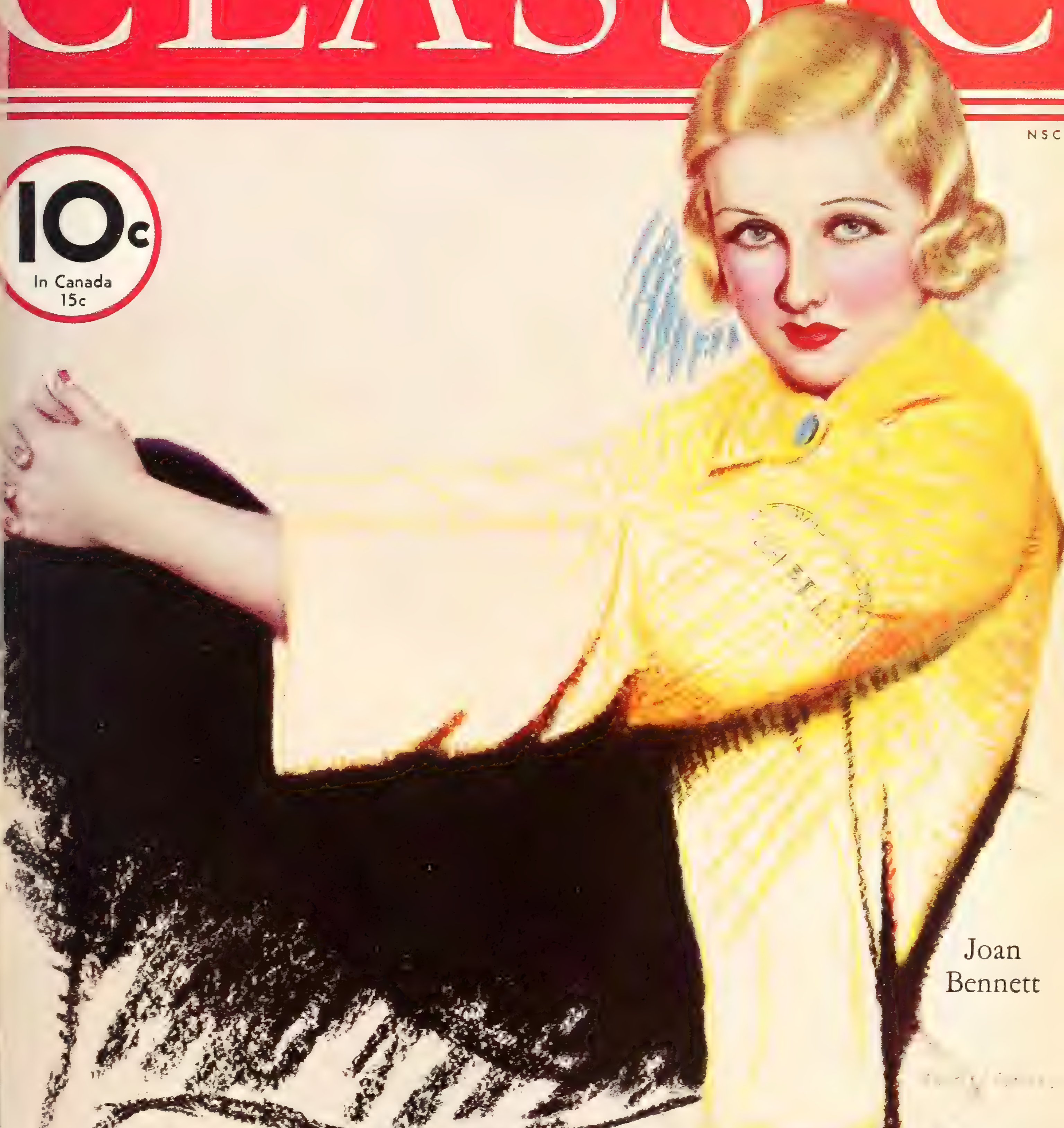
In Canada
15c

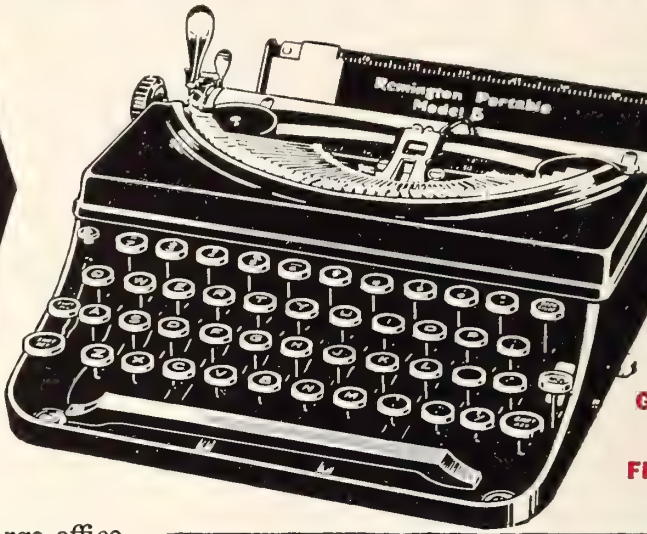

Joan
Bennett

Mrs. Temple Refuses Fortune for Shirley

FILM FASHIONS, BEAUTY *and* CHARM

FACTORY TO YOU

LATEST MODEL REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS



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● Brand new, latest model Remington for only 10¢ a day! Here is your opportunity to get a perfect writing machine at an amazingly low price direct from the factory. Every essential feature of large office typewriters—standard 4-row keyboard, standard width carriage, margin release, back spacer, automatic ribbon reverse. Act now, while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY

We send you the Remington Portable, Model 5, direct from the factory with 10 days' free trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back. We pay shipping charges both ways.

FREE →

TYPING COURSE

With your new Remington we will send you — absolutely FREE — a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Even a child can easily understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or adult, becomes fascinated Follow this course during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand.

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Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Model 5 a special carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy du Pont fabric The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay . . . send in the coupon for complete details!

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EVERY ESSENTIAL FEATURE
found in standard machines

When you buy a typewriter, be sure you get one of the new, latest models, not a used or rebuilt machine. For you want a machine that has only the latest conveniences and devices. The Remington Model 5 you can get for 10c a day has every essential feature of big office machines. It is a complete writing machine — the most compact and durable portable ever built, one that will give you years and years of hard service. This beautiful machine offers unequalled economy in first cost, unequalled economy in service. Buy now. It is a real bargain.

SPECIFICATIONS. Standard 4-row keyboard. Complete visibility. Standard width carriage for long envelopes. Carriage return lever designed for easy and rapid operation. Margin release on keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Back spacer. Two-color ribbon shift. Variable line spacer. Adjustable margin stops. Autoset paragraph key (one of the most useful features found on any typewriter.) Weight, 11 lbs. 13 oz. Furnished with Pica or Elite type.

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205 E 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Portable typewriter, plus FREE Typing Course and carrying case, for only 10c a day. Also send me new illustrated catalogue.

Name ______________________________

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Strike that COLD at the *source* before it gets serious!

M
SECTION
WELSH

Gargle Listerine

to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—*when resistance is low.*

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34 have shown Listerine's amazing power against the common cold and sore throat.

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At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

for Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

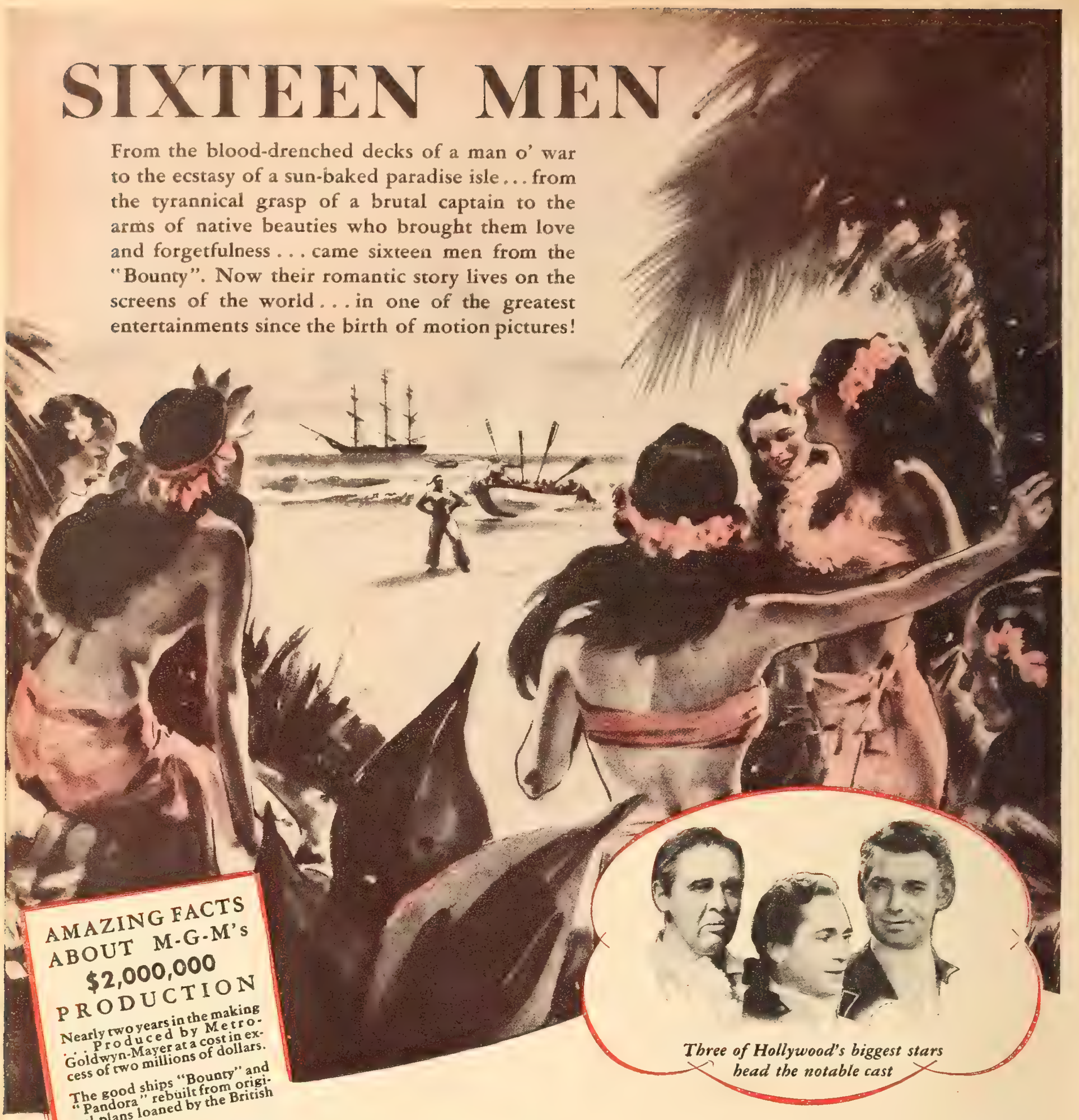
A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.

LISTERINE
COUGH DROPS

10¢

SIXTEEN MEN . . .

From the blood-drenched decks of a man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle . . . from the tyrannical grasp of a brutal captain to the arms of native beauties who brought them love and forgetfulness . . . came sixteen men from the "Bounty". Now their romantic story lives on the screens of the world . . . in one of the greatest entertainments since the birth of motion pictures!



Three of Hollywood's biggest stars head the notable cast

AMAZING FACTS ABOUT M-G-M's $2,000,000 PRODUCTION

Nearly two years in the making . . . Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at a cost in excess of two millions of dollars.

The good ships "Bounty" and "Pandora" rebuilt from original plans loaned by the British Admiralty.

On Catalina Island, picturesque Portsmouth Harbor duplicated exactly as it was in 1787 when the "Bounty" sailed.

A complete M-G-M production unit sent 14,000 miles to tropic waters to film scenes in the actual locale. Six villages erected; 5,000 natives appearing in the Tahitian scenes.

Nearly 25,000,000 have read the famous best-seller by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall . . . . . Now you see it on the screen in all its thrilling reality.

CHARLES CLARK
LAUGHTON · GABLE

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's greatest production

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

with

FRANCHOT TONE

Herbert Mundin • Eddie Quillan • Dudley Digges • Donald Crisp

A FRANK LLOYD Production • Albert Lewin, *Associate Producer*

JAMES E. REID
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DECEMBER, 1935 VOL. 9 No. 4

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

The Opera Season Opens in Hollywood—with a number of operatic stars becoming screen stars. Lily Pons makes her bow in *I Dream Too Much*—formerly *Love Song*

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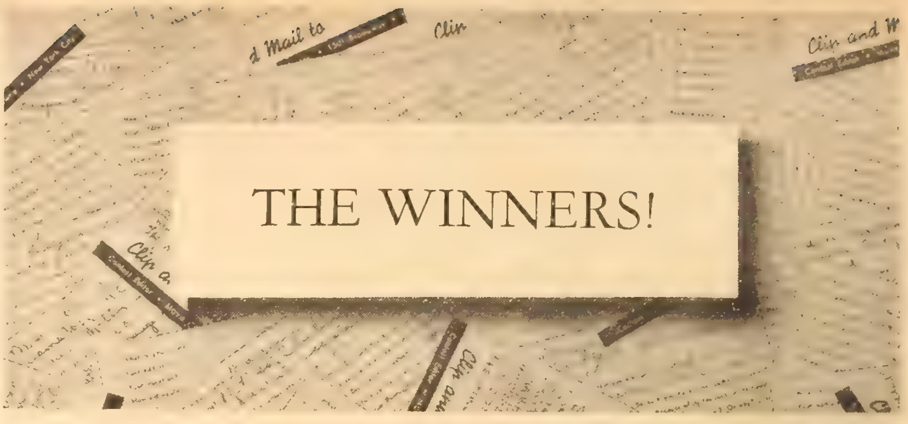
"My Headache–Tired Feeling–BANISHED!"
THE 3 MINUTE WAY
"ISN'T YOUR HEALTH WORTH THREE MINUTES!"

I don't consider three minutes of my time a very high price to pay for banishing headaches and the tired feeling that come from constipation. Particularly when during those three minutes* you simply chew a delicious gum like FEEN-A-MINT. Of course, if you aren't willing to spend three minutes, harsh "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference chewing makes! With FEEN-A-MINT there are no cramps, no griping, no bad after-effects! Try the three-minute way yourself. Only 15c and 25c for a large supply.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

*Longer if you care to

better because you chew it
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
25¢



THE WINNERS!

And a New Contest!

● IN the October issue, MOVIE CLASSIC invited you to "Ask Yourself Ten Questions—and Win a Prize!" We wanted to find out what you enjoy reading most. We wanted to discover what stars interest you most—and why. We wanted to learn a little about you, personally—so that we could feel as if we knew you.

And we appreciate your frank answers. Answers by the hundreds, then by the thousands, from every section of the country, from people of all ages—answers that will help us to give you—and you—and *you* the kind of magazine that *you* want to have.

The contest, you remember, hinged on the answers to the tenth question: "What would you suggest as a title for a story about your favorite star?" The judges name these as the readers who submitted the most interesting titles:

First Prize ($25)—Mrs. R. M. Riley, 809 S. 15th St., Quincy, Ill., for *Why I Fell in Love with Jean Harlow . . . by William Powell.* Second prize ($10)—Mrs. Firmin Coyle, Sanator, S. Dak., for *What the Stars Forecast for Shirley Temple.* Third Prize ($5)—Edna Faye Peacock, P. O. Box 117, Walnut Cove, N. C., for *What Motherhood Means to My Career . . . by Norma Shearer.* Next ten prizes ($1 each): Jean Sanford, 2265 Adams Ave., Norwood, Ohio, for *My Stepping Stones to Stardom—Claudette Colbert;* Jessie Thompson, 5136 Seventh Court, South Birmingham, Ala., for *What I Admire Most in a Woman . . . by Nelson Eddy:* Catherine Spillane, 3914 Eighth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., for *How to Find Out If You Can Sing—Jeanette MacDonald;* Jerrie Kyle, 900 College St., Kinston, N. C., for *Step This Way—Ginger Rogers;* Mary Karmazin, 118 N. Morris St., St. Clair, Pa., for *What Freddie Bartholomew Thinks of Greta Garbo;* Mrs. R. W. Scellars, 159 S. Detroit, Los Angeles, Calif., for *"Be Yourself—You'll Win!" . . . Jean Parker;* Aileen Ditmer, 1260 Colwick Dr., Dayton, Ohio, for *How Mary Pickford Stays Young;* Julia McCaskill, Marianna, Fla., for *Poise . . . by Irene Dunne;* Lorena E. Brooke, 72 E. Fifty-Fourth St., New York City, for *Why Be Ordinary?—Joan Crawford;* Dorothy Hanley, 662 King Philip St., Fall River, Mass., for *Miriam Hopkins: She Really Lives!*

Now, because of the popularity of the first contest, MOVIE CLASSIC offers its readers another chance to play this simple, delightful little game of questions and answers. Again, the cash prizes will be (1st) $25; (2nd) $10; (3rd) $5; (4th to 13th) $1 each. (See the rules on page 8.)

Obey that impulse! Tell what you like—and try your hand at title-writing!

1. What is your name?..
2. Where do you live?..
3. What is your vocation?..
4. How many birthdays have you had?..
5. Why did you buy this copy of CLASSIC?..
....
6. What three features do you like best in this issue?..
....
7. What three photographs?..
8. Are you reading Nina Wilcox Putnam's new novel, "Screen-Struck"?..............
9. What star would you like interviewed?..
10. What title would you suggest for the story?..
....

Clip and Mail to

Contest Editor • MOVIE CLASSIC • 1501 Broadway • New York City

Coming Soon

to special theatres in leading cities . . . following its
remarkable reception in NewYork and other world capitals . . .
the spectacle connoisseurs consider "the most important
production ever done in talking pictures."

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
MAX REINHARDT'S
FIRST MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

James Cagney	Joe E. Brown	Dick Powell
Anita Louise	Olivia de Havilland	Jean Muir
Hugh Herbert	Frank McHugh	Ross Alexander
Verree Teasdale	Ian Hunter	Victor Jory
Mickey Rooney	Hobart Cavanaugh	Grant Mitchell

And nearly one thousand Dancers and Supernumeraries

Owing to the production's exceptional nature and extraordinary length,
it will be presented only twice daily, with all seats reserved.
To insure your early enjoyment of this picture
it is advisable that you

Purchase Tickets in Advance

Selected
TO CELEBRATE
GB'S FIRST
ANNIVERSARY

GB'S EIGHT ★★★★ ★★★★
STAR SPECIAL

RICHARD DIX
LESLIE BANKS
HELEN VINSON
MADGE EVANS*
C. AUBREY SMITH
BASIL SYDNEY

"TRANSATLANTIC
TUNNEL"
New York to London
THE MOST GIGANTIC
FEAT IN ALL HISTORY

GB THANKS
Walter Huston · George Arliss for graciously contributing portrayals of the President of the U. S. and the Prime Minister of England . . .

Directed by MAURICE ELVEY
COMING SOON
A GB Production
*Courtesy of M. G. M.

They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

ONE of the most unwelcome surprises of the month was the friendly, but final parting of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea. Married in 1933, they were generally considered one of Hollywood's model married couples. In 1934, putting her marriage ahead of her career, Frances left the screen to become the mother of Joel Dee McCrea. Returning to films only recently, in *Becky Sharp*, she had found new and greater success, climaxed by her latest performance—in *The Gay Deception*. Joel, at the same time, had been rising to new heights, his latest rôle being the romantic lead opposite Miriam Hopkins in *Barbary Coast*. There is irony now in the fact that they will not share in each other's success . . . There was less surprise in the quiet Mexican divorce of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. For a number of years, they have occupied separate homes, explaining that the plan would assure a happy marriage, since—unlike most married couples—they would see each other only at their best. It was a good idea, theoretically . . .

Mary Pickford, autographing several hundred of her books at a Los Angeles department store, recognized a woman-purchaser as Myrta Sterling, who once worked with her in Biograph pictures, later was starred in a series of comedy shorts, and still later played "bits" in a few talkies. And Mary told her: "I'm going to make my own pictures again and I want you and others of the old days to remember that I am going to find a place in my productions for as many of you as I can." *That's* Mary Pickford! . . . Rumors that she is about to marry Buddy Rogers can be temporarily overlooked. For one thing, her final decree of divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is not final until 1936 . . .

By the time this appears, it is expected that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone will be bride and groom—or will have announced that, as long suspected, they have been secretly married for some time . . . Ramon Novarro has inaugurated a new preview stunt. At the preview of *Against the Current*, the Spanish picture he directed and produced, he was surrounded by well-wishers and autograph-seekers, mostly feminine. He gave no autographs, but every female who stepped up to shake his hand received a Novarro kiss. There have been no rumors yet that the innovation will spread . . . Another star gone charitable is George Arliss. He received a $30,000 overtime check for work on his new G-B picture, *Mister Hobo*, and gave it back to the studio.

Photo by Ralph Daigh

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge sail abroad for a vacation. He wanted a chance to read *Anthony Adverse* . . .

A belated movie discovery is Irvin S. Cobb, the noted humorist, who appeared with his good friend, Will Rogers, in *Steamboat 'Round the Bend*. He is now to be featured in *Everybody's Old Man* . . . Still another is Fred Stone, another good friend of the late great Will Rogers. Fred was a hit in Katharine Hepburn's *Alice Adams* and now is the father in *Ah, Wilderness*—a rôle that Will played on the stage . . .

Douglass Montgomery, sailing for England on the Normandie, was practically mobbed by autograph-seekers. Only the day before, he had told us that he wasn't a celebrity, but just an actor—even after his performance as

[*Continued on page* 10]

Rules for Contest on Page 6

These are the only rules in our new contest: (1) All entries must be addressed to Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—and submitted on coupon printed on page 6, or a facsimile. (2) They must be in our office not later than November 20, 1935. (3) All entries, to be eligible, must have answers to all ten questions. (4) The decision of the judges—the editors of this magazine—will be final, and in case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. (5) Members of the MOVIE CLASSIC organization and their families are not eligible to compete.

Winners will be announced in the February, 1936, MOVIE CLASSIC.

P.S.: And, in addition, you can tell your movie thoughts to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor (see page 82)—and be eligible for other cash prizes. Not only this month, but every month.

"Not the least of my luxuries

IS LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE" SAYS MISS ELISABETH REMSEN

Miss Remsen shown on one of her thoroughbreds which she rides daily, rain or shine, in Central Park or the quiet paths of Long Island's famous south shore where she summers.

Miss Elisabeth Remsen

OF

REMSENBURG, L. I.

and New York City . . . member of distinguished and conservative Manhattan family . . . ardent sportswoman—excels in riding, speedboating, aqua-planing, golf, in fact all active sports. Her position, dignity and charm make her a most sought-after member of New York's social groups.

"I like it for its gentle action and its pleasant after-effect"

WHAT a fine compliment to this exceptional dentifrice . . . that women and men of Miss Remsen's position—people able to afford any price for tooth paste—prefer it to all others. More than 3,000,000 people now use it regularly. They are simply delighted by its results.

If your teeth are dull, off-color, and look only half clean, start using Listerine Tooth Paste now. See how quickly it brings improvement.

Note how thoroughly but gently it cleans—and how quickly. Thousands are won by this speedy action.

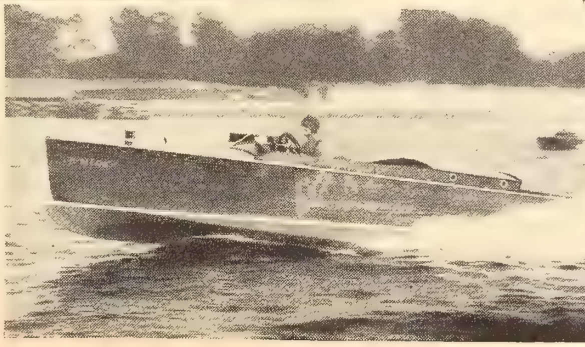
See how it erases unsightly surface stains and discolorations. "Magically," say many. Note the brilliant flash and lustre it gives after brushing is over.

The really remarkable results that Listerine Tooth Paste gives are due to special, delicate, light-as-a-feather cleansers not found in ordinary dentifrices.

As they cleanse so gently, they also polish . . . softer than enamel, they cannot harm it and so can be used year in and year out without danger.

Start now to give your teeth better care. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste and let it show you what it can do. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Remsen House . . . Built by Miss Remsen's forebears—full of rare pieces reflecting the traditions and heritage of an old family.



One of Miss Remsen's particular delights—her speedboat. She drives it very capably on the Atlantic as well as Shinnecock Bay.

Miss Remsen's car—a familiar sight along the roads around the fashionable Hamptons . . .

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Size 25¢...Double Size 40¢

FOUND!

—a new beauty in your hair

•You never knew it was there. For years, perhaps, you put up with dull drab hair . . . until . . .

"Try Admiracion Shampoo Treatment," a friend told you. What a revelation! All your life, beauty had lain hidden in your hair. And this modern soapless olive oil treatment brought it to light after just one use.

Admiracion does things that the finest soaps can't do. More than a shampoo, it is a complete beauty treatment—a "deep-down" cleanser, unique scalp-and-hair tonic, and beautifier, all in one. A magic-working oil that *mixes with water* to soften the dust and dead skin cells, undermine the dandruff and wash all impurities away in one rinse.

Unmask the hidden beauty of *your* hair this quick and easy way. Olive Oil base for dry hair, Pine Tar blend for oily.

Admiración

Soapless Shampoo Treatment

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

OLIVE OIL

PINE TAR

Admiracion Laboratories, Inc., Harrison, N. J.

They're the Topics!

[*Continued from page* 8]

Chidnoff, New York

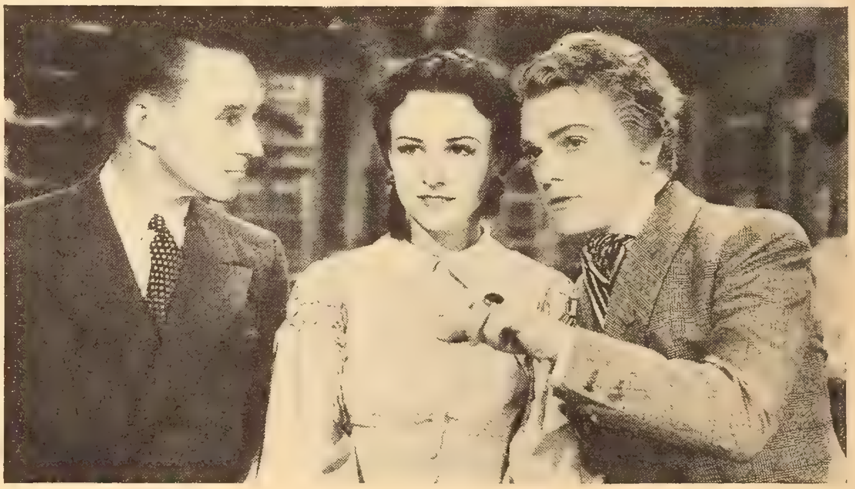
Marta Eggerth, Hungarian beauty, has come to America to sing *Song of Joy*. She couldn't wait to see Jan Kiepura . . .

Stephen Foster in *Harmony Lane*. Chided about the statement, he said, with a laugh, "The farther I get from Hollywood, the better that gag seems to work." Present, to see him depart, was a tall, good-looking, smartly-dressed and mysterious "Miss McLean," who looked very Park Avenue, but declined to identify herself, claiming she "didn't count." Do you scent a new romance, Dr. Watson? . . . Also aboard were Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, heading for a vacation in England, during which Fredric hoped to finish reading *Anthony Adverse*, scheduled as his next picture . . . Also, Helen Hayes —who temporarily lost her little girl, Mary, in the vast corridors of the giant French liner. Her husband, Charles MacArthur, spotting a normal-sized ship at a near-by pier, inquired innocently, "What's that—a tender?"

Hollywood has two new foreign stars—Marta Eggerth, blonde Hungarian beauty, who is to appear in Universal's *Song of Joy*, and Jan Kiepura, handsome Polish tenor, who is to co-star with sensational Gladys Swarthout in Paramount's *Give Us This Night*. Marta and Jan, reported romantically interested in each other, arrived in New York only a few days apart—Marta reaching America first. Scheduled to depart for Hollywood in a day or two, she resisted all efforts to persuade her to leave prior to his arrival, until convinced that she could not help but meet him almost immediately in Hollywood, since it is "a small town." Each, at cocktail parties for the press in New York, sang for the writers, who aren't used to such stellar generosity. Jan, by the way, sang an aria from the opera *Martha*—which is pronounced *Marta*.

It isn't Loretta Young's fault (unless she can be held to blame for being so gorgeous), but columnists are constantly rumoring her "engaged" to men who later marry other girls. A recent rumor, for example, linked her name with that of Fred Perry, British tennis champion—who later eloped with Helen Vinson. Now they are calling Loretta "Cupid's Stand-In" . . . The Perry-Vinson wedding took place in Harrison, tiny New York suburb, late at night. Unable to find an inn open at that hour, they served the champagne to the small wedding party in a plebeian lunch car —with hamburgers on rolls . . .

A new type of movie camera has been developed (and patented!) by Twentieth Century-Fox. Rifle-shaped and compact, it does away with the huge cumbersome hood or "noise blanket" once used to eliminate the sound of the electric motor. The new device is silent. It is being used for the first time on Rochelle Hudson's new picture, *Snatched* . . . Shirley Temple is about to move to [*Continued on page* 75]



Edsel Ford, who makes automobiles that are popular the world over, visits Hollywood and discovers how movies are given world-wide appeal. You see him on the set of *The Frisco Kid*, with Margaret Lindsay and James Cagney

Your Dreams Of Romance Set To Music!

Dreams of gay, mad, exciting love! Dreams of glamorous beauty ..brought to life by the charm of the screen's loveliest singing star... and poured forth in an inspiring rhapsody of Jerome Kern's music by the glorious voice that thrilled the world!

LILY PONS

in

"I DREAM TOO MUCH"

an RKO-Radio Picture with

HENRY FONDA

Osgood PERKINS · Eric BLORE

Directed by John Cromwell

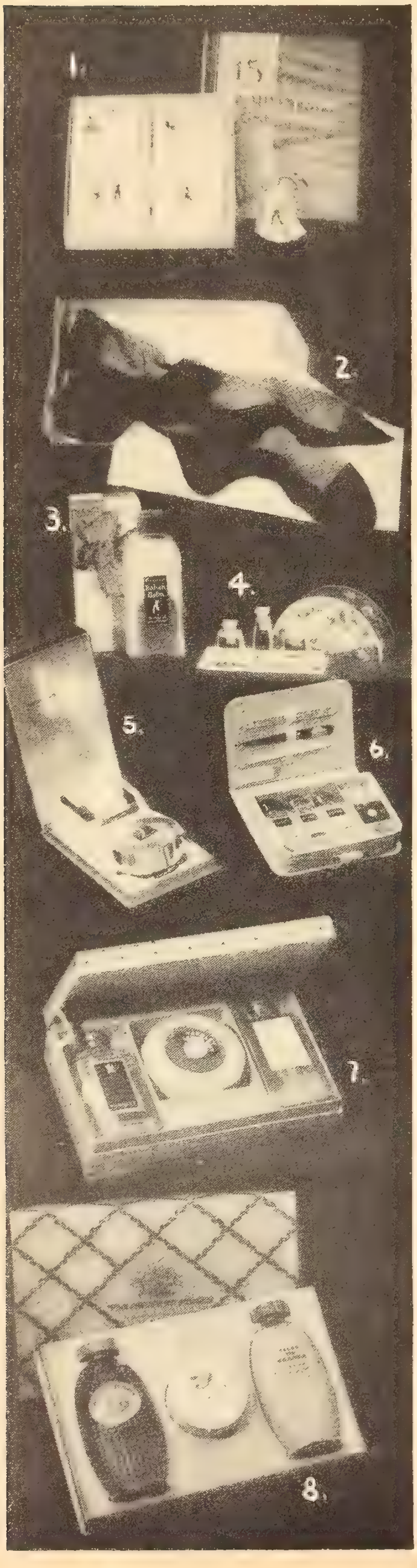
A Pandro S. Berman Production

Music by JEROME KERN

composer of "ROBERTA"

New Shopping *Finds!*

—Accent on Christmas



1. Christmas cards are a joy to send—and to receive—when they are clever, colorful, completely expressive of the joyous season. And here is a grand boxed collection of fifteen different cards for the low price of 50c. The maker produces hundreds of designs, all outstanding and unusual—and place-cards and tallies that also display the Christmas spirit.

2. Talk about million-dollar legs . . . well, whose wouldn't fit the description in these enticing new net evening hose? Lacy and lovely, they may not look like the old-fashioned Christmas stocking, but they are far more interesting! They are knee-length, with elastic tops (but also come in full-length styles). A glamorous gift for any girl, at $1.95.

3. Give the girl with lovely hands new pleasure in keeping them lovely—with a well-known hand lotion put up in a very special Christmas box. The lotion is fragrant, velvet-smooth and a guardian angel to tender skin. You could even afford to make this one of those gifts-for-yourself . . . at $1.

4. Three little bottles filled with famous perfumes, packaged in shimmering silver and blue, will carry your Christmas message for months to come. The scents are delicate, delightful—and inexpensive at $5 for the trio.

5. Smart-looking, and the sort of thing a girl adores, this cosmetic set includes a compact, lipstick, and box of powder. And the simple, stunning silver-and-black cases make them plain enough for daytime use . . . attractive enough for formal occasions. All for just $2.85!

6. What girl wouldn't be grateful for a manicure set in a sturdy pig-grained-leather case—a set so complete that it even has a finger-rest to hold her hand steady while she beautifies her nails? It contains polish, oily polish remover, cuticle remover, file, emery boards, orangewood stick, finger-rest and nail-white pencil. An excellent gift for $2.

7. What to give the all-important male—and flatter his good taste at the same time? If you have a man on your Christmas list who makes it a habit to look well-groomed, and is mighty particular about what he uses, here is his gift. The shaving soap in a wooden bowl, after-shaving lotion, and hair tonic are among the most famous of all products for men—and all boxed in a thoroughly masculine manner. The price, too, is attractive—$2.95.

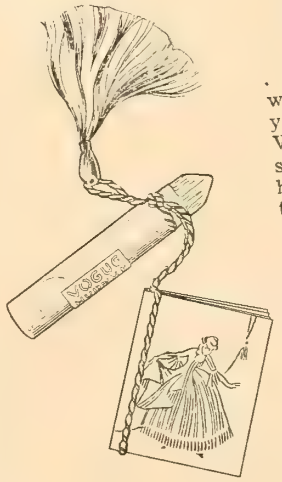
8. Cosmetics are always popular—and never more so than at Christmas. Packed in a gay Yuletide box come three famed beauty aids . . . an exquisite skin lotion, a fragrant face powder, and a skin perfume that anyone would adore. The modest cost? $3.25.

9. Straight from Hollywood, the beauty capital, comes this stunning box containing every make-up necessity . . . powder, rouge, lipstick, melting cleansing cream, skin freshener.

[*Continued on page 56*]

Merry Christmas

. . . from the Shopping Scouts! Just to prove what very good Yuletide wishes we have for you, a small, sample bottle of enticing, new Vogue perfume will be sent to you—*free*—by special arrangement with a famous cosmetic house. Just fill in the spaces below and mail the coupon to Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

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We have been racing from store to store, and shop to shop, scouting for clever Christmas gifts . . . and present a few of our finds here. (More next month!) We can't do any shopping for you, but we'll be happy to tell you the names of any—or all—of these finds. Address Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City . . . enclosing a stamped, addressed reply envelope.

Reduce . . .

your **WAIST THREE INCHES AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS**

with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE** *or it won't cost you one cent!*

. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".
"The massage-like action did it . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".
"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You Can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 East 42nd St., Dept. 712, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your **10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

■ *Use Coupon or send Name and Address on Post Card.*

BRIGHT

EYE-DEAS

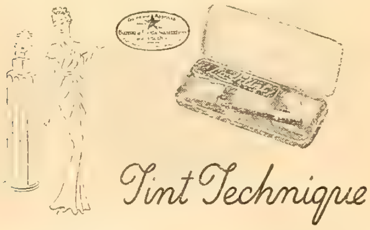
by Jane Heath

THE NAKED EYE!

To your naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into Kurlash. Lo! your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful! No heat—no cosmetics! $1, at stores near you.

Sweet Subtlety

Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being "obvious" eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little Shadette—$1—in blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!



Tint Technique

Lashes also need never look "made up." Try this Lashtint Compact. The little sponge stays damp for hours—and supplies just the right moisture to insure even applications of the fine mascara. Result: silky, natural looking lashes! $1, in black, blue or brown.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department F-12. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

By Lee Daniels

Virginia Bruce

Joan Crawford

Make the Most

You'll never be more beautiful than when in the twenties—like the four glamorous girls above. And Jack Dawn, their beauty adviser, tells you how to enhance and preserve that once-in-a-lifetime charm!

THE twenties are a magic age. They bring into fulfillment the promise of beauty made by the teens, enriching it and glorifying it. But only a very few women know how to make the most of the treasures of the twenties—or how to preserve them.

The girl in her twenties all too often betrays her own beauty by her mistakes in make-up. Such is the statement of Jack Dawn, make-up expert at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios—and beauty adviser to such glamorous women as Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Jeanette MacDonald, Virginia Bruce, Maureen O'Sullivan and Rosalind Russell—all in their twenties.

"The girl in her twenties," Jack Dawn insists, "must realize that it is well to retain that look of sweetness and innocence that she had in her teens. It can be her greatest feminine charm. And she can easily cultivate it if she studies her own face and recognizes the make-up mistakes she may be making. Every woman needs beauty aids—but few know how to use them.

"All lines add age to the face. As she grows older, every woman develops tiny wrinkles that drag the face down. The duty of make-up, then, is to give a lift to the face so that for as long as possible we have the childish roundness and the look of childish naïveté, that are so appealing.

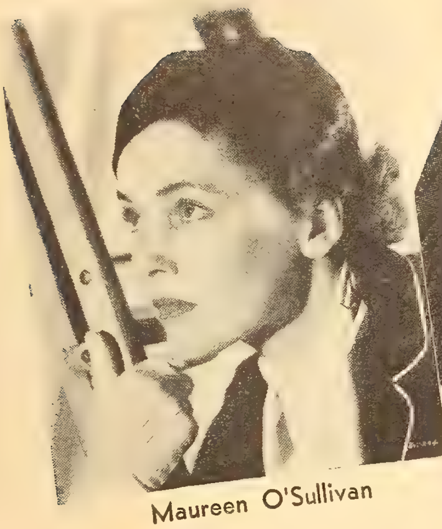
● "IN *making up, remember that the eyes and the mouth are the two features that transmit your personality.* Remember that, if your make-up hardens your eyes and your mouth, it also defeats the very qualities you want to impress upon those whom you meet. A freakish mouth make-up, weird eyebrows or badly shadowed lids detract from natural charm. Emphasize your good features—but don't distort them.

"The color harmony of your skin is important. Many girls have difficulty in deciding on the proper tones of powder and rouge and lipstick and shadow. Here is a good rule to follow: Stand in a light that will shadow the wrinkles around your eyes and your mouth. You can then determine the type of pigmentation of your skin—whether it runs to the browns, the lavenders, the greens, or the creams.

"The next problem is to select good rouge and lipstick that will harmonize with your skin. Discover that by repeated experiment. Remember, however, that cheek and lip rouge must *never* match, but must *always* blend.

"Before you start to make-up, it is well to use one of the foundation creams that make your skin smooth and obliterate large pores. Powder your face carefully. Then study your features.

● "THE ideal face is symmetrical. Whether yours is or not, you can make it appear so. For example, if your lower jaw is heavy in relation to the rest of your face, use a darker powder around your jowls up to where the heaviness ceases. Then use a lighter powder for the upper portion


Maureen O'Sullivan

Rosalind Russell

# of Your Beauty!

of your face, and you will reduce that heavy look. Blend carefully.

"If your mouth turns up at the corners, then make it up according to its natural line. If it does not turn up, bring your lip rouge up at the corners. Mouth make-up, of course, is important. Don't apply lip-rouge with your stick. Apply it with your little finger.

"Be sure to work your lip-rouge in well. To do that, stretch your lower lip over your teeth, and rub the rouge over it until every crevice is thoroughly covered. Rouge a little inside your mouth, and you will thus avoid that ugly darker line that you see so frequently. If your mouth is very large and you want to diminish its size, don't rouge to the corners. Open your mouth, stretch it wide until you make a large O, powder the corners, then bring your lip-rouge up until it makes a curve.

"Don't forget that every line on your face must go up, no matter what make-up you put on," Mr. Dawn continues. *"Don't rouge down. Don't powder down. Don't make up your mouth to a droop.*

"Red is a conspicuous color. Use it intelligently. In applying your rouge, study the position of your eyes and the shape of your face. If your cheekbones are high, keep your rouge low. If your cheeks are sunken, bring it a little higher. If your eyes are exceptionally good, then high rouge make-up emphasizes them and adds brilliance to them.

"The eyebrows are very important in setting the tone for the whole face. Many girls, in emulating exotic actresses, affect exotic eyebrows. It destroys their own character, unless it is in accordance with their particular type. A good rule to remember in make-up is: DON'T COPY. Every face has its own problems and its own requirements.

"In plucking your eyebrows, don't forget to give yourself ample width between the eyebrow line and your eye. Notice in a baby's face the vast space between the two. It is this eyebrow-line that gives a child that ingenuous, innocent look. So pluck your eyebrows underneath, then use a pencil to extend the eyebrow line, if necessary, not forgetting to keep that *upward* sweep. If the bridge of your nose is narrow, the eyebrows should be far apart. If it is broad, bring them closer together.

"Again, remembering that all lines on the face should be kept going up, *don't mascara the outward corner eyelashes.* Instead, take a pencil and place a very narrow line directly over the eyelashes, on the lid. You thus give the effect of an upward sweep without making it noticeable. In applying eyeshadow, it is well to use a very narrow brush, which will give you an exact line over the eye and help you in blending the shadow into the skin as far as the eyebrow.

● "IF YOU have a little puffiness under *the eyes, don't mascara the lower* lashes. It will only throw into relief that ugly swelling. To make it less apparent, fold your powder puff, dip it lightly into face-powder and work it gently into the little wrinkles under the eyes. If you have lines anywhere in the face, try 'erasing' them this way.

"Your nose and chin should be powdered last. Usually, they are the least attractive features of any face. Therefore, don't highlight them. If your nose is very prominent, a little darker powder on the sides will help. Don't rouge your chin.

"After all your make-up is on, take a powder brush and dust off your face. It will give that final touch of creaminess and naturalness to your skin, and help to blend all your make-up into your basic skin tones.

"If you are a woman who brags that it takes you only a minute or two to make-up, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Make-up is an art. Your face is a promising canvas. If you are not beautiful—or rather, let's say, if you are not extremely attractive when you step away from the dressing-table—then it's your own fault!"

A Big Smile-

and a little Chocolate Tablet

Once this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action . . . approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without over-action. There was no need for her to keep on increasing the dose to get results. On every count she found Ex-Lax the ideal laxative. It is the best in America . . . according to America's opinion of it. Because more people take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were bought last year alone. 10c and 25c boxes; at every drug store.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds — get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular* — with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

When Nature forgets— remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MP125 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

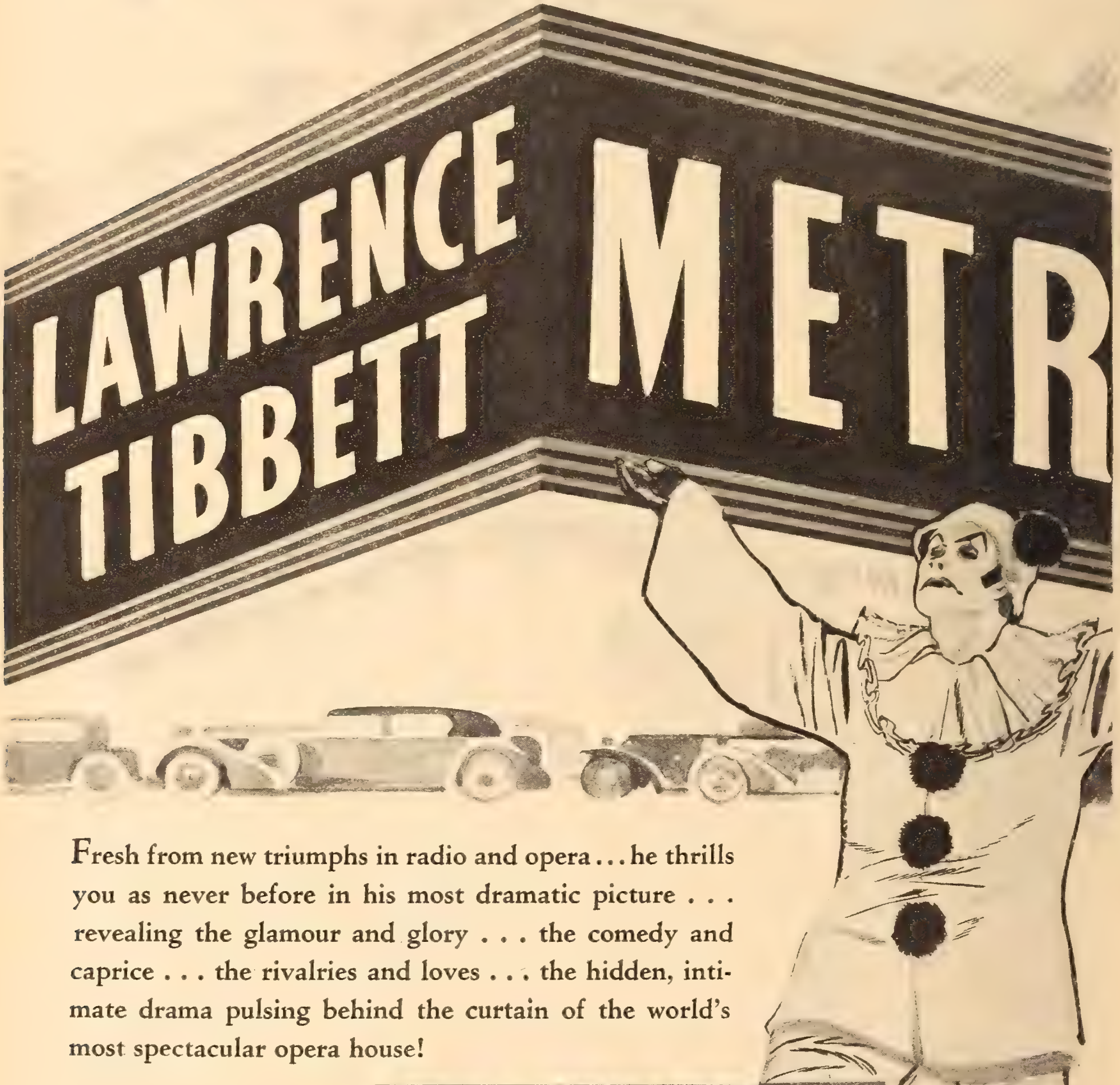
Name ....

Address ....

....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

THE *greatest* THRILL IN SOUND

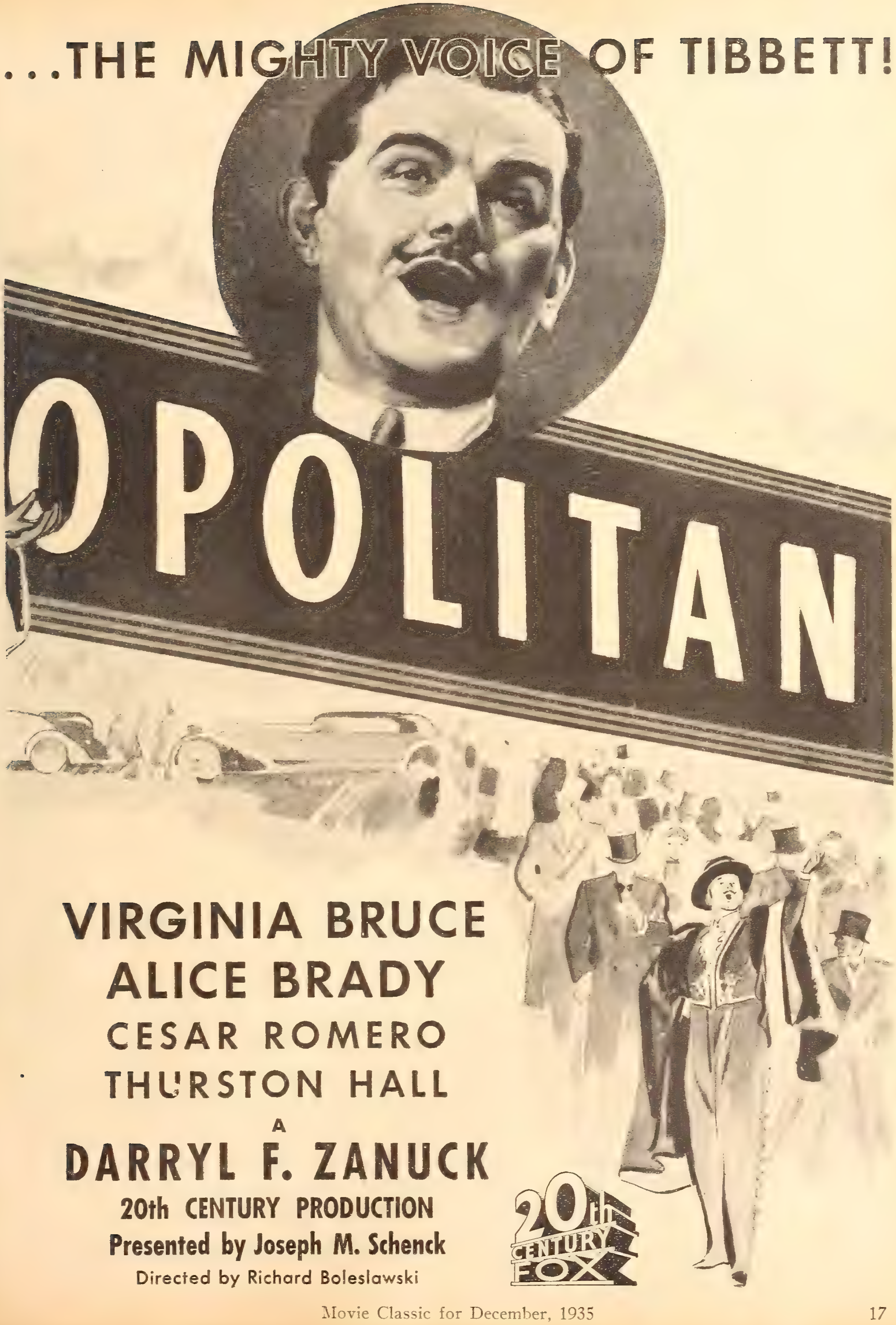


Fresh from new triumphs in radio and opera... he thrills you as never before in his most dramatic picture . . . revealing the glamour and glory . . . the comedy and caprice . . . the rivalries and loves . . . the hidden, intimate drama pulsing behind the curtain of the world's most spectacular opera house!

A BURST OF SONG... AND YOU ARE IN PARADISE AS THE GREAT TIBBETT SINGS:

PAGLIACCI
THE ROAD TO MANDALAY
THE TOREADOR SONG FROM CARMEN
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE
FAUST

...THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!



VIRGINIA BRUCE
ALICE BRADY
CESAR ROMERO
THURSTON HALL
A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Richard Boleslawski

20th CENTURY FOX

Right, Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn in *Captain Blood*

Left, Heather Angel and Walter Abel in *The Three Musketeers*

Above, Randolph Scott and Margaret Sullavan in *So Red the Rose*

Romance Returns . . .

"AFTER twenty years of picture-making, I realize that we make pictures for women. They make up sixty per cent of our audiences, in the first place. In the second place, they accompany two-thirds of the men who attend the theatre, and the women generally select the entertainment. . . . With this in view, it is heart appeal and romance which count most in pictures. Some of the films that receive the finest critical acclaim are box-office failures because they fail to thrill women."

Thus says Jack Warner, production head of Warner Brothers-First National Pictures, as quoted by Mollie Merrick, in her syndicated column. And there is not a producer who disagrees with him.

Hollywood has tried everything else—gangster thrillers, sexy comedies, divorce dramas, prison plays, G-men pictures, big business exposés. It has been trying to give you film fare as exciting and varied and up-to-the-minute as the headlines you read. Headlines arrest the eye, and may register temporarily on the mind, but they seldom reach the heart . . . which has a far longer memory.

Think in terms of headlines, and you are thinking of impersonal things, things which concern few of us intimately. Think in terms of romance, of romantic adventure, of courageous struggles to succeed, and you *are* thinking of things that interest all of us—intimately.

Hollywood has learned that now . . . and romance is returning to films. Hollywood is trading idealism for realism. *Romeo and Juliet* for *Men Without Names*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for *The Bride of Frankenstein.* Hollywood is going to pull your heartstrings again, glorify human nature again, give your dreams something on which to feed again.

● ABOVE are three scenes from three new pictures, made by three different studios, all showing the new trend. *The Three Musketeers,* as a novel, is a classic of high-spirited adventure, romance, laughter, and tears. *Captain Blood,* though written by a modern, Rafael Sabatini, is in the same mood. And *So Red the Rose,* by Stark Young, is perhaps the greatest glorification of the romance of the Old South ever written. And these are only three of the romantic treats in store for you.

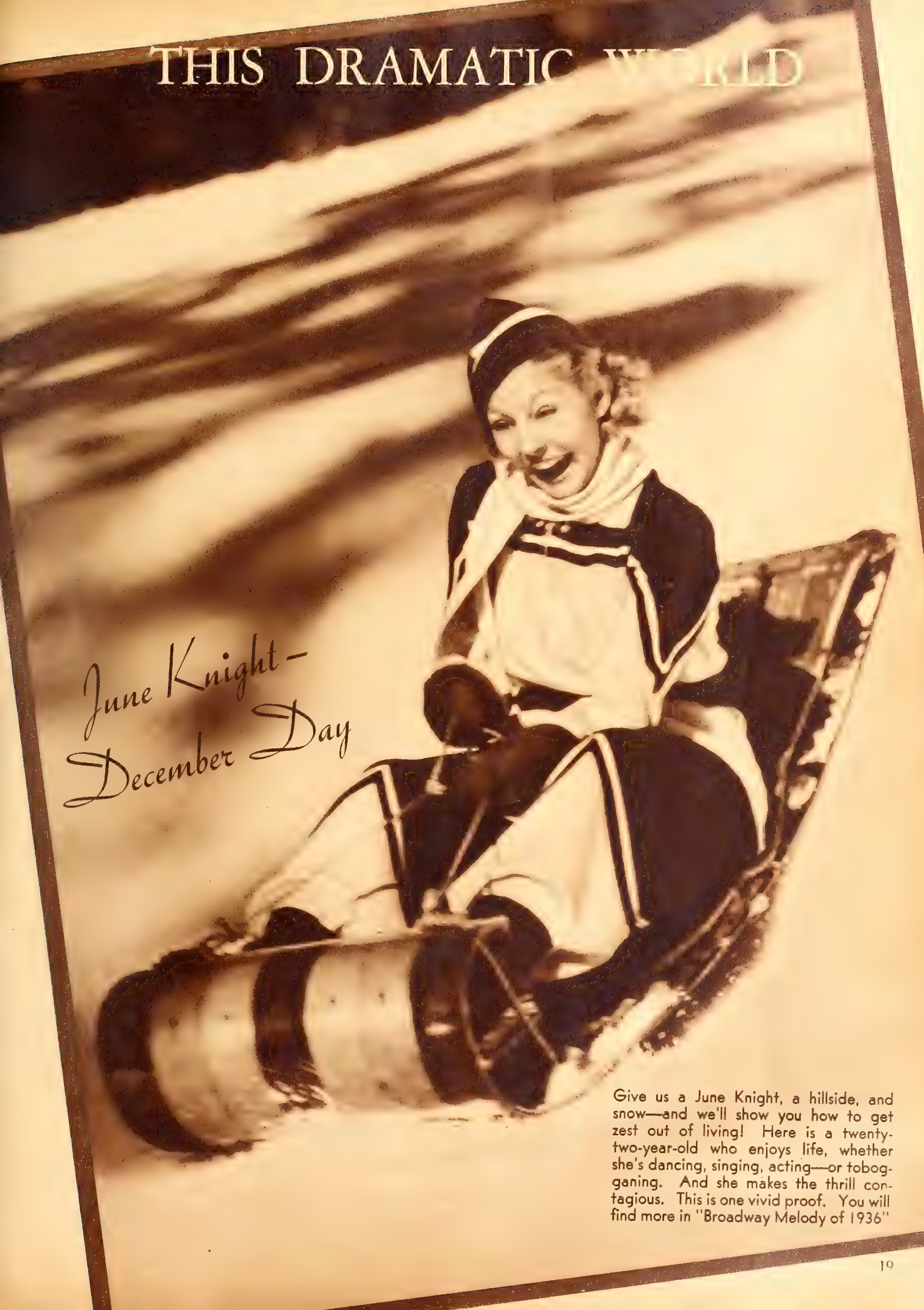
A Midsummer Night's Dream, already released in world capitals, will soon be bringing romantic fantasy to your neighborhood theatre. *A Tale of Two Cities,* Dickens' romantic masterpiece, unfolding against a background of the French Revolution, is coming. And *Mutiny on the Bounty,* the stirring tale of a small band of seamen that dared to seek a new life. And *Peter Ibbetson,* telling how two lovers, long parted, finally saw a dream of reunion come true.

Norma Shearer is filming *Romeo and Juliet,* most immortal of all love stories. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are making *Rose Marie,* offering romance with music, as Gladys Swarthout and John Boles are in *Rose of the Rancho.* Fredric March is about to relive the high adventures of *Anthony Adverse.* Charles Laughton is filming *Cyrano de Bergerac.* Gladys Swarthout will soon sing the passionate tragedy of *Carmen.*

We all ought to meet at the movies!

James E. Reid

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



June Knight—December Day

Give us a June Knight, a hillside, and snow—and we'll show you how to get zest out of living! Here is a twenty-two-year-old who enjoys life, whether she's dancing, singing, acting—or tobogganing. And she makes the thrill contagious. This is one vivid proof. You will find more in "Broadway Melody of 1936"

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Chic, provocative, with a sparkle all her own, Paulette Goddard illuminates Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times." So much so that stardom is next!

Pert Jessie Matthews (right) is England's Star No. 1. She's due in Hollywood after "First a Girl"

—Portrait by Bachrach

Young, intense, Katharine Hepburn is as dramatic as a million girls dream of being. And dons boys' garb in "Sylvia Scarlett"!

—Portrait by Hurrell

Loveliness, talent, magnetic charm—Jean Harlow has them all. She glows with life. The newest proof: "Riff Raff"

Girls You Remember

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Brian Aherne is clean-cut, poised, British. Newest of the "gentle lovers," he is with Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life"

—Portrait by C. S. Bull

Forceful and idealistic, Warner Baxter (left) is the epitome of The Fascinating Ma in "The Ki of Burlesqu

—Portrait by Dyar

Leslie Howard is a merger of sophisticate and dreamer —a man of many emotions. And most of them will be seen in "The Petrified Forest"

Quiet, romantic and one hundred per cent real —that'sGary Cooper, with Marlene Dietrich again in "Desire"

—and Men You Can't Forget

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Portrait by Fryer

Ruby

Al Jolson's "li'l Ruby"—Ruby Keeler—was the first to show the movie world that a dancer could become a star. And the first to prove that a dancer could have girlish sweetness. Every picture she has made has been a hit—like her latest with Dick Powell, "Shipmates Forever"

Portrait by Hurrell

Frances

Serious in this newest portrait, and serious heretofore in films, Frances Dee stages a delightful surprise in "The Gay Deception" by being one of The Most Amusing People of the Year. Any year. Depicting a typical American girl, who suddenly has a fortune of her own to spend, she glorifies a very human being

Fortune for SHIRLEY

"I've sacrificed a million for Shirley," reveals Mrs. Temple—who tells why in this story. It's a story that needed telling!

By HARRY LANG

LET'S do some just-supposing. . . . Let's suppose, to begin with, that you are just a typical, everyday American housewife . . . with two nice boys, a cute little daughter, and a husband who loves you, works hard, and brings home pay-check enough to provide the necessities of life and a few of the luxuries.

You live in a house that is cozy enough, and you do your own shopping and cooking and some of the washing and cleaning. You bargain around, and watch the pennies, and wonder if there will be enough to meet the instalments on the family car and the radio. You're happy enough, in a way, like hundreds of thousands of other American women. . . .

But you can't help dreaming now and then, can you, of how wonderful it would be if somebody would hand you a thousand dollars—or if you could afford to move into that nice house in that nicer neighborhood over on the other side of town—or, in short, if you could suddenly be rich . . .?

Well, then suppose that, out of a clear sky, Lady Fate should smile on your family and make your little girl suddenly famous. And then, as a result, in rapid succession all these things should happen:

A great theater chain offers you $5,000 a week if you will let your daughter appear on its stages about an hour a day—and that offer is good for enough weeks to bring you almost a quarter of a million dollars . . .!

And a broadcasting system offers you up to $500 a minute for every minute your daughter talks or sings into its microphone—for enough minutes to total another quarter-million . . .!!

And real-estate corporations deluge you with offers of $25,000 houses, fully furnished, to be given you free, if you and your family will just please move in . . .!!!

And a foreign corporation begs you to bring your daughter to England for a series of stage appearances, and offers to pay all expenses on the best trains, boats, hotels, everything, and $50,000 besides, for about ten weeks . . .!!!!

And scores of manufacturers of clothing, food, shoes, ice-cream, books, songs, toys, dolls and all manner of things offer you amounts ranging from hundreds to five-figure thousands merely to have your daughter "endorse" and be seen with their products . . . !!!!!

Suppose, finally, that all these offers total a million dollars and more, within a couple of years . . . Would you—*could* you—say "No"? . . .

● *Well, Shirley Temple's mother DID SAY "NO!"*

And, what's more, Mrs. Gertrude Temple still is saying "*No!*" to offers, every week of the year. *She has already sacrificed, in cold cash, more than a million dollars.* And the reason?

"Because I won't in any way hurt or spoil Shirley one tiny bit for all the money in the world!"

And she means it. I know

[*Continued on page* 60]

—*Wide World*

Mrs. Temple (left) intends to keep Shirley as unspoiled as she was at three (above), when she started her amazing career

Happy in her career, and happy in her home-life, the youngest of the Bennetts proves herself a clever person

—Portrait by C. S. Bull

JOAN BENNETT—Doubly Successful!

By B. F. WILSON

THE Gene Markey-Joan Bennett residence is the happiest home in Hollywood. Everyone will tell you so. Most of the movie colony who visit the house ruefully admit it. There is an air about it—a distinct atmosphere of cheerful gaiety that one seldom finds in the private dwellings of celebrities.

It is far from being a pretentious place. The Markeys only rent it. They have not fallen for the lure of owning their own home—and neither one has any yearning for marble swimming pools, banquet halls, or terraced gardens taking up expensive acres. They are too thrifty. They own a little refuge on the beach which they have taken on one of those perpetual lease affairs, and even that possession is preying on their minds. Why?

"I'm superstitious about such things," Joan told me. "I feel that if we bought a house, or decided to build one, something would happen to make us move. Then, too, we both like California, but we know we are not going to spend the rest of our lives here. Gene eventually wants to get back East. He says there is a stimulation about New York that keeps every writer on his toes.

"Besides," this lovely girl continued, "while I like to make pictures, some day soon I hope to go back on the stage. I feel that the ideal combination would be for Gene to write plays, and for me to act in them. He writes most of his stories now with me as the heroine. Why shouldn't he write a really good play, and let me act in it? That's what I want to do more than anything else. Don't you think it would be perfectly grand?" she demanded with an eager smile.

● It is an amazing thing that this youngest of the Bennett girls has done. I remember her ten years ago—an adorable little schoolgirl, coming into her mother's drawing-room and making an old-fashioned curtsey to the guests. There she stood—her hair tied up in a babyish ribbon, her pretty little face under the yellow curls, her blue eyes gravely watching the antics of the grown-ups. There was a decided seriousness about her even then that made her a distinct contrast in character to her two older sisters.

The three Bennett sisters! Connie—the belle and the sophisticate to her fingertips, who [*Continued on page 78*]

MIRIAM HOPKINS begins a *new* life

She set out to win fame and success—and she won them. Now she wonders how much of life she missed on the way. Moreover, she intends to find out!

By DELL HOGARTH

MIRIAM HOPKINS is at the crisis of her career. Having attained what she thought she wanted, she wants it no more! Her future in pictures will be different entirely, and soon (perhaps too soon) she will be working for fifty dollars a week as a reporter on the New York *World-Telegram* or impishly poking her freckled nose into the curiosities of faraway Pekin or Timbuktu.

This crisis all came about because Miriam started out on the wrong foot.

Her screen career actually began in Monte Carlo. Some years ago she was luxuriating at the famous resort with her husband. She was a successful actress on the New York stage; he, a successful playwright. But among that host of fashionable revelers they were just an ordinary American couple: a Mr. and Mrs. Austin Parker.

One day as Miriam lolled in the hotel lobby, gazing out through great bay windows at the shimmering blue of the Mediterranean, her mind dwelt lazily on what her future might hold. Her musings were suddenly interrupted. There was an excited buzz of conversation in the crowded lobby. People jumped to their feet and began to rush toward the door and windows. Miriam glanced up to see a chic French lady staring toward the door with a bright, expectant face.

"Why—what is it?" Miriam asked in French.

"It's Constance Bennett—the famous American movie actress. She's just now arriving. She's . . ."

The awed voice broke off as the crowd at the doorway parted to admit the famous entourage. Miriam glanced uneasily about. Everybody else was standing up as a tribute of respect. Not to be conspicuous, Miriam also arose to her feet. And as she watched Connie Bennett pass along like a queen to the accompaniment of enthusiastic applause, she realized that *there* was the pinnacle she wanted to attain—the golden life—the adoration of the public.

From that moment on her mind was made up. She would be famous.

And now that Miriam has attained her goal, she realizes the tragic truth of Emerson's words: "Be careful what you set your heart upon, because you are sure to get it."

●

"Fame?" asks Miriam, with a touch of irony in her voice. "An actress is rarely famous. She's glamorous—a passing curiosity—a being strangely set apart for a brief while. Take Eleanora Duse and [*Continued on page* 66]

In "Barbary Coast," Miriam Hopkins plays a character few would have attempted

Models today—

By BEATRICE MACDONALD

Janice Jarratt is the best-known model today. She has movie offers!

THE models of today will be the movie stars of tomorrow—if the future is anything like the present and the past. Models have what it takes to make good before the camera. And here is your opportunity to learn what it takes to make good as a model.

At first glance, the profession looks overcrowded. There are enough models in New York City alone to populate a small city. Only a clever few can possibly make screen stardom.

But just as surely as the sun rises in the east, these few will attain the highest perch on the ladder of fame that movie celebrities mount. *Because it has been done before!*

One of the most interesting common factors in the rise of many famous screen stars is the little-known fact that at one time or another they have been professional models. Making a living by posing for pictures. Artists' drawings. Commercial photographs. Billboards. Posters telling you the benefits of a nationally known pill, or advising you to use none other than a particular brand of gasoline, cigarette, automobile, cosmetic, corset, stocking, beef, cereal, soap, shirt, boat—in short, anything and everything that is a commodity on the market.

● If you want something amusing to do on a dull winter evening, take out a number of old magazines and go through their pages. You will come across many a face that is famous today. See that good-looking boy showing off a certain brand of collar, or a new kind of hat? Do you recognize him? Of course you do. Fredric March!

Fredric worked as a model in New York City three or four years, between stage engagements or while waiting for that golden opportunity—that chance to show what he could do with a real part! (He was head over heels in love with his art even in those days, and thought of nothing but the stage.) In between plays, however, he had to eat, and so he pounded the pavement, going the rounds of the photographic studios, posing for some advertising agency one day, posing on the next for a commercial photographer illustrating some magazine stories.

He worked through the John Powers Agency, which has supplied more models to the commercial world in the past ten years than come from all the other sources together.

"March was a great favorite," Mr. Powers—who is an ex-actor, himself—says with a smile of reminiscence. "All the advertising agencies and

Fredric March, between plays, posed for collar ads

Kay Francis was supreme as a Fifth Avenue model

As a child, Anita Louise posed for many artists

Stars Tomorrow!

magazine editors liked him. They called him 'the most reposeful type' to be had. He got up in the top model class, making as much as a hundred and fifty dollars a week when business was good. He certainly was one of the best models I have ever had in my office," he added somewhat wistfully.

● "Kay Francis is another movie star who used to work for me as a model," he continued. "A few years ago she was playing a small part with Walter Huston on the stage. I had to have a girl to show fur coats for an important Fifth Avenue house. So I got her, and she turned out to be just as good as I expected. Kay worked around here for quite a while, modeling gowns, coats, furs. But it didn't take her very long to hit the movies, and once she started, she kept right on going. She is such a resourceful, intelligent person that I think she would make good at anything she wanted to do.

"I'll never forget the day Norma Shearer walked into my place," Mr. Powers said. "She was perfectly lovely, about eighteen years old, and had just come to New York from Canada to try to earn a living by posing. The moment I saw her, I knew she was a 'natural.' She is the only model I have ever seen who I could say was a born actress. In every pose that she did, I could feel she was putting everything she had into her job. It wasn't just a moment's registering of a certain expression. She acted the part—whether it was that of a young housewife showing off a new refrigerator, or a sweet girl graduate carrying a daisy chain for some magazine cover, or a young modern smiling up into some young chap's face as he lighted a cigarette for her, or a Park Avenue deb wearing a new-style gown. All of them were as different in essential delineation when Norma did them as though each pose had been made by some entirely different girl.

● "It isn't so easy to get into the modeling business," Mr. Powers says, seriously and earnestly. "I wish there was some way of stopping so many girls from wasting their time and energy, trying to buck an impossible game. Not one out of a thousand applicants that I have, ever makes the grade. Sometimes I feel that every girl in the United States is determined to become a model! They hear or they read about some of the best ones in the field—such as Janice Jarratt, who has, by the way, already appeared briefly in films and has had numerous screen offers—and they all want to get in. They [*Continued on page* 72]

Norma Shearer was "one model . . . who was a born actress"

Jean Muir, tall and poised, met all the requirements

Neil Hamilton knows the answers to "Hold that pose!"

Did you ever know that many screen stars got their start as models? And do you know what it takes to be a model? This story tells you!

HOW FRED ASTAIRE Looks at Life

The world's shyest movie star breaks down and gives an interview—in which he reveals some of his most personal opinions

By CAROL CRAIG

AFTER the hit that he made in *Top Hat*—which broke attendance records all over these United States—you might think that Fred Astaire is looking at life with that top-of-the-ladder feeling. He isn't. He's scared stiff about his next picture—worried that he won't be able to repeat. No one else is worrying. But that's Fred—the world's greatest worrier and the world's most modest movie star.

Notice that I didn't also say, "the world's greatest dancer." He hates the phrase (or praise, if you prefer). Every time he reads it, or hears it, he grits his teeth. To Fred, it's too much responsibility, trying to live up to any such title. He'd rather just dance—*and enjoy it!*

There's no doubt that he does enjoy it, now. That's obvious from his facile footwork on the screen. And he says, for the record: "Why shouldn't I like it? It's my work, my profession—I've given my life to it. Some writer recently wondered in pri
up dancing. That's ridiculous.
ably, until I drop in my tracks."

Getting Fred to say *anything*
of an achievement. His modest
of the press. He dodges the ge
who write. He has learned fr
it seems, that most of them wa
to talk about Fred Astaire. So
than "I Won't Dance") has bec
is, he won't talk unless he knows
discussed, and is promised pers

Running up against this rese
under the delusion that, in priva
about the favors he granted. I los

The meeting occurred on a Sa
hearsal for his radio broadcast.
huge, modernistic, 3000-seat thea
York—empty except for the larg
studio hangers-on. As the RKC
me to a seat down in front, still
difficulty of getting Fred to talk

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S 10 Pointers for a Career

She is one of the youngest stars. And she found success by following these ten simple rules, which would apply to any other career as well as acting!

As told to
HELEN HARRISON

A CAREER is something you plan, work toward and sometimes achieve. It isn't, as you may think, thrown into your lap like so many ripe plums. Neither is it done with mirrors.

I am not talking only of a picture career—I mean *any* career. Being a successful model, débutante, stenographer, flyer, designer or housewife requires thought and effort, just as does that long, discouraging trek toward movie-stardom. I know. I've climbed, foot by foot of endless miles of film, and sometimes I've wondered how to go on, wondered if there were any short-cuts, any signs along the road besides "detour."

As a result of my own experiences, I can tell you that *there are no short-cuts.* But you *can* save valuable time and many heartaches by doing some intelligent planning. Amelia Earhart didn't step into a plane and fly from Hawaii to California just on blind faith in Providence. Her success was the outcome of years of careful planning and tireless work. That goes for all successful women—and men, too. Secretary of Labor Perkins was not selected at random, nor did Grace Moore just happen to click in *One Night of Love.* Behind every career is work, sacrifice, intelligence, and a clearly defined plan of action.

But how to start planning? Are there pointers that would be effective for anyone and everyone? From my own experience, I'm firmly convinced that there are ten rules that would apply to any career—no matter what that career may be.

● First, I'd say: *Take inventory!* Whether you are ten or twenty or forty, when you make up your mind not to drift through life, but to have a real career, add up your assets and your debits. Work it out systematically. Draw up your own little mental balance sheet. On one side, take stock of what you "have." On the other, what you "haven't." For instance:

The four main assets in career-building are: 1. Looks; 2. Personality; 3. Brains; 4. Charm. Under "Looks" you may enumerate regular features, large eyes, even teeth and a clear complexion. Against those assets you may have to balance such handicaps as hips that are a little too large, lips that are too thin. Under "Brains" you might credit an enjoyment of good books, an ability to speak two or three languages, a good memory, a taste for painting. This will all help you to determine just what line of work would be the best field for your potential talents. Of course, one of the rules of the game is that you must be honest with yourself in your appraisal.

Second: *Perfect your looks!* The possible assets I mentioned—regular features, large eyes, even teeth and a clear complexion—are desirable in the model, the débutante, the successful business woman, the actress. But, let's see, we said the hips [*Continued on page* 71]

Portrait of a Self-Made Woman

CAROLE LOMBARD owes her success today to no one but herself. She was the person who developed her personality, her ability—and even her beauty. Read the whole fascinating story!

By SONIA LEE

CAROLE LOMBARD today is Hollywood's outstanding self-made woman. From the tips of her toes to the crown of her head, from that beautiful figure to that clear-thinking mind, she is a monument to forethought, ambition and relentless self-control. She is a glamorous, inspiring example to women the world over.

In many instances, beauty may be God-given, even intelligence may be inherited, and honesty may come through childhood training—but Carole Lombard is personally responsible for the woman she is today, even to the remaking of herself physically.

She is a unique personality. Alternately, she has the consuming fire of a dynamo and the placidity of a lily pool. She is perhaps the most honest person in Hollywood—because she is essentially honest with herself. There is no phase of herself, either in relation to her work or to her fundamental self, which she allows to be obscured by any confused notions.

Today she is not only one of the best-dressed women on the screen, but one of the most beautiful, whose beauty is a curious blend of flesh and spirit, which can never be definitely labeled. In the past year, she has taken her place in the upper roster of competent Hollywood celebrities by effective work in a half-dozen productions. After seeing her performance as a temperamental Broadway queen in *20th Century,* not only producers, but the country at large, became aware of this girl's talent, and instantly began to mine her potentialities. (Her newest picture is the colorful *Hands Across the Table,* with Fred MacMurray.)

Here was feminine beauty; here was an honest reaction to emotion; here was a lucid mind that easily comprehended the limitations of a character, as well as its possibilities. Hers was no surface interpretation, but, rather, a keen analysis of drama and emotional expression. People began to suspect a fact that has actually been true for years: Carole Lombard is a person who can subtract fluff from substance: who has almost second sight where people and their motives are concerned.

"She is essentially honest with herself"

—Portrait by Walling

● She was by no means a remarkable child. She had delicate coloring, a certain grace, a habit of walking on her toes that convinced the family that she was destined to be a dancer, but she had all of a small boy's inclinations and curiosities. She had then—and still has—an insatiably inquiring mind. Nothing daunted her then—and it doesn't now. Even as a child no horse was too spirited for her, no wall too high to climb, no water too swift to swim.

To all intents and purposes the small Jane Peters, who later became the glamorous star, Carole Lombard, might have been a boy. Certainly she had little that would give even an indication that the small girl would eventually, through her own labors, become a famous beauty and a famous actress.

The first [*Continued on page* 62]

—Richee

—Wide World

"I loved Duse deeply for her genius and for what she meant to me in a purely spiritual sense"

TULLIO CARMINATI'S Immortal Love

Some day the poised Latin lover may marry – but meanwhile he cannot forget Eleanora Duse, "the most feminine woman I have ever seen"

By JANE CARROLL

IN THE life of every man who ever becomes an idol of many women, there is one unforgetable woman—one inspiring woman. The memory of her charm helps to explain his own. At least, this would seem to be true of Tullio Carminati, the blue-eyed, soft-spoken Latin actor—whose sensitiveness, combined with his good-natured suavity, becomes more irresistible each time he makes a picture. (I hope you didn't miss seeing him in *One Night of Love, Let's Live Tonight* and *Paris in Spring.*)

And the "unforgetable woman" in the life of Tullio Carminati, born Count di Brambilla, was a woman who, many insist, was the greatest actress of all time. In books of theatrical history now fast gathering the dust of the years in libraries, you may find some brief biographical sketch of her such as this:

ELEANORA DUSE—Italian actress. Born near Venice, Italy, October 3, 1859, the daughter of Alessandro and Angelica Duse, strolling players. Married Signor Checchi. First stage appearance as child in Les Miserables *in 1863 . . . last American appearance at Metropolitan Opera House in November, 1923, drawing a $30,000 box office in Ibsen's* Lady of the Sea. *Died in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 21, 1924.*

It was of this woman, this superb actress, that Tullio talked to me a certain day not long ago, as we sat in the dim light of his apartment, feeding the

[*Continued on page 68*]

Between scenes Lawrence Tibbett goes into a "crooning" act, before Cesar Romero, Virginia Bruce, Director Boleslawski, George Marion, Sr., and Luis Alberni

In "Metropolitan," Alice Brady—a talented singer—plays an untalented prima donna. And Virginia Bruce suddenly reveals a fine singing voice

TIBBETT Returns —in Triumph

"Metropolitan" gives the sensational American opera star his great chance to become a screen sensation

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

METROPOLITAN is not "just another musical picture"—it is one of the great crossroads in the career of Lawrence Tibbett. On its success hangs his screen future.

Several years ago, he came to Hollywood to star in a series of film musicals. He was the first of the great opera stars to dare the new medium that had been provided by the invention of sound pictures. Like most pioneers, he encountered many obstacles and difficulties. The methods of recording then in use could not do justice to his voice. More important, even, was the fact that Mr. and Mrs Public, to whom the voice of the screen was still a novelty, were not ready to accept operatic pictures.

Tibbett made four films, no one of which was a box-office hit, and left Hollywood as discouraged as so buoyant a personality can be. In the intervening years, he has climbed to even greater heights in the music world, but he makes no secret of the fact that his comparative failure in pictures has continued to rankle. Lawrence Tibbett is not the man to accept setbacks placidly.

As a consequence, when Twentieth Century-Fox offered him the opportunity to star in *Metropolitan*, he accepted with eagerness and determination. Also, perhaps, with just a bit of honest apprehension, for he knew that a failure —which might well result without any fault on his part— would blast forever his hope of a screen career. Tibbett wants a screen career—make no mistake on that point. And it looks as if he will have it now, in a big way.

● He wants to succeed in pictures because he sincerely believes that the screen is the great new medium for music—that it is going to popularize opera and make it part and parcel of the cultural life of every man and woman and child in America. Being fired [*Continued on page 74*]

JAMES CAGNEY—with a Difference

You feel as if you know him from his films. But do you? . . The answer is "No"—until you read this story. Like Jimmy, it packs a punch!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

THOSE who know James Cagney only on the screen take it for granted that he is twin brother to the roughnecks he plays—a dese-dose-and-dems lad, with a chip on his shoulder and a hard fist swinging free—a product of the New York streets who found his sermons in the paving stones of Hell's Kitchen.

His friends know him as the son of a decorous household in Yorkville, a modest, but peaceable quarter of Manhattan—as a boy who used his fists when he had to, but found the use of his brain a more stimulating process—as a man whose blood is more easily stirred by social injustice than the latest heavyweight bout—who will talk far into the night on any subject at which his mind can tug, and close up like a grim-lipped oyster only on the subject of himself.

In one respect he does resemble his screen characterizations. He has a directness that shies like a nervous horse from any form of pretension. He hates high-sounding phrases that ring hollow with their own emptiness. He will have no part in any pose, intellectual or otherwise. His quiet, caustic tongue has been known to blast a press-agent inadvertent enough to refer to "Mr. Cagney's career."

"Why a career?" he inquired with deceptive mildness. "Why not a job like yours or the bootblack's or the elephant's in the circus? You'll be having me an ah-tist next."

● HE can be pried open if you're lucky enough to discover the right instrument. Tell him you liked him in such and such a picture (if you're wise, you won't tell him, but all of us can't be wise) and behind his impassive front, you can sense his intention to run to cover, managing at best to mutter over his shoulder: "Yes, it turned out well, didn't it?" As many people expand under a compliment, he curls up and does a fade-out. That the compliment may be warmly and spontaneously offered makes little difference. Cagney can't take it.

Tell him that, as a popular actor, he is an object of public interest, and he'll swallow his own skepticism to inquire reasonably: "What can I say that hasn't been said before?" Give him the time-honored spiel about the value of crashing the prints on any terms—and he'll bring his palms down in a characteristic gesture of derision and, with his lower lip caught between his teeth, give vent to a long-drawn "Ph-h-h!" But remind him that writing is your job, as acting is his, and you'll have him on the spot. He may look about [*Continued on page* 58]

Portrait by Scotty Welbourne

SCREEN-STRUCK

This is the dramatic story of an unknown's struggle for success in Hollywood—a story as real as the city of hope and heartbreak

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Illustration by HARVÉ STEIN

THE STORY THUS FAR: Pretty, alert Lola Le Grange—whose mother and father are dead—works as an usherette in a theatre in a small midwest city. Screen-struck, she has one great secret ambition—to win the chance, some day, to be an actress. Her girl friends are amused by her absorption in pictures, particularly the pictures of Clifton Laurence, romantic screen idol. Feeling that they would not believe her or understand, she does not bother to explain that she is more interested in his acting than in Laurence, himself, who is scheduled to make a personal appearance in the theatre.

A few days before this event, Buddy Kane—who works in the theatre office and is wistfully in love with Lola, though realizing that she cannot love him—brings her an inside tip on a great piece of news. A photograph that she had secretly entered, weeks before, in the nation-wide Search-for-New-Faces Contest, conducted by Burnham Brothers' Studio in Hollywood, has won first prize . . . a free trip to Hollywood and a chance in pictures.

She cannot believe it. But the news is true. And on the stage of the theatre where she has worked, Clifton Laurence—who is even more romantic in person than in films—presents her with her ticket to Hollywood. As she leaves the stage, buoyant with excitement, she trips, almost falls. The audience roars with laughter, adding to her torture. Buddy Kane rescues her and drives her to the station to catch a midnight train—to embark on her great adventure. As the train leaves Hopewell, she encounters Clifton Laurence in the Pullman corridor. He recognizes her, seems pleased to see her. She wonders what part this meeting will play in her future. The story continues:

Chapter IV

THAT Clifton Laurence should be on the same train with me, was, when I came to consider it later, not very surprising. But that he, too, was going all the way to Hollywood on the same train and in the very same car with me, was another matter. The realization of it kept me awake far into the night, because the last thing he said to me in the dim Pullman corridor, had been, "How about breakfast tomorrow—say at eight-thirty?" And I had only nodded, unable to speak because I was so surprised.

"Anyway," I decided dreamily, "he doesn't think me a clumsy clown, after all. And what *I* think of *him* is better kept under control—plenty! Because, after all, an invitation to breakfast isn't half as clubby as it might sound!"

But at the breakfast table, with cheerful sunlight flooding the snowy damask and sparkling service, my heart, if not my lips, would not be denied. In the full daylight, Clifton Laurence was an immaculately groomed, incredibly healthy specimen. And any man who looks thoroughly charming while eating breakfast-cereal is super-attractive! He was so natural and so much at his ease that presently I began to feel as if I had known him a lifetime—and in a way, from watching him on the screen, I had.

When I put out my hand for a second hot biscuit, he tapped my wrist smartly, making me drop it. At my look of amazement, he chuckled.

"Just an old Hollywood custom!" he explained. "Your figure, you know. We earn our daily bread, but we are not allowed to eat it!"

"Thanks for reminding me," I said. "But I've always eaten what I wanted—and stayed thin."

"What you think is thin," he warned me, "and what the camera says about it, are usually two different stories. The camera wins. Look here," he went on, "you're completely new to all this, aren't you? The picture-game, I mean."

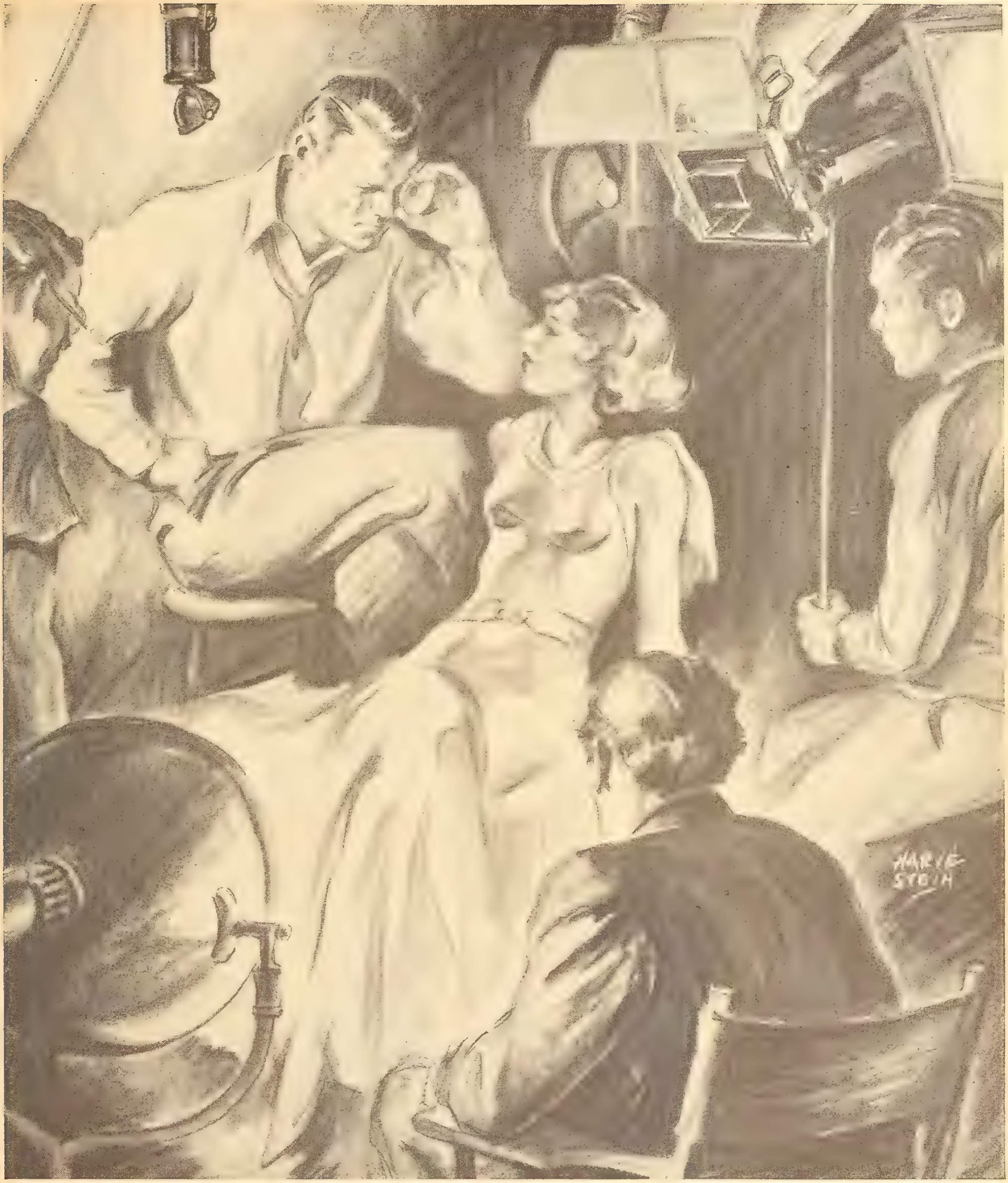
I nodded, and he went on: "Any stage experience at all?" he wanted to know; and when I shook my head, he said, "What makes you think you can act?"

This rather annoyed me. "I've watched dozens of actresses in dozens of pictures," I declared confidently, "and I know I can do just as well as some of them ever can. Of course, I know there are little tricks I'll have to pick up. But most of it is up to the director. I'm not afraid of Hollywood. The test is the only thing I'm worried about. If that's successful, I'll get by."

He gave me a long, quizzical look. "I hope you're right," was all he said.

● A TRANSCONTINENTAL train, I soon found, is a place where one makes intimate friends of complete strangers in no time at all. The train roared on and on across a glorious, never-ending America, day and night, night and day. The last night on the train, Cliff (he had asked to be called that by now) and I sat late on the observation platform, with a full moon sculpturing the mountains into dream-castles. Our chairs were the only ones occupied, and they need not have been so close together—but they were. Somehow, with this unreal world falling away behind us, we had got to talking—impersonally—about love.

"I think it's the most important thing in life," I was saying. "I'm old-fashioned that way, I guess. But



"That chin is going to catch the shadows badly," the cameraman warned. I began to wonder why in the world they even bothered about testing me. I might have been a wax figure, for all they considered my feelings

I've always felt that rumble seats were made for riding, not petting. *Cheap!* That's what I hate! The way some of the boys in our town . . . oh well, you know."

"The boy who was with you at the theatre?" he asked.

"He has helped give me respect for honesty and sincerity," I retorted promptly.

"Engaged?" he asked.

"Not to Buddy," I said, quickly aware of my blunder. "And I never could be. But when it's the real thing, it breeds respect."

[*Please turn to next page*]

"The real thing!" Cliff interjected. "Is there any such animal? After you've made a dozen love scenes—and heard people suspect a dozen different times that you were actually 'living' those scenes—you'll wonder, too. If the make-believe article looks so much like the real thing—how are you going to recognize the real thing when you see it? And the way some women throw themselves at actors doesn't help any."

"I've read a few things about popular actors," I replied dryly. "I know they have to sweep the women off their doorsteps before they can go out in the morning!"

He laughed appreciatively. "Seriously, though," he went on, "Tom Burnham didn't really need to put that clause in my contract—that it would be broken automatically if I married. I have no intention of ruining my box-office value as a bachelor. But not because of that clause."

"What's your reason, then?" I wanted to know.

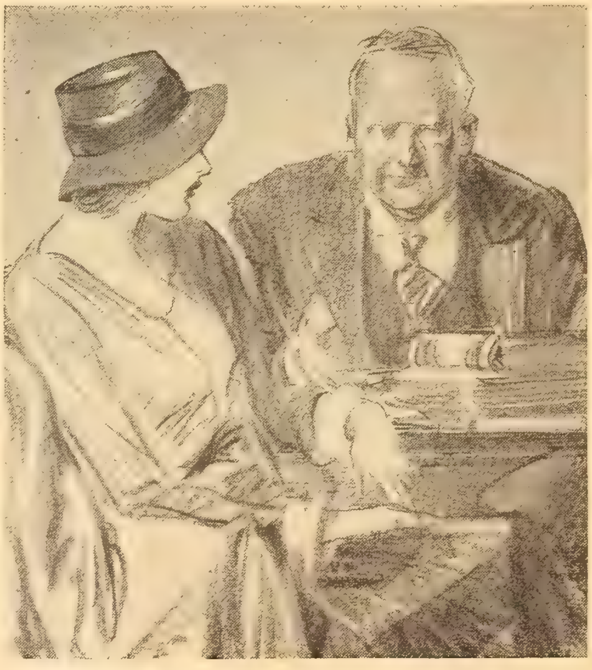
"Because I don't want to be hurt," he said at last. "Don't mistake me. I like women a lot. But I don't want to fall and get up bruised. People are silly to get married unless they can stay that way."

"Everyone," I said in a low tone, "secretly hopes for that. After all, marriage is all right. It's—it's the people who go into it who are wrong. And they're not always wrong."

"You're a funny kid!" he said with a short laugh. "But you're kind of sweet, at that!"

He stood up. It was late. We would be in Los Angeles in the morning. And there was a moon . . . and a dangerous topic. In the shadow under the awning it was very dark. We might never see each other again.

"There will be a lot of ballyhoo for you at the station," he said in an odd voice. "I may not get a chance to see you, but you know where to find me if I can ever be of help. Keep your chin up!" Without knowing what I did, I put my chin up. His kiss was as electric as it was unpremeditated. I turned and ran—ran the whole surging length of several cars to my berth, never looking behind me. For hours afterward, I lay in my berth with the shade raised, looking out at the starry night, asking myself what he had asked: "How are you going to recognize the real thing?" I told myself over and over, tremulously, "I love him—I have always loved him, even when he was just a shadow to me. And he may never know . . . and, maybe, never care . . ."



"I'll—I'll be even better than my test!" I promised breathlessly. "You'd better be!" said Mr. Kramberg with a little crooked smile

● I DIDN'T see him again in the morning. He wasn't there to witness how right he had been in his prediction about ballyhoo for me. As I stepped off the train, a battery of cameras faced me. A publicity man greeted me—a child actress presented me with a huge bunch of flowers while cameras clicked—and reporters buzzed around me.

Then out I went into the California sunshine, beneath an incredibly blue sky, seeing waist-high hedges of crimson geraniums, low-lying white buildings, ingenious shops formed like giant kettles and windmills. The big studio car flashed on mile after mile, through streets with the biggest houses and trimmest lawns I had ever imagined, to the enormous cream-colored Spanish facade of the studio, buried in elaborate flower beds.

Everybody was so kind, so polite, so helpful. There was Mr. Thomas Burnham, the studio head—a big, quiet man with a Boston accent. He looked preoccupied, but he was cordial and . . . far, far different from the comic-strip type I had fully expected. He had, I found out, once edited a nationally famous newspaper.

At luncheon, in the executives' dining room, Mr. Burnham made a little speech, presenting me to the rest of the inner circle, while Burnham newsreel cameras recorded the scene.

"What this studio seeks most earnestly," he said in part, "is talent—real talent. Our gates are never closed to those who have it. On the contrary, it is our duty and our pleasure to serve our audiences with genuine entertainment, and to find new faces and new charm in order to have our entertainment standards on the highest possible level. This was, as you know, the reason behind our recent Search-for-New-Faces Contest, and we hope and believe that in Miss Lola Le Grange we have the making of a real actress and a popular star. Gentlemen, Miss Lola Le Grange!"

My heart was fairly bursting with gratitude as I rose and bowed. "I can't tell you how happy—and how lucky—I am to be here," I said. "This is the proudest moment of my life. And I only wish all my friends could be out here in this wonderful place, too, enjoying this marvelous California sunshine."

When I sat down, I was a little afraid I had rather mixed in some real-estate talk by accident, but nobody seemed to notice. Indeed, nobody noticed me any more the moment the newspaper crowd left. I waited about, at a loss, feeling forgotten. Then at last Mr. Burnham turned and caught sight of me. He summoned a younger man to his side, and they came toward me.

"This is Mr. Hilton, Miss Le Grange," said the older man. "He's going to have your test made right away." Then he hailed another member of the group and was gone.

Mr. Hilton grinned. "Assistant producer is my job," he explained reassuringly. "Don't mind the big boss. He's not unkind, really—he's just busy. Come on, I'll get you fixed up for the sacrifice!"

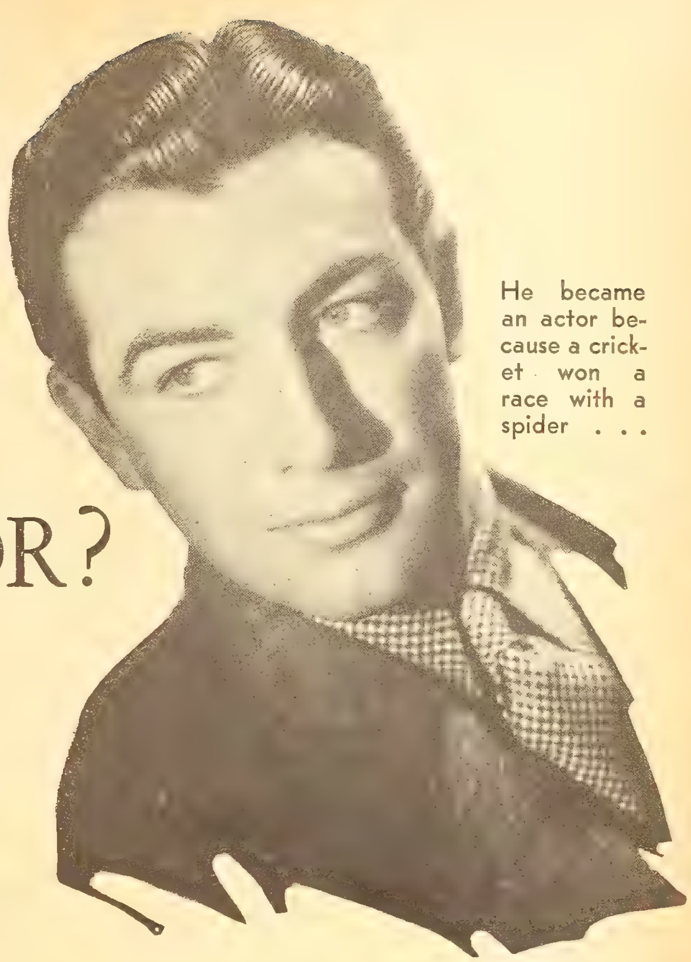
I picked up my purse and gloves and followed, my heart in my mouth.

● THE sound-stage where the test was made was dark, confused, and smelled musty. To my surprise, I found that several other people—a young man, and an old lady and a little girl—were also waiting to have tests made. It [*Continued on page* 64]

So Nothing Ever Happens to ROBERT TAYLOR?

His life has been uneventful, he claims. But let's look at the facts about New Sensation No. 1!

BY VIRGINIA LANE



He became an actor because a cricket won a race with a spider . . .

Portrait by Hurrell

"NOTHING ever happens to me," said Robert Taylor, with a look of honest perplexity in those cobalt eyes of his. "I haven't any startling story to tell. I haven't any background of struggle or adventure. Just plain, everyday Bob—that's me."

"Plain, everyday Bob," it so happens, has Hollywood as twittery as an old maid with a new beau. The moviemakers rate him as "the find of the year." Moviegoers started talking about him when he appeared in *Society Doctor* and the noise reached a tumult by the time he appeared as the romantic lead of *Broadway Melody of 1936*. Now he is heading straight for stardom as the hero of *The Magnificent Obsession,* opposite Irene Dunne.

"Your case history interests me strangely," I assured him, as one psychologist to another. (Originally, he intended to become a psychoanalyst.) "I'd like to do a little personal research."

This allegedly uneventful life of his began, it seems, in Nebraska, not far from the birthplace of Henry Fonda, another blue-eyed six-footer who is putting new life into films. "Dad was a doctor there," Bob explained. "Dr. S. A. Brough. Do you know anything about physicians practising in small western towns?"

I nodded. They're apt to be quiet, self-effacing men who consider fighting blizzards and tornadoes and violent heat all a part of the day's job in that greater fight against death. And their sons are apt to become men of the same fibre.

Bob was an only child. He could (and did) drive the family car at ten, but he liked better his piebald pony, which was big enough to pull a light sled over the road when the snowdrifts were so bad that an auto couldn't get through. It was fun to hitch up "Peanuts" (the pony) and drive his father out to make a call at some farm, with the hard snow crunching underfoot and sparks flying from the pony's hoofs. Once he went with his dad at night. It was twelve below zero and there was not a light on the road. The patient had acute appendicitis. His father had to operate immediately, with the kitchen table serving as the operating table. Bob helped his father. He brought hot water and sterilized instruments and kept a stiff upper lip—until dawn. They knew they had won then. The man was going to live. And Bob felt his legs suddenly sag with nerve reaction. He stumbled out to where "Peanuts" was stabled, buried his face against her and cried himself to sleep.

No, nothing has ever happened to Robert Taylor, who plays a young doctor in *The Magnificent Obsession.* Just life, that's all.

He attended the public school in Beatrice, Nebraska, and thought he was in love with a little blonde until she deserted him for a boy with more ice-cream money. So Bob was off women until he went to college at Doane. Until that time the Big Moment of his life had been the day he graduated into regular he-man clothes from the pongee shirts and Buster Brown collars his mother made him wear. Bob had suffered—but not in silence—over those shirts.

"I think they gave him a clothes complex," confided Butch, otherwise known as Don Milve, who is Bob's pal, no-man, and general adviser. "It takes him a couple of hours now even to pick out a tie. And he sees red every time I try to lend him a pongee handkerchief . . ."

At Doane, Bob heard about Pomona College in Claremont, California. And what he heard he liked. He couldn't know that the fellow who told him about it was an agent of fate in disguise. "They've got a great philosophy course out there," Bob

[*Continued on page 63*]

They Saw Stars!

All who went on MOVIE CLASSIC'S first annual Movieland Tour not only saw a studio from the inside, but met stars, and were guests at a "celebrity party" at the home of Raquel Torres

By Jack Smalley

Photos by Rhodes

Valerie Hobson, lovely young English actress (standing), greeted the Tour-ists in the Universal Studio commissary

Raquel Torres, who gave the Movieland Tour-ists a grand party, had to pose for photographic souvenirs of the event

IT isn't everyone who can get inside a studio, and "behind the scenes," on a trip to Hollywood. In fact, few ever manage it. Likewise, few visitors ever see any of the well-known players—much less meet them. And fewer still ever step inside a star's home, as a guest invited to a party. But every member of the recent Movie Classic Movieland Tour (and there were two hundred members) not only was admitted to the largest film studio in the world, but stepped onto "sets" where pictures were being filmed, met world-famous actors and actresses, lunched with them, and was entertained at the home of one of movieland's most beautiful and popular hostesses, Raquel Torres, wife of Stephen Ames.

That party at the lovely Ames home in Beverly Hills was the memorable climax of a memorable two-week tour, which began and ended in Chicago and included, besides Hollywood, many of the beauty spots of the West.

One of the early thrills of the trip was an overnight stop in the famed lake country of Minnesota—at Breezy Point Lodge, "the Deauville of the North Woods," where everyone was the guest of Captain W. H. Fawcett, publisher of Movie Classic and other well-known magazines. Then on went the *Movieland Special* across the glorious Rockies to Seattle, the Pacific, San Francisco . . . and Hollywood!

And hardly had the *Special* arrived in Los Angeles, when Universal City, home of Universal Pictures, was thrown wide open to the entire party. Only a few hours after their arrival in the movie capital, they were achieving the wish of every moviegoer—meeting stars in the flesh, discovering how pictures were made. And most of them admitted that it was the thrill of a lifetime.

And then—luncheon with the stars, in the Universal commissary, where beautiful Valerie Hobson acted as hostess for the studio. At near-by tables sat Edward Arnold, star of *Diamond Jim,* Monroe Owsley, June Martel, John King, Charles Bickford, Charlotte Henry, and Andy Devine.

● THIS, in itself, was a grand party and an exciting one. It would take something pretty grand to top it. But Raquel Torres provided it, with her afternoon party. Other stars, friends of Raquel and Stephen, began to arrive to share in the fun. Handsome Ivan Lebedeff, accompanied by Wera Engels . . Jack La Rue . . . Tom Brown with Paula Stone, actress-daughter of Fred Stone . . . Fritz Lieber, noted stage actor who has just entered films, and his wife . . . Blanche Yurka, another stage celebrity, who also makes her film début in *A Tale of Two Cities* . . . Binnie Barnes . . . Monte Blue . . . Buck Jones, who was stampeded by guests with cameras . . . Alice White, who wanted to hear all about Breezy Point Lodge . . . Herbert Mundin . . . Vince Barnett, who engaged in a burlesque tennis match with Stephen Ames. And last, but not least, there was Renee Davies, beautiful sister of Marion Davies, "covering" the event as Hollywood society reporter for all the Hearst papers.

Everyone was enjoying the party so much that the dinner hour arrived all too soon . . . In parting with their hostess the guests left no doubt of how much they thought of her.

After dinner, the Tourists scattered to take in various other exciting places —the Brown Derby . . . the Biltmore Bowl . . . the Cocoanut Grove . . . the Trocadero.

The next day, some journeyed down to San Diego to the Fair . . . others continued their Hollywood exploration.

Too soon, it was time to board the *Movieland Special* for the homeward trip through Salt Lake City and Colorado Springs. And over and over again, those who went on the Tour said that when the second annual Tour is announced next year, they will be the first to make their reservations . . . for this trip had been the most memorable and thrilling event of their lives!

Did you ever serve a buffet supper on Christmas Eve? It's fun. And Donald Woods and his wife give you ideas for one!

Christmas Eve
Buffet Supper

Dixie Chowder
Christmas Aspic Ring
Hot buttered rolls
Mustard Pickles
Currant jelly
Radishes
Celery
Cranberry tarts
Coffee

Give a Hollywood CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY!

BY MARY HARDING

> *"'Twas the night before Christmas,*
> *And all through the house . . . ."*

WE HAVE to stop right there because they are going to upset the "not-a-creature-was-stirring" tradition at the Donald Woods' house, this Christmas Eve. You see, Donald and his beautiful German wife, who was the Baroness Josephine von der Horck before she gave up her title to become Mrs. Woods, are going to have a party. And since it is to be a midnight party—one of those affairs to which their friends will drop in after caroling tours, other parties, or Christmas Eve church services—things are bound to be pretty festive!

They live in a house that has international aspects. Donald—who plays the Frenchman, *Charles Darnay,* in *A Tale of Two Cities*—and his son Conrad, playfully called "Splinter," are very much American; Josephine is German, and their home is an interesting two-story Spanish type. It is a grand place to have a Christmas Eve party, or any party for that matter. From the outside, it emanates good cheer. Inside, the Monterey furniture is so informal it is best described by one simple word—"homey." But about that party:

"To tell the truth," Donald confides, "no one is exactly invited, but our friends always do drop in on us on Christmas Eve, as well as on Christmas night, so we always try to have something good to eat, and a table all set as a sort of welcome."

Because of the informal "dropping in" custom, the supper is always of the buffet type and the big table is lovely with holiday decorations. This year the table will be centered with a miniature Christmas tree, bright with baubles, tinsel, and crystal snow while a tiny plaster Santa Claus bids the guests welcome to the feast. The silver, napkins, plates and goblets will be arranged on the table, along with such things to eat as pickles, nuts, and biscuits. Back of the table, on the buffet, the delectable hot foods will be served from steaming casseroles. Then, of course, there will be Mrs. Woods presiding over the tea-table pouring coffee and wishing Happy Yuletide to her guests.

"When we have a buffet supper," explains Mrs. Woods, "I feel that the hostess should play as important a part as she would if presiding at a dinner. For that reason, I set my tea-table with the coffee service and cups so that I may pour for the guests as they come around the large table. I find that this little effort on the part of the hostess gives the party a 'chummier' air."

Then she told me about the simple, but excellent menu she is planning. (You will find it boxed at the top of the page.)

"What is Dixie Chowder?" I asked Mrs. Woods.

"Well, for one thing," she said, "it isn't fish or sea food at all. It is chicken, which is very popular below the Mason and Dixon line. I'll give you the recipe."

I whipped out my notebook to take down the details of a dish you'll love:

DIXIE CHOWDER—In large casseroles, place three pounds of chicken, cut as for [*Continued on page 69*]

Above, one of Garbo's dramatic hands

Above, Toby Wing's youthful hands

Above, Loretta Young's charming hands

Right, Carole Lombard's graceful hands

You, Too, Can Have Winning Hands

Beautiful hands—and beautifully cared-for hands—make any woman glamorous. Hollywood has proved that. Now you can prove it, too!

By Alison Alden

WHAT do your hands reveal about *you?* In a hundred subtle little ways, they can tell the world what kind of person you really are. Whether you are charming and poised and have self-respect, or are self-conscious and untidy and careless, those quiet gossips—your hands—will *tell all.* And it's up to you to see that they say that you have a winning personality.

Any screen actress can give you that beauty lesson. She has already had to learn it, herself. She has learned that, without her ever knowing it, her hands can create impressions that others unconsciously absorb. She has learned how to make her hands graceful, as well as "lovely to look at, delightful to hold." And you can do likewise.

Consider the famous hands shown on this page. Do you suppose they always revealed what they do today? When Greta Garbo worked in a Stockholm department store, were her hands so glamorously dramatic? When Carole Lombard was a bathing beauty, were her hands so unmistakable a trademark of graceful sophistication? The answers are "No." And what Greta Garbo and Carole Lombard have done with their hands, and *for* their hands, you can do for yours.

The important thing is to make your hands expressive of personal charm. You can cure them of awkwardness by studying the way the stars use *their* hands—and by remembering always that if you move your hands simply, you will be moving them gracefully. And you can cure them of that "neglected" look—you can make them soft and white and feminine—by taking a few tips from Hollywood.

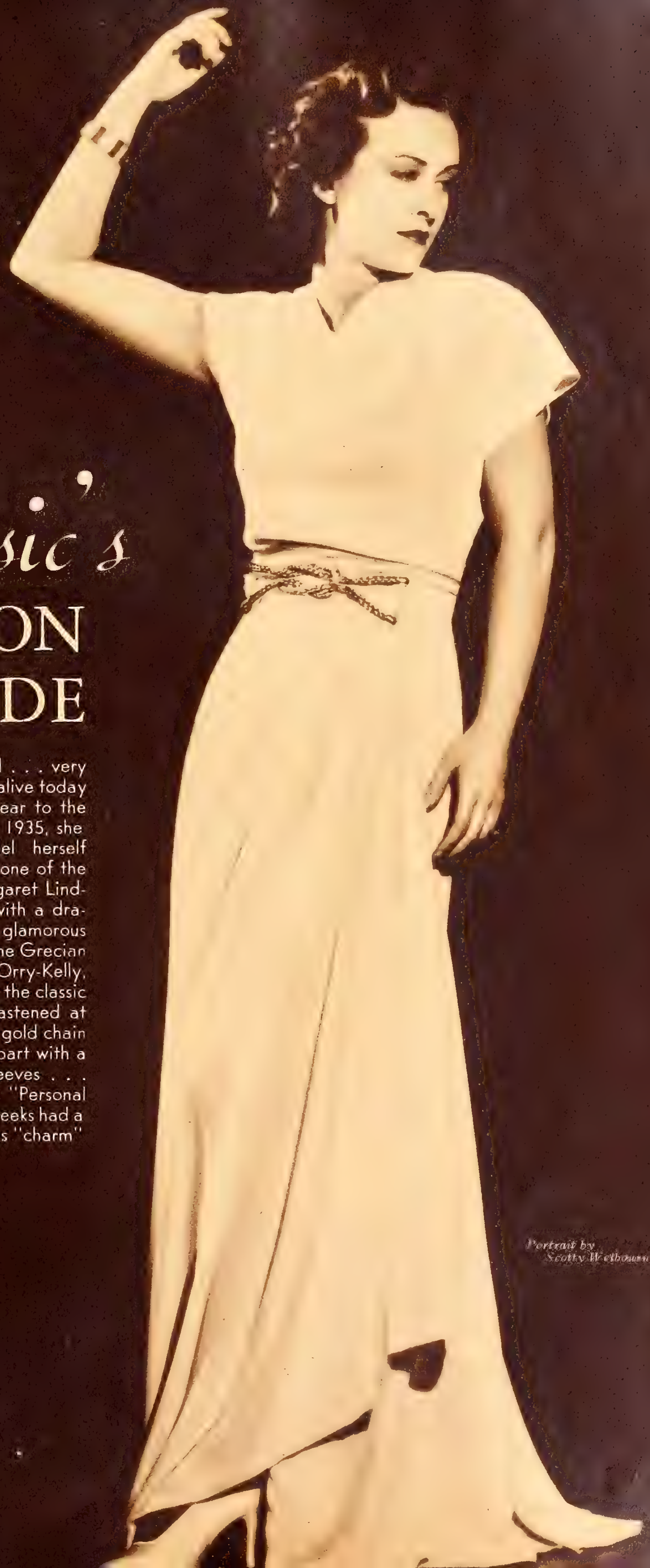
Almost every star, regardless of the fact that she has frequent professional manicures, gives her hands regular "home beauty treatments." And the methods favored by almost every star today may be summed up in seven brief hints:

1. Be sure to soak your nails in a dish of warm, soapy water for a few minutes before you begin a manicure.
2. Use a good, oily polish remover. It is better for your nails.
3. Don't file your nails deep down at the corners and risk ingrown nails. Use long strokes from side to center with an emery board for shaping.
4. Never cut your cuticle except when there are wee ragged edges. Push the cuticle back with a

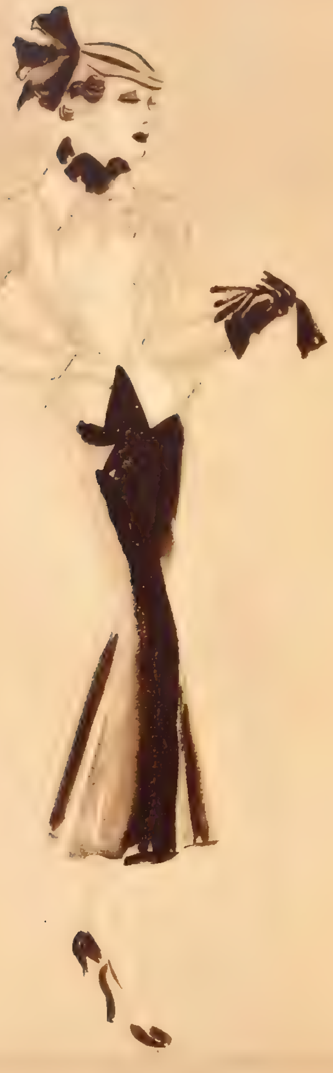
[*Continued on page* 54]

Classic's FASHION PARADE

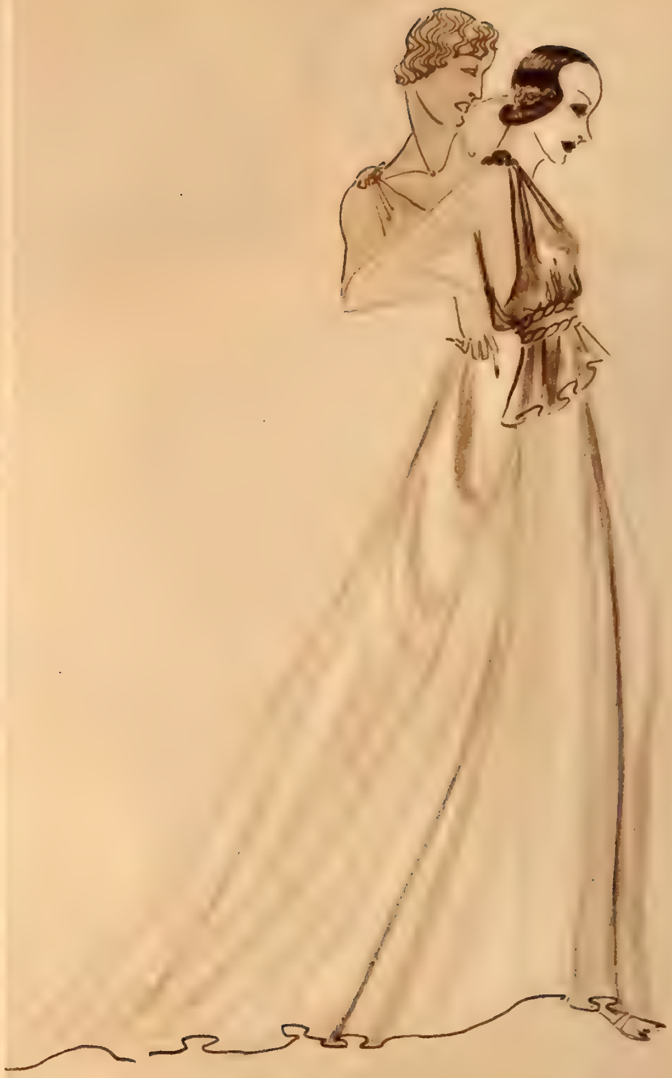
If Cinderella were real . . . very real . . . and very much alive today . . . what would she wear to the ball? If she were very 1935, she would probably model herself after a movie star . . . one of the younger stars like Margaret Lindsay—who steps forth with a dramatic suggestion for a glamorous evening . . . a gown in the Grecian manner, created by Orry-Kelly, with white bagherra for the classic drapery of the skirt, fastened at the waist with a looped gold chain . . . and a loose upper-part with a suggestion of short sleeves . . . which she wears in "Personal Maid's Secret." The Greeks had a word for it, translated as "charm"



Portrait by
Scotty Welbourne



Bernard Newman sketches a modern girl wearing a "Gay Nineties" adaptation



. . . and an evening gown with classic lines that trace back to ancient Greece

Are Modern Women

ALTHOUGH the Twentieth Century has produced a New Woman, she is inclined to be, for all her emancipation, a Copy-Cat—fashionably speaking. Such is the opinion of Bernard Newman, young, good-looking, internationally famous fashion designer for RKO-Radio Pictures. Moreover, he thinks it is a sad state of affairs.

I found him muttering about it the other day in his office, where he creates the screen wardrobes of Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Lily Pons and other RKO stars. He had attended a glamorous dinner party in Hollywood the night before, he said, at which he had made this startling discovery:

"I wouldn't have known I was in the United States of America if everyone hadn't been talking English."

"What exactly do you mean?" I asked him.

"I mean the women's clothes," he told me. "They weren't the kind of clothes that modern women should wear.

"Just picture the gathering at the table," he went on. "Forget the men and consider the women. They were all famous stars or the wives of famous stars—women whose clothes set the style pace for the world. And what do you think they wore? Clothes to adorn and enhance the personality of the woman of 1935? Clothes that typify this present and very individual age in America?

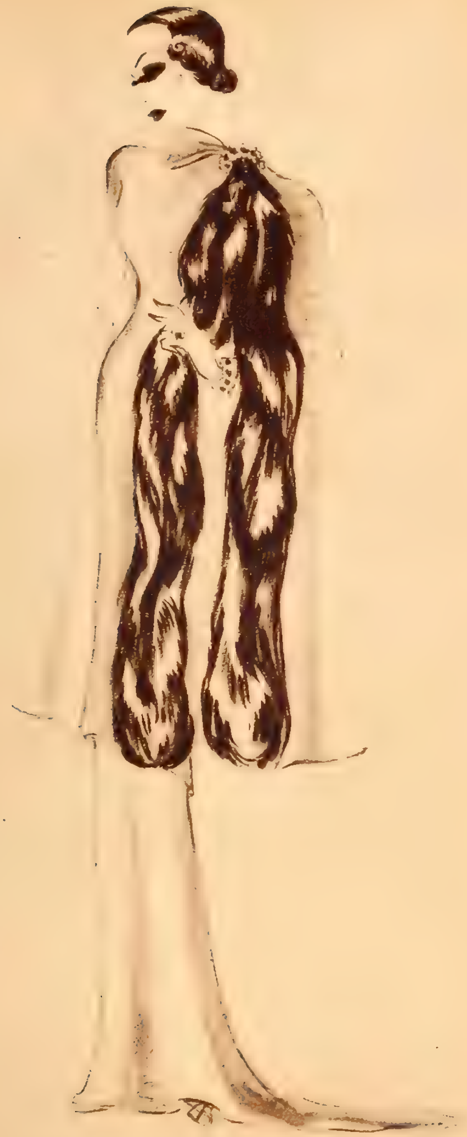
Copy-Cats?

Even the smartest women today don't dress "in tune with the times," says Bernard Newman, brilliant young designer, who has reasons for saying so. Read what he says—and think it over!

By MARIAN RHEA

Sketches by BERNARD NEWMAN

World-Famous Hollywood Stylist



But this Newman design for a Lily Pons gown in "Love Song" is original!

"No! Every one of them wore clothes copied from some other nation or period—or both!

● "There was one ultra-modern star (he mentioned her name) in a Grecian outfit—flowing draperies, low-heeled sandals. A little farther down the table was her sister in one of those Hindu effects, with a sari. Beyond her was (he mentioned another famous name) in an Empire gown. Still farther along was a chic beauty in a Renaissance costume. Nowhere was there a costume that was distinctly Twentieth Century!"

Bernard interrupted himself to light his pipe and I ventured a question. "Well, is this really so deplorable?"

He answered vehemently. "Sure, it is! Modern women are 'selling out' their own age! They're not doing their best by it. As time goes on and we are all dead and gone, and people of future centuries study the history of costume, there will be a great big gap in the early Twentieth Century . . . People will shake their heads and say: 'How strange! Those women seemed to think and act originally, but they didn't dress that way. They copied their grandmothers' clothes—or somebody else's grandmothers' clothes.'

"The American woman of today," he continued earnestly, "is a remarkable being. She is different from women of any other land or time. She is intelligent. She is enlightened. She has a variety of abilities. She is emancipated, independent. She is standing on her own feet. . . ."

"But she stands all dressed up in La Pompadour's or some Grecian lady's clothes," I murmured.

He took me up instantly. "Exactly! She isn't dressing her part—at least not definitely enough—in spite of her brains and ability and independence. And it is detracting from her individuality. This is what I mean:

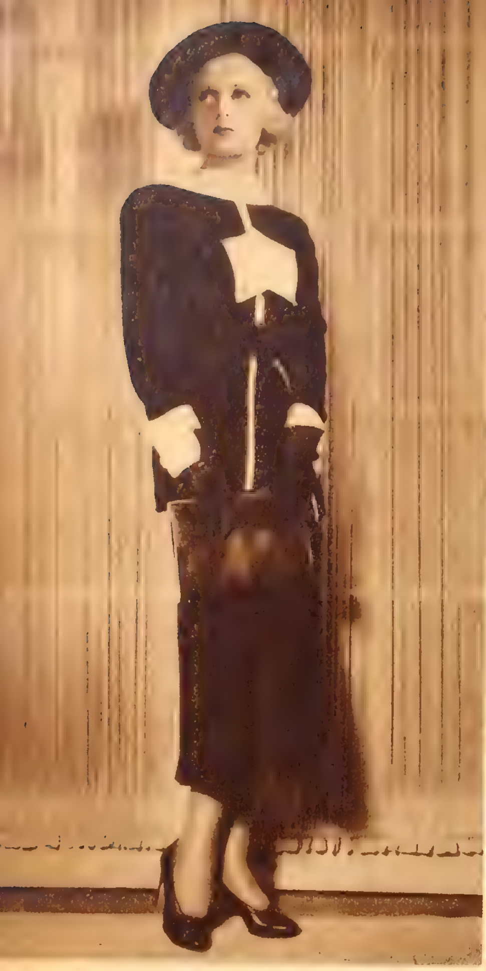
"Take some of our movie stars who represent the highest and most beautiful type of American girl. For example, take Ginger Rogers, whom I should name instantly if someone asked me to point out the most typical American girl I know. Ginger Rogers in a Pompadour gown with frills, bouffant skirt, puffs and ruffles would be lovely, perhaps. But Ginger Rogers in clothes that bespeak the grace, freedom and action of 1935 would be something better than lovely—she would be *right*.

"Katharine Hepburn in a Grecian gown would be charming because she is charming, anyway. But straightforward, unaffected Katharine Hepburn in an outfit that enhances, rather than competes, with her personality—Katharine Hepburn in a real Twentieth Century gown—would be *right*."

I interrupted him again. "Well, isn't there any Twentieth Century mode at all? I thought. . . ."

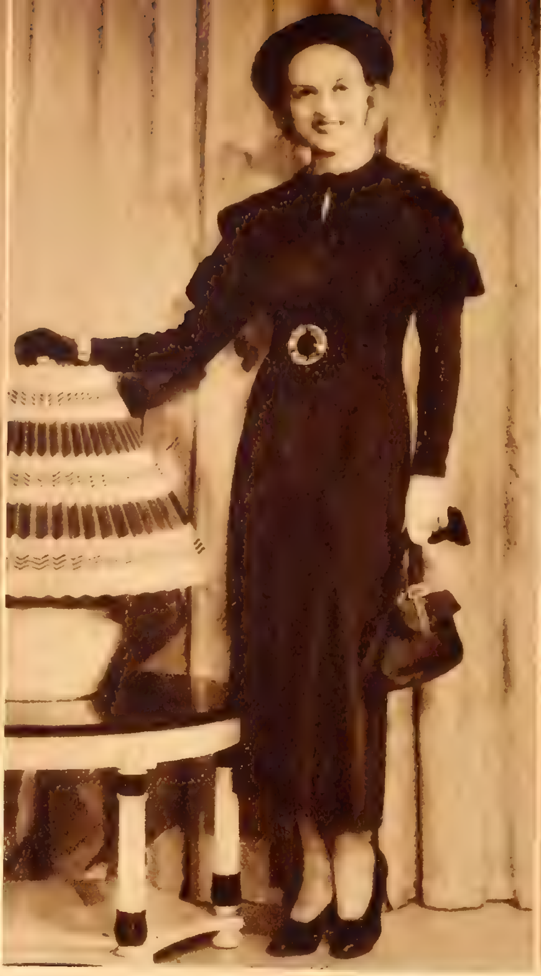
● "There is only the beginning of a real Twentieth Century mode," he answered with a grimace of dissatisfaction.

"Our sports clothes are Twentieth Century, all right," he went on to admit. "Women of other times had no use for such clothes, so they never wore them. But the present trouble is that, while a girl puts on a little shirtmaker dress and swagger coat to sally forth for the more casual occasions, she reverts to styles of some other period when she really wants to dress up. Which means that her most important clothes are not modern." [*Continued on page* 70]



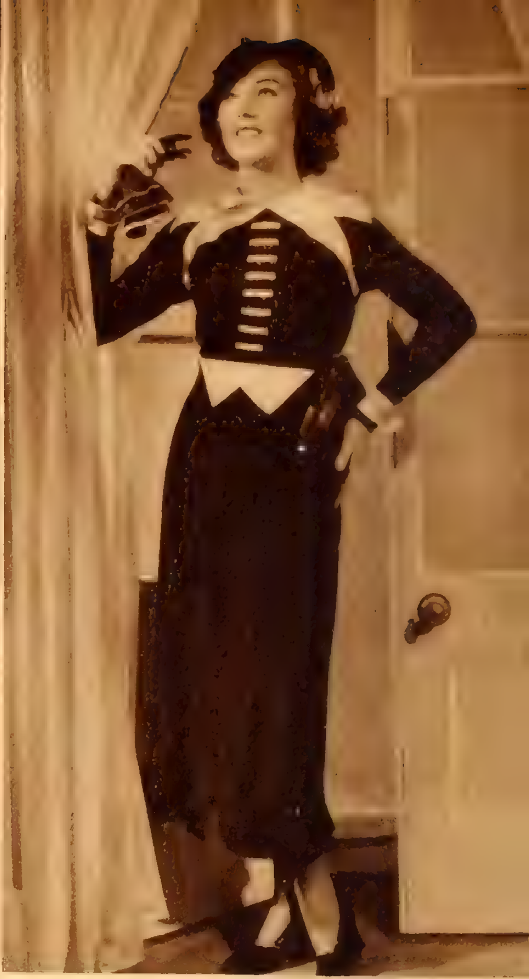
—Ray Jones

Silk piqué trims the military jacket of Joan Bennett's navy wool in "Rich Girl's Folly" and she gains new height



—Elmer Fryer

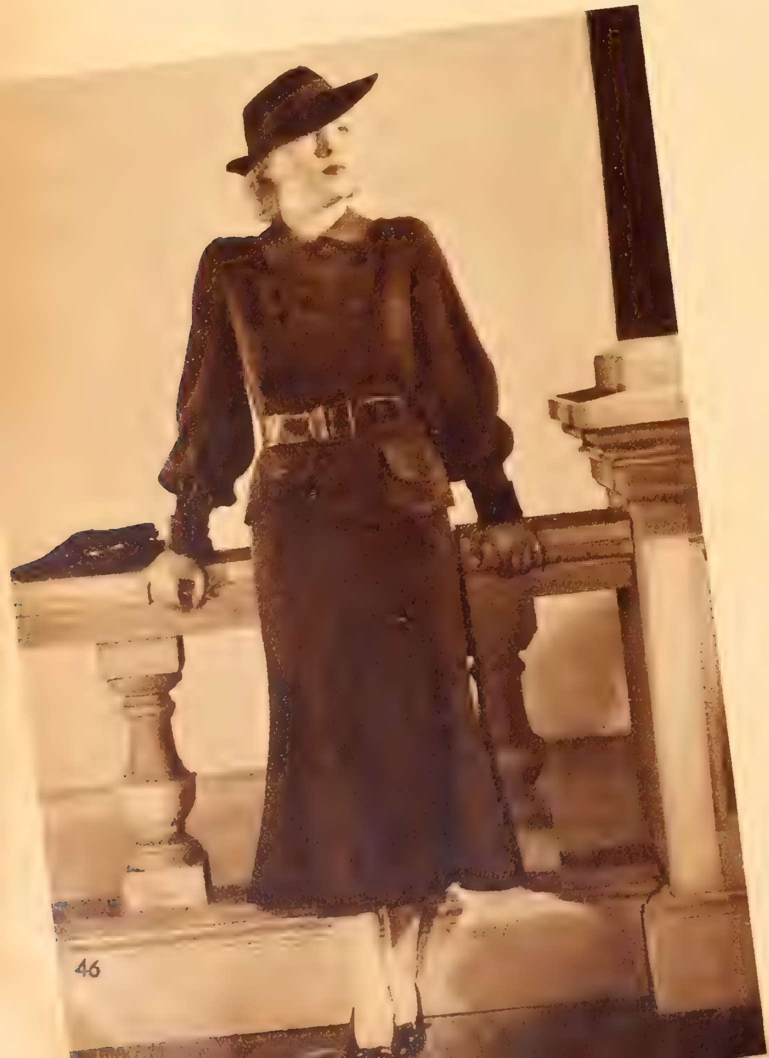
Simple, yet chic, is Patricia Ellis' black wool frock, with skirt fullness below the knee and a fur-banded double capelet



© G.-B. Pictures

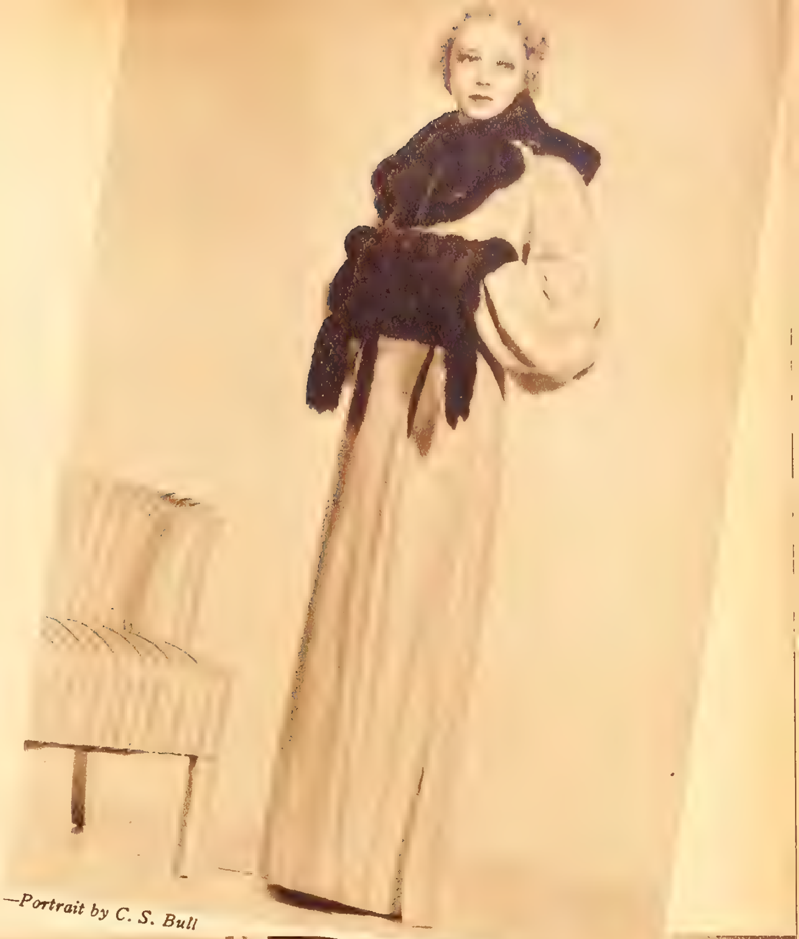
A novel yoke effect, amusing waistcoat points, and a row of white clips like tiny piano keys adorn Fay Wray's navy wool

Dress Rehearsal for Winter



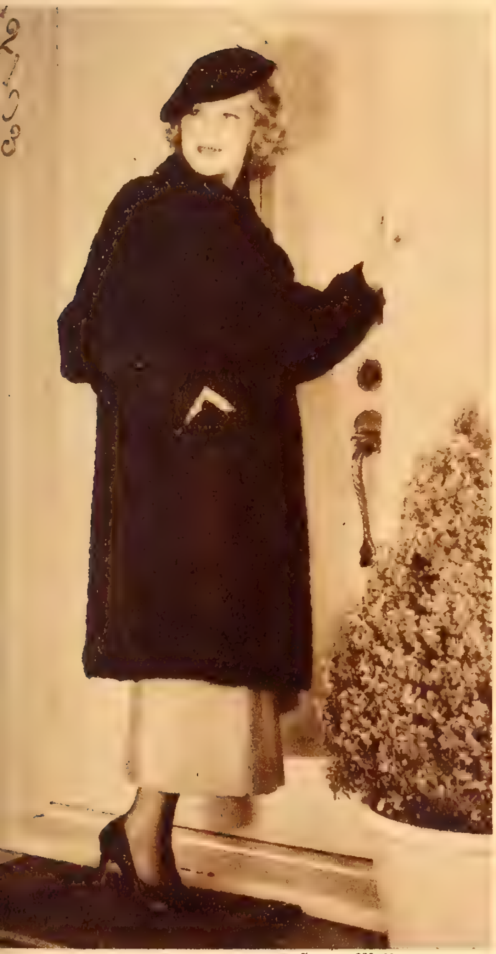
Smartly practical is Mary Carlisle's bottle green wool frock, with flared skirt, pockets, large sleeves with wristlets

The Long and Short of Winter Coats



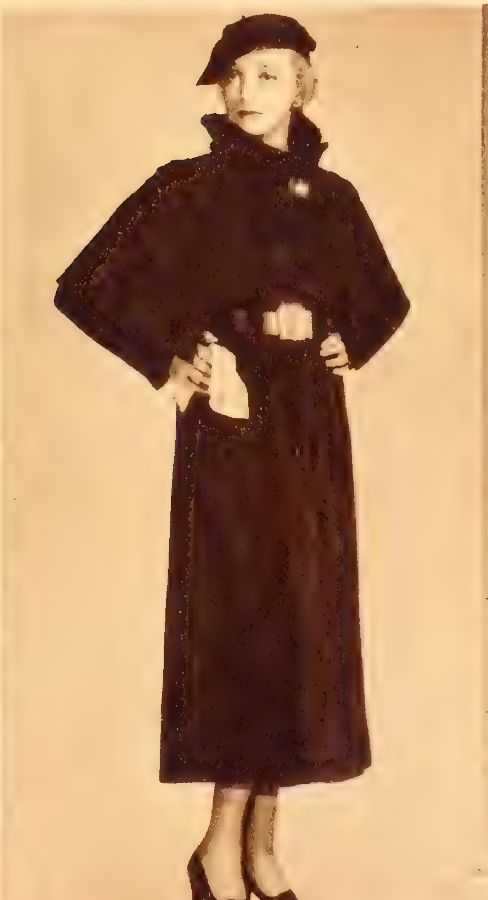
Virginia Bruce models one of the most beautiful of formal wraps — ivory velvet, floor-length, with a cape collar of mink and small muff to match

—*Portrait by C. S. Bull*



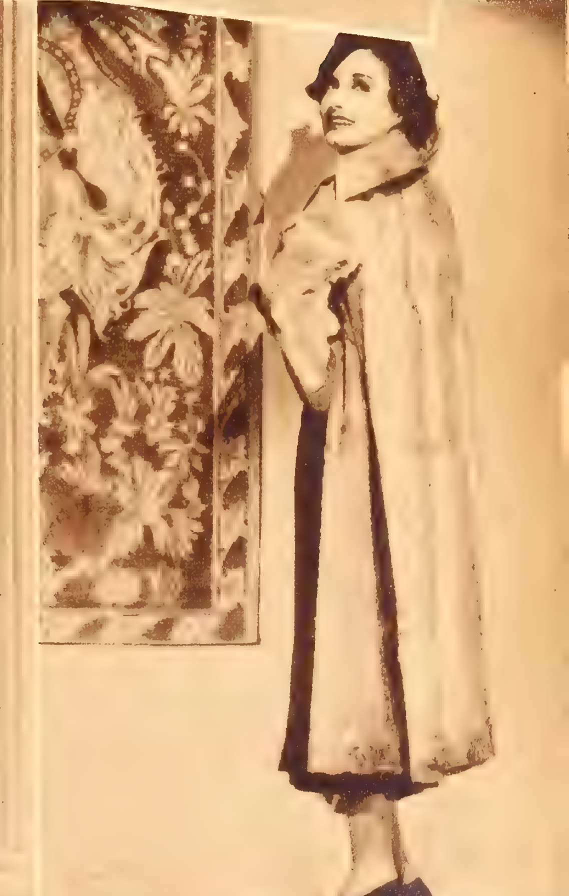
—*Scotty Welbourne*

Persian lamb will be ultra-smart. And so will Glenda Farrell's new-length coat, in boxed style, with slashed pockets



—*C. S. Bull*

Cloth coats will have novel fur trimming —like Virginia Bruce's, with its vertical band, and a half-cape, of galyak fur

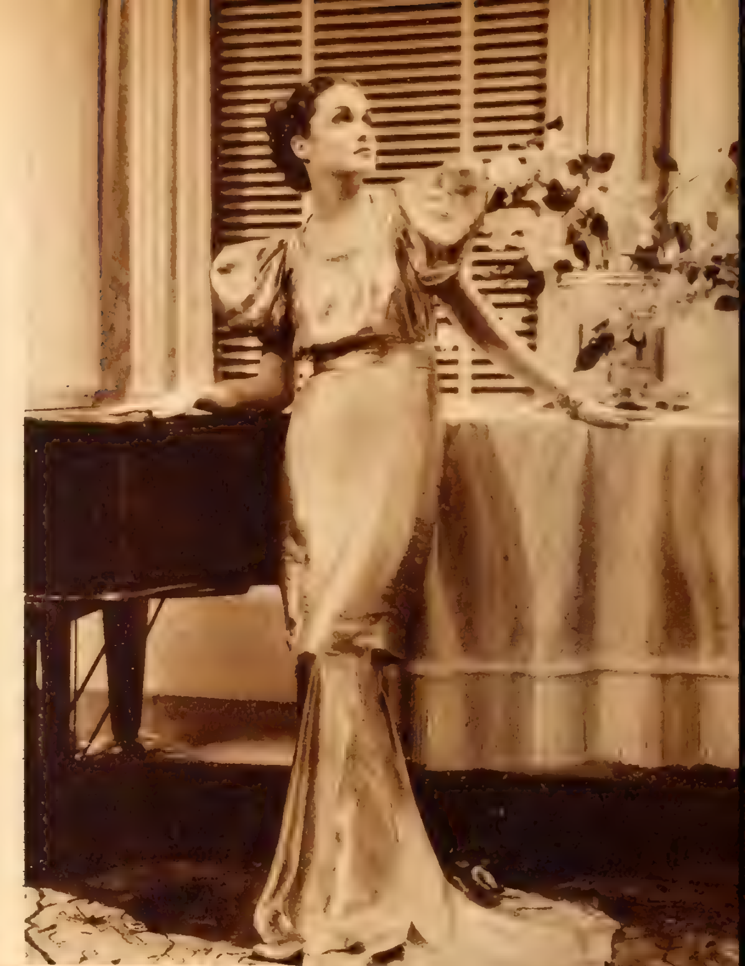


—*William Walling, Jr.*

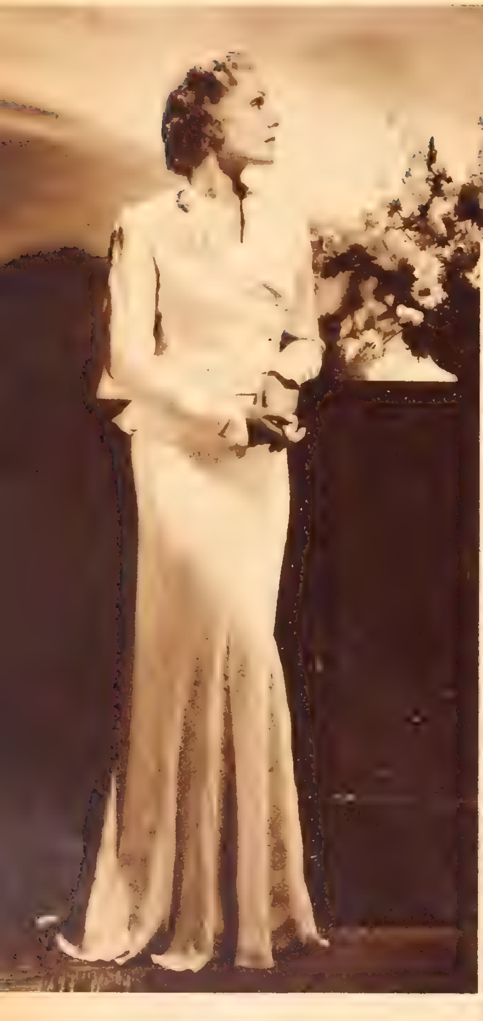
And swagger coats will appear in inexpensive furs. Gail Patrick has one of gray kid fur, with a swagger collar

Young Ideas in Evening Gowns

Right, a gown with metallic splendor . . . novel shoulders . . . and a tunic silhouette. Gail Patrick wears it

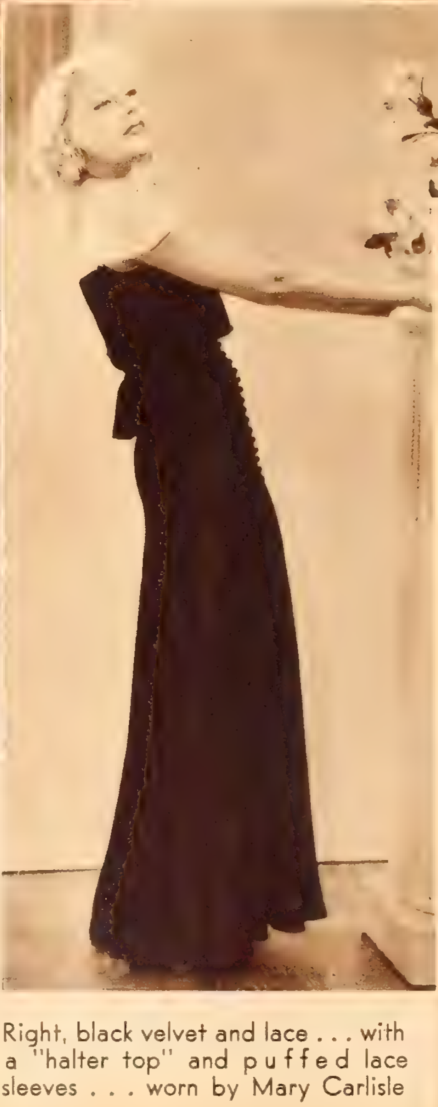


—Portrait by Sherman Cla

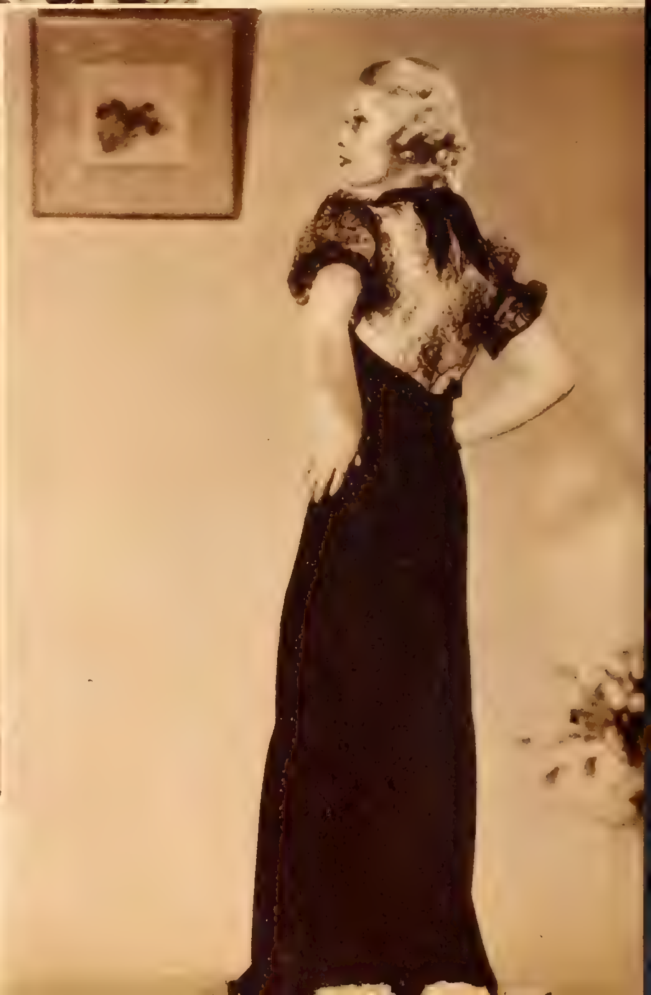


Above, a white matelasse formal, transformed into a dinner gown by a trim jacket . . . worn by Madge Evans

—Portraits by C. S. Bull



Left, a new and intriguing contrast . . . velvet trimmed with embroidered linen . . . modeled by June Knight



Right, black velvet and lace . . . with a "halter top" and puffed lace sleeves . . . worn by Mary Carlisle

Knit One . . . and Purl, Too!*

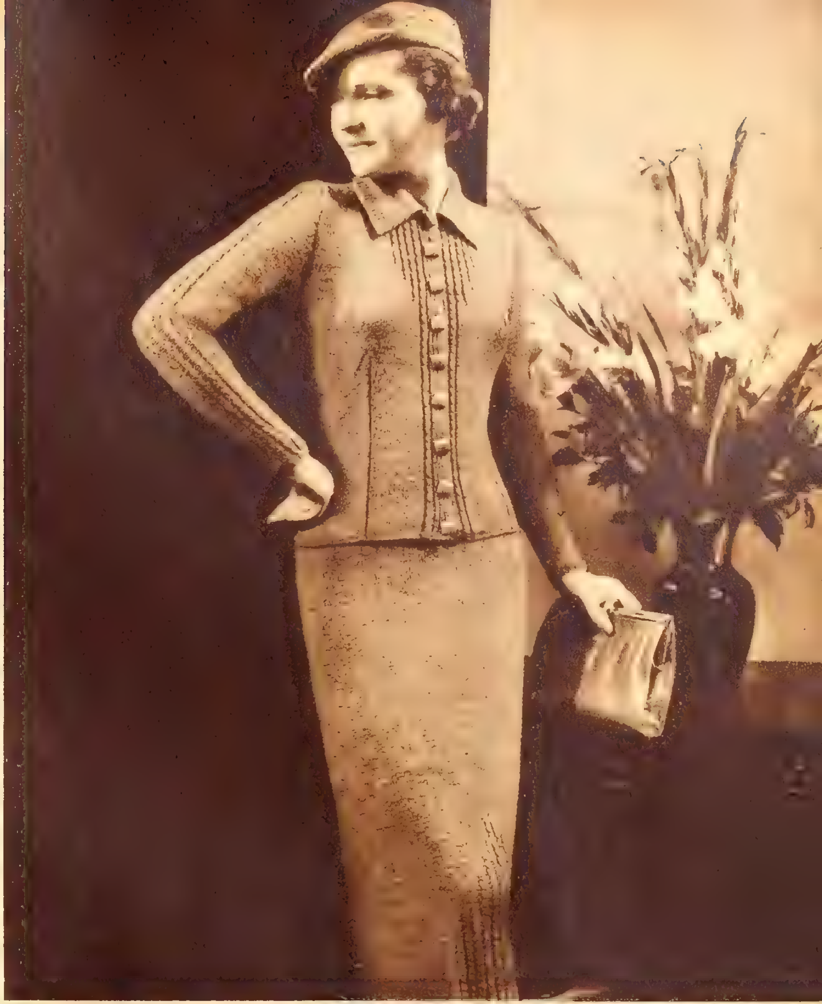
Miss Charm . . .
If in this year of 1935 you know anything smarter for your wardrobe than a hand-knitted dress, we want to know about it. At a knitted fashion show, we saw this stunning two-piece suit knitted of cassimere sport yarn . . . and wanted you to see it, too. The lines are very figure-flattering, and the fashion details are the latest. The sweater can be worn separately. All for $7.20!

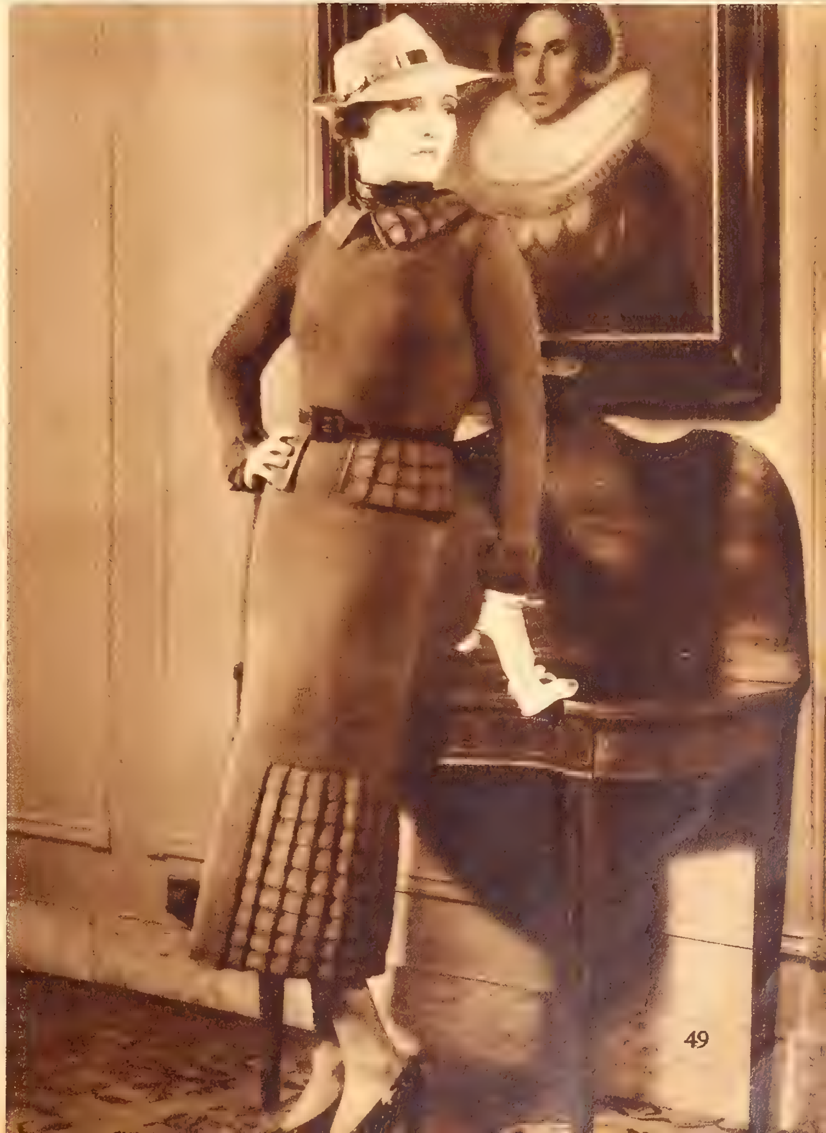
Miss Swank . . .
Here is a jiffy-knit dress that has all the newness of the season caught in its design. The youthful collar and cuffs, the slenderizing peplums, and the unusual side-pleating effect make this a dress worth knitting. And you can be sure that, for the $7.20 it will cost, you will find nothing smarter. With a jaunty contrasting scarf, you will look like Miss Winter, 1935, herself!

*For Christmas, maybe

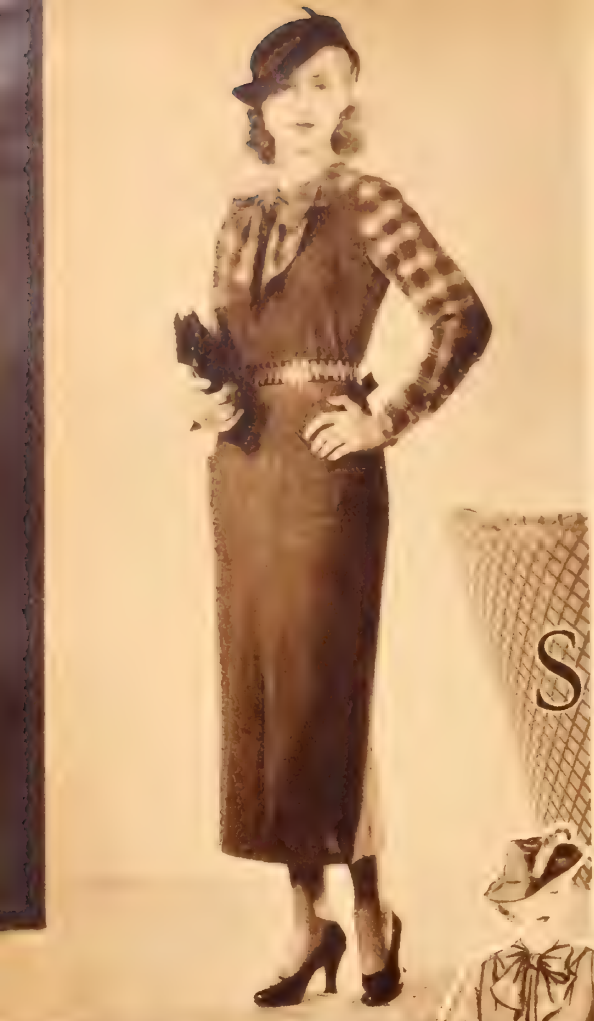
Here's How!

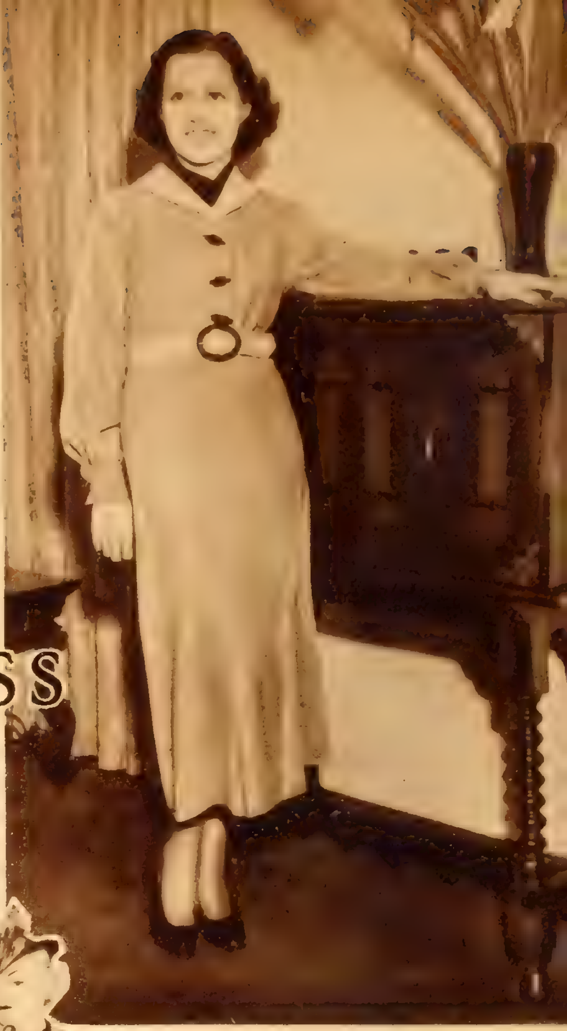
Full directions for these smart and easily-knitted frocks—in the standard knitwear size (16)—are available to you for only 10c each. Just send your request for knitting instructions for either dress (or both) to Knitting Editor, Movie Classic, *529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.—enclosing money and a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Join the knitted parade!*



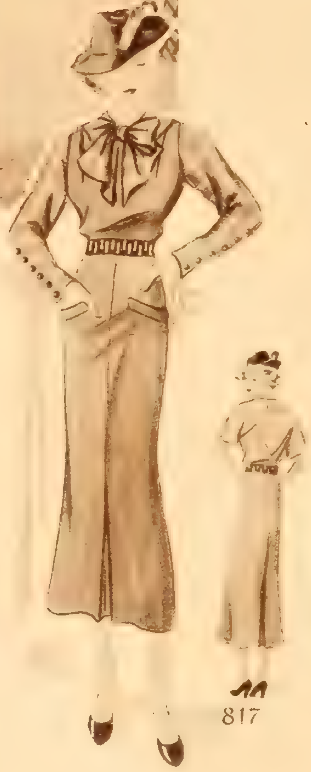


Sew These and *Reap* Smartness





What's smarter this season than Scotch plaid? It is used as contrast with gray wool in this one-piece dress worn by Marian Marsh who plays in Columbia's "Crime and Punishment." The dress is trimmed with metal belt and metal buttons. Pattern 817 is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. 25c



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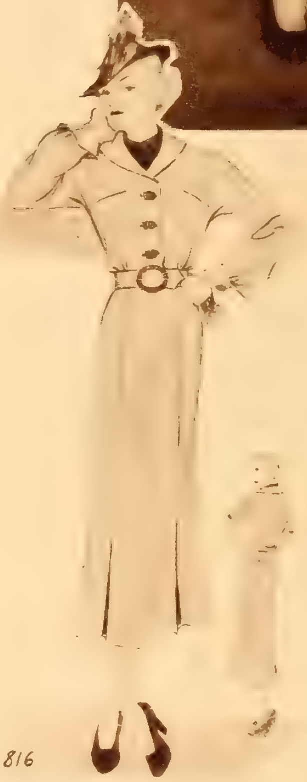

816

Cash in on small checks, too—as Frances Drake does, in her soft gray wool dress. Up-to-the-minute in fashion, the frock has a full skirt with side-pleats, a blouse gathered in at the waist, full sleeves with tight cuffs, patch pockets and novelty buttons. Pattern 816 is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. 25c

Smart, inexpensive and easy-to-make are these winter dresses—worn by Marian Marsh and Frances Drake

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service
529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....................................please send me Frances Drake Pattern No. 816—Marian Marsh Pattern No. 817 (circle style desired).

Size .... Bust ....

Name ....

Street ....

City ....

Patterns, 25c each

These patterns may be obtained at any store selling Screen Star Patterns. Or you may order by coupon at the left.

Preston Foster, Dorothy Wilson and John Wood in *The Last Days of Pompeii*

Brian Aherne and Joan Crawford in *I Live My Life*

Speaking of Movies...

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

- • • • • Exceptional
- • • • Excellent
- • • Good
- • Skip it

• • • • **The Last Days of Pompeii** is a picture that should have been filmed in color. It cries for color. Even in black and white, it is a spectacular vision, unfolded against a background of the ancient Roman Empire in all its glory, pomp, and barbarism . . . a spectacular vision with a very human and timeless story in the foreground. For centuries, people have wondered what life was like in the beautiful, famed, and fated city of Pompeii, doomed to destruction by a volcano. Here is a graphic, imaginative answer. The principal character is an ironic gladiator, a public hero, who sells his soul for gold—magnificently played by Preston Foster. As his adopted child who redeems him, David Holt tears hearts loose from their moorings. Anly only a little less memorable are John Wood, Dorothy Wilson, Basil Rathbone, Alan Hale and Gloria Shea. (RKO-Radio)

• • • • **I Live My Life** gives Joan Crawford her first real chance to depart from emotional acting and become a comedienne . . . and you'll wonder, after seeing her, why she wasn't given the chance long ago. Vanished is the familiar Crawford formula of poor-girl-struggling-against-odds (and rich suitors) toward success. She is the rich one this time—a Park Avenue girl, used to getting what she wants, who falls in love with a hard-to-get (and poor) archaeologist, played to the hilt by handsome Brian Aherne. The romantic difficulties she has are amusingly real, hilariously real. Her clothes are strikingly practical and her supporting cast is flawless, including such names as Frank Morgan, Aline MacMahon, Eric Blore (droll as ever!) and Fred Keating. (M-G-M)

Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins in *Barbary Coast*

• • • • **Barbary Coast** is a salty, dramatic tale of the early gold rush days. Miriam Hopkins, starred, gives what is probably the best performance of her career as a girl who loses her dreams, turns gold-greedy and becomes notorious as the companion of a gambling overlord, until—against her will—she falls in love with a young prospector who has condemned her. Miriam Hopkins is a vivid, intense composite of all women, both good and bad, in the role of *Swan*. Edward G. Robinson is no less superb as the cynical gambler. And Joel McCrea gives genuine vitality to a role that, in lesser hands, might have been flavorless. (United Artists)

Francis Lederer, Frances Dee in *The Gay Deception*

• • • • **The Gay Deception** is romantic fantasy, par excellence. Not only does it do great things for Francis Lederer and Frances Dee, but it does things for the old and still popular story of *Cinderella*—dressing her in smart modern clothes and giving new, amusing twists to the tale. Frances is a stenographer who wins $5,000 in a sweepstake, decides to have a grand time for once in her life, goes off to New York, stops at the Walsdorf-Plaza, encounters no rich suitors, and has to content herself with an insistently romantic bellhop . . . who happens to be a prince in disguise, learning the hotel business, and can't prove his identity at the crucial moment. Light, gay, romantic, the story has sparkle and a lilting mood. Like the story, the acting is a constant delight. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell in *Shipmates Forever*

• • • **Shipmates Forever** gives Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler another romantic reunion, with singing and dancing, and the U. S. Naval Academy in the background. Like a retired admiral, the plot has gray hair, but there still is life in it, thanks to some amusing situations, some dramatic

[*Continued on next page*]

It all depends on the WOMAN

There are sensitive women everywhere who do not trust the superficial information that is going around about feminine hygiene. These deep-natured women want the whole truth from the scientific standpoint. They must depend on themselves to sift out the real facts. And to them the news about *Zonite* will be welcome.

● *You* do not need to use poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene, just because an older generation used them. In those days there were no antiseptics powerful enough for the purpose, except the poisons. But that was before the discovery of Zonite—the antiseptic-germicide of the World War.

Zonite is powerful, and Zonite is *safe*. Zonite is far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body. But Zonite is *not* poisonous. *Not* caustic. Zonite has never harmed any woman. It will not desensitize tissues. It cannot cause accidental poisoning.

● The old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic has no place in the life of the modern woman. She has welcomed Zonite—and Zonite is now available in every town and city throughout the length and breadth of America. Sold in bottles; 3 sizes, 30c, 60c, $1.00.

Another form of Zonite . . Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite, there are also Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 for box of a dozen. They are dainty white cone-like forms, each sealed in its own glass vial. Some women prefer them to the liquid. Other women use both. Ask for both the Zonite Suppositories and the Liquid Zonite by name at drug and department stores. There are no substitutes.

● Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. Much discussed in women's circles. Coupon below will bring you a copy. Read it and get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life. Write today.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION FG-512
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
( ) Facts for Women ( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home
NAME ....
(Please print name)
ADDRESS ....
CITY .... STATE ....
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P.Q.)

Speaking of Movies . . .

[*Continued from page 51*]

ones, and a generous allotment of music. Dick and Ruby make the most of every singing, dancing opportunity. (Warners)

● ● ● **Little America** is the photographic story of Admiral Byrd's second expedition to the South Pole—and an absorbing story it is, crowded with drama, humor, human interest, giving you all the high thrill, the tense excitement of exploration. It is spell-binding in its effect, with every man on the expedition—from the handsome Admiral on down—appearing completely natural. Maybe more exciting pictures should be made with unfamiliar faces in the leading rôles—for reality's sake! (Paramount)

● ● ● **Rich Girl's Folly** gives both George Raft and Joan Bennett new things to do and gives any audience plenty of entertainment. Raft, departing from "sinister menace" roles, is a reformed beer baron who is made trustee of the estate of a millionaire, and discovers that the millionaire's chief heirs are an extravagant wife (Billie Burke), a rattle-brained daughter (Joan Bennett) and a scapegrace son (James Blakely). They all rebel against him, with Joan finally managing to get herself kidnaped for ransom—not to mention a barrage of laughs, well-seasoned with excitement (Columbia)

● ● ● **Two-Fisted,** starring Lee Tracy, is one of the funniest, fastest farces of the year—with Lee as the fast-talking manager of a slow-thinking prize fighter (Roscoe Karns). (Paramount)

● ● ● ● **O'Shaughnessy's Boy** is one of the best circus pictures ever filmed. The atmosphere is so real that you can practically smell it. And on top of that, the picture has a father-and-son story that comes close to being in the same powerful class as *The Champ*—with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper again two of a kind. (M-G-M)

● ● ● **Red Salute** is a romantic comedy-drama that has many of the elements of *It Happened One Night* . . . and will boost the stock of Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Young to new heights. Barbara, expelled from college as a radical, goes to Mexico, there bumps into Robert, a soldier on leave. Together they have adventure and troubles. (United Artists)

● ● ● **The Case of the Lucky Legs** is a fast-paced detective comedy, with more emphasis on comedy than suspense . . . and with no one disappointed. Warren William is even more suave than usual in his familiar rôle of *Perry Mason*. (Warners)

● ● **Freckles** is the picture version of Gene Stratton-Porter's sentimental novel of the Limberlost timber guard who falls in love with the district schoolteacher. Tom Brown and Carol Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, have the chief rôles in this unpretentious little romance—but top honors are stolen by Virginia Weidler. (RKO-Radio)

● ● ● **Navy Wife** is poignant, affecting drama, in which Claire Trevor has her long-awaited opportunity to prove herself an emotional actress . . . as the love-frightened daughter of a famous beauty whose life has been tragic. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

$5 worth of Gifts you can make for 75¢

INSTRUCTIONS for making scores of novelties—10c

Yes, make all sorts of novel and practical gifts right at home. Thoughtful remembrances that friends will cherish; lamp shades, bags, belts, trays, vases and baskets filled with gorgeous flowers; dolls, toys, animals, carry-alls, sewing baskets, door-stops, wall plaques, candle-holders—more than 75 articles in all. All you need to start at once are the simple directions and a small supply of Dennison Crepe Paper. Send 10c for the book of directions now—it will save many dollars and solve many gift problems for you!

DENNISON'S, Dept. M-246
Framingham, Mass.
Please send the 1935 Book of New Dennison Crafts. I enclose 10 cents.
Name ______________________
Street (or R. F. D.) ______________________
City ______________ State ______________
Why not let us include some of these other Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.
How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers ___
Fun for All: Party Games and Decorations ___
New Crepe Paper Costume Book ___ The Cellophane Craft Book ___

USE Dennison Crepe

ARTIFICIAL LASHES

BROUGHT TO YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME AT A REASONABLE PRICE!

The secret of the captivating beauty of movie stars! Long, dark, lustrous lashes that transform eyes into bewitching pools of irresistible fascination. Makes the eyes look larger, more brilliant, and far more expressive. Try a pair of these wonderful lashes and you will be surprised at such magic charm so easily acquired. Quickly put on by anyone, absolutely safe, can be used again and again. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. 35c pair, 3 pair $1.00.

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Learn Photography at HOME

Splendid opportunities. Prepare quickly in spare time. Easy method. No previous experience necessary, common school education sufficient. Many earn while learning. Send for free booklet "Opportunities in Modern Photography", particulars and requirements.

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Get ready immediately
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Common education usually sufficient
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Rush to me FREE OF CHARGE, list of U. S. Government big paid jobs. Send FREE 32-page book telling salaries, duties, hours, etc. Tell me how I can get a position.
Name ______________________
Address ______________________

"I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SWEET, smooth skin is *very* hard to resist. So don't risk losing this charm. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But be sure to *remove* them properly with the care 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars have used for years—gentle Lux Toilet Soap!

This is the way to guard against the dangerous pore choking that results in tiny blemishes, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly.* Its rich, ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores—frees them completely of all hidden traces of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

To protect your skin—keep it always lovely—follow this easy rule: Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap!

You want to have the kind of skin that makes men say, "I think you're wonderful!"

I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin
LUX
TOILET SOAP

Joan Blondell

WARNER BROTHERS' STAR OF "MISS PACIFIC FLEET"

BEWARE

of wax like this in Face Cream!

For a penetrating, deep-working skin cream, change to Luxor Special Formula, the *wax-free* cream. Coupon brings 3-facial package FREE!

IF you suffer from dry or scaly skin, coarse, ugly pores, blackheads or whiteheads, or other common skin faults, chances are your present way of skin cleansing only hits the high spots.

Change to Luxor Special Formula Cream, the *wax-free* cream. It penetrates deeply, gets right into embedded dirt, because it contains no wax to keep it from working in—or clogging pores.

You can see this for yourself because of Special Formula's amazing visible action. Photos at the right show why you *know* a marvelous penetrating skin-cleansing has taken place, because *you see it happen.*

All cosmetic counters supply Luxor at $1.10 and 55c. Use it, and if you don't agree that your skin is more wonderfully clean, clear and transparent than ever before, your money will be returned.

Sales-people often don't have all the facts on how cosmetics are made. So *insist on* LUXOR SPECIAL FORMULA. Guaranteed *wax-free!*

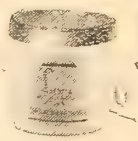
You smooth it on

It disappears

Then reappears

with deep-pore dirt

Luxor



SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM

FREE! 3-FACIAL PACKAGE
(paste coupon on postcard, or mail)

LUXOR, LTD., Dept. H-1,
1355 W. 31st Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free and postpaid without any obligation your 3-facial package of Luxor Special Formula Cream, the wax-free face cream. I usually purchase cosmetics at ______________ (name of store)

Name ______________

Address ______________

City ______________ State ______________

You, Too, Can Have Winning Hands

[*Continued from page 42*]

cotton-tipped orangewood stick.

5. To keep your nails smooth, always buff them before applying the liquid polish.

6. Apply a cuticle cream or oil after polishing your nails.

7. Have your nail polish harmonize with your lipsticks, if you would follow the new vogue.

UNLESS you can wear bright polish naturally, however, without being conscious of its brilliance continually, it is not for you. In other words, colorful polish *is* smart and in good taste, if you wear it in such a way that it becomes a part of you.

Nail brittleness is a problem that harasses every girl. Office work, house work, nerves—they all can wreak havoc, leaving the nails split, broken or bitten . . . and ugly-looking. But there is a new rejuvenating oil that is a real aid in mending nails.

You should have a bottle of hand lotion in the bathroom or near the kitchen sink if you are doing housework. And a good hand cream will bring new softness and whiteness to your hands overnight.

Briefly, here are a few rules about shaping nails, as practiced by glamorous movie stars: 1. For the short, broad hand with stubby fingers, shape the nails ovally, with nails extending just to the tips of the fingers. 2. Broad hands should have the nails filed closely at the corners and tapered to slightly rounded points. 3. Long, slender, well-tapered hands can wear the exaggerated long nails. 4. The nails of the short, small, though well-tapered hand should be shaped between a point and an oval.

As you watch your favorite Hollywood star, notice how great a part her hands play in expressing her personality. You couldn't dream of those hands as being anything but white, soft and well-kept, could you? In the same way, your hands can be a great asset to you in proving to the world *your* poise, *your* gracefulness, *your* good grooming. Let your hands reveal you are, indeed, a lovely lady!

Beauty Finds of the Month

There is an excellent new hand lotion that is delicate in texture and is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin. It is quick-drying because it requires only a moment to filter into the skin. This lotion is a complete beauty treatment for "tired" hands. 75c.

A "creamy" paste—to be buffed on the nails before and after applying liquid nail polish—acts as a tonic for them. And it helps that brittle condition, too (which is something to remember, with winter in the offing). 50c.

A new discovery is a cream lotion that serves two purposes—for it can be used not only as a hand-beautifier, but as a complexion softener and powder foundation. 10c.

Brittle nails, which split or break easily, and cuticle that develops ragged edges (perhaps with painful hangnails) can be remedied with a rejuvenating oil that brings back their smoothness. 75c.

One of the finest lines of cosmetics is known as "non-allergic" . . . which means they are absolutely free from any harmful properties. Even the American Medical Association is among the endorsers! All are soothing, healthful and beautifying. You can secure face powder, creams, lotions, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, dusting powder, dental cream and hand lotions. Reasonably priced.

An excellent hand cream is produced by a well-known cosmetic house. It softens, heals and whitens the hands, and is amazingly quick as a beauty restorer. You'll like its fragrance, too. 55c.

Something new, too, is a "pick-me-up" facial kit that is a boon to civilization. It contains a cleansing cream that is quick-acting—and a masque that is most stimulating, since it revives and freshens "tired" skin, erases lines of tiredness, and brings fresh color to the surface of your skin. $1.

A petite nail brush, which really does a grand job of cleansing and whitening the nails, has bristles that are firm and penetrating, yet are not harsh or irritating. You need a brush like this for successful home manicures, as well as for daily hand beauty treatments. 50c.

And have you heard about artificial nails? They are like the answer to a prayer—when you have broken your nails on the eve of some important occasion. You can't grow new nails overnight, but you can acquire these life-like substitutes, which fit over your own nails, and come in all smart shades . . . already manicured! $1.

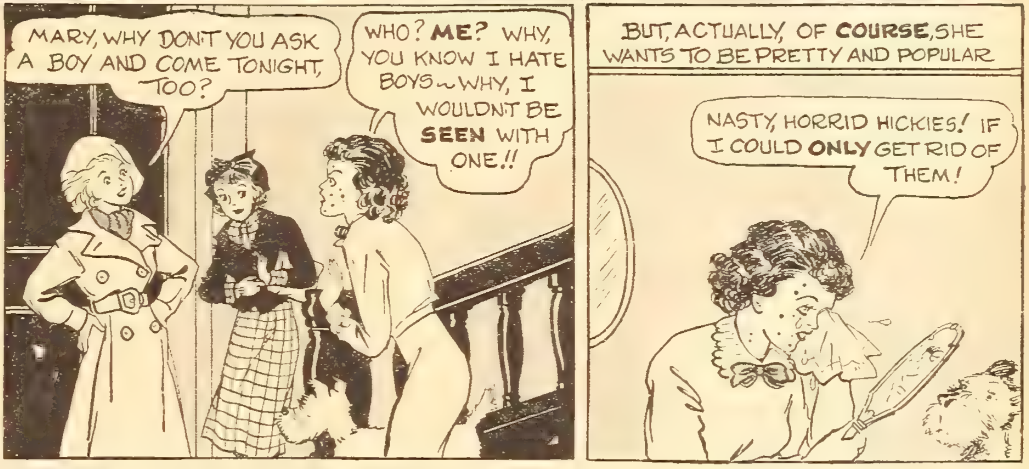
ASK *YOUR* BEAUTY ADVISER!

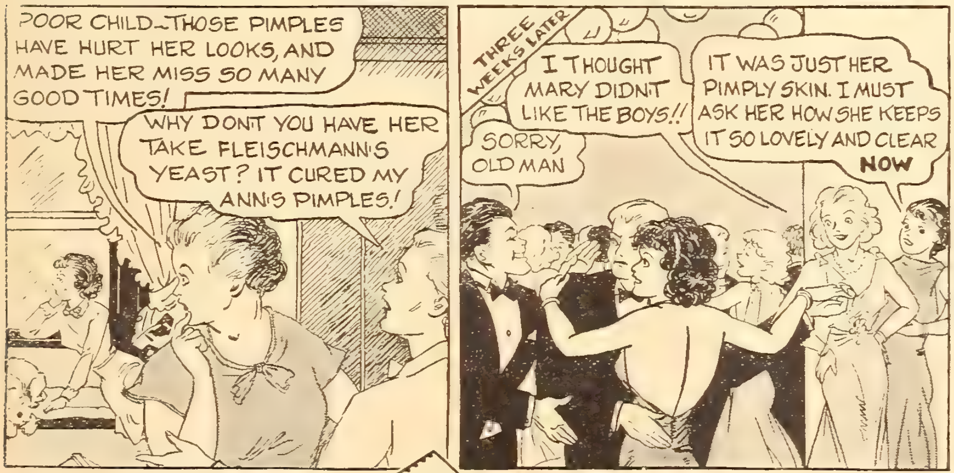
How can Alison Alden help *you?* Being helpful is her job—and she loves it. Write to her about your own personal beauty problems. She will give you a personal answer. Also, she will be glad, on request, to tell you the trade names of any of the products mentioned in this article.

Address: Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

"Thank Goodness—
I'M not
Boy Crazy"

But secretly she cried over her pimply skin


MARY, WHY DON'T YOU ASK A BOY AND COME TONIGHT, TOO?
WHO? ME? WHY, YOU KNOW I HATE BOYS—WHY, I WOULDN'T BE SEEN WITH ONE!!
BUT, ACTUALLY, OF COURSE, SHE WANTS TO BE PRETTY AND POPULAR
NASTY, HORRID HICKIES! IF I COULD ONLY GET RID OF THEM!


POOR CHILD—THOSE PIMPLES HAVE HURT HER LOOKS, AND MADE HER MISS SO MANY GOOD TIMES!
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE HER TAKE FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? IT CURED MY ANN'S PIMPLES!
THREE WEEKS LATER
I THOUGHT MARY DIDN'T LIKE THE BOYS!!
SORRY, OLD MAN
IT WAS JUST HER PIMPLY SKIN. I MUST ASK HER HOW SHE KEEPS IT SO LOVELY AND CLEAR NOW

Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

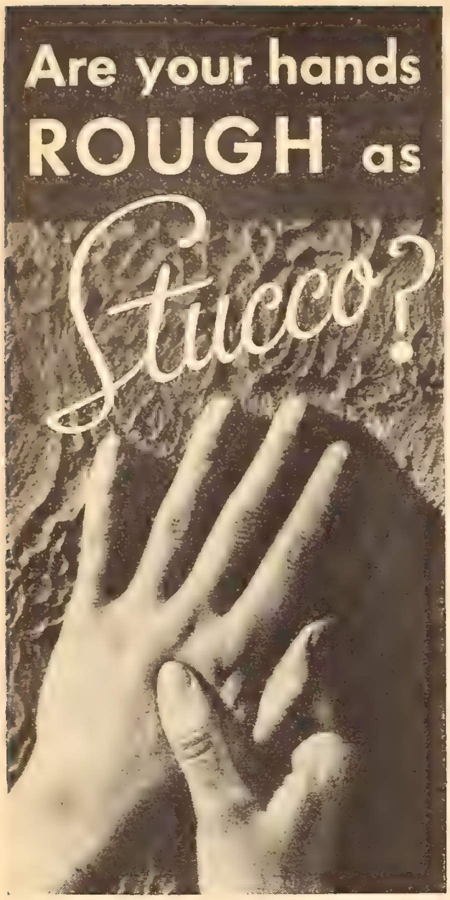
Physicians prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast for adolescent pimples. This fresh yeast clears skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

Supplies Vitamins A, B, D, G
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood



■ Do your hands *feel* coarse? Are they rough as stucco? Do they "snag" on silk?

Why not use some rich, wide-spreading, quick-drying Italian Balm (just one drop is sufficient) and see how quickly your skin becomes soft and smooth in texture!

Italian Balm is recognized as one of the *quickest-acting*, most *economical* skin beautifiers ever invented. These two qualities—effectiveness and economy—have made it the largest selling skin protector in America.

In one of the nation's largest cities a recent Parent Teacher's Association Report, covering over 5,000 homes, revealed that Italian Balm was practically a 3 to 1 favorite—used in about 3 times as many homes as any other similar preparation.

Italian Balm is made from a secret formula, by a secret process. There is nothing like it on the world market today. Your drug and department store carry Italian Balm in 3 sizes of long-lasting bottles—35c, 60c and $1.00—and in handy 25 cent tubes.

Free **HANDY HOME DISPENSER**

Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Italian Balm HOME DISPENSER—attaches easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses *one drop* when you press the plunger. Try your druggist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can't supply you—then get one FREE by sending ONE 60c Italian Balm carton (and 10c to cover packing and postage), or TWO 60c cartons and NO MONEY—with your name and address—to CAMPANA, Batavia, Illinois.

Campana's
Italian Balm
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER
"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

New Shopping Finds!

[*Continued from page* 12]

eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil and eyelash make-up. What more could any pretty girl ask? And the price for all this is only $6.50.

10. Here's a grand buy . . . for it contains face powder, lipstick, talcum, and a loose-powder vanity, for only $2.35. A quality product, daintily scented, it is attractive against a white satin background. The compact is in lovely blue, white, and silver.

11. When you give gardenia perfume, you are sure to please the recipient—for it is one of the most irresistible of all. This good-sized bottle has a true flower scent that is subtly seductive. Good-looking bottle, too! $4.50.

12. Hi there, Wirehaired! You look just like a real little fellow, and are as perky and cunning as anything could be. Yet you can be made for $1—out of crêpe paper. Here is a splendid suggestion for something you can make that will be both unusual and inexpensive. Also, in no time at all, you can make Scotties, and dolls, and Popeye, the Sailor!

13. Isn't it good-looking? This non-tarnishing hostess set has a chromium tray, creamer, and sugar, with black wooden handles. A splendid gift for friends who entertain often and like to do so with nice things. The price of the set is only $3.

14. It may be called a miser's pouch, but some fair lady will be utterly delighted with it on Christmas, and for many days to come. Made of stunning silver (or gold) mesh, it has an unusual ring fastening. It is very new, and ultra-smart for dress-up occasions, $5.

15. For someone who appreciates "the personal touch," here is a new inspiration—a pin with a three-letter monogram inserted in it. In the same line, there are gold- and silver-plated monograms for purses, clips, bracelets, gloves . . . all novel and smart. $2 per monogram set.

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17. What's in that little black box? One of the surprises of the month—the tiniest razor you ever saw (not more than 1½ inches long), with tiny little blades to fit. Excellent for shaping eyebrows, and a gift that will tickle the feminine fancy, as well as prove most useful. $1.

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The 8th WOMAN

HER ADVANTAGE OVER OTHERS

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never pleads that she is "indisposed," and whose spirits never seem to droop?

She is apt to be that eighth woman who has learned to rely on Midol.

Eight million women once suffered every month. Had difficult days when they had to save themselves, and favor themselves, or suffer pain. But a million have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, save yourself, on certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you playing golf. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while! Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. And they do *not* contain any narcotic.

You'll find Midol in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.

ALWAYS HERSELF—Nature doesn't keep the eighth woman off the links—or from other strenuous activities. Midol means freedom from the old martyrdom to "regular" pain.

James Cagney—with a Difference

[*Continued from page* 35]

wildly for a loophole of escape, but he won't find any. His sense of fairness won't let him. And so, like a child who holds his nose while he tries to take his castor oil cheerfully, Cagney proceeds to the subject of Cagney.

"Only do me one favor, will you?" he asked, between scenes of his newest picture, *The Frisco Kid*. "Leave out the books. I'm tired of having it broadcast that I once read a book. You can read a book and still be a thoroughgoing heel. You can be an illiterate, and still give college professors points on how to behave like human beings. So let's drop the books overboard, and start from scratch. O.K?" He flashed a grin that made his face ten years younger.

"I DON'T know why I'm rated a hooligan, except that I played a gangster in *Public Enemy*, and I've been playing a more or less tough little tike ever since. The smell clings—not only with the public who have nothing except the pictures to go by, but right here on the lot. 'Still fooling 'em, hah?' they'll yell, every time they see me with my hair cut or my pants pressed. And don't think it's a gag with them. They're in sober earnest. They're convinced that I'm trying to bury my horrid past."

He spoke without heat, his quiet voice shorn of that brusque, staccato quality he gives it on the screen, lacking any suggestion of Tenth Avenue.

"Then, somehow," he went on, "the legend started that I was sworn brother to half the bandits in New York. And the one grain of wheat in all that chaff was this: I was playing semi-professional baseball at one time from necessity—for the money in it—and one Sunday the ball club was invited to Sing Sing to play the prison welfare team. There was no sun that day, I remember—the sky was gray, the walls were gray, the uniforms, the faces all gray. It got me down—that grayness, the dour faces of the guards; the implications of the place made me physically sick.

"Suddenly, someone taps me on the shoulder. 'Hello, Red.' I turned, and there was a kid I'd gone to school with ten years before—sat in the seat next to him. I tried to be matter-of-fact. *He* was. 'Meet my buddy,' he said. 'He's up on the same rap.' And there stood another fellow who had been in my class. That night I went to a dinner at the settlement house for the dramatic club I belonged to. I couldn't eat. I sat there like a lackwit. I couldn't get out from under that gray weight. The thought of it makes me cringe today. Well—" he stopped short, palms out, "that's all. That's the extent of my association with the criminal element. This fellow served his time for that particular shooting, and later went to the chair for killing a policeman. So what does that make me? A kid like hundreds

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That's why more than 50,000 doctors use and recommend Pluto. As Dr. J. W. MacC. of North Carolina says: "Since I had a gall bladder infection, Pluto is my best bet." So *do as doctors do* the next time you feel dull, listless from constipation, liver or gall bladder troubles. Take Pluto Water in the tasteless, non-habit-forming dose—1/5 Pluto in 4/5 glass hot water. Cleanse your system of health-destroying poisons this sure, quick way.

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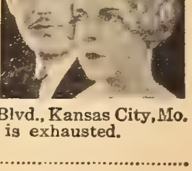

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of others who attended a public school that wasn't in the silk-hat part of town.

"Maybe," he continued, "I could have lived the whole thing down sooner with a dash—just a dash," he simpered, a coy finger flicking his cheek, "of social grace. But I have no talent for the formal"—he was talking straight again.

That the hoodlum "smell" should have clung is ironic enough, since all of Cagney's instincts reach in the opposite direction. He has worked prodigiously; his home ties have been strong. When their father died, he and his three brothers formed a protective circle around their mother and the little sister who was born posthumously. The bond is as close-knit now as in the days of their poverty, though this, too, is a thing Cagney won't talk about. Like the fact that he has been happily married to one woman for ten years. That's a thing to be taken for granted, you may think, not singled out for applause. Hollywood has good reason not to think so.

On one theme he needs no prodding—Max Reinhardt's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* in which he plays *Bottom,* the buffoon, who is given an ass's head and is beloved of *Titania,* queen of the fairies—a part as far as the poles from anything he has done before.

"I HAD no idea I had any chance at the part, though I would have given my eyeteeth to do it. As far as I knew, someone else was set for it. Then I got a message that Mr. Reinhardt wanted to talk to me. He asked what I thought of *Bottom.* I thought he was the first and best ham actor ever written. It seemed a new idea to Reinhardt, but I think he liked it. Two days later I got the part, and the biggest kick of my movie experience.

"Working with him was a joy from start to finish—as it is with any man who is an expert at his craft. And I think we all felt a little lost when the picture was finished. We saw the preview not long ago—about a hundred and fifty of us—the players and their wives and the technical crew—everyone who had had anything to do with making it. And here's an interesting thing: The fade-out came, and the lights went up—and we looked at each other—and hadn't a word to say. Generally, they're all slapping each other on the back. 'Boy—it's terrific! Boy, it'll slay them!' We couldn't talk. We were too full of what we had seen. There was nothing to say that wouldn't have spoiled the way we felt. So we just filed out quietly and took our own midsummer night's dream home with us."

I've been a Cagney fan since the day I watched him, as a fast-talking insurance salesman, steal a scene from George Arliss. "Tough little tike" or not, for me his own likability has sifted through every part he has played. How much more apparent that quality is in a face-to-face meeting, I don't dare say. I can see too clearly his palms brought down in a gesture of derision. I can hear too clearly, between teeth caught around his lower lip, a long-drawn "Ph-h-h!"

"You wouldn't hold out on my dolly, would you Mummy? C'mon, hand over that smoothy stuff while I give this child of mine a treat!"

"I think this is right but I'm not sure. Anyway dolly loves Johnson's Baby Powder no matter where I put it. It smells so good!"

"Hey, this dolly put ideas into my head. Now I need powdering—'cause I'm scratchy! Please take care of me, Mummy—I'm in trouble!"

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Mrs. Temple Refuses Fortune for Shirley

[*Continued from page 25*]

she does—because not only have I talked with her about it, but I have investigated and learned of the offers that have been turned down—and why.

True, Shirley IS making more than a thousand dollars a week. She is storing up a nice trust fund that will provide a moderate fortune for her. BUT—for every dollar she is getting, *at least ten dollars have been turned down.* Ten "easy dollars." And here they are—with the why's of the rejections.

FIRST, the stage and personal-appearance and radio offers. To date, they total well over a half-million; by another year, they will be well over the million mark. For a week of personal appearances, Shirley has been offered $5,000—on a forty-weeks' deal! For radio, the bids have run from $2,500 to $5,000 for a ten-minute period before the microphone—on deals ranging from thirteen up to fifty-two weeks. Just add that 40-week personal-appearance offer and the 52-week radio offer, and there is a cool half million already. Just one offer—and that from a well-known breakfast cereal company—has ever been seriously considered. As this is written, decision on the invitation is being held in abeyance.

Every month brings scores of offers from conventions, department stores, clubs and associations, and other sources for single personal appearances by Shirley. These bids range from fifty dollars for a few minutes time to several thousands of dollars for an hour. Because no record has been kept of them, an accurate total is impossible to get. But a little figuring shows that the net total is somewhere around the $150,000 mark.

Then there was the offer from the British Isles. "Come to England for a ten-week personal-appearance tour," it said, "and we'll pay all your expenses and $50,000 besides."

But to each and every one of these offers, the answer has been a flat NO!

The reason for this group of turndowns, totaling about three-quarters of a million dollars, is basic and simple: *Nothing must interfere with Shirley's normal childhood life and childhood routine.*

She is in bed every night by seven or seven-thirty. That alone precludes stage appearances, radio broadcasts, and other personal appearances. Those four hours of normal childhood sleep every night are worth infinitely more than $750,000 to Shirley, her mother believes.

Of course, one other factor besides the early bedtime item enters into this personal-appearance turndown. That is that Mrs. Temple does not want Shirley to become conscious of her stardom. In the studio, in their home, among their friends, Shirley is well protected against adulation. But on tours, the attentions

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Every month famous Hollywood stars, executives and other film celebrities make the Savoy-Plaza their New York home. To attribute the popularity of this distinguished hotel to any one feature would be difficult. It is the combination of luxurious living, supreme service, unexcelled cuisine, and the most beautiful outlook in New York

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showered on her would be continuous, terrific. The child could not help but become conscious of it all, spoiled.

"And that I will not have," says her mother. *"If at any time I find Shirley is becoming spoiled or precocious or 'smart' or 'fresh' because of her work, I will take her out of pictures immediately.* Her future happiness means much more than any amount of money she might earn."

NOW for the other offers—and rejections. Real estate firms have offered gorgeous, completely furnished houses to the Temple family if they would move in, thus attracting customers to see the new subdivision, to buy houses near Shirley's. But the Temples live in a modest, side-street house in an old, quiet residential section of Santa Monica, off the tourist track. They pay for it themselves; nothing's free. Even so, they are going to have to move again, soon—because the rubber-neck buses and the racketeers who sell movie stars' addresses and phone numbers have publicized the Temple address.

To all of this, Shirley's mother feels, the child should not be subjected. At home, she is just one of the family. Motion pictures are never discussed. Shirley is not allowed to be fresh or smart. She's not running the house. Sometimes Mama Temple even spanks her when she's disobedient. In short, at home Shirley is to be like any other six-year-old youngster.

And the few carefully selected endorsements that have been given by Shirley and her mother and advisers *are* authentic, I happen to know. (I looked into them.) Mrs. Temple has hired an expert, at high salary, to watch these matters and to protect Shirley always against false representation, harmful advertising, misleading endorsements or statements, and kindred evils. No "fake endorsement" racketeers can make use of Shirley, ever, no matter how much they bid.

IN EXPLANATION of all the bids she has turned down, Shirley's mother says: "It is not physical harm that I fear for Shirley. I fear for her *self.* I don't want her little fun in pictures to take her from me, to cost her her *self.* I want her to be natural, ingenuous, sweet. If she ceases to be that, I shall have lost her and she will have lost her *self.* If I ever find that she is becoming spoiled by her picture work—if I find her becoming precocious, smart, fresh—I shall take her out of pictures instantly . . . This fortune I have refused? I know that I have saved her much more than the million or two of dollars she might otherwise have."

And so there you are. I have shown you, in black and white, how Shirley's mother has refused a million—and more—and why.

And Mrs. Temple, far from seeing anything unusual in her million-dollar sacrifice, says: "Why, *any* mother would do the same, wouldn't she?"

Instantly You Catch Cold

Do These 2 Things

For Fast Relief, Remember These Pictures

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets in ⅓ glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness instantly.

Why BAYER Aspirin Works So Fast

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

A Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach — Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, follow the pictured directions above:

Two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a full glass of water.

Three Bayer Aspirin tablets, crushed and dissolved in ⅓ glass of water as a gargle. Gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back to permit this medicated gargle to reach the irritated membranes of the throat.

Your doctor will approve this treatment as perhaps the quickest, simplest way known to fight cold and sore throat.

The Bayer Aspirin taken internally will combat a cold almost instantly, and ease the usual pains that accompany one. The gargle will ease sore throat in a few minutes. For it acts like a local anesthetic in relieving pain and rawness.

When you buy, though, see that you get real BAYER ASPIRIN tablets. For they dissolve almost instantly in the stomach and thus start working almost instantly. And they dissolve completely enough to use as a gargle. Watch out for this.

NOW REDUCED TO 15¢

Bayer Tablets
Aspirin
Genuine

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can have the
slender figure
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Portrait of a Self-Made Woman

[*Continued from page* 32]

intimation of what she might become, in some seemingly impossible future, came during her high school days when her boisterous good humor and her ready comradeship were an irresistible magnet to cohorts of her contemporaries. But her arresting personality required polishing, development and amplifying before she was even embryonically the Lombard of today. Moreover, she herself knew it. That is important.

SHE studied dancing until she became so adept that she was invited to join the Denishawn dancers on a tour. Her mother would not permit her to accept. Carole still was undiscouraged.

At sixteen she had her first break in pictures. It came about through a fleeting resemblance to Constance Bennett. Fox signed her as a stock player.

She knew nothing about make-up, about dramatic technique. She had difficulty with her hands—she never knew just what to do with them. She listened to what everybody told her, making her mind a sponge to absorb every idea.

If she was not an actress—then she had to prepare herself. She had to remedy her shortcomings, of which she was so well aware. So she began the conscious program, that well-planned routine, which eventually bore splendid fruit. She joined a Little Theatre group, with whom she studied dramatics.

Carole learned her acting lessons in the most difficult school—the school of experience. At the end of a year she felt herself well prepared for better things than she had had. She proved that when the studio offered her a contract at the same seventy-five-dollars-a-week salary that she had been receiving before. She refused the contract.

SHE thought she could get a job easily. Perhaps she could have—but Fate intervened. Before she could even look for another opening, she was in a serious automobile accident that scarred her face and held her helpless on her back for a year. Possibly there is no greater testimony to her absorbing ambition than this fact—that even with the thought that the scar would never heal, even with the suspicion that another chance in pictures would be long in the coming, she never relaxed her determination to be an actress. Her defiance of Fate maintained her inflexible ambition.

There were no marks on her face and no marks on her body when she was finally able to work again. She took one of Hollywood's severest tests of pulchritude. She went to Mack Sennett, applied for a job as one of his famous Bathing Beauties—and got it.

Carole was now nineteen. In three years, which included that year of being an invalid, she had learned what

[*Continued on page* 67]

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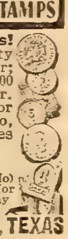

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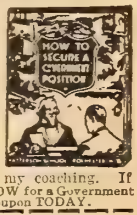
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So Nothing Ever Happens to Robert Taylor?

[*Continued from page* 39]

told his father, "and a fine rating." So it was decided that he would finish his junior and senior years at Pomona.

He had never gone in heavily for athletics, but he decided that there were two other alternatives—the Glee Club or the Dramatic Group. He settled the matter simply. A spider and a cricket were on the walk. "If the spider crosses that line first, it's the Glee Club," Bob decided. "If the cricket wins, I'll go in for drah-ma." And from that small event an entire career was destined to develop. The cricket won . . .

The Dramatic Group gave him "bit" parts. The boy was good. He earned bigger rôles. When it came time to cast the special production of the year, *Journey's End,* he was handed the leading rôle—that of *Capt. Stanhope.* Now, perhaps a thousand or more amateur performances are given around Los Angeles during the year, but it was this one that Ben Piazza, casting director for M-G-M, chose to attend personally.

"That chap playing *Stanhope* has something," he said to himself. The next day he sent for Bob, who returned to Pomona with a contract in his pocket, which arranged for him to complete his college course before starting work. After that, reasoned Bob, it wouldn't hurt to have a fling at the movies before he went home.

But, abruptly, that home was broken. Three months prior to his graduation, his father died. And with him went the family's security and mainstay. Bob was jolted into a realization that if it weren't for that contract he wouldn't know where to turn. Suddenly, he had reason to bless the cricket, the casting director, and Hollywood in general. Surprisingly, he had a job!

They changed his name from Brough to Taylor because it sounded better. They gave him a test—"which was so bad that I was almost sunk," Bob acknowledged. "But they gave me additional tests and things brightened up.

Now, after ten months in Hollywood, he is headed for the top—without benefit of a spectacular background or big-town achievements. *Sometimes* it's the small things that weave into a success pattern.

With every picture the Taylor-made fans are increasing—not by thousands, but by millions. It's an amazing fact. The boy doesn't act. He gets inside a character and brings it to life. That was what made John Stahl, the ace director, single him out after Bob played a small part at Universal in *Always Tomorrow.* When Stahl was assigned the direction of *The Magnificent Obsession,* he would have no other leading man but this Robert Taylor. Stahl, the star-maker, the man whose approval means box-office fame, wanted to direct him.

But, of course, *nothing ever happens to Bob.* Oh, no. He's just the luckiest chap in Hollywood!

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Screen-Struck

[*Continued from page* 38]

wasn't, after all, the special, private affair I had expected. The man in charge, a middle-aged director, was a short-sleeved cynic called Mac.

A small, painted backdrop had been set up with a table and some chairs. Around this careless set, the great lamps crowded. They looked merciless. In one corner a make-up man was turning out new faces for the applicants for fame, as indifferently as a baker shaking flour. Mr. Hilton introduced me. The man in the chair grunted and told me to turn around. Then he grunted again.

"Profile not so good, eh, Mac?" he said. Mac grunted, too.

"Eyes too far apart," said Mac, resuming his cigar.

"That chin is going to catch the shadows badly," the cameraman warned. I began to wonder why in the world they even bothered about testing me. I might have been a wax figure, for all they considered my feelings.

"Give her some eighteen-eleven," the man in the chair told the make-up man, "and lighten the cheekbones."

Trembling with excitement, I submitted to the carrying out of these mysterious instructions. Then suddenly the great glaring lights went on. I was standing in the middle of the little set, telling a perfectly strange man that I loved him.

Chapter V

MR. HILTON said that they would not know how the test came out for a couple of days.

"I'll let you know what I think myself," he added, "just as soon as it comes through. Don't be discouraged if you have to wait around—nothing will be done about you until a producer and a director or two have had a look at the tests for final decision. But stick around for news."

I stuck. I would wander around the lot aimlessly, trying to look as though I were going somewhere, peeking into the sound-stages, and the back-lot with its streets of all nations. Then back past the neat row of snowy buildings that were the projection-rooms, wondering if by chance my likeness were being shown in one of them, waving to a young operator at No. 4, who had said, "Hello, there," the first day, and whose name was Dickey Wells. He was the only person who spoke to me at first.

Finally, it would be luncheon-time and I would be able to go to the commissary and find a table somewhere in that exciting throng of pretty girls and handsome men.

Then when I really could not find another excuse to stay at the studio, I explored Hollywood, where I had taken a tiny bungalow-court apartment. I strolled along the famous Boulevard with its ever-shifting, colorful crowds, its strange mixture of luxury and shoddiness, of great successes and utter failures.

The evenings were the worst. I couldn't have even the faint hope of seeing Clifton Laurence. He had gone on a location trip twelve hours after reaching Hollywood. A hurried note had explained.

"They are running me off to Big Bear Lake," he wrote. "Logging picture. About three weeks. Watch your step. Sorry I'm not going to be able to keep my eye on it. C. L."

So the evenings were pretty blank. I couldn't write letters all the time, even to Aunt Neta and Buddy. Dickey Wells, the boy in the projection-room, asked me to go out, but I thought that beneath my dignity—I was almost an actress . . . So I snubbed him and went to the pictures alone. Nobody else at the studio paid the slightest bit of attention to me. I sensed—and it wasn't very pleasant—that they were holding off until after the test. It was a long and lonely wait.

Then, when I least expected it, my telephone rang. Thinking it would be another real-estate man trying to sell me a house, I picked up the receiver indifferently.

"Miss Le Grange," said a staccato voice, "this is Joe Hilton speaking. Can you be at Mr. Kramberg's office at nine o'clock tomorrow morning?"

"Yes," I gasped, "but . . ."

"Okay! Thanks!" said he and hung up. Not a word about my test!

The next morning I was up at six. I bathed and dressed slowly. If the news was bad, I was going to look my best. If it was good, I wanted to look the part. I was far too excited to eat, and reached the studio fifteen minutes early.

THERE was no one in Mr. Kramberg's outer office when I arrived except an old scrubwoman in a ragged skirt and a faded shawl, whose drab gray hair fell uncombed around her wrinkled cheeks. As I closed the door behind me, she smiled at me.

"Good morning!" she said. Then a look of recognition dawned on her face. "Aren't you the girl who won the Search-for-New-Faces Contest?" she asked. I glowed with satisfaction. "Yes, I am," I admitted in a kindly, half-condescending tone.

The scrubwoman moved into the chair next to mine and laid a hand on my arm. "Turn around to the light and let's have a look at you!"

Amused, I obeyed. She looked me over critically and pursed her lips.

"You are very pretty!" she said at last. "But I think you could learn a little more about lipstick, my dear."

I could feel my cheeks flaming, but I held my temper as best I could. "Thanks!" I said, coldly.

"Tut, tut, child," was her answer. "I only spoke for your own good. I've seen so many of them come and go—mostly go, and I take an interest in them all!"

"I suppose you do!" said I. "Perhaps you'll go on to warn me about some more of my private affairs?"

"No one's affairs are private in Hollywood," said the scrubwoman, "and good, disinterested advice is scarce, anywhere. Come and see me some time, child. Maybe I can help you."

"Thanks," I said stiffly, "but I'm afraid I shall be too busy." Then I opened a paper to show her that the conversation was at an end. Besides, I hated to look at the puzzled and hurt expression that came over her face. Several moments of uncomfortable silence followed. Then the door of the private office opened and a young woman came out. I stood up.

"Mr. Kramberg will see you now, Miss Dare," said the secretary. The scrubwoman walked through the open door. "Hello, darling!" she said to someone invisible to me. "I hate to worry you, but part of this last scene really must be rewritten for me. . . ."

The door closed behind her and I stared at the secretary in horror.

"Was that . . . ?" I stammered.

The girl nodded. "Yes," said she, "that was Miss Nancy Dare. Isn't she sweet? We all love her as much as the public does. So kind and unspoiled, yet the biggest box-office attraction in pictures today! I think her comeback, in her old age, is the finest thing I know."

I couldn't say anything. The girl looked at me curiously.

"You are Miss Le Grange, aren't you?" she asked. "Mr. Kramberg will see you in a few minutes, just as soon as he's through with Miss Dare."

But to me it seemed an agonizing age before I found myself seated opposite the quiet, bald little man, who was saying such nice things.

"I'm taking a chance on you," he told me, "and I know it's a chance. You may not work out, but to be frank, we are giving it to you because the girl we counted on had to drop out. From now on, it's up to you. Don't let me down, because this picture is an important one, to me."

"I'll never let you down! I'll—I'll be even better than my test!" I promised breathlessly.

"You'd better be!" said Mr. Kramberg with a little crooked smile.

Chapter VI

ONCE Hollywood opens its doors to a newcomer, the sky is the limit so far as hospitality is concerned. I was playing only the third most important feminine rôle in *Heart's Desire,* but suddenly all kinds of people showed an interest in me. A very important agent invited me to a cocktail party at his magnificent home in Beverly Hills. I met at least a hundred people there, and I was told I would be lucky if this agent added me to his list of clients.

There were no more lonely evenings after that. Mr. Hilton often took me to dine. A girl who played a character-bit in my picture took me along with her to a swimming-party.

There were parties in small, cheaply pretty apartments—at beach cottages, on a small scale. Everybody was Al, or Kit, or Babe. I hardly ever knew their last names, or exactly what they did.

During the luncheon-hour at the studio commissary there was always somebody to beckon to me as I came in, and invite me to sit at his table. And getting all this overwhelming attention, I began to develop a special manner. Friendly, but not too much so. Just the right degree of condescension. After all, an up-and-coming actress had to act the part!

On the set, the director roared at me. He was a quick-tempered man, the famous Jan Schilk, and nothing I did pleased him. I had to rehearse my lines over and over. It was harder than I had thought. I found myself trying to copy Helen Hayes, and then switching to a Colbert manner. Then to Kay Francis. Schilk howled. "Forget for five minutes that you are acting! Relax!" he would shout, stamping back and forth.

Whenever I could, I saw the "rushes"—the pieces of film that had been shot the day before—and it was incredible, wonderful, to see and hear myself on the screen, living a dream.

At last the picture was finished. While it was being cut, I hung about the studio as usual, in case I was needed for retakes. And it was then that Clifton Laurence came back from location. I heard of it casually.

"*ALASKA BOUND* is practically in the can," I heard a publicity man tell someone. "Clifton Laurence blew into the studio this morning for some interiors."

My heart almost stopped beating. Then, a moment later, I was piqued by this thought: Why hadn't he let me know? Had he forgotten . . . so easily?

"He'll have to respect me now," I told myself, in self-defense. "Not just kiss and forget." I shook, inwardly, at the thought of his nearness, and all over again I realized how terribly I loved him. I could not lose him—I must play my hand carefully, so that he would appreciate my changed status, so that he would have to exert himself to interest me.

I had my first glimpse of him as he was chatting with Mr. Burnham and two of our biggest stars (whom I had never met)—a little group standing in the sunlight, talking with familiar intimacy. When he saw me, he excused himself and broke away. I felt a bit hurt that he had not asked me to join them instead, yet when he slipped his hand through my arm and drew me away, I thrilled so that it took all my will power to try to appear casual.

"How is everything?" he asked. "Started a picture yet?"

"I've finished one," I said calmly, with a smile.

"That's swell!" he exclaimed. "I was afraid they'd put you away on a shelf and forget about you—like some other beginners I've heard about."

"On the contrary," I said, airily, "I seem rather in demand. I've had a very gay time, too."

He looked at me, puzzled. "Say!" he exclaimed. "What's come over you, anyway? Why didn't you even drop me a post-card?"

I hadn't written because I wasn't sure how to address him and had been shy about asking anyone. But this gave me my chance to impress him.

"Really," I said, "I've been frightfully busy on the picture—and so many social engagements. You must know how it is."

"Oh!" said he, withdrawing his hand from my arm. "So that's how it is! Yes, I guess I know. One picture, and you'd hardly speak to Greta Garbo! It must be great to be famous! Sorry I've got to run along. Perhaps if I can work up a bit, you'll include me on your invitation list. So long, Miss Le Grange!"

I wanted to cry out, to call him back

[*Continued on page 80*]

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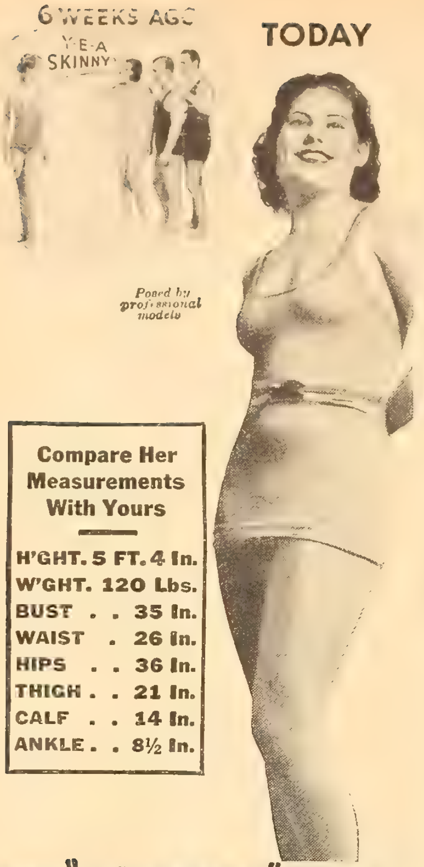

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Miriam Hopkins Begins a New Life

[*Continued from page 27*]

Bernhardt, for instance. Mention their names and how many can identify them? And of all the actors and actresses in Hollywood today, how many will be remembered? Only Charlie Chaplin, Garbo, and Mary Pickford stand any chance of enduring fame. The rest of us are merely people who flit across the screen and then, often while we are still young, merge into living shadows."

Is it worth while as long as it lasts? If Miriam thought so, she wouldn't be rearranging her future.

To achieve success, it is necessary to have a single purpose. And when Miriam started out to crown her blonde head with glory, she realized there were too many things that she wanted to do. Her interests were too varied. So she ruthlessly banished everything from her plan of living that did not bear directly on the accomplishment of her ambition.

And now, looking back, Miriam regrets that she has had to discipline herself so severely. There are so many things that she has missed. So much of life has flowed irretrievably past while she has crossed over the narrow bridge of ambition—to something that now she finds she does not want.

No, the pride of achievement—the temporary adoration of the public—does not compensate, with Miriam, for the life she hasn't lived.

But if she is sincere about not liking fame, why does she remain in pictures? This is the answer: When Miriam realized that fame was no longer important to her, she was ready to get out. She had no further incentive to remain on the screen. All of her desire for accomplishment was gone. So, being just as honest in self-appraisal as she is in judging everyone else, she sat down to take an inventory of herself. What did she find?

WELL, she had to admit that she was born an actress. Acting was in her blood. If she had not gone into the theatrical profession, she would still be an actress, whether she was a secretary, a saleslady, or a writer.

Next Miriam asked herself if she should continue working just for the money she made? No. She cannot stand anyone who works just for money. She believes that, unless a person is doing what he wants to do, he denies his own integrity of character.

As Miriam probed into her inner heart to find some justification for continuing in the profession for which she really was best qualified, she found it at last. It had been there all the time, and she had merely overlooked it. This reason was not to be found in the applause of the public, or in the good opinion of friends. The only thing that mattered at all was what she thought of herself. . .

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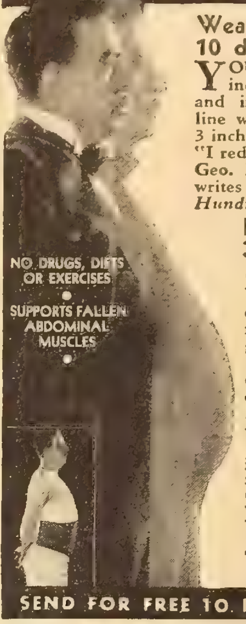
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And she wanted to think of herself as not "just another actress," but an artist in her work. She wanted to make worth-while pictures. She wanted to express herself, to portray characters that others were afraid to touch. She fought for the chance to pioneer in color pictures, to play such an unsympathetic rôle as that of *Becky Sharp.* She signed a contract with Samuel Goldwyn because he was interested in artistic productions. He agreed to let her pass upon her stories. She immediately jumped at the opportunity to portray that hard-hearted girl in *Barbary Coast* whose only thought was for self-advancement.

"She is so much like all women," Miriam said. "She came to San Francisco as 'the nice Miss Rutledge.' Her character was changed by lust for gold. She became known as 'Swan,' the dancing girl in one of the cabarets. Hard. Selfish. Ambitious. But when she fell in love, her real character emerged. There was the genuine woman—caught, held and happy in the unbreakable web of human emotions."

Miriam, like Swan, has found herself. She will henceforth make pictures for her sole gratification, because she realizes that to be honest with the public, one must be honest with one's self. And when this present contract is terminated, she says she will meander around the world. And she will visit, first of all, Pekin and Timbuktu!

Portrait of a Self-Made Woman

[*Continued from page* 62]

to do with dangling and embarrassing hands, how to adjust the movements of her body to the fluid camera. During all of this time she was learning to be an actress, and now she began to make herself over physically.

From the Sennett Studio, she went to Pathé. An over-plump Carole. A girl who did not know how to highlight every physical advantage. With the help of expert trainers, masseurs and dietitians, she made her figure so exquisite that it might well fulfill a Pagan's dream. She became newly clothes-conscious—realizing how the *right* clothes could enhance beauty and personality and intelligence. She set out to find what was right for *her.* She studied make-up and hair-dressing.

With the coming of talkies, she continued her self-education. She studied voice, diction and placement. She determined that the microphone would not find her wanting—and it did not!

She won new opportunities, and acquired vision and balance—acquired them because she worked for them, because she knew she had to have them if her ambitions were to be realized. She knew that there were no short-cuts.

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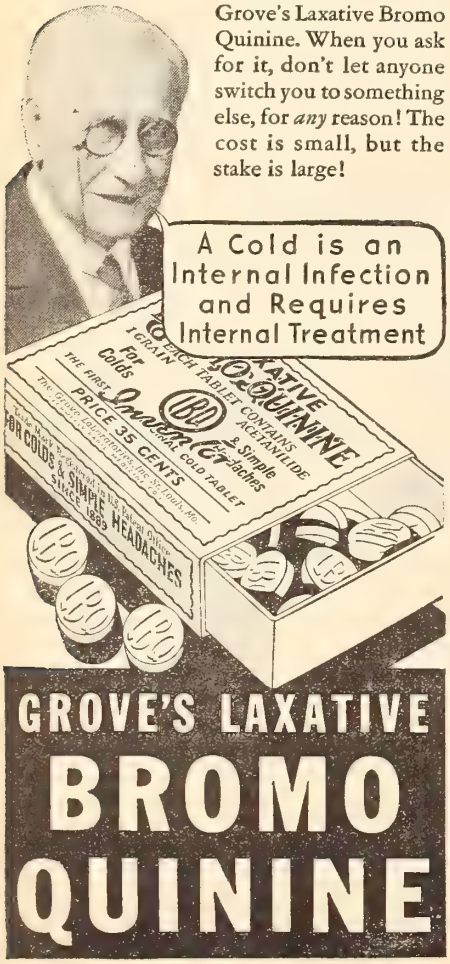
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GROVE'S LAXATIVE
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Tullio Carminati's Immortal Love

[*Continued from page* 33]

fires of conversation with stray fragments of thought.

I had spoken of her as an actress it had been my misfortune never to see.

"Eleanora Duse!" Tullio's quiet echo of her name had a reverent tone. "She was the greatest actress of them all! I have seen and appeared with a great many talented *artistes,* but my personal conviction is that none of them can ever compare with Duse.

"Don't you think it is possible for time and memory to magnify the importance of an actress?" My question was an ill-disguised thrust to inspire him to overcome his reticence.

"I do not!" Tullio's answer was emphatic. "And I am not speaking alone—others share my opinion that Duse was the greatest of them all. One who never saw her can hardly understand, perhaps. The greatest tribute I might pay is to say that at sixty-one she was the most feminine woman I have ever seen!"

With this remarkable statement, Tullio warmed to his topic.

"I loved her!" he confessed, simply. "Oh, not as you might think or write of love. It was something quite different. It was the admiration any actor can have for another because of the beautiful things he represents. I loved Duse deeply for her genius and for what she meant to me in a purely spiritual sense.

"I recall how, while standing completely still, with her back to the audience, without moving, without the slightest gesture of her hands, Duse could convey to her audience the power of a surging emotion. There has never been another who could, with so few artifices, convey such tremendous force of the dramatic."

FIFTEEN years ago Tullio Carminati, beginning his stage career, was appearing with John and Lionel Barrymore in a play called *The Jest.* This marked his return to the legitimate theatre following the World War, in which he served with distinction. At the same time, Eleanora Duse decided to forsake a retirement of fourteen years and return by public demand to the stage on which she had ruled as a sovereign.

Duse called for Carminati and asked him to become her leading man, manager, and director. Greatly honored, Tullio accepted. The next few short years were the happiest of his career.

"I will never forget the night of her last American appearance in *Lady of the Sea,"* he told me. "I took a leading rôle in this play without rehearsal. The script called for me to step over a low wall as I made my entrance. Duse, with her back to the audience, was facing me, and I was paralyzed instantly by the power of her oddly fascinating eyes, living the emotions of the character she

[*Continued on page* 81]

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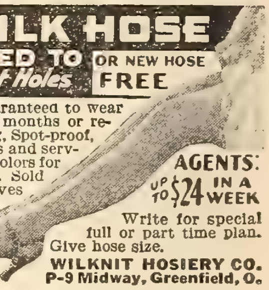

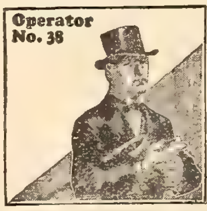

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Give a Hollywood Christmas Eve Party!

[*Continued from page* 41]

frying; one pound fresh beef, cut in pieces with fat removed; one can of corn niblets; two sliced tomatoes; one pint green beans; three cubed potatoes; one chopped onion; one pint or more of soup stock; salt; pepper and paprika. Cover and cook very slowly in the oven until all ingredients are tender—about three hours. . . . In serving, a piece of chicken with a bit of beef, garnished with the vegetables, is a proper helping.

Mrs. Woods also gave me her recipe for Christmas Aspic Ring, which I am passing on to you:

CHRISTMAS ASPIC RING—Boil 2 cups of tomato juice and pour over 1 package of prepared aspic. Stir until dissolved. Boil 3 medium-sized potatoes with skins on until tender. Peel and dice. Add potatoes to aspic and pour into ring mold. Add 1 cup of diced celery. When congealed, unmold on a large platter. Fill the center with 2 cups of cabbage slaw and fashion decorative holly from chopped green pepper and pimiento.

Mrs. Woods' cranberry tarts are made this way:

CRANBERRY TARTS—Boil 1 pound cranberries, 2 cups powdered sugar and 2 cups water over a slow fire until near-tender, adding sugar a few minutes before removing from fire. Pour into twelve round tarts made from ordinary pie crust and allow to cool.

As a special Christmas feature, Mrs. Woods plans to make tiny caps of red crêpe paper, dunce-cap effect, and fit them over the edges of the tarts, achieving a Santa Claus face with raisins for eyes, and a fine roll of whipped cream close to the edge of the crust will form a beard. The decorative possibilities for these tarts are really unlimited, she points out. And they are simple to make.

Last, but not least, she has a perfectly grand recipe for mustard pickles which always look very decorative at Christmas time, being a bright, lovely green. Besides, they are simply delicious.

MUSTARD PICKLES—The ingredients are 1 quart of green cucumbers, cut small; 1 quart of tiny cucumbers; 1 quart of sliced or very little onions; 1 large cauliflower, cut in pieces; 4 green peppers, sliced. Soak all these for twenty-four hours in salt water, using 1 cup of salt to 1 gallon of water. Then scald in the same brine and drain. Make a paste of 6 scant tablespoons of ground mustard, 1 tablespoon tumeric, a scant ½ cup flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 quarts vinegar. Mix dry ingredients with a little vinegar, then add remainder of vinegar. Scald, stirring until well mixed and smooth. Pour over the vegetables while hot and seal in jars.

P.S. In passing on all this good information, the Woods' wish you a very happy Yuletide!

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling

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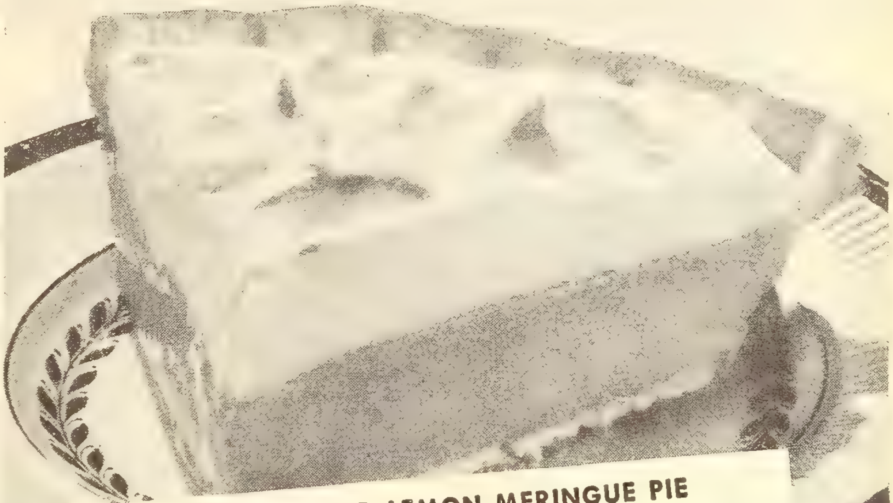

EAGLE BRAND LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or
¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or lemon extract, and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book.) Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill.

● Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie the old way again! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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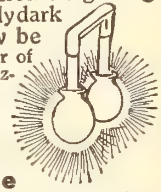

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Are Modern Women Copy-Cats?

[*Continued from page* 45]

"But there *could* be a typically modern type of dress for all occasions, couldn't there?" I inquired.

"Why not? The life of the woman of today *could* do more to influence fashion than ever before in history."

I asked him then, to describe his conception of what modern clothes *could* be—and should be—like.

"Well," he began, "in the first place, they should suggest the modern woman's outstanding characteristics—honesty, frankness, courage. They should be stripped of the frills and gew-gaws and 'excess baggage' that women used to wear. They should be practical, healthful. Plain, yet lovely. Graceful. Adapted to the modern tempo."

He paused, contemplatively. "And now," he continued, "I'll tell you the reason why the Twentieth Century motif hasn't progressed farther. You see, women have had their fingers burned . . . by those gosh-awful clothes they wore along in 1920 to 1926 or 1927. Those 'flapper' clothes.

"You see, although new and different, those clothes broke all rules of costume fitness. They were ugly, incongruous, ungracious. Women, suddenly realizing how like scarecrows they looked with waistlines around their hips and skirts above their knees, swung back in a panic to modes already tried and found attractive and becoming in days gone by.

"AND so," he concluded, "as I said, there has been a reason for the apparent backwardness. Even in Hollywood, which sets styles for the world, it explains why one star takes refuge in Queen Elizabeth's ideas of sartorial beauty when she really wants to dress up; another chooses to copy some French period; another harks back to ancient Rome or Greece. They are simply burned children, fearing fire. . ."

Now, that was all very well. I saw his point. But, nevertheless, there was one particular question I wanted to ask.

"But women, even in Hollywood, seldom design their own clothes," I remarked. "What do you mean . . . *their* fingers have been burned? What about you costume designers? Why haven't you given us clothes beautifully new and beautifully appropriate to the age to think about?"

He thought a moment, then grinned engagingly. "You've got me there," he admitted. "Yes, in the last analysis, I guess it is we who have been 'copy-cats,' after all. . . ."

What do *you* think of Bernard Newman's notion that modern clothes *should* express the modern woman? Write your reaction to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor (see page 82 for address). Your letter may win you a cash prize!

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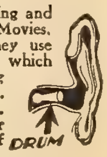

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Sylvia Sidney's 10 Pointers for a Career

[*Continued from page* 31]

may be a bit too large. Well, *that* handicap can be overcome by proper exercise and perhaps diet; and too-thin lips may be corrected by suitable make-up. You can do away with self-consciousness about your appearance. As far as looks are concerned, there is really nothing to deter you from the career you wish.

THIRD: *Bring out your personality!* Everyone has personality. It may not be the most desirable kind on earth, but it is that God-given spark that makes you individual. Don't try to copy someone else—or you will lose something very valuable to you.

Fourth: *Develop your brain!* It is possible, I assure you, to enhance your natural intelligence in varying degrees. Reading can give you a knowledge of people and places, manners and customs that can't help but make you a more tolerant, intelligent individual and, for that very reason, a better saleswoman, actress, or executive.

Fifth: *Cultivate your charm!* Charm is a mixture of glamor and graciousness. Beauty and personality contribute toward it. Charm is not only born in one; it may be acquired—*developed.* I have often seen this happen. But please don't mistake charm for some affectation, such as talking with a broad "a." You have heard people say: "Simplicity is her greatest charm." And that is true. Charm is disarming and entirely devoid of pretense. *You* can have it, too.

Sixth: *Decide upon your goal!* Now that you have looked at yourself calmly and dispassionately, and know just about what sort of person you really are, know what you want to do! There is no more pitiful situation than a girl or boy who has no purpose or aim in life.

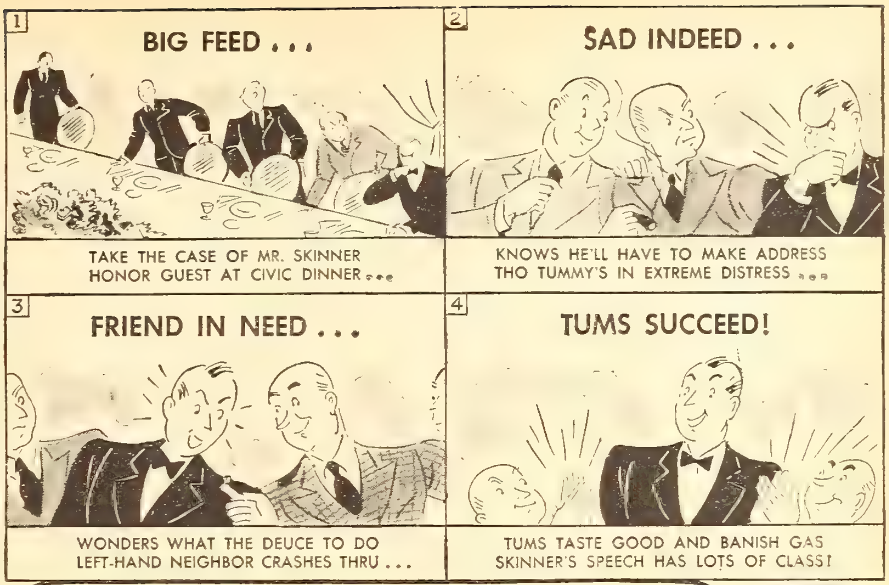
Seventh: *Make your own opportunities!* You will have to do so if you are to succeed where others fail.

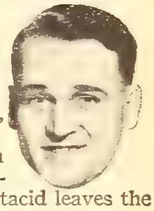
Eighth: *Never admit discouragement!* Making your opportunities is only half the battle, of which the other half is overcoming your obstacles. You simply cannot let difficulties get the better of you. Because some of your rivals won't.

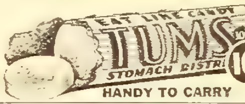
Ninth: *Stay on the job!* By that, I mean be modest in victory—for victory is usually short-lived. If you have one success, don't feel that your services are indispensable hereafter.

Tenth: *Set a higher goal after each success!* When you reach one milestone, don't be satisfied. Keep going ahead. No matter how high you aim, there is always a further goal—and to do anything really well, it is necessary to feel that your present objective is only the means to an end, not the end itself.

Those, then, are my ten pointers for a career—any career. They are not academic. Countless others besides myself have followed them—and found that they have worked.


1
BIG FEED . . .
TAKE THE CASE OF MR. SKINNER HONOR GUEST AT CIVIC DINNER . . .
2
SAD INDEED . . .
KNOWS HE'LL HAVE TO MAKE ADDRESS THO TUMMY'S IN EXTREME DISTRESS . . .
3
FRIEND IN NEED . . .
WONDERS WHAT THE DEUCE TO DO LEFT-HAND NEIGHBOR CRASHES THRU . . .
4
TUMS SUCCEED!
TUMS TASTE GOOD AND BANISH GAS SKINNER'S SPEECH HAS LOTS OF CLASS!





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Models Today—
Stars Tomorrow!

[*Continued from page 29*]

telephone, or write, by the thousands. Very often girls read the name of some famous artist. They go to his studio and ask for modeling work. He sends them along to a commercial photographer, who in turn sends them along to the agencies. All this helps to crowd the offices of the different agencies with a lot of impossible material. I think the hardest job in the world is mine because I have learned to say 'No' so often that my head shakes from side to side even in my sleep!"

There is an agency called the Models' Guild that started with a membership of three hundred. All members are models who joined together, bought stock in their own little organization, and went to work. It is headed by a man named William Black, himself an ex-model. Although it has been in existence just three years, it now lists about a thousand people, including every type from old men who pose for character rôles to baby models, gurgling over a milk bottle. Only a few hundred, however, actually work steadily.

Mr. Black feels that the modeling profession is overcrowded for the reason that it is interesting, exciting, pleasant, lucrative, and easy work.

"THERE is no training required, really," he declares. "The first step a girl has to take in order to become a model is to send in sample photographs of herself, preferably some outdoor snapshots. The chief requirement for a model is that she must photograph well. We can usually judge that from these snapshots. Then, on our say-so, she is sent over to a studio where three test-shots are made. If these turn out well, she is registered in our books and put to work. The average model lasts about four years. She is usually tall—and she is always poised. She may have the prettiest face in the world, but if she dresses badly, she is out. She has to develop a 'dress-sense,' and this eventually becomes her greatest asset.

"Also," this Guild head added, "it does not necessarily follow that, because a girl is pretty, she will photograph well. I have seen a raving beauty turned down because there was something lacking when the camera told the story. I know plenty of girls, not so pretty, who, because of a certain something or other, photograph like a million dollars."

The experience a girl acquires while going through the model game is invaluable later on in her career if she goes on the stage or into the movies. She knows how to walk, to smile, to talk, to listen, to look, to stand up, to sit down, to cross her knees, to droop her hands—all with the idea of showing off her best points to the utmost advantage. She is exactly like a colt that has been trained for the thoroughbred class—and makes it.

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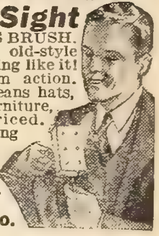

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A YOUNG and extremely frightened girl came into the Powers' office a few years ago. Mr. Powers looked her over. She had a perfect figure. Her name was Ruby Stevens. She was singing in some night club at the time, and wanted to pick up some extra money. She shot right into the popular class, and often worked every day in the week, posing all day, then dancing at night.

Later on, she went to work for stage-producer David Belasco, and changed her name to Barbara Stanwyck. Does she ever think of the days when she almost burst with pride and happiness at receiving twenty-five dollars a pose? That, in itself, is a record achieved by only about a hundred models in the whole profession, even today.

Another movie favorite who clicked before the commercial studio camera is Madge Evans. She started as a baby and for about seventeen years worked as a model, and is still remembered around the studios as one of the prettiest and most popular in the profession.

Mary Astor, Constance Cummings, Jean Muir (known as Jean Fullarton before she went into the movies), Helen Vinson, Betty Compton, Paulette Goddard, Judith Allen, William Haines and Neil Hamilton are among those who worked for several years as models. Joan Blondell is another celebrity who pulled herself up from obscurity via the model route. She attained a unique reputation among the various sources employing models. She was not only pretty, but patient—a very hard worker. She took on all the jobs she could possibly get, and no amount of trouble seemed to bother her. All the artists clamored for her services. Anita Louise and Tom Brown both were child models in New York. Anita's name was then Anita Fremault.

BETTY FURNESS has just been named by M-G-M as one of six likely stars of the near future. Betty served her apprenticeship as a model for some time in New York. She is one of the most recent recruits from the model field, but there is a constant quest for more in the profession.

Handsome Robert Allen—who appeared with Grace Moore in *Love Me Forever*—is an example of how the producers are combing the model field to get more fodder for that insatiable screen machine. Less than a year and a half ago he was listed on the male sheet at a model agency as Theodore Baehr—a Dartmouth College boy who had worked his way through school and, every summer, posed whenever he could get a job around the commercial studios.

Little Charlotte Henry, of *Alice in Wonderland* fame; Jean Arthur, who is fast rising to star prominence; Philip Reed are a few more to add to the list of screen players who are ex-models. I could name a hundred others.

There is no worse bugaboo in the mind of a movie producer than the question: "Where can I find new faces?"

And one good answer still is: "Well, every professional model is a potential star!"

SKINNY WEAK NERVOUS RUNDOWN? Science Says "Feed Iodine Starved Glands to add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week—Gain New Strength and Energy!"

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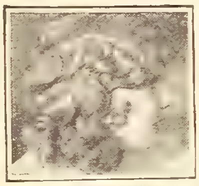
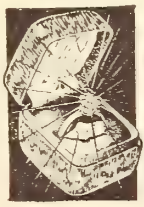


Actual Pattilou Head



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●

SECRETS OF MOVIE THRILLS

●

HOW TED HUSING BROADCASTS FOOTBALL

●

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Can You Unscramble Pictures? Identify These Men?

Photographs of well-known movie stars, aviators, and sports champions have been scrambled as at the left; for reassembling and identifying the pictures 123 cash prizes are being offered. Full details are in the December issue of

MODERN MECHANIX & INVENTIONS MAGAZINE

Tibbett Returns—in Triumph

[*Continued from page* 34]

with a tremendous love of fine music, he wants to play an important part in bringing it to the average American.

One day, between scenes on the *Metropolitan* set, he said: "The screen has become the singer's greatest opportunity. That's why I'm so anxious to succeed."

With so much at stake, Lawrence Tibbett would have been excusable had he displayed the traditional operatic temperament. Instead, he has been the pal of everyone on the set. I've never heard any great star so unanimously and so enthusiastically praised by his fellow workers.

THE story of *Metropolitan*, strangely enough, closely parallels the real-life story of its star. It deals with the struggle for recognition of a talented young singer whose cardinal sin was his failure to study abroad and who, consequently, was denied an opportunity at the Metropolitan Opera House by the tradition-bound directors. Tibbett fought exactly that same battle. Born on a California cattle ranch, obliged to support a family before he was old enough to vote, he had neither the time nor the money for study in Europe. He climbed to success by drudgery, singing in church choirs, in theatre prologues and finally in unimportant concerts.

In addition to Tibbett, the principal players in the brilliant cast of *Metropolitan* are Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady, Cesar Romero, George Marion, Sr., and Luis Alberni. Virginia Bruce, cast in the rôle of a wealthy society girl who is trying, incognito, to win success in opera, has a chance to sing several operatic arias. Tibbett contends that she has one of the finest natural voices he has ever heard. Alice Brady, who gave up a musical career of her own because of her success in drama, plays a would-be prima donna, a near-comedy character, who adopts Tibbett as a protégé.

Most of the scenes in the picture center around the opera house, yet music never transcends the dramatic plot in importance. Rather, it augments and plays a definite part in developing the plot. Tibbett believes that every song must have a definite place in the story if opera is to be popular on the screen.

In *Metropolitan*, you will hear him sing arias from *The Barber of Seville*, *Carmen*, and *Pagliacci*. He also sings a number of the songs which have been most popular with his concert audiences—*On the Road to Mandalay*, *Vesta La Giubba*, and *Glory Road*.

On the set, one day, I heard him sing the Toreador song from *Carmen*. His voice filled the huge sound stage and for several minutes after he had finished, the five hundred "extras" in the "opera house" sat spellbound. Then, completely disregarding the director's order, "Cut," they broke into a storm of applause that lasted fully ten minutes.

Listen for that song!

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5.00-20	2.55	1.05
5.25-17	2.60	1.15
5.25-18	2.60	1.15
5.25-19	2.60	1.15
5.25-20	2.60	1.15
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They're the Topics

[*Continued from page* 10]

Hidden Valley. Her parents have bought a ranch home there. The valley is approximately 40 miles from Hollywood, and "Hidden" is a good name for it—since neither hard-surfaced roads nor telephone lines lead thither. . .

Mary Rogers, Will's daughter, who was appearing with a summer stock company in Skowhegan, Maine, when she received word of his tragic death, has had a screen offer from her father's friend, Samuel Goldwyn—and, though grateful, has refused it. Her father counseled her to get "some real training" on the stage before attempting the screen. . .

Hollywood now holds a new kind of record—the speed record of the world. Howard Hughes, producer of *Hell's Angels* and aviation enthusiasts, recently flew 435 miles an hour in a specially-built plane—and has received international recognition of his feat, which nearly ended in tragedy when his motor choked and died from lack of gasoline. . . Another near-tragedy almost occurred when Charles Bickford, making a scene with a 400-lb. lion for the jungle picture, *East of Java*, was bitten in the neck by the suddenly enraged animal. One tooth missed Bickford's jugular vein by a quarter of an inch. Only lightning-quick work saved his life; his injury may be permanent.

Frank *(Bring 'Em Back Alive)* **Buck**, just returned from another jungle jaunt with a new picture, *Fang and Claw*, says that you never can be sure you have tamed any wild animal. Remember the cute honey bear that was such a camp pet in *Bring 'Em Back Alive?* The little bear turned on Frank one day, clawing him in the knee. As a memento, he has a slight limp today.

Marlene Dietrich will have to move over and make room for Katharine Hepburn. For *Sylvia Scarlett*, Katharine had to have her hair clipped, boy-fashion. She got into the spirit of the thing so much that she is wearing boys' clothes off the screen.

Barbara Stanwyck has a new kind of rôle in *Annie Oakley*—bringing back to life a woman who made good in a man's world

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Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. T. J. Rastelli

Doctor T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." And Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, another widely known Physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

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Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy in accordance with the strict and rigid standards of the United States Dispensatory and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and being designed especially to act in the Kidneys and Bladder is swift and safe in action. Most users report a remarkable improvement in 48 hours and complete satisfaction in 8 days.

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How Fred Astaire Looks at Life

[*Continued from page* 30]

about himself, our quarry was occupying the center of the stage, surrounded by the rest of the cast.

For one solid hour, we sat and watched Fred at work. Finally, a long recess was called. And, instantly, a distinct uneasiness came over Fred—who had been so completely at ease for an hour, doing his act. With strained casualness, he stepped down from the stage, approached us, shook hands with an embarrassed smile, and sat down.

I asked him if he liked life to be in quick tempo, like *The Piccolino,* or in slow tempo like *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.*

"It all depends on the mood," he said, "and I'm changeable. But, in general, quick tempo—at least, when I'm working. It's more exciting, invigorating."

"Does that mean you like the city better than the country?" I asked. "I've heard that one of your secret ambitions is to retire to a farm."

"I was born in a city—Omaha, grew up in cities, and have always lived in cities. Maybe that's why I like the country . . . away from all the clatter and bang and rush. It's easier to be alive there. I want to own a farm. And I don't think it will wait until I retire, because I'm not retiring yet awhile. I like my work too well. And I'm not going to retire until I reach my peak and can step out in a blaze of glory. I'm not there yet—at least, I hope I'm not."

I told him that, on the screen, he gave the impression of being a well-groomed city slicker—shy, but smooth, nevertheless. He laughed, "It must be the clothes I wear. 'Clothes make the man,' you know."

His amazing screen success isn't half so amazing to anyone else as it is to Fred Astaire.

"When I went out to Hollywood the first time, to dance in *Dancing Lady* and *Flying Down to Rio,*" he said, "I never thought that I'd be staying. When I finished *Flying Down to Rio,* I packed my bag and went over to London, to appear in *The Gay Divorce* on the stage. I nearly fell over when I got a cable, telling me that I had clicked. That cable was the Eighth Wonder of the World!"

I volunteered that movie audiences had never seen anyone like him before. His answer, illuminated by that twisted, ironic smile of his, was: "You're probably right. They had never seen a *face* like mine before!"

From there, we went into success secrets, though we didn't call them that.

"All of my friends tell me I worry too much," he said. "Maybe I do. But I don't think I'd be anywhere today if I hadn't worried myself there. As a youngster, I had to worry to keep up with my sister, Adele—who was always a better dancer than I was. And now, every time something turns out better

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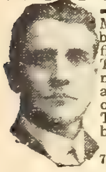

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than I thought it would, I worry about the next thing. 'Will it be as good?' I ask myself—and start working. Every time I make a picture, I lose several pounds. And I can't lose many more."

AUDIENCES, first attracted to him by his dancing, are now applauding him, as well, for being one of the finest comedians on the screen. And here is a revelation: *it was his dancing that made him an actor*.

He told me: "The way you dance isn't so important—though it counts plenty. The important thing is what you do *while* you're dancing, the business you tack on to it. You've seen dancers—and so have I—who are smooth in their footwork and can do a lot of clever, trick stuff; yet, somehow, they don't stand out. They look as if they're concentrating on their footwork. Every dancer works plenty hard, but the trick is to let audiences forget that—to let them watch you *enjoying* yourself.

"Personality is the greatest asset anybody on the stage can have," said Fred, "whether he's a dancer, an actor, or just a spear-carrier. And another prime asset is a capacity for hard work. You can't dream yourself or wish yourself or bluff yourself into stage success. You have to work—and like it—to get there."

Imagination and originality are two more prime essentials. As everybody should know by this time, Fred himself was the inventor of *The Carioca, The Continental* and *The Piccolino*. How does he contrive so many new steps?

"A great many people ask me that question," he says. "Whenever I go traveling, they ask me if I got ideas for a new dance from watching a Spanish fandango or a Russian folk-dance. I don't. I enjoy watching native dances, but I don't get hot flashes about ways to vary them. Right now, I'm supposed to be thinking of new dances for my next picture with Ginger Rogers, *Follow the Fleet*—in which, by the way, I'll play a sailor, not a 'city slicker.' And I haven't a single idea about what those steps will be. What I'll do, when I get back to Hollywood, is to lock myself in a room and just start shuffling. The ideas will come. You know how it is, sometimes, when you sit down to write a letter, and you don't know just what you'll write about? You put down a few words, and suddenly you begin to get ideas, until finally you've written about ten pages. Well, that's the way I do new dances."

Why does he dodge interviewers?

"They want to tell the world what I'm like in private life," he said, with blushing candor, "and I don't think that's important. People aren't going to go to theatres to see Fred Astaire, private citizen. They're going there to see Fred Astaire, public entertainer. And I want to make good on the strength of my performances, not on anything else."

And there you have Fred Astaire, five feet nine inches tall, sandy of hair and brown of eye, genius of entertainment and victim of self-consciousness, who admits, "I don't think I could be happy very long without music in the air."

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Joan Bennett—Doubly Successful!

[*Continued from page 26*]

has been thrice married. Barbara, the stage-struck one, who has given up the stage since becoming Mrs. Morton Downey. Joan, the schoolgirl.

Joan has attained the most of the three. Perhaps not in material things, but insofar as the fundamental values of life and art are concerned, the baby has forged ahead of the others. She is the only one of the three who has combined a happy marriage with a happy career successfully. And her double happiness makes her—along with Norma Shearer—the envy of every woman in Hollywood.

HOW has Joan done it? *By using her head!* That is the whole answer to the whole question.

Not only is she happy herself. In her home-life, she creates a happy atmosphere for two young children and a somewhat temperamental husband. I say "somewhat temperamental" because he is a writer, and all writers are cursed with more or less temperament.

"We do have a lot of fun," says Joan, quietly. "We both love to entertain, and we go out often. We know hordes of people, but so far we've managed to keep from getting into any one particular clique. I think the only way to keep out of trouble is to manage your friendships so that no one set can tie you up. You don't have to take sides when any quarrel gets started. *"Nothing very terrible can happen to you if you can see a funny side to it,"* she declares. "And after living with Gene for over three years, I've learned how not to take anything too seriously!" she adds. "He has given me a new set of values that make me feel I wouldn't change places with anyone in the world. I don't envy the most famous star. I would rather have what I have—my husband, my children, and my home—than all the fame in the world."

Joan's physical appearance makes the words sound fantastic. She is so little, so young, so utterly feminine!

Her practical outlook on life has made her successful in everything she has undertaken. This shows in her work, as well as in her home. She likes to act for the screen, but her real ambition is to go on the stage. And she wants to act in rôles that will prove her ability. She knows better than anyone else what she can, or cannot do, and has an uncanny instinct for the right thing.

It is this instinct that has permitted her to combine work and domesticity. She has been able to keep a perfect balance between the two. The matter is a difficult one, as every woman knows.

Joan's house is furnished throughout in the English fashion. The laughter of her children, "Ditty" (who answers to Diana on state occasions) and the

[*Continued on page 81*]

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Arline Judge knows how to keep her bridge tables safe. She provides her guests with "Card Partners"—which are combination ash-trays and glass-holders that will clamp on any card-table legs—well below the edge of the table.

* * *

Raquel Torres, who has just gone over to England for a visit, left her house spic and span . . . with particular emphasis on rugs and upholstery, which are favorite banqueting-places of moths. She supervised the cleaning personally and saw that it was done with Vapoo. To use this wonder-worker, just dissolve the powder in water and then brush furniture or rugs with the solution. With each whisk of the brush, off come dirt and stains.

* * *

Ann Sothern is noted for her Hollywood after-theatre parties . . . and her cooking specialty, hot-cakes. There is only one way to cook them, says Ann, and that is never to use grease—"which ruins them." So she uses a Club Aluminum griddle.

* * *

Venetian blinds are in vogue in Hollywood these days! They're inexpensive. And they won't crack, fray or pinhole. The Clopay brand costs only fifteen cents per blind; the Fabray washable blind, only forty-nine cents.

A CORN HURTS LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE

TAKE IT OUT...

Quickly—Safely—Scientifically
TO AVOID DANGEROUS INFECTION

The sharp tack-like point of a corn—under shoe pressure is forced deep into sensitive flesh and nerves that carry piercing pains through the body. That's why a corn seems "to hurt all over."

To stop torture instantly—center the dainty soft felt Blue-Jay Pad over the sore area. Shoe pressure is lifted and pain ceases. Pad is securely held with exclusive Wet-Pruf Adhesive strip (waterproof, soft kid-like finish—won't cling to stocking).

Remove corn completely, safely, quickly—In only three days the mild scientific Blue-Jay medication softens and loosens the dead skin tissue that forms the corn. Simply lift it out and enjoy new foot comfort.

GET BLUE-JAY TODAY! 25c at All Drug Stores
The Kendall Co.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

Mercolized Wax

Pure
Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes so beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite

is a refreshing stimulating astringent lotion when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines coarse-textured skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.

NEW CREAM MASCARA
needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

Beauty authorities—and women everywhere—are praising TATTOO, the new *cream* mascara that actually keeps lashes silken-soft instead of making them brittle. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; far easier to apply than cake mascaras! Simply squeeze TATTOO out of the tube onto the brush, whisk it over your lashes and there they are . . dark, lustrous and lovely, appearing to be twice their actual length! Can't smart. Absolutely harmless. Cry or swim all you like; TATTOO won't run or smear! TATTOO your lashes once and you'll never go back to old fashioned mascara. In smart rubber lined satin vanity, with brush, 50c everywhere.

SEND FOR 30 DAY TUBE

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept M50 Chicago
10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube Tattoo Cream Mascara with brush. ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue (Check color desired)

Name...
Street...
City........................ State...........

TATTOO

$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

Stories accepted in any form for criticism, revision, copyright and submission to Hollywood studios. Our sales service selling consistent percentage of stories to Hollywood Studios—the MOST ACTIVE MARKET. Not a school—no courses or books to sell. Send original plots or stories for FREE reading and report. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of others. Deal with a recognized Hollywood Agent who is on the ground and knows market requirements. Established 1917. Write for FREE BOOK giving full information.

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Send Underwood No. 5 (F. O. B. Chicago) at once for 10 days trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay $3.00 a month until I have paid $44.90 (term price) in full.

Name______________________Age________
Address______________________________
Town_____________________state________

Screen-Struck

[Continued from page 65]

and tell him I had been a fool, but the words stuck in my throat. Then my mood changed. So he thought I had been bragging about my success, did he? Wait until he saw my picture—wait until he saw me with a new contract! He was fair and honest, and he would acknowledge he had been wrong. Then I would say I was sorry, too, for "putting on an act." It would be all right; it *had* to come right! My confidence came back, my head went up.

On my way out of the studio, the doorkeeper called to me, "Mr. Burnham would like to see you."

My heart leaped. At last I was going to do another picture. But for more money—I intended being firm about that. Perhaps he would offer me a long-term contract . . . surely, I had been good enough to warrant it. I pulled my nerves together.

In his vast paneled office, Mr. Burnham was alone. He offered me a seat, very politely.

"Miss Le Grange," he began, "I hope you have enjoyed your visit to Hollywood. It has been a pleasure to have you with us, and I hope you will take back pleasant memories."

A cold wave swept over me and I stared at him incredulously. "Mr. Burnham!" I said, with white lips. "What do you mean? Do you—oh, you can't mean I'm . . . fired?"

He smiled a little sadly, and patted my hand. "I hate to put it that way, my dear," he said, "but I'm afraid we just can't use you. Don't take it too hard. At least, you've had a chance in pictures, which is more than most girls get. It's better for you to know the truth now."

"But it can't be!" I cried, feeling as if a knife had been thrust through my heart. "The picture—surely I looked well, surely. . . ."

"It's true that you photograph well," he interrupted, "but you have a great deal to learn about acting. Your voice, your accent, your timing—they're all wrong. Now, why not be a sensible little girl and go home? We'll pay your expenses, of course."

"No!" I cried, springing to my feet. "Never! I couldn't. Besides it's not fair, what you've done!"

"A lot of things that happen in the industry don't seem fair," he admitted with a sigh. "Somehow, it happens so. I wish it were otherwise. . . . In any event the cashier will have a check for you. Whether you use it to go home or not is your own affair. In any event, good luck to you—and goodbye!"

He held out his hand. Automatically, I took it. Then I turned slowly and went out into the cruelly bright California sunlight.

Continued in January
MOVIE CLASSIC

Stop.. WORRY OVER tell tale GRAY HAIR

look 10 Years Younger

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

BUNIONS NEEDLESS TORTURE

The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and a torturing bulge to the shoes. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly you will be able to wear smaller, neater shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it by actual test on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation.
Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. J-215, Chicago, Ill.

Have you sent in your ballot in MOVIE CLASSIC'S fascinating poll of readers?

Vote for the story—and the star—you would like to see in "the wide-awake magazine of the screen"! There are prizes for interesting titles—and you must have title ideas . . .

See page 10 for the details.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of Movie Classic, published Monthly at Mount Morris, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1935.

State of Minnesota }
County of Hennepin } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. M. Messenger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Movie Classic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; Editor, James E. Reid, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Laurence Reid, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, W. M. Messenger, Minneapolis, Minn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Motion Picture Publications, Minneapolis, Minn.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.; C-A Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stocks and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

W. M. MESSENGER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1935.
(SEAL) ESTHER V. MAUSEL.
(My commission expires May 7, 1941.)

Have You
MOVIE
TALENT
?

SCREEN PLAY offers you a marvelous opportunity for a FREE SCREEN TEST and in addition will give free trips to Hollywood to those who win the tests. All the details of this great opportunity will be found in the December issue of SCREEN PLAY.

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

SCREEN PLAY is ENTIRELY written and edited in Hollywood by writers and editors who are in constant contact with the studios and with the stars. Only by regularly reading SCREEN PLAY can you be sure that you have the full story of what is happening in the cinema capital.

ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS

Screen Play
10c
Have You MOVIE TALENT?

Tullio Carminati's Immortal Love

[*Continued from page* 68]

was playing. It was the first time I had come face to face with her in the midst of a play. I was unable to do anything but stare, completely forgetting the audience. Not until the prompter rapped sharply with his book did I remember who I was, where I was, and what I was to do."

When Duse died suddenly, following an attack of influenza, Tullio deserted the stage for many months. Later, continuing his career, he rose to such a position of eminence that Joseph Schenck signed him for films in 1926.

Oddly, his first picture appearances met with little success. Few can remember the fact that he appeared in several important pictures (such as *The Bat, The Duchess of Buffalo, The Patriot* and *Three Sinners)* with Constance Talmadge, Florence Vidor, Pola Negri, and other actresses of the silent era.

As everyone knows, his success in Hollywood dates from his appearance with Constance Bennett in *Moulin Rouge* and with Ann Harding in *Gallant Lady,* and particularly from his hit performance opposite Grace Moore in *One Night of Love.* Since then, although constantly in demand, he has refused to sign long-term studio contracts, preferring to appear when he chooses in films to his own personal liking.

That he still cherishes a love that is beyond ordinary understanding explains the hidden power of his appeal, for no man who has encountered such a supreme emotional experience as Carminati did with the immortal Duse can emerge without a vital emotional spark in his own heart.

Joan Bennett—Doubly Successful!

[*Continued from page* 78]

baby Melinda, whom Gene considers the eighth wonder of the world, sounds through the house at all times.

Says her mother, Adrienne Morrison, "I think it's perfectly marvelous to see what Joan has done with her life. There are very few youngsters who can recover from a disastrous marriage at sixteen and motherhood at seventeen, and then remake their lives as successfully and happily as Joan has."

The Powers-that-Be thought well enough of her efforts in *Private Worlds* and *Mississippi* to sign her up for the next two years at a price that would bring tears of envy to your eyes. Since signing the contract, she has made *Two for Tonight* with Bing Crosby at Paramount and *Rich Girl's Folly,* co-starring with George Raft, at Columbia. And only recently she finished *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo* for Twentieth Century-Fox, playing opposite Ronald Colman. You'd better keep your eye on Joan—for that girl is going places!

FOR LOVELY, ROUNDED UPLIFT SUPPORT

AGAIN-STITCHING ALONE DOES IT

"INTER-LUDE"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PAT. APP. FOR

To accomplish a lovely classic roundness of contour, Maiden Form creates "Inter-Lude" brassieres which—by semi-circular stitching—give firm uplift support with a slight separation between the breasts. Made in simple bandeau style or with 2-, 4- or 6-inch diaphragm band.

"Over-Ture"—the brassiere with little stitched "petals" under the breasts for extra-firm support — now obtainable in a completely backless version, for evening wear. Send for free booklet FN — Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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Maiden Form
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · GARTER BELTS
"There's a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

See *New Shopping Finds*—page 12—for Christmas suggestions

LOSE .. FAT
by DETOXICATION
THE BON KORA method
SAFE • EASY • PLEASANT

Over a million bottles have been sold. Actual case records show weight reductions up to fifty pounds. No thyroid, dinitrophenol or other harmful drugs. No starvation diet required. You can eat your fill of delicious foods as directed in the BonKora package. No strenuous exercise. The BonKora method is a clinically-tested treatment where obesity is due—as is usually the case—to toxic conditions, faulty elimination, over-eating and drinking. Principle is *detoxication* or driving poisons out of the system so that bodily organs can function properly and excess fat be thrown off in a natural way. Treatment also renews health and vigor.

FREE
Write for interesting free booklet—"Authentic Case Records on Detoxication Treatment".

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Try a bottle of BonKora. If not satisfied with results we will refund your money.

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Send your free Case Record Booklet to
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Just As You Say..

MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers say what they think—and win prizes with their letters

Ginger Rogers, who has just finished *Tamed,* her first solo starring picture, is the new Favorite No. 1 of readers, by actual vote. Can you tell us why?

$15 Prize Letter

Success Secret—Why does the tide of screen stars' popularity so frequently ebb and flow? Is it a problem of glamor, or sex-appeal, or stories? Every member of our family had a different explanation until Junior exploded his bombshell: "Say, what about Will Rogers? How will you explain a great man like him?"

The question made us realize how far from the basic truth about box-office appeal we were.

True, Rogers was a wit, a fine comedian. But others have been as good as he. He was lovably human, natural. But so have been other actors. Then what was it that endeared him to the public year after year? Grandmother had the answer: "It was because Will Rogers loved people *more* than he loved himself. Remember how he said: 'I never met a man I didn't like'?

"Any actor who can say *that* truthfully doesn't need to worry about holding his following. A warm heart is as apparent on the screen as anywhere else. That's why we loved Marie Dressler. That's why we loved Will."—*Mrs. A. S. Troxell, Frye Hotel, Seattle, Wash.*

$10 Prize Letter

Hands Across the Sea—As an English movie-goer, I should like to express through your magazine an appreciation of the magnificent way in which the American picture industry has produced such excellent films as *Lives of a Bengal Lancer, David Copperfield* and others, which are so British in spirit. Such pictures should do much to cement the friendship between our two peoples.

Perhaps the most significant thing about these pictures—*Bengal Lancer* in particular—is the way in which typical American stars portrayed typical British characters. The result of this is the realization on this side of the Atlantic that the average American is not the gum-chewing hustler beloved by cartoonists, but actually differs little from the average Britisher.

Now that our own studios are finding other plots besides continual "drawing-room dramas," filmgoers will benefit by the rivalry between Hollywood and English companies.—*Reg. Foggin, 14 Weld Road, Withington, Manchester, England.*

$5 Prize Letter

Unappreciated—Don't you think the screen director seldom gets the credit due him from the public? His name is infrequently heard in the conversations of movie-goers, yet he is an important, if not the most important, person in every production.

He is responsible for the interpretations of all the players in every variety of character. He knows human nature to the core. He must know good acting. He has to manage the entire cast, the property men, and the photographic sound crew. He sees that everything runs smoothly, allays jealousies, secures maximum cooperation. And with it all he must avoid nervous prostration. All hail to the director!—*Milton Landau, 609 West 137th St., New York City.*

$1 Prize Letters

Several months ago, a MOVIE CLASSIC reader suggested that Shirley Temple should play the title rôle of Peter Pan. *Other readers jumped at the suggestion, both pro and con. Several thought that Freddie Bartholomew should play* Peter, *with Shirley as* Wendy. *Now comes still another suggestion:*

Virginia as *Wendy?*—Shirley Temple is not the type to play *Peter Pan.* In the first place, she is much too small for the part, besides having a personality altogether different from that of the impish, boastful *Peter.* I think that Freddie Bartholomew, with his boyish charm, his wonderful acting ability, and his perfect diction, would be an ideal *Peter Pan.* Also, I suggest Virginia Weidler, the charming, sincere *Little Sister* of *Laddie,* as a "natural" for the part of *Wendy.* Each of these children alone captivated the movie-going public. Together, what would they be? Perfection!—*Jacqueline Moffatt, 2923 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif.*

In October MOVIE CLASSIC, Reader T. M. Feemann started something by intimating that movie stars are too clothes-conscious. We have been deluged with letters of protest, of which this is typical:

New Styles Important—Reader Feemann must be of the male of the species. It is true that a famous actress does not have to depend on the latest creations to be heralded for her performance, but I daresay that if our critic saw a favorite wearing a 1932 model gown in a 1935 picture, the thought would be, "That actress is losing her appeal." Good clothes and fashionable clothes are necessary for the happiness and success of a woman, whether she is Mary Brown of Peoria or Sylvia Sidney of Hollywood.—*Beatrice Spasoff, 1726 M. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.*

Bergner Passed the Test—I saw Elisabeth Bergner's *Escape Me Never* six weeks ago and I still am enjoying it. It stands out on the movie horizon clear cut, symbolic and dignified. Of the eight or ten pictures I have seen since, I have only a scene here and a line there—but Bergner, the tragic little imp, pops into my mind often, and I like to have her!

My own test of a good movie is the same as my test of merchandise: Has it quality? Will it serve its purpose? And—do I really want it? *Escape Me Never* is my best movie buy so far this year.—*Mrs. J. G. Riley, Sillman Hotel, Spokane, Wash.*

Here is an interesting topic for discussion—the test of a good picture. What is your own personal test?

Nominated for Award—I wonder if many MOVIE CLASSIC readers will approve of the list of ten screen performances I would consider worthy of the Academy Award of 1935? The list follows:

(1) Freddie Bartholomew in *David Copperfield;* (2) Victor McLaglen in *The Informer;* (3) Noel Coward in *The Scoundrel;* (4) Paul Muni in *Black Fury;* (5) Pat O'Brien in *Oil for the Lamps of China;* (6) Katharine Hepburn in *Alice Adams;* (7) Charles Laughton in *Ruggles of Red Gap;* (8) Julie Haydon in *The Scoundrel;* (9) Bette Davis in *Bordertown;* (10) Gary Cooper in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer.*—*Albert Manski, 69 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.*

Reader Manski is rushing the award season by several months, perhaps on the theory that it's better to be early than late. And so it is. Would your own ten nominations include more actors than actresses, as his does? Why not take a piece of paper and pencil and jot them down? And send us your list?

WHAT is *your* favorite movie topic—*your* reaction to new pictures, new performances—*your* newest idea for the betterment of films?

Tell us, and you will also be telling the world. *And* be in the running for one of these cash prizes for each month's best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each.

The editors are the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write *today* to Letter Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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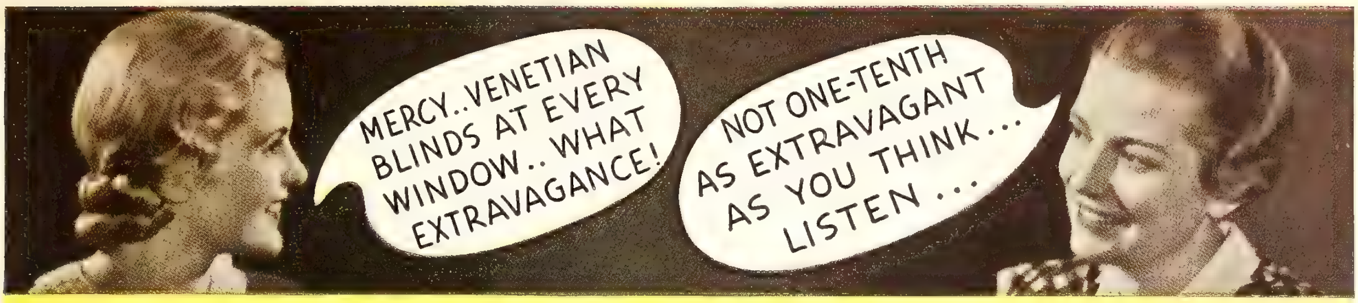

MERCY.. VENETIAN BLINDS AT EVERY WINDOW.. WHAT EXTRAVAGANCE!
NOT ONE-TENTH AS EXTRAVAGANT AS YOU THINK... LISTEN...

IS THIS A MIRACLE?.. *The Beauty and Smartness of* VENETIAN BLINDS *for* ONLY 15¢

Women Everywhere Gasp In Astonishment at Newest MARVEL *in* CLOPAY 15¢ WINDOW SHADES

NOW.. AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU SAW MY CLOPAY VENETIANS?
INDEED I AM.. THEY'RE THE SMARTEST LOOKING WINDOW SHADES I EVER SAW!

NO longer any need to envy the luxurious smartness of Venetian Blinds. For now you can have that expensive Venetian Blind effect in the amazing new CLOPAY *"Venice"* at the incredibly low cost of 15c a window! The illustration on the right, made from an unretouched photo, gives an inkling of how faithfully this remarkable shade reproduces the beauty of Venetian Blinds. See the CLOPAY *"Venice"* at your nearest "5 & 10" or neighborhood store and you, too, will gasp in astonishment and delight like thousands of others.

Twenty Smart Patterns

And don't fail to see the entire range of new CLOPAY patterns. Highly praised by leading interior decorating authorities for their smart styling and decorative value. Available in 5 rich solid colors and 15 delightful, up-to-the-minute designs that will bring new brightness and charm into any room of any home.

Can't Crack, Fray or Pinhole!

Best of all, these thrilling new shades are made from famous CLOPAY fibre. Patented texture makes them roll smoothly, hang straight and resist wear. No cracking, no fraying, no pinholing. Outwear shades costing 2 or 3 times as much. CLOPAY shades are now giving satisfaction in over 6,000,000 American homes. See CLOPAYS at your nearest store. Send 3c stamp for color sample to CLOPAY CORP., 1510 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WATCH STORE WINDOWS!

This month, windows of leading "5 & 10" stores and many others will feature the CLOPAY *"Venice"* and other striking new CLOPAY patterns. Watch for these displays—see how to beautify your home at negligible cost.

(ABOVE)—A GLIMPSE OF TWO OF THE 15 SMART NEW PATTERNS

GUARANTEED *As Advertised in* GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

THESE FABRAY SHADES ARE MARVELOUS! EASIER TO WASH THAN WINDOWS ...AND NOT A TRACE OF STAIN!

SEE NEW FABRAY WASHABLE SHADES, TOO

Another sensational value is the same amazing "Venetian" effect in FABRAY Washable Window Shades. A remarkable new product—tough, pliable, *thoroughly washable*. Scrub them with soap and water. Look, feel, wear like finest cloth—cost much less. FABRAY shades are now being featured by leading department stores, chains, and neighborhood stores—in wide range of patterns, colors, sizes and lengths. Plain colors 45c; Venice pattern 49c (36"x6'). The world's most remarkable quality shade value. Send 3c stamp for color samples.

CLOPAY *America's Fastest Selling* **WINDOW SHADES**

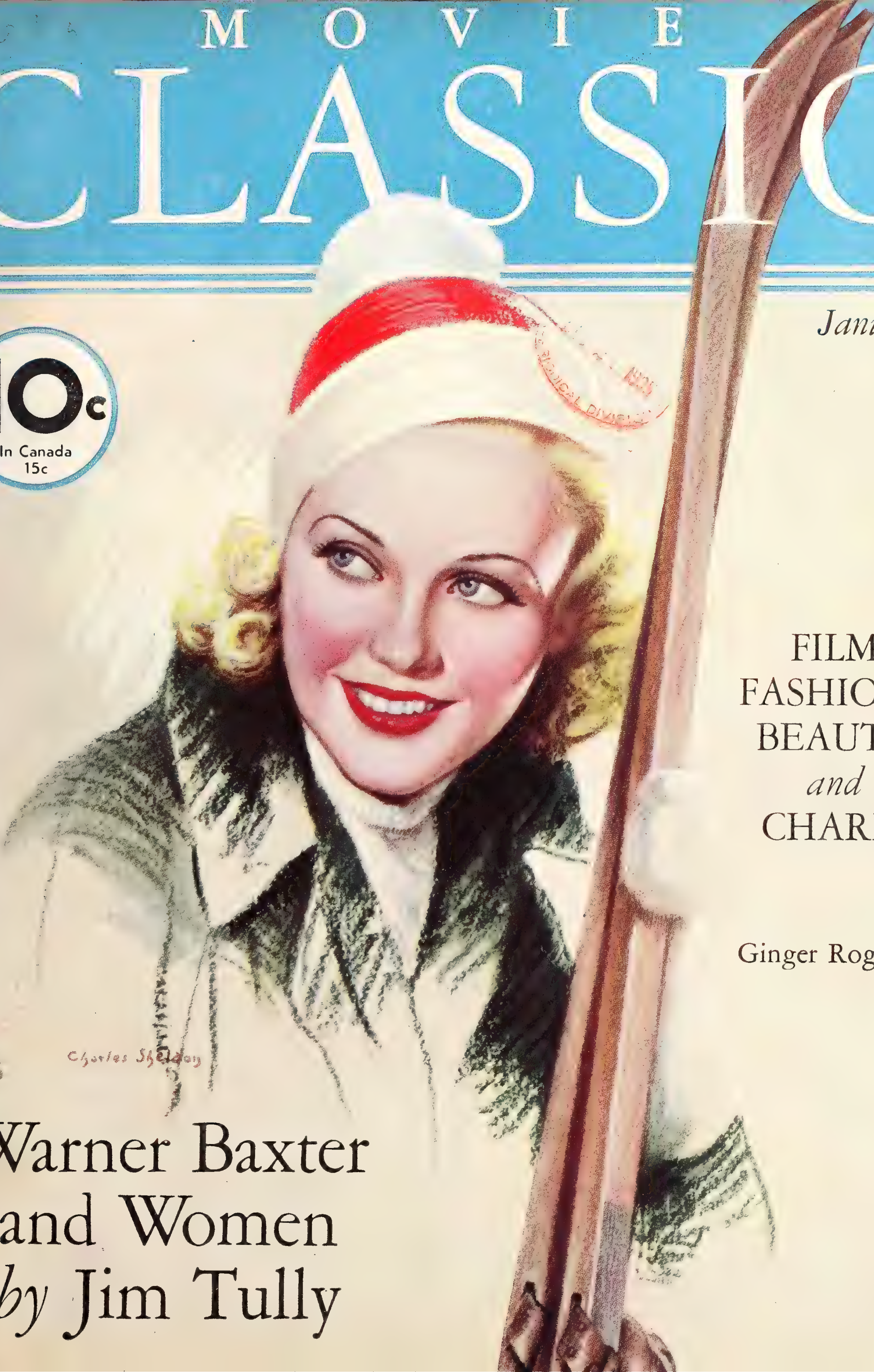
AT ALL "5 & 10" AND MOST NEIGHBORHOOD STORES

THANKS—
I'D RATHER HAVE A LUCKY
They're easy on my throat
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies and Luckies' exclusive process is your throat protection against irritation - against cough.

MOVIE CLASSIC

10c
In Canada
15c

January
NSC


Charles Sheldon

[illegible]ICAL DIVISION

36

FILM
FASHIONS
BEAUTY
and
CHARM

Ginger Rogers

Warner Baxter and Women
by Jim Tully

"I want my sleep to be beauty sleep—*so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night*"

Carole Lombard, star of Paramount's "Hands Across the Table"

says CAROLE LOMBARD

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

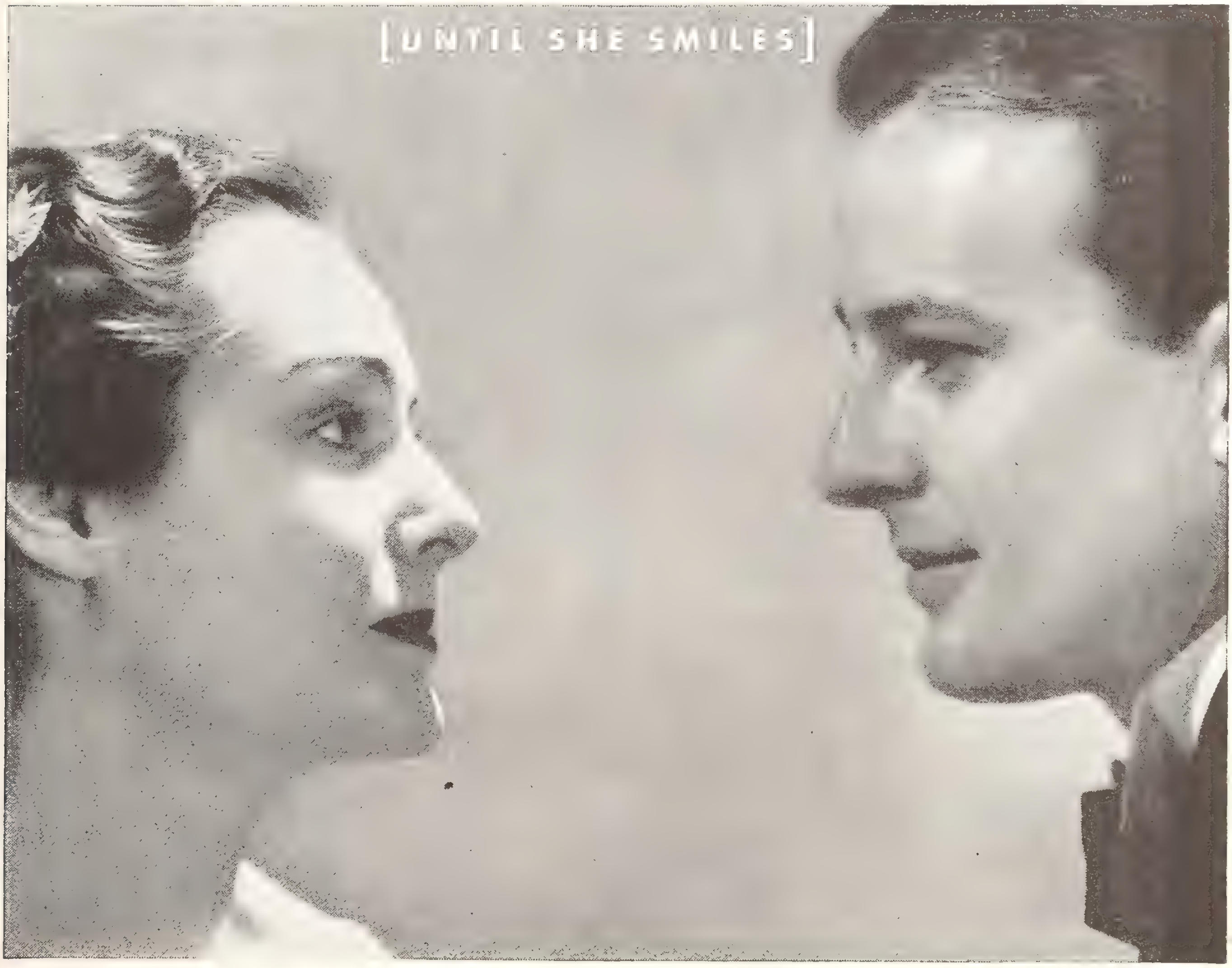
This lovely screen star knows it is when stale rouge and powder are allowed to *choke the pores* that Cosmetic Skin appears—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.

I'M A LOMBARD FAN—I'LL NEVER HAVE UGLY **COSMETIC SKIN** BECAUSE I USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS SHE DOES. I KNOW IT KEEPS SKIN LOVELY!
LUX
TOILET SOAP

Enchanted Moment



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."

And a woman's eyes may answer . . . "You're a likeable person."

And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?

It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thoroughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly. And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
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NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good . . .
Was way back yonder!

* * *

We've gone a long way back
We admit.
But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

* * *

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho . . . Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

* * *

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—
Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

* * *

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put $1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is $12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

* * *

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!

"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

Starring the

MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind

DEC 13 1935
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JAMES E. REID
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

JANUARY, 1936 VOL. 9 No. 5

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

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On this month's cover is one dancing star—Ginger Rogers—in a ski outfit. Here is another—Ruby Keeler. And how about *you*? Are *you* winter-sports-minded?

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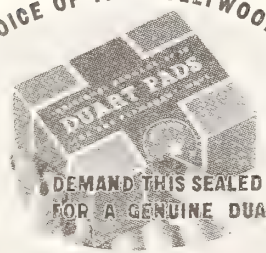
DUART

THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS



DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

SEND 10¢ FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde

They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

Harold Lloyd, now starring in *The Milky Way,* treasures his first pair of hornrimmed specs. He's holding them here—but usually they're under lock and key

Before Rochelle Hudson came along, Hollywood had a superstition that no other girl could play a rôle originally intended for Janet Gaynor and find success. But Rochelle succeeded where several predecessors had failed, simply because she did not try to be a second Gaynor when the chance was thrown her way. She gave an individual performance as the heroine of *Way Down East,* when she was handed the rôle opposite Henry Fonda after an injury took Janet out of the cast. In her latest picture, *Show Them No Mercy,* she plays the part of a young wife and mother—and her performance is so outstanding that she will be starred in the title rôle of *Ramona.* Keep your eye on Rochelle. The girl with "the plastic face" (so-called because she can register any given emotion at any given moment) is going far!

The favorite protégée of the late Will Rogers, Rochelle is in her very early twenties, has one of Hollywood's most beautiful figures, has a flair for smart fashions—and was six years en route to her present eminence. When she started in films, she was too young to play anything but sub-deb rôles; also, she had no acting experience. If she had been less conscientious, less willing to learn what there was to learn about film-acting, she would never have lasted long enough to "become of age" in Hollywood. She never kidded herself into thinking that she could get by on looks alone. And, for a girl with Rochelle's "looks," that was an unusual attitude . . .

Edward Everett Horton (a real comedian, if anyone should ask you) holds a record no other player has ever equaled. He has been a free-lance actor for fourteen years, never has been tied up with any company on one of those long-term contracts, will not play any rôle he does not like—and, if he does like it, asks (and gets) $5,000 a week, with no reduction for cash.

It looks as if Mae West is the trail-blazer to the new winter playground of the stars. She has taken a fancy to Ensenada, the new resort below the Mexican border, and is going to build there. Having no liking for airplanes or steamships, she cannot get away for "quick vacations" to New York or Hawaii as other stars do—but she can reach Ensenada in that big car of hers in three hours. Now, other stars are asking questions about land prices there.

It is a little early to suggest Academy Award winners, but you can lay a bet that Victor McLaglen (for his performance in *The Informer)* and Edward Arnold (for his performance in *Diamond Jim)* will be in the running. And there is likely to be another special award for Shirley Temple . . . who has become the top favorite internationally in her second year of stardom.

Prepare for a pleasant little surprise when you see *Coronado.* The leading lady is a brand-new comer, named Betty Burgess, discovered in a Los Angeles high school

Warren William's health regimen requires him to drink fifteen glasses of water a day—and he hasn't foundered yet . . . George Brent, A-1 aviator, was afraid of riding on merry-go-rounds as a youngster! Incidentally, the dancing beauties at Warners, in a poll, voted for George as "Hollywood's most eligible bachelor" . . . Maureen O'Sullivan has one of those trick memories that enables her to memorize a full movie script by reading it only twice . . . William S. Hart, of two-gun film fame, has authored another book on the Old West, titled, "The Law on Horseback, and Other Stories" . . . Outrageously hilarious was that retort of Mrs. Pat Campbell's to the young and beautiful actress who bawled her out for forgetting a line: "My dear," said Mrs. Pat, sweetly, "how thin you are! You *must* have worms!"

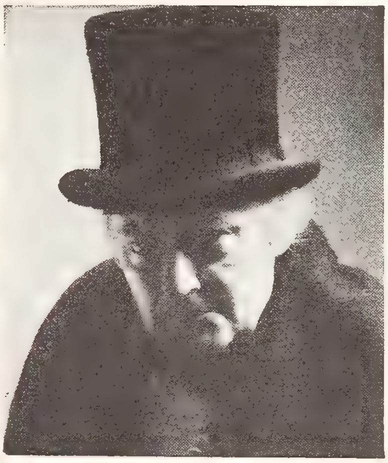
Girls, be glad that you are not living back in the mid-1800's, because it took 128 yards of material and 348 yards of lace, not to mention horsehair braid, ribbon, etc., to make only *four* of the costumes of the period that Miriam Hopkins wore in *Barbary Coast* . . . Strange as it seems, there is a man working on Warners' *Captain Blood* set whose name really *is* Captain John Blood. He is six feet four and flew for the British in the war . . . James Cagney says that he trained so earnestly for his last two pictures that he gained a half-inch in height. Are you listening, Mr. Ripley?

Charles Boyer, scheduled to play opposite Marlene Dietrich in her next picture, may soon play *Haroun Al Raschid* in *The Arabian Nights.* In color, that should be a thrill . . . Marian Marsh believes that "tight" coiffures are due for an eclipse. In Columbia's *Crime and Punishment,* she is wearing her hair loose and wavy—and the novelty, think we, may start a fad . . . The newest legend about Cecil B. De Mille (who, by the way, is about to produce *Buffalo Bill*—probably with Gary Cooper as the star) is that he has a trick spotlight under his desk, which he can suddenly focus on any actor or actress who enters to be interviewed. "And is it startling!" exclaims one who claims to know. . . .

Because there are about 12,500 "extra" players registered at the Central Casting Bureau, and because it is a BIG day when as many as five hundred of them receive calls, the Bureau heads have adopted new tactics to bring down the total. They are sending out successions of form letters to all registered "extras," advising them how tough the game is (just as though most of them didn't know it already!), in the hope that many of the 12,500 will throw up the sponge and go back home, wherever that is. "Save in a very few exceptional instances," one typical letter points out, "it is an impossibility for any individual to make an actual living from motion picture 'extra' work."

In Hollywood, population figures show, there are about 3,000 more women than men. And that includes screen beauties. And that means that a girl in Hollywood, even though she may have been a Garbo in her own home-town, has a slim chance

[*Continued on page* 13]



Lionel Barrymore as *Scrooge* in Dickens' *Christmas Carol*—here is a radio treat in store for you on Christmas Day. And, by contract, for the next five!

Q-1 • PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN PARKINSON, LONDON

Double Mint Gum
just naturally helps make a beautiful mouth
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
MADE IN U.S.A.
FIVE STICKS
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

IT'S THE CHEWING EXERCISE THAT DOES IT!

Exclusive Portrait by Chidnoff, New York

New Hero

HAVE you seen—and heard—Nino Martini? If you haven't, you will soon be conscious that you have missed a sensation. If you *have* seen him, you know that here—at last—is something new in heroes.

He has just made his bow in a picture called *Here's to Romance*. It is a pleasant little picture, not at all sensational in story or characters. But it packs one terrific surprise—Nino Martini.

In the first place, few men have the right to be as handsome as he is. But few men have the inner radiance that he has—a radiance that lights up his whole face. And he sings as few men can.

● UNTIL now, on the screen, you have had to content yourself with singing heroes who looked like college boys, night-club entertainers or robust products of the great open spaces. But here is a singing hero who might wear the mantle of *Romeo*—young, sensitive *Romeo*.

Until now, on the screen, you have heard few men sing of love without surges of sentimentality. But here is a man who can put depth into a love song, even such a pale love song as the one that gives his first feature picture its title. He has a voice that is capable of powerful emotion. And if you don't think he is capable of doing things to *your* emotions, hear him sing *Ridi, Pagliacci* in *Here's to Romance*.

It isn't a love song, and you may not understand the words (which are in Italian), but when *Pagliacci's* ironic hymn of heartbreak pours forth from Martini, your emotions play tricks on you, tricks they never have played before. You lose yourself in his sweep of emotion.

He will change a great many ideas of what a singing hero should be.

● OR an operatic hero, for that matter. For if opera is to come to the screen, Nino Martini looks like the most logical man to bring it. Not only does he have a great voice; he is handsome, youthful, slender.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, audiences used to sit with closed eyes when great voices sang romantic arias. The difficulty was that the singers were well past the romantic age—and great girths usually accompanied the great voices. Now Martini is there, and audiences keep their eyes open. They literally "wake up and dream." . . . And movie audiences will do likewise.

In *Here's to Romance,* he may not have the acting finesse of a Leslie Howard, but he is far more relaxed, far more natural, in the final sequences than in the first. He even has possibilities as an actor.

What, I ask you, is to stop him from becoming a top film favorite—except weak, incredible stories? And may the fates spare him those!

James E. Reid

Come Adventuring with "CAPTAIN BLOOD"

The buccaneers are coming!... in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers.

After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill.

What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes – with an entire town destroyed by gunfire – this drama of unrepressed hates and loves, the story of a man driven by treachery into becoming the scourge of the seas, is superb beyond any screen parallel.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

And the cast is just as exciting as the production! First there's a brand-new star, handsome *Errol Flynn*, captured from the London stage for the title role; and lovely *Olivia de Havilland* who brilliantly repeats the success she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh, with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

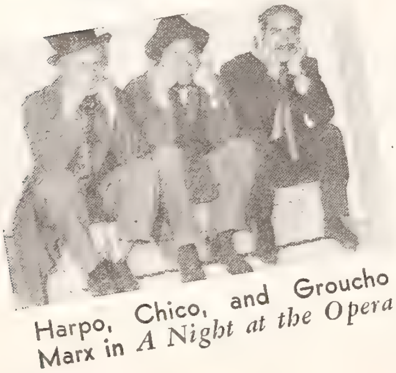
- ● ● ● ● Exceptional
- ● ● ● Excellent
- ● ● Good
- ● Skip it

Charles Laughton as *Captain Bligh* and Clark Gable as *Fletcher Christian* in *Mutiny on the Bounty*

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in *Peter Ibbetson*

Madge Evans and Richard Dix in *Transatlantic Tunnel*

Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Ann Dvorak in *Thanks a Million*



Harpo, Chico, and Groucho Marx in *A Night at the Opera*

Speaking of Movies...

● ● ● ● **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY** is one picture that you will never forget. It is one of the greatest things that Hollywood ever has done—or ever will do. It is an epic of mankind, haunting in its horror and its beauty. And its great story is greatly acted by a cast headed by Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.

Here is no imaginative fiction. Here is a chapter torn from life's own ledger . . . a chapter that reveals life's every emotion, with the surging sea for a background . . . a true chapter that epitomizes man's inhumanity to man, man's endless rebellion against injustice and man's longing for a paradise beyond the reach of brutality and battle.

The good sailing ship, *Bounty*, leaves England for the South Seas to gather breadfruit plants and take them to the West Indies for transplanting. The voyage is to take two years. But before the vessel ever reaches Tahiti, rebellion is smoldering aboard, kindled by the sadistic "discipline" of *Captain Bligh* (Laughton), whose iron hand beats down even the remonstrances of mate *Fletcher Christian* (Gable), who manages to keep the crew in hand. In Tahiti, the men discover an earthly paradise. (These scenes are breath-taking in their beauty.) Once at sea again, they mutiny, led by *Christian*, setting *Bligh* and his men adrift in an open boat. *Christian* forces *Byam*, a midshipman (Tone), to remain with him, as the men sail back to Tahiti. *Bligh*, after torturous difficulties, reaches England, sets out on a voyage of vengeance—with all but a few (*Byam*, among them) escaping to an inaccessible island, where they find unending peace. And *Byam*, in one of the great scenes of the picture, fights a lone battle for justice.

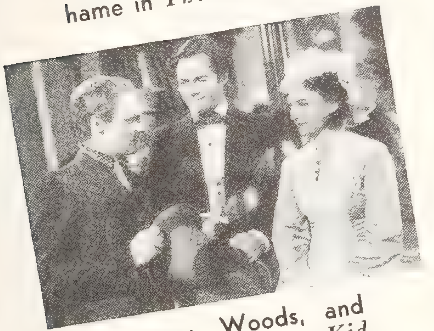
Program notes: The picture cost $1,800,000, was two years in the making and was filmed in Tahiti and near Catalina Island, California. It is based on the book by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, directed by Frank Lloyd, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

● ● ● ● **Peter Ibbetson** is an unusual picture—poignantly and deeply emotional, with no break in its mood. It is a picture for the sensitive, the dreamers of dreams—and any and all admirers of Gary Cooper and Ann Harding, who give the most memorable performances of their respective careers. They live their rôles of two lovers, fated never to share earthly happiness, who find release in a dream-world, escaping cruel, harsh realities. Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler, as their younger selves, perform a touching childhood scene—and John Halliday, as Ann's unloved determined husband, also gives a performance not soon to be forgotten. (Paramount)

● ● ● ● **Transatlantic Tunnel** is powerful, dramatic entertainment in any filmgoer's language—and, though made in England, abounds in players familiar to Americans. Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson and Leslie Banks head the strong cast, with even George Arliss and Walter Huston appearing in brief interludes as the British Premier and the President of the United States, respectively. The story races forward to the distant future and revolves around the construction of a gigantic tunnel from London to New York by an engineer whose devotion to duty costs him the sight of his wife and the loss of his son. Fascinating are the futuristic gadgets, including televisors, that are accepted as commonplaces by the characters. Emotionally stirring are the superhuman undersea struggle and the warmly human problems of a man and wife who are parted by his work. It is Dix's picture, but Madge Evans displays emotional depth that few pictures have given her a chance to reveal. (G-B)

● ● ● ● **Thanks a Million** is one of the cleverest comedies of the year—entertainment of the calibre of *Top Hat* and *Broadway Melody of 1936*. It is magnificent, merciless fun—with humor both broad and subtle—at the expense of politicians. Fred Allen, of "Town Hall" radio fame, looks like a permanent film fixture after his

Walter Abel, Margot Grahame in *The Three Musketeers*



Cagney, Woods, and Lindsay in *Frisco Kid*

display of personality and comedy talent in this one. He is a stranded band-leader who becomes a campaign manager, with Dick Powell as his candidate for governor, and tours the state in the vaudeville manner—finally forcing the opposition to hire Paul Whiteman as competition. Patsy Kelly scores another hit as the comedy foil for Allen; Ann Dvorak is Dick Powell's gay heart interest; and a collection of smart entertainers, ranging from Rubinoff, the violinist, to the harmonizing, provocative Yacht Club Boys, all add to the robust merriment. You will be humming one of three songs when you leave the theatre—*Thanks a Million, Sitting High on a Hilltop* or *I've Got a Pocket Full of Sunshine*. Oh, yes, and Dick Powell has the most fun he has had in a year. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

● ● ● ● **A Night at the Opera** is insane, uproarious farce and probably the funniest thing that the Marx Brothers—now three in number—have ever done. It offers everything from hilarious slapstick through sly puns to operatic arias (which, by the way, are not burlesqued, but are beautifully sung by Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones). It kids grand opera, yes, but lets you continue to like it, too. Groucho is a would-be operatic manager with troubles, and Chico and Harpo are two steamship stowaways who add to his comic woes. It is a picture that any man—and any woman with a mischievous sense of humor—would like. (M-G-M)

● ● ● ● **The Three Musketeers**, talkie version, is romantic, exciting, enjoyable every inch of the way. As Alexandre Dumas wrote it, it was a great story—and, with few changes in its new screen translation, it still is a great story. The three inseparable soldiers of France—*Athos, Aramis* and *Porthos*—relive all of their high adventures with the daring *d'Artagnan*. In the role of *d'Artagnan*, Walter Abel is as believable and likable as another Hollywood stranger, Robert Donat, was in another Dumas story, *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Always at his el-

[*Continued on page* 15]

The Roving Reporter

discovers the sure, safe way to reduce . . THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

"IS EXERCISE EFFECTIVE?" "I'm all tired out going through dozens of strenuous exercises. I have no pep left for any fun."

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"DRUGS TAKE OFF FAT?" "Yes, too much of it, and now I can't get it back. I feel miserable most of the time and look haggard."

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

New Shopping *Finds!*

The Shopping Scouts have scouted far and wide this month for last-minute "Christmas suggestions." Here are seventeen that appealed to us. We'll be glad to send you the name of any article pictured here, if you write to the Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Merry Christmas!

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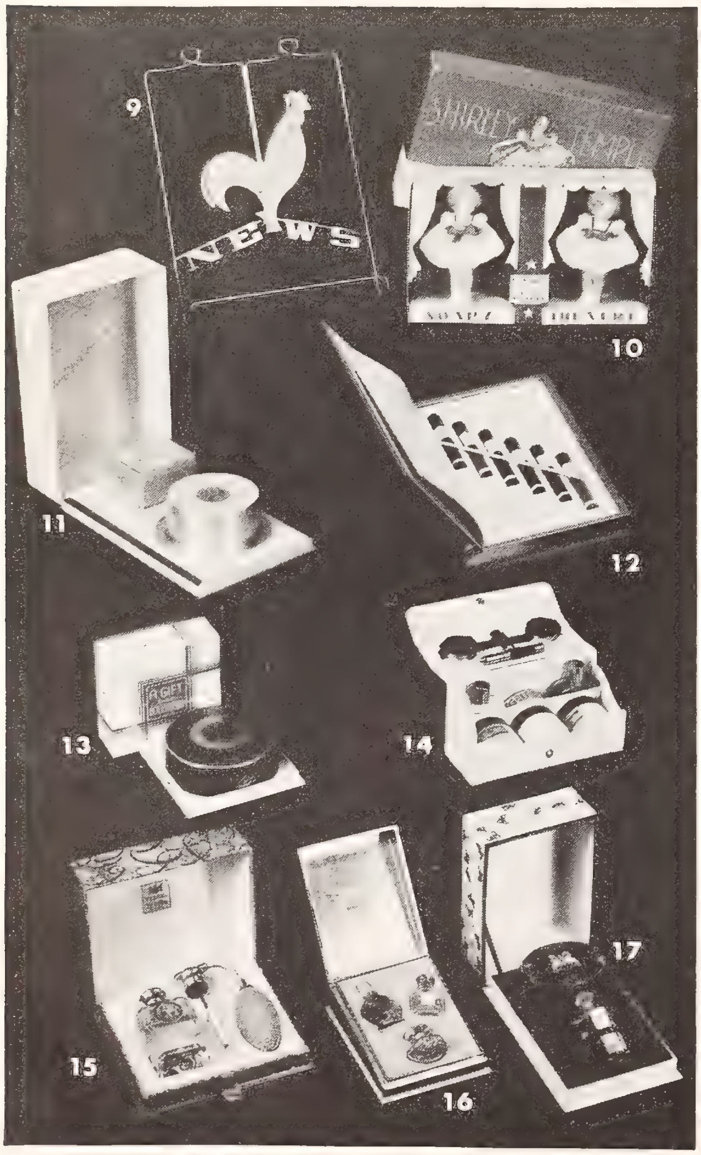


1. A luscious-looking jar of bath salts with clear pink crystal appearance. Jar will have a hundred uses when empty. $2.50.

2. A new kit of eye beauty-aids includes mascara, eyebrow pencil, eyeshadow, tonic, and eyelash brush. An inexpensive gift, 50c.

3. A perfume with a warm, rich bouquet odeur which has a definite overtone of carnation and blending of rose and jasmine. In a stunning case! $4.50.

4. Simple, dignified silver case carrying a famous make of lipstick and rouge is ultra-smart, with space for monogram, $1.50.

5. For an intimate gift, this famous cream would be most acceptible. Excellent quality, and a lovely-looking jar. 50c.

6. A perfume as new as the tunes you will dance to tonight! It inspires poise and charm, and provokes romance. We gave samples to many of our readers last month, and how they loved it! $3.75.

7. In a jar of smart simplicity, this fine facial cream joins the Yuletide gift parade. Grand to use! $1.

8. An evening bag of gold mesh, with brilliant top and clasp, will make any girl go into raptures! It carries a sense of richness and beauty. $10.

9. For the man on your gift list, we take delight in telling of this newspaper holder with its suggestion of early morning. If he *must* read at breakfast, here's the pleasant solution! $1.50.

10. Every little girl will adore this set of two Shirley Temple statuettes molded from purest castile soap, standing in a miniature theatre. One figure has blue trimmings, one has red. 60c.

11. Exquisite package of pink and silver with foundation cream that is a perfect complement to the gossamer powder. $3.75.

12. A drop of this perfume suffices! It is in an undiluted, concentrated essense form that is rare and beautiful. All held in unique book-like case. Each vial named after a famous woman of French history, or a beloved flower. Gift de luxe at $15, or one small bottle, $2.50.

13. "A Gift from Hollywood," says the colorful cover of this powder box. Very intriguing gift idea from a famous house. $1.

14. Flexible white case packed with cream, lotions, powder and other make-up is an excellent gift choice. All packed with gay red ribbon and holly. Compact and complete. $3.

15. This skin perfume with its useful atomizer, gaily packed, would grace any Christmas tree. Delicate lily scent! $1.85.

16. This perfume ensemble has three lovely scents to suit various moods of the recipient. Gold and orchid case. $3.75.

17. A dark blue powder box with silver butterflies, and a bottle of perfume. Low cost, plus fine quality. $1.50.

They're the Topics

[*Continued from page* 7]

of being dated every night in movieland. It's a nice break for the boys, but!— . . . Harry Carey, after twenty-five years on the screen, says that stars are *not* as beautiful today as they were in the old days—even though they "achieve a great resemblance to beauty." Gun licenses, girls, cost $2 up . . . Harry, however, is doing something that no other man in Hollywood has yet thought of doing. He has a young daughter and is looking forward to her becoming an actress some day. With this in mind, he has it written in every contract that, wherever he goes in making a picture, she can go, too—and absorb the technique.

Have you become accustomed yet to saying "Joan Tone"? It isn't obligatory—for she will continue to be Joan Crawford on the screen. Incidentally, she was just becoming accustomed to *that* name, herself, ten years ago today. M-G-M had run a contest to find a name for their new "find," Lucille Le Sueur—and the winning name, it had been decided, was "Joan Arden." A real Joan Arden had turned up with objections, however, so a second name was chosen. The name was "Joan Crawford," submitted by a little old lady in New York. The little old lady received $500.

Speaking of back when you may not have heard this story: Not too many years ago, Mae West was featured in the big-time vaudeville in New York City and was panicking the customers with her dance, "Texas Tommy." On the same bill at the opening matinee was a youthful dancing team—a boy and girl. The youngsters' act was cancelled after the matinee, the manager deciding that they were not good enough for the big-time. The team was Fred and Adele Astaire.

The latest social stunt of the movie colony is to stage B.Y.O. (meaning Bring Your Own) parties. It was introduced by Joseph Breen (he passes judgment on

[*Continued on page* 17]

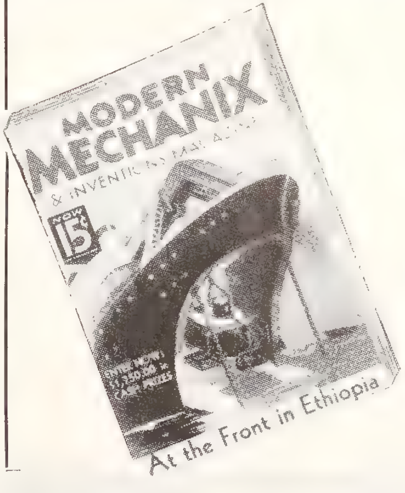
Acme

Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone—Joan Crawford to you—couldn't dodge photographers even on their honeymoon. Here's proof!

Who are They?

$1750.00 CASH
FOR THE CORRECT ANSWERS
123 CHANCES TO WIN
IN THIS BIG CONTEST

You know them well—the nine mystery men whose pictures are scrambled here.
Simply identify these famous aviators, inventors, sports champions, and industrial leaders to enter this fascinating contest.
Simple contest rules give everyone an equal chance to win. All nine jumbled photographs and the simple questionnaire to be filled out by contest entrants are given in the big JANUARY issue.



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Here is the biggest bargain that ever came your way — a first-class, *professional* 8" x 10" enlargement of your favorite photograph for only 25¢ and coupons from Ranch Romances Magazine. Such an enlargement would cost you $1., probably more, in any regular camera store. Read the rest of this advertisement and mail the coupon for free sample copy in which you will find full particulars.

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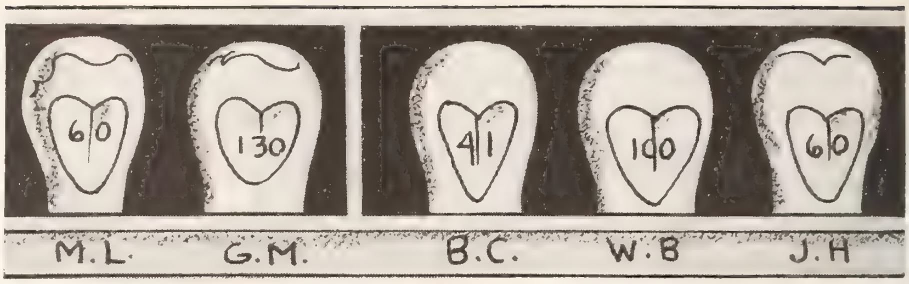


Wooden Heads of Hollywood

By Winifred Aydelotte

THE wooden heads of Hollywood! Hundreds of them! To be exact, five hundred of them—all in a row. No thought ever troubles the dumb placidity of their existence; no stimulating idea—no idea at all, for that matter—ever disturbs their cerebral vacuity; they don't even bother to "yes" anybody.

Yet, intriguingly enough, these wooden heads are a very important factor in the making of motion pictures.

They inhabit the House of Westmore, the most famous wig establishment in the world, and they are the wooden facsimiles of the heads of the stars—the models upon which the Westmore wig-makers create the wigs used by the stars when the screen characters they portray are radically different from their own.

One of the odd things about this Westmore collection is that some of these heads may be used for a number of different stars whose bumps, phrenologically speaking, are similar.

Wigs for Elizabeth Allan and Dolores Del Rio are made on the same wooden block; Bing Crosby shares his with Sid Silvers, the comedian; romantic Charles Boyer and "heavy" Stanley Fields have heads the same shape and size; Julie Haydon and Madame Maria Jeritza find themselves in the cranium company of Harpo Marx; the heads of Olivia de Havilland and Marion Davies are alike.

Nobody else in Hollywood can use Clive Brooks' highly individual model. O. P. Heggie has the most nearly perfect head; Mae West has the smallest; and Clark Gable, Constance Bennett, and Blanche Yurka have the largest heads in Hollywood. Shirley Temple's head is a runner-up.

In the Westmore wig department are twenty-five hundred pounds of hair, imported from Europe. (It's a case of hair today, gone tomorrow, with the peasants of Europe!) Most of the black hair comes from Russia. Blonde hair and red hair come from the buxom German ladies, and an assortment of colors comes from Italy. The Westmores pay about seventy-five dollars a pound for ordinary hair. White hair, or natural platinum, brings twenty-five dollars an ounce up.

When the hair is admitted to the United States, after going through quarantine at Ellis Island exactly like any immigrant, it is sent immediately to the Westmores in Los Angeles, where it is washed in soap and water, put through various softening processes, then dried and combed. After all kinks and short combings are settled with, the strands are "drawn." This means that some long-suffering soul in the workroom actually places all the roots of the hair together, which is some job.

In the making of a wig, each single, individual strands of hair is sewn by hand on the wig foundation—which is made of imported ribbon, gauze, net and hair-lace, and fitted exactly to the wooden replica of a star's head. The girl who puts the hair in the wig is known as a "ventilator." She works with a needle similar to that of a crochet hook, tying a knot in each hair.

The Westmore brother who goes by the name of Perc is the hair and wig expert of this famous family. When he is not busy as director of the Warner Brothers-First National make-up department, he is in the Westmore salon, personally creating wigs for screen use and new hair styles for off-screen wear by the stars. He recently completed a monumental task—the creation of all the wigs for *Captain Blood,* the Warner Brothers spectacle of high adventure on the Spanish Main.

● ANENT modern hair styles, Perc Westmore—coiffure counselor to Hollywood—says: "Simplicity is the main essential of a startling coiffure. And simplicity is always in good taste. An infallible rule to follow in hairdressing is to make the hair conform with the head, the shape of the head, the way the head is carried; and, most important of all, it should be in harmony with the body carriage. A short, dumpy person should never have a 'streamline' hairdress. A woman who is slim, breezy, and who moves with an air of easy speed, *should* have a streamlined hairdress.

"Spit curls are the essence of bad taste. Nothing worse could be seen on any head.

"The new hair styles indicate that the wind-blown effect is going out," he adds. "Hair will be dressed high at the back of the head, very similar to the Helen-of-Troy coiffure. A woman who wears her hair high in back also has the added advantage of being able to effect an immediate change of coiffure, just by adding a few bits of false hair. And simply by covering up the sports curls worn in the daytime, she can achieve the stunning Grecian type of hairdress for the evening."

Speaking of Movies . . .

[*Continued from page* 11]

bow, lending him staunch support, are Paul Lukas as *Athos,* Onslow Stevens as *Aramis,* and Moroni Olsen as *Porthos.* Rosamond Pinchot as *Anne of Austria* and Heather Angel, as *Constance,* also are outstanding, but it is Margot Grahame, as the infamous *Milady de Winter,* who captures the feminine honors, with a performance as flawless in every detail as that of Abel—who is headed for stardom. (RKO-Radio)

• • • • **Frisco Kid** gives James Cagney one of the most colorful rôles he has ever had and he makes every ounce of drama in it count. The setting, like that of *Barbary Coast,* is San Francisco in the early gold rush days, when it was "every man for himself." Cagney is a fighting sailor who outwits gangsters and political bosses and makes himself the uncrowned king of all he surveys. Pared down to its essentials, the picture is a tale of good versus evil, of vigilantes versus vice—a vigorous, virile, exciting tale, which has adventure, romance, comedy, pathos. George E. Stone, as a Jewish clothes dealer who befriends Cagney, gives a magnificent portrayal, tinged with both pathos and comedy. Margaret Lindsay, as Cagney's beloved, is appealingly natural. Ricardo Cortez is excellent as a suave gambler. Donald Woods, Lili Damita, Joseph King, Barton MacLane, and Fred Kohler make their rôles stand out. And the whole cast makes the picture a standout. (Warners)

• • • ½ **Annie Oakley** is an absorbing film novelty—a colorful, many-sided screen biography of a backwoods beauty from Ohio who became Show-woman No. 1 of the world as the ace sharpshooter of the old Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. Barbara Stanwyck, escaping trivial dramas, gives everything she has to the rôle—making *Annie* warmly human, completely real. Preston Foster is no less excellent as her blustering, but big-hearted masculine rival who comes a-wooing. Moroni Olsen is *Buffalo Bill* to the life, and Melvyn Douglas gives sensitive shading to the rôle of the circus manager whose love for *Annie* is unrequited. This is a picture that proves that Hollywood has a picture gold-mine in true stories of the colorful "good old days." (RKO-Radio)

• • • ½ **Hands Across the Table** is an amusing, appealing, fast-moving comedy, with situations as real as life. Carole Lombard is a manicurist who is determined to marry for money; Fred MacMurray is a society lad fallen on hard times, who has the same determination—and they discover that they love each other. Both stars are grand. (Paramount)

• • • **The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo** reveals smooth Ronald Colman in a light romantic mood, as an exiled Russian prince who wins millions at the gaming tables and then stops gambling, only to fall in love with an entertainer (Joan Bennett) who is being paid to try to part him from his money—and can't play the game because she falls in love with him. But Colin Clive (the villain!) gets him back to Monte Carlo, makes a pauper of him. Colman becomes a taxi-driver in Paris, where he decides to have one final ironic fling in the cafe where Joan is singing. Fade-out: happy ending. A light, unimportant story, it is deftly handled and is constantly entertaining. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

• • • **Rendezvous** is a noble attempt to make another picture of the calibre of *The Thin Man,* which falls only inches short because Rosalind Russell, poised and intelligent, is miscast as the not-so-bright fiancée of William Powell, secret government agent. The setting is wartime; the story, alternately exciting and hilarious; the acting, excellent. (M-G-M)

• • • **Show Them No Mercy** is tense drama, with a G-man theme. Rochelle Hudson and Edward Norris, with their young baby, traveling across the country, stop for the night in what looks like a deserted house. It happens to be the hideout of a kidnap gang, headed by Cesar Romero and Bruce Cabot, who hold them prisoners. The two gang chiefs carry most of the acting burden, but Rochelle as the terrified young wife and mother, gives an emotional, highly believable performance. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

• • • **I Found Stella Parish** is Kay Francis' first picture in months. It reveals her in several new coiffures and several stunning new gowns—and a young-mother rôle. For the sake of her child (Sybil Jason), she gives up London stage fame and disappears, going to America, where she is found by an English reporter (Ian Hunter), who discovers why she vanished, tells all, and then discovers he loves her. The youngster steals the picture, because she is the most real. (Warners)

• • • **In Person** is just what Ginger Rogers' vast audience ordered—a clever, fast-moving comedy that gives her talent a chance to shine by itself. She dances, she sings, she gives a deft performance as a fiery, super-feminine film actress who is "tamed" by suave, smiling George Brent. (RKO-Radio)

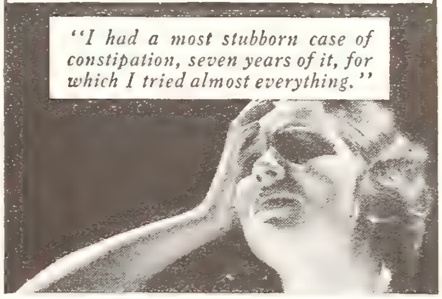
• • **$1,000 a Minute** is improbable, but laughable—a pulse-stirring satire on *Brewster's Millions.* Roger Pryor, who has just lost his job and his girl, is given an assignment by two wager-crazy millionaires to try to spend $1,000 a minute for twelve hours. Keeping just one jump ahead of the police, who think he must have committed a big bank holdup, Pryor dives into his assignment. (Republic)

And don't miss: • • • • **A Midsummer Night's Dream,** Warner Brothers' magnificent screen version of Shakespear's great fantasy, with a cast full of stars. • • • • **The Crusades,** Cecil B. De Mille's vivid, if overlong spectacle of life and love and war in the Middle Ages, featuring Henry Wilcoxon, Loretta Young and Ian Keith. • • • • **Metropolitan,** which brings Lawrence Tibbett and his glorious voice back to the screen in a light, but believable story of backstage life at the Opera. • • • • **Barbary Coast,** the rousing, robust drama of life and love in early San Francisco, revolving around Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, and Joel McCrea. • • • • **'Way Down East,** sensitive and poignant drama of young love in old New England, beautifully acted by Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson.

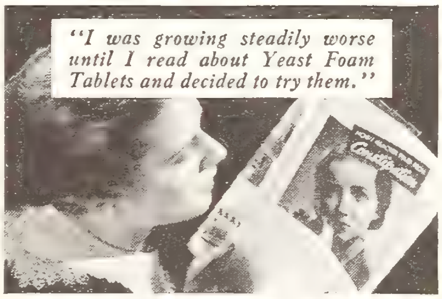
Seven Years of Constipation!

Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

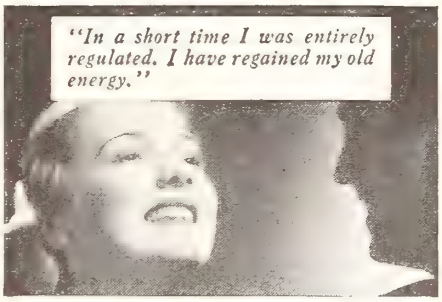
Bernice G. Rittich
NOTARY PUBLIC



"I had a most stubborn case of constipation, seven years of it, for which I tried almost everything."



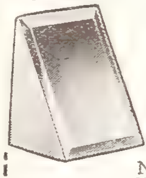
"I was growing steadily worse until I read about Yeast Foam Tablets and decided to try them."



"In a short time I was entirely regulated. I have regained my old energy."

IMPORTANT to you is what Yeast Foam Tablets actually do, not what we say about them. So we bring you this true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of these pleasant yeast tablets.

Rich in precious tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the intestines and stimulate them to normal action. A food, not a drug, they correct constipation in a natural healthful way. How different from harsh cathartics which often irritate! Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.



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Please send the handy tilted make-up mirror.
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BID THAT
COLD
BE GONE!

Oust it Promptly with This Fourfold Treatment!

BEWARE of a cold—even a slight cold—and *any* cold! A cold can quickly take a serious turn.

What you want to do is treat it promptly and thoroughly. Don't be satisfied with mere palliatives. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. That's common sense. A cold, moreover, calls for a cold treatment and not for a cure-all.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for half a dozen other things as well. Secondly, it is internal medication and does four important things.

Fourfold Effect

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Bromo Quinine—and the few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense. Ask firmly for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and accept no substitute.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
For Colds
PRICE 35 CENTS
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES SINCE 1889

GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO
QUININE

Six to See

Interesting people do interesting things . . . and here are a half-dozen new examples!

James Cagney—America's favorite hard-surfaced, soft-hearted hero—at last has chances to prove the variety of his talents. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* he plays the buffoonish *Bottom,* who has to wear a donkey's head. In *Frisco Kid,* he is an adventurous early Californian. Soon he will be *Robin Hood,* beloved bandit.

Marian Marsh won her first film fame, playing *Trilby* to John Barrymore's *Svengali.* Ever since then, she has found herself typed as the sweet, weak heroine. But now she has the chance to prove her dramatic depth as *Sonya* in the picturization of Dostoievski's powerful story, *Crime and Punishment*—directed by movie-magician Josef von Sternberg.

Katharine Hepburn, for all her personal eccentricities (such as wearing overalls to work, sitting on curbstones to read her mail, etc.), has always been ultra-feminine on the screen. But now, in *Sylvia Scarlett,* she portrays a girl who masquerades in boys' clothing. She has unexpected adventures with Brian Aherne and Cary Grant.

Irene Dunne, model of charm to millions, has not been seen on the screen since she sang *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* in *Roberta.* But she is likely to make up for lost time as heroine of Lloyd C. Douglas' *Magnificent Obsession.* Then, after a month's vacation in New York, she will sing Jerome Kern songs again—in *Show Boat.*

Ronald Colman, who sacrificed his mustache to play *Clive of India,* has sacrificed it again to play *Sidney Carton* in Dickens' dramatic masterpiece, *A Tale of Two Cities.* Again he lives a great love and meets tragedy—in a historic setting. Then, for contrast, he is in a light mood for *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.*

Jean Parker, only nineteen, has a wistful charm that few can resist. It has made her one of the top ten favorites today, according to CLASSIC's recent popularity poll. But in her newest picture, she is a bit more adult—and not a bit less charming. In fact, she is Robert Donat's first American leading lady—in *The Ghost Goes West.*

They're the Topics

[*Continued from page* 13]

the purity of Hollywood's pictures). Each guest was instructed to bring something to eat—and each did. So much that the Breens confessed that they had enough left over to keep the grocer and butcher from the door for a week. It's an idea for you, if it begins to look like a hard winter.

For the first time in her career, Jean Harlow has dyed her famous platinum hair. For *Riffraff,* in which she co-stars with Spencer Tracy, she has changed the color of her hair to light brown. Once before, Jean played a dark-haired rôle. That was in *Red-Headed Woman.* But that time she wore a wig over her own hair. If you like the change, she may stay changed . . . Fashion note, heaven help us!!—Adrian of M-G-M warns us that women's bracelets, this coming season, will weigh up to two pounds! Maybe armor plate is going to succeed metallic cloth!?! . . . Every major studio in Hollywood has opened its own dancing and singing school, hoping to unearth another Eleanor Powell. (Eleanor has spent only thirteen years developing herself!) . . . Speaking of dancers, laconic Buddy Ebsen—who scored the second biggest hit in *Broadway Melody*—is being loaned by M-G-M to Twentieth Century-Fox for Shirley Temple's next picture, *Captain January.*

The chorus girls that M-G-M wanted for *The Great Ziegfeld* had to be statuesque, no less than 5 feet 6 inches in height and possessed of long hair. And they had a hard time finding twenty-four out of the four hundred chorines in Hollywood! This is the picture that will co-star William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Luise Rainer. Bill, who will have to sacrifice his mustache temporarily, will play the late great glorifier; Myrna will play the rôle of Billie Burke, whom Ziegfeld married; and Luise will play young Anna Held, one of the greatest of Ziegfeld protégées.

There's a story within a story in the production of *Coronado* by Paramount. Making the picture was an idea of Ernest Lubitsch, erstwhile director and now production head of the studio; but he is not taking credit for it on the screen. The background is the Hotel Del Coronado, a picturesque California resort close to the Mexican border. For years, members of the film colony have passed the place on their way to Agua Caliente, but it remained for Lubitsch to visualize it as a perfect setting for a picture—a picture combining romance, adventure, mystery, and colorful music. So he assigned writers to evolve a story and now, with the picture an assured success, every writer in Hollywood is asking himself: "Why didn't I think of that?"

If Adrian, the famous M-G-M costume designer is correct (and he usually is!), then the wearing of slacks and sweaters in public is passé. Adrian says that the vogue may have had its inception because the girls wanted to be comfortable, but so many wore them—when they should not have—that the vogue is through, washed up, out.

Two big, husky bodyguards are now trailing little Shirley Temple. They have been doing so ever since a slightly balmy chap created a disturbance at the Temple home by insisting that he wanted to talk with Shirley about her career. He's where he won't bother anyone for a while, but the studio assigned an additional guard besides the one hired by the Temples.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller play checkers—for relaxation—between scenes of *Tarzan Escapes*

Patsy Kelly, who has made such a hit in two-reel comedies with Thelma Todd and in feature pictures by herself, is to be starred by Hal Roach in a feature-length comedy—*Kelly the Second* . . . Charlie Chaplin, who has been in the habit of making a picture every three years, will produce six in the next two seasons—two starring himself and four starring Paulette Goddard, his leading lady in *Modern Times.* One of his own will revolve around Napoleon; the other will be modern. The first to star Paulette will be a farce; the next will be a drama, written by himself. He will direct all six. . . .

Edward Arnold, who scored such a hit in his first starring picture, *Diamond Jim,* had to gain twenty-eight pounds for the rôle. In case you're out for weight-gaining hints, this is how he did it (so he says): He lunched daily on boiled beef with horseradish sauce, wiener Schnitzel and copious draughts of beer. Now, he wishes someone would tell *him* how to *take off* those pounds . . . Did you know that Japan made 600 pictures (including both feature-length and shorts) last year—and that the total Hollywood output for the same period was less than 500 pictures? . . .

Gracie Allen, of Burns and Allen, who had already adopted one baby and has just adopted another, spikes the report that "The Cradle," famous Evanston, Illinois, foundling home, is the only institution that will permit actors to adopt children. The report started, it seems, because several states have laws forbidding foster-parents to take adopted children beyond state lines—and actors do considerable traveling. But Gracie and George have settled in Hollywood permanently, which makes them eligible . . . Jessie Matthews, the English star, who is co-starring with her husband, Sonnie Hale, in *First a Girl,* and is about to travel to Hollywood for a picture with Clifton Webb, recently lost her first baby. In her grief, she has adopted a child from a famous English foundling institution, and wants to adopt five more. She, herself, was the youngest of a large and very poor family . . .

Mary Brian, appearing in London in *Charlot's Revue,* is reported to be squired about by scions of nobility—a different one each night. In Hollywood, Dick Powell is not pining away for companionship. Is the romance over? . . . Did you ever see a straw-stack walking? Well, we did—and very pertly, very smartly, too. With coat, hat, purse, and gloves all of straw, Dolores Del Rio strolled into a Hollywood restaurant the other noon—and was the cynosure of all eyes . . . Mary Carlisle has inaugurated another new vogue: miniature editions of tropical fruits as smart lapel decorations . . . While Eleanor Powell has an outfit with buttons made of looking-glass . . .

Joan Crawford, answering the frequent criticism that screen clothes aren't "practical" for everyday wear, has had copies made of all her twelve changes of costume in *I Live My Life*—simply because Adrian's creations are "the same general type that I would choose for my own use." And she adds, "In the future, whenever the type of character will permit, I'm going to do the same thing." The two outstanding things in her new wardrobe are an evening coat of metallic cloth, modeled after a polo coat, and a strictly tailored coat of black galyak fur with a six-inch belt that is detachable and may be worn on a dress indoors! . . .

Henry B. Walthall, that grand character actor, was proudly calling attention to his dressing gown between scenes of *A Tale of Two Cities.* Walthall claims that he bought the dressing gown (it was a bathrobe in those days) twenty years ago and that it was bought during the filming of *Birth of a Nation,* which also reveals that it was twenty years ago that *Birth of a Nation* went into production. Walthall, the memorable *Little Colonel* of that epic, has worn the same robe all these years.

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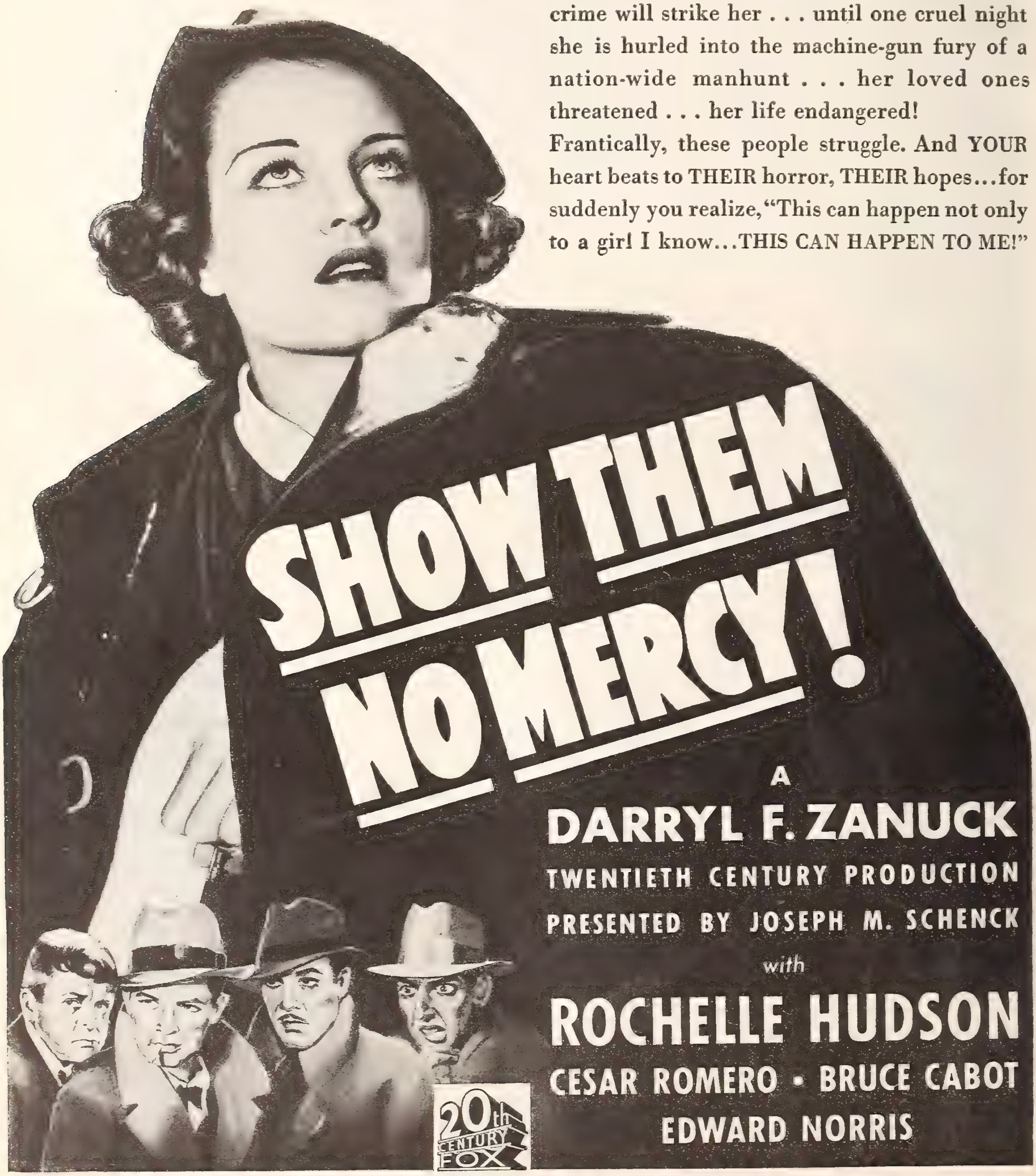
SEA FOOD
BAR

Jack Dempsey feels right at home on a visit to Hollywood. On the *Stars Over Broadway* set, Mervyn Le Roy shows him a replica of his New York restaurant sign

A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door . . . or at your office . . . the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her . . . until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt . . . her loved ones threatened . . . her life endangered!
Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes . . . for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know . . . THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"


SHOW THEM NO MERCY!
A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
with
ROCHELLE HUDSON
CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT
EDWARD NORRIS
20th CENTURY FOX

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Joan Crawford

For months before Joan became Mrs. Franchot Tone in a quiet ceremony in the East, reporters and columnists insisted on rumoring a secret marriage . . . much to her irritation. And maybe she was justified. Anyone can be married or remain single. But could any other dramatic actress suddenly display comedy talents—as she has in "I Live My Life"?

Portraits by Hurrell

Franchot Tone

One of the best actors on the American scene, he would have become famous even if he and Joan Crawford had never seen each other. Popularity is based on ability these days. And Franchot will find even greater favor after "Mutiny on the Bounty"

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink can be called "old" only in years. In spirit, she is as young as Shirley Temple. At 75, climaxing a rich, colorful life, the beloved singer embarks on a screen career—in "Here's to Romance"—and is an instant hit. She will star with May Robson in "Gram," a comedy

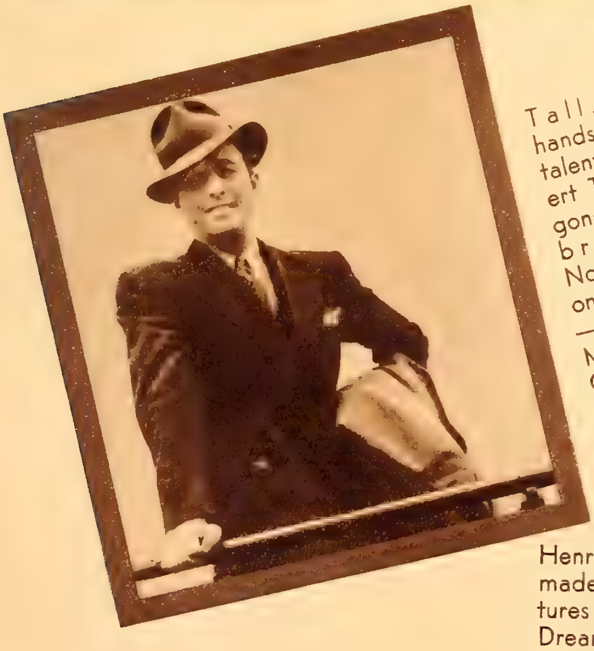
Oldster and Youngster

Youngest of the stars, Shirley Temple is also the only one who is as popular in Timbuktu as in Main Street, U.S.A. First she was just "our" little girl; now the whole world has adopted her. But she remains completely American (in old Southern costumes) in "The Littlest Rebel"

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Young, beautiful, vivacious, with one of the most glorious voices of Metropolitan Opera, Gladys Swarthout is an instant screen sensation — a star—in "Rose of the Rancho"

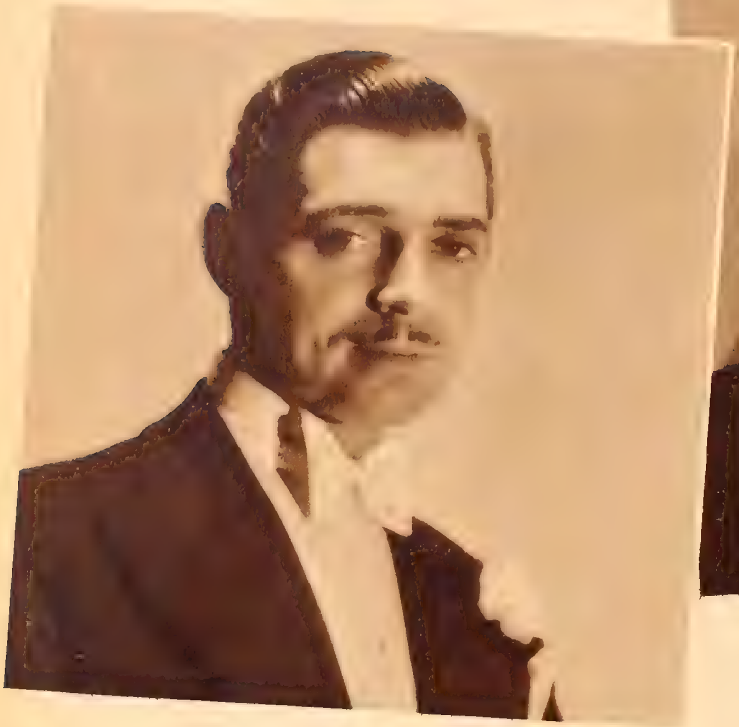
Lily Pons, the little French girl who became an American opera star, now becomes a screen star—and a dream girl—in "I Dream Too Much"



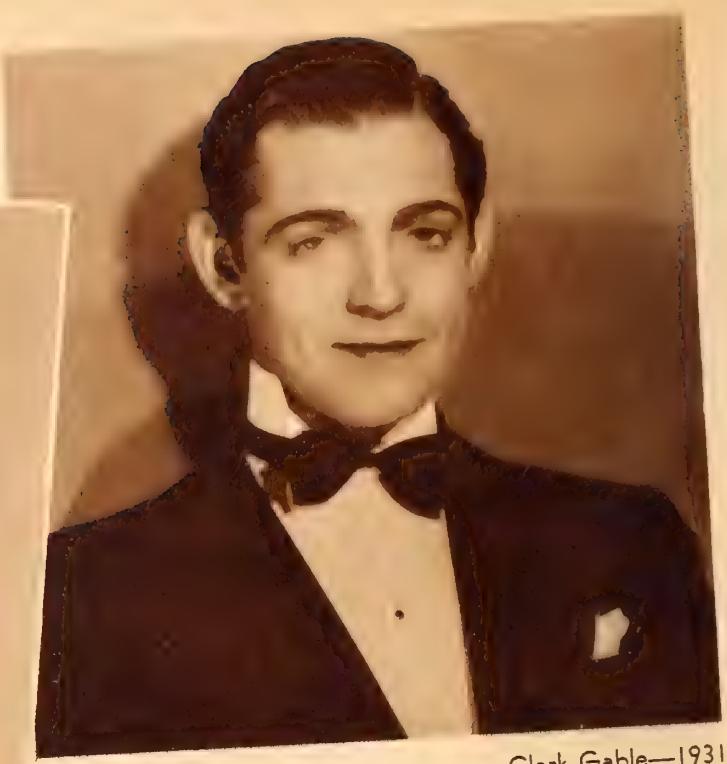
Tall, dark, handsome and talented, Robert Taylor has gone far in one brief year. Now he goes on to stardom . —hero of "The Magnificent Obsession"

Henry Fonda had made just two pictures before "I Dream Too Much." Now stardom is his —by public demand

Four New Favorites



Clark Gable—1935



Clark Gable—1931

GABLE Changed..?

Some say he is—and others say he isn't.
Here's what his first interviewer says!

By S. R. MOOK

IT IS always hard for me to temper my enthusiasm in writing of Clark Gable. I happened to do the first interview with him and I may as well be frank and admit that it was done under protest. I had the average man's prejudice against another man over whom women were raving. And I came away from that interview thoroughly sold on Clark. Women might go for him, but he was typically a man's man.

Several things about this ruggedly handsome, smooth-shaven chap named Gable impressed me. For one thing, there was nothing about him that made me want to write, "He reminds me of a small boy." Clark seemed matured mentally as well as physically.

Another thing that attracted me to him was the total lack of that quality frequently found in actors and which, for want of a better name, Richard Arlen calls "whimsy." There was nothing "cute" about Clark. He was human.

He had asserted that Hollywood would never "get" him because he had been broke and friendless there and he knew how narrow a gulf separated success from failure in the movie town. He showed a willingness to face life as it is when he said that if he should start slipping tomorrow the back-slapping would stop as suddenly as it started. There was no bombast, no egotism about him.

Then, shortly after his great vogue started, when he was working on *The Finger Points,* he said to Regis Toomey and me, "This won't last. I'll find myself back in some two-bit stock company again." This new idol of the masses had no illusions about his own importance—or the permanence of public favor.

During that first interview, he candidly confessed that he liked reporters, explaining: "On the stage, actors are rarely interviewed—and I'm from the stage. People don't know me yet except on the screen. Interviews can help us get acquainted—and stay acquainted. I'll talk as long as there is anyone to listen."

And, lastly, when Clark had been in pictures about a year—a *big* hit in pictures—he said to me, "By the time this contract is up, I'll have saved a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That's all the money I'll ever need. I'll never sign another contract. I'm going to be free after that and do the things I've always wanted to do."

He said it so simply and so sincerely that I had the inescapable feeling that he really meant it. Those are things you don't forget in a man.

[*Continued on page* 58]

ROSE MARIE—

You'll Love It!

By JOHN KENT

SITTING beside me, as I write, are Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Nelson is dozing; Jeanette is . . . well, just looking! Her gaze is fixed on the far horizon and her eyes are filled with dreams.

About what, I wonder? In Hollywood—if there is such a place—with the hurdy-gurdy of the studio about us, I would ask her. Here, in these sky-reaching hills, I do not dare.

We are on a granite escarpment, high in the Sierra Nevada Mountains above Lake Tahoe. The clean, aromatic odor of the pines is in our nostrils. The warm sun is beating down through the thin, dry air to rob the eternal wind of its sting. On our right is a chasm—narrow, tortuous, deep. It is filled to the brim with shadow and hush. On our left, the cliffs drop away in a series of rock terraces and swift-plunging slopes to the pine-clad shore of Lake Tahoe, deep blue in the afternoon light. Above us, in regal majesty, tower the snow-capped pinnacles of the mother range.

What an inspirational background for *Rose Marie*, the first great outdoor operetta of the modern screen! No picture has ever brought to the screen more awesome grandeur, more breath-taking loveliness.

● The company has been on this particular escarpment since dawn, filming "trail scenes." Long before daylight, we were routed from our blankets by the summons of Director W. S. Van Dyke. (He directed *Naughty Marietta*, you remember.) We filed, shivering, into the hotel dining room, ate ravenously, and then drove over a treacherous, winding mountain road to the foot of this knife-like ridge. And there, in the pine forest, cameras, reflectors, sound equipment, make-up boxes and all of the other incidentals to picture-making were already being loaded on pack mules and sent ahead, up the thread-like, zigzag trail. Saddled horses—nearly a hundred of them—waited to carry the cast and crew to the location.

From the foot of the trail, we rode about five miles, and most of the way along narrow ledges where a misstep would have plunged us to the bottom of a rocky gorge. But these mountain horses don't make missteps. . . . The equipment will remain here overnight under guard. The company will go back down the rocky trail before sunset.

With the exception of Van Dyke, [*Continued on page* 63]

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy film the first great outdoor operetta—and MOVIE CLASSIC "covers" the big event!

WARNER —*and*

He's a man's man, yet women cannot resist him. And a famous writer, looking into the matter, tells you why!

By JIM TULLY

Vivid novelist, personality and Hollywood resident

Above, you see Warner Baxter with the woman all Baxter admirers should thank—Winifred Bryson Baxter. Because she played a hunch, he is on the screen today, a favorite of millions

WHILE having lunch with Rowland V. Lee, the brilliant director of George Arliss in *Cardinal Richelieu,* I asked him which actor, since the advent of the talkies, had been the most consistently popular with feminine moviegoers.

The immediate answer was, "Warner Baxter."

I asked another man, a popular actor, the same question. "Present company always excepted," he said, smiling, "I'd choose Warner Baxter."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he is a composite of an American and an Englishman, if there can be such a thing. He is human and warm-blooded, well-dressed, and has charming manners. He's the kind of fellow who would stop to pat a stray mongrel on the street. I've seen him. Also, I've played with him, off and on, for fifteen years, and I've never heard an unkind word against him," he concluded, lighting his pipe and looking at me quizzically, "Not even by you, Jim!

"I believe," added the actor, "that if a man can act and if other things are equal, *what he is* in his heart eventually registers on the screen."

● This actor's words made me more interested in his handsome contemporary, who was born in Columbus, Ohio, the son of an auditor, with an American ancestry that dates back two hundred years.

Investigation proved that Warner Baxter's popularity with the ladies is simply astounding. To them, he is the ideal American, the blasé, good-looking, and, of course, successful young business man. He is the chap with the sleek hair and trim mustache who sits in a large office with the word, "Manager," printed on his door. He is the Lothario drawn in the Sunday supplements by Howard Chandler Gibson Flagg, with a lovely lady looking up at him as though he were the sun on a foggy morning. He is the beau ideal, a Valentino without a horse and the costume of a sheik. He is the chap the lonely woman on the prairie sees when she looks at the men's ready-to-wear pages in the latest mail-order catalogue.

The actor who said that Warner is the composite American and Englishman was not far wrong. He is quiet, unassuming, and knows when and how to laugh. Yet he can romp through a part like *The Cisco Kid* and cause women to dream of the wide open spaces where rainbows color the horns of the cattle in the fields, and where cowboy Carusos sing in the night:

"Oh, give me a home, where the
buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope
play—
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all
day."

Baxter has appeared in nearly fifty pictures for Fox Films. Not one of them has ever been a box-office failure. Most of them have been outstanding successes. He is one of the most valuable, dependable assets any studio could have. His personality is the kind that "grows on" audiences; his popularity is the kind that goes never backward, always forward. And the reason? He is a man's man who has never failed to interest the women in the audience.

● He is dark, with black hair and hazel eyes, stands five feet, eleven inches tall and never weighs more than a hundred and seventy-five pounds.

He drives a high-powered car, and often rides far into the night—alone.

That Warner has a keen sense of humor is well known in Hollywood. And the ladies like humor—if the joke is not on them.

He early learned the need and importance of a sense of humor. His father had died when Warner was less than a year old. His mother, to support Warner and herself, took in sewing. She saw him through high school, wanted him to go to college. But he felt that *he* should become the bread-winner as soon as possible—and became a salesman.

BAXTER Women

The boy Warner had shown a marked leaning toward the stage. He had good looks, an excellent voice, poise beyond his years. He played the leading rôle in a high school play in Columbus, called *The Prince of Insomnia.* When the curtain went down on the last act, he was (so he claims) the only person awake in the house.

After seeing this play, Warner's mother became so convinced that he would become a great actor that she helped him secure a position as a traveling salesman for a farm implement firm. He actually became the sales manager, thus proving that one may not like his work and yet succeed!

Then, one night, Warner wandered into a theatre to see a play, although mighty problems of percentage and business revolved in his mind. Soon afterward he learned that the leading man of the company had been injured. The fever of the stage still was with Warner. He scribbled a note to Dorothy Shoemaker, star of the play. She saw the handsome young sales manager, and gave him a job. He went to Louisville with the show, and toured with Miss Shoemaker's company for some months thereafter.

● However, Warner's mother was still skeptical about her son's stage career. He returned to Columbus and took a course in an insurance agency school, from which he was graduated with high honors. He soon became popular with housewives who insisted that Warner—and not his agents—sell them insurance.

In time, he became so successful that he was able to open a garage in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The garage business was so slow that once more he had a new excuse to join a stock company—one headed for Dallas, Texas.

Pandemonium reigned in Columbus. We realize that "pandemonium" is a large word, but Warner's mother had large hopes for him. And what was more terrible for his mother in Ohio to bear was the fact that the stock com-

[*Continued on page* 64]

"He is the composite of an American and Englishman, if there can be such a thing"

. . . with Myrna Loy in "Broadway Bill"

. . . with Janet Gaynor in "One More Spring"

. . . with Ann Loring in "Robin Hood of El Dorado "

. . . with Alice Faye in

The Story GINGER ROGERS Never Told

The "typical American girl" who has become Public Favorite No. 1 has a private life that explains her screen personality. And this is the first complete story about that life!

By ROBERT GRAHAM

GINGER ROGERS has often been tagged "The Typical American Girl." And this is not just another slogan originated by some phrase-making press-agent. It is a national sentiment. The little sprouts love her, the high-schoolers think she's tops, the college boys think she's great, the older folks like her natural, youthful charm and spirit. (And a recent CLASSIC reader poll revealed that she is today's most popular screen star—by a wide margin.—Ed.)

For all her beautiful Newman-designed clothes and her all-around glamorous screen personality, Ginger Rogers might be the girl next door. And this is even truer off the screen than on. She, herself, has never told the public about her private life—but it is time that someone did. Ginger is too real a person to rate silence about what she is actually like.

She combines femininity with independence, and the art of playing with the ability to do a number of things well—all of which epitomizes the alert young modern. Ginger could not have those qualities only on the screen and put them over as she does. They show up in her private life as well.

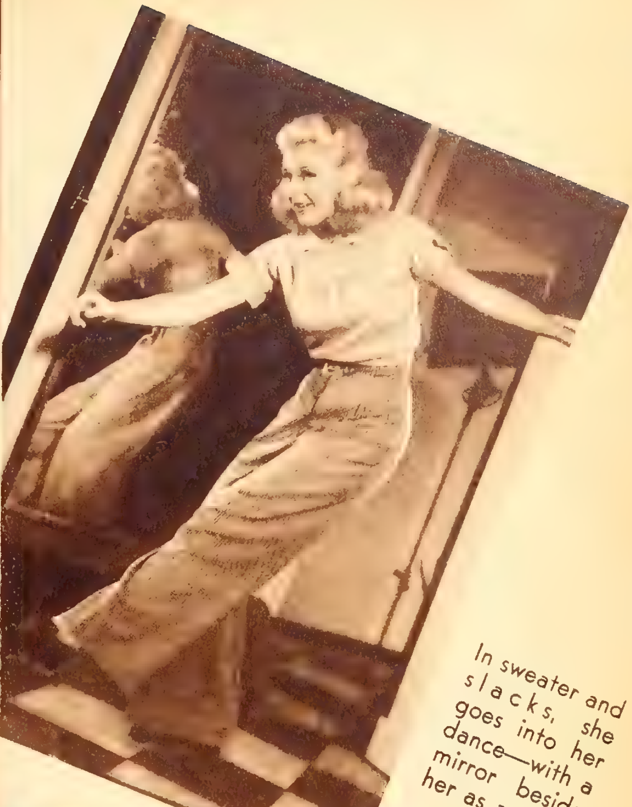
Frankly ambitious, she is one of the hardest, most conscientious workers in Hollywood. But when she walks off the set at the end of a day's work, she leaves the worries of the day and everything connected with her work behind her. In other words, she knows the secret—and the value—of relaxation. She steps out of shimmering gowns or furred suits and steps into simple sweaters and skirts or slacks, as a rule, and drives her coupe to her small hacienda-type ranch-house in Beverly Hills. She has never had a big car and doubts that she ever will. The same thing applies to houses. She is free from any show-off complex.

She plays a fast, left-handed game of tennis—at dusk

Director Mark Sandrich and Ginger study the script of "Follow the Fleet"

Last-minute make-up touches before a scene

Portrait by
John Miehle



In sweater and slacks, she goes into her dance—with a mirror beside her as a guide

Designer, star and fitter —and everybody's happy

All informal photos taken exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC by Carola Rust

A soda and a sandwich at a drive-in place

● When she is working on a picture, the amount of dancing she is generally called upon to do so taxes her energy that she naturally is forced to curtail many of the things she might like to do "after hours." During the making of a picture, Ginger generally obeys a nine or ten o'clock curfew, and an evening's entertainment for her often consists of a good book. She is one of the most voracious readers in the cinema town and is up on all the latest best-sellers.

Any evening entertaining that she does while working generally takes the form of having a few close friends in for dinner. Her circle of companions is small. As a general thing, they are not among the movie great. In fact, they might be your friends or mine. Some of them are entirely outside the ranks of the industry.

More often than not, invitations are considered unnecessary among Ginger and her friends. They visit each other when they feel like doing so—not under the compulsion of invitations. They drop in on her, and she drops in on them, with the greatest of [*Continued on page* 66]

CHARLES BOYER—
Master of Charm

"Women succumb to his great charm, his powerful personality, without being able to help themselves . . ."

By DENA REED

CHARLES BOYER is the impossible come true. He is—or easily might become—every woman's ideal, yet he is completely honest, sincere, unegotistical. Popularity has not changed him.

His performances in *Private Worlds, Break of Hearts* and *Shanghai* have made ten million women Boyer-conscious. Pure luck, you say? He would be the first to agree with you. Laughing genially, he would even call to your attention the fact that this is the third time he has come up to bat. Twice he struck out. But no alibis, you understand.

The first time he saw Hollywood he was scheduled to make French versions of M-G-M films. Boyer (pronounced Bwah-yay) could not then speak English. And no sooner had he arrived in America than French versions took a slump, and he found himself with a contract for six months, a salary and no work.

Now, Boyer was no parboiled French actor who was down on his francs and leapt at the sound of Hollywood. As a matter of exact fact, this same incredible charmer had been a delight for years in Paris, where his fame was as great as Chevalier's. He did, however, have that inexcusable talent—a conscience. Resolved to give work for pay, he played small, inconsequential parts that did not require him to speak. One of them was the rôle of the chauffeur in *Red-Headed Woman,* starring Jean Harlow. No one ever noticed him, but he was there, however fleetingly, working for his pay.

M-G-M did kindly agree to delete the chauffeur from the picture, if and when it was shown in France, where a crisis undoubtedly would have been precipitated if fifty million Frenchwomen had seen their favorite playing so small a rôle.

It isn't every day that a star jeopardizes his fame just to salve his conscience. But it isn't every day that you will meet a man like Charles Boyer.

The second time he accepted a Hollywood offer, he found himself scheduled to play the romantic gypsy hero of *Caravan,* which was intended to be something new in musical comedies. After trying to persuade the Powers-That-Be that he was not a musical comedy hero, but a dramatic actor, he shrugged his broad shoulders, pocketed his professional pride, made the picture—and then bought up his contract, charging the item to experience.

"The man who can love and act at the same time should be placed in a museum"

Portrait by Will Walling, Jr.

● Boyer might be called eccentric, temperamental and arty. But no one ever has used those adjectives in describing him—and I doubt if anyone ever will. Meet him and speak with him for only a short space of time and he is your friend. Know him longer and he holds an enduring place in your regard.

Why? For one thing, with all his charm, he is extremely modest. He refuses to discuss the possible reasons for his sudden and extravagant popularity with the fair sex.

At a recent press reception, for example, someone asked him: "Do great movie love scenes result from real, if temporary, love between the actor and actress involved?" That may be a fair question to ask a star, but I found myself wanting to flee for air—until I heard his calm, sane, smiling answer:

"The man who can love

[*Continued on page* 62]

"I'll take my bows to the crowd in the street. I've never sung to stuffed shirts and I won't now!"

GRACE MOORE'S Secret Triumph

She had an opportunity no other American ever had—and no one has known till now that she thought she had failed!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

THIS is the story of the greatest personal triumph ever won by an American singer. It is also the untold story of the greatest emotional ordeal and the greatest secret triumph in the life of Grace Moore—a life that has been a succession of emotional crises.

Grace Moore's predominating trait is eagerness—eagerness to thrill others with song, eagerness to work for success, eagerness to escape the humdrum, eagerness to live completely. She is vibrantly, deeply emotional. And if she can feel happiness and joy to a greater degree than more stolid persons, she can also be more deeply hurt because of that same responsiveness. Like all truly great artists, she is super-sensitive in her emotional reactions; unlike most, she is possessed of too much intelligence and too much vitality to "break" under severe strains, to go "temperamental" under difficult circumstances. Her vitality, both mental and physical, is amazing.

Yet, when she went abroad last May, that magnificent vitality had been nearly exhausted. For months, she had been before Hollywood cameras, filming *Love Me Forever*. The production had not gone any too smoothly. Story difficulties had been encountered; a new and untried recording system had been employed. And she knew that the real test of her screen success was that second picture for Columbia. Hollywood had been frankly skeptical regarding her ability to repeat her first sensational screen triumph. Characteristically, she had answered the challenge by throwing her entire energy into her work.

Meanwhile, she had agreed to sing *La Boheme* at Covent Garden in London. It was to be a "command" performance, with the royal family in their box. No other American prima donna had ever been honored with such an invitation.

Love Me Forever, encountering one delay after another, kept her in Hollywood so long that she barely had time to reach London on the scheduled date. En route, she hoped to rest, but the hope was doomed. She had under-estimated her own popularity. In New York, banquet after banquet had been arranged in her honor. Old friendships made demand upon her time. Autograph-hunters mobbed her wherever she appeared. In Paris, where she spent two days, it was the same story. In London, a special detachment of "bobbies" had to be assigned to guard her from the enthusiasm of the throngs who had seen her in *One Night of Love*.

To her surprise, she discovered that London knew her only as an American movie star with a glorious voice. The fact that she had come to the screen with a Metropolitan Opera background had been entirely forgotten. Fashionable Mayfair was profoundly interested in her as a personality, but frankly dubious of her talent. There were insinuations that Hollywood magic had woven a spell that she probably could not repeat in person.

If such insinuations stimulated interest in her, they also had their effect on the over-wrought nerves of an exhausted girl who already was on the verge of a breakdown.

"I knew that I was on a spot," she says, "but, fortunately, the knowledge aroused my fighting

[*Continued on page* 60]

The Dramatic School That JEAN Started

JEAN MUIR had a great idea—a Hollywood school for promising amateurs. Result: The Theatre Workshop, Inc. You have to like work to be admitted!

By JANE CARROLL

SO YOU want to become an actress! Why? To earn a thousand dollars a week? To possess a palatial home . . . servants . . . a swimming pool . . . the adulation of men? That may seem reason enough to most of us, but not to Jean Muir, and certainly not to the men who guide the destinies of our greatest motion picture companies.

"Too many people are turning to acting as a profession merely because they have a desire for fame and wealth," says Jean Muir, the *Helena* of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "They want to take from the theatre—or from motion pictures—and they have nothing to give. Every actor and actress who have achieved a certain success with nothing more than mercenary ambitions as an inspiration have robbed the theatre and the screen of something to which they have no right."

Above, two members of a Workshop cast rehearse before a group of co-workers

All Workshop photos taken exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC by Charles Rhodes

THE WORKSHOP

Right, The Workshop from the outside. Within its walls, you may learn everything worth knowing about this art called acting

Strong words, these, from a twenty-four-year-old girl, but who can refute them? It is an indisputable fact that more people think of acting than of any other profession for the selfish reason that it looks like a life of ease—a simple way to gold and glory. Only a very few—too few—choose acting because they seek to interpret great drama.

Jean Muir and other alert young actresses have established themselves firmly in Hollywood, despite their youth, because of their sincerity of purpose. And out of this same sincerity has developed the one great interest of Jean's life.

● Today, in a remodeled night club on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood, the strange rustling sound of shifting scenery and the intonations of earnest young voices can be heard far into the night, indicating that The Theatre Workshop, Inc., comes honestly by its name. Jean Muir originated, founded and helped to finance The Workshop. It is her pride and joy—an achievement of which any actress, young or old, might well be proud.

"The purpose of The Theatre Workshop," Jean explains, "is to train young people in the traditions and atmosphere of the theatre, to show them the best that the theatre has developed down through the passing centuries. We want to study both the old and the new, and to go forward, not merely for personal gain, but for the satisfaction of trying to contribute our small bit toward preserving and building the best in entertainment. And who knows? We may succeed!"

Jean Muir does not want to create the impression that she is being "arty." One has only to talk to her for a few moments to realize that she is extremely practical and level-headed.

"I know that hundreds of untrained young girls will come to Hollywood in the next few years," she says, "hoping against hope that they will have a lucky break and land at the top of the heap. They will have no idea of the qualifications they must have to become actresses. They will not be coming because they love the theatre and the profes-

"The theatre and the screen need a new generation of players who are workers," says Jean Muir. "To develop them is the purpose of The Theatre Workshop"

sion for what it is. They will not realize that they should not come directly to the studios—that they must have a foundation of dramatic experience. Without it, an actress may achieve some small degree of fame, but her days on the screen will be numbered. They won't last any longer than the first youthful bloom of beauty. The theatre and the screen need a new generation of players who are *workers.* To develop them is the purpose of The Theatre Workshop."

In organizing her remarkable project, Jean had the help of Anthony Landi, Elissa Landi's brother. He helped to organize, incorporate, sell stock and get The Workshop under way. There were others, too—amateurs who hope some day to occupy important positions in the world of the screen and theatre.

Officially, The Workshop opened on October first, after the gaudy night-club had been converted into a theatre and a school by the industrious Workshop group in person. "The decorations were terrific," says Jean. "Huge figures danced on the wall, black oilcloth with splashes of gold hung from the proscenium arch to all corners of the auditorium—and there was dirt everywhere. We moved in with scrub brush, soap, lime, and everything necessary to make the place sanitary. And we really are proud of the transformation we wrought. Compo board forms the ceiling, the walls are done in ivory, and the large stage has been re-equipped.

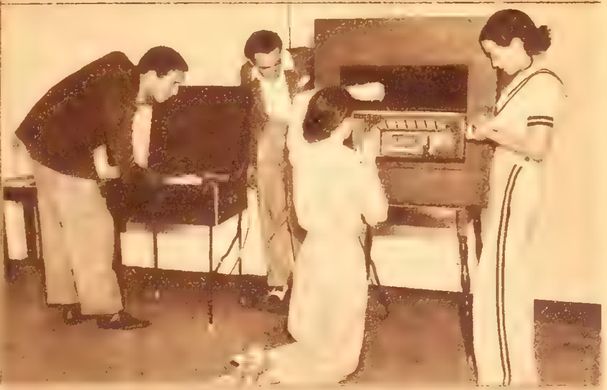
● "Actually, the theatre is small, but it is sufficient to hold about two hundred people—an intimate audience for our plays. At first there were only a few of us interested, but as time passed, the group grew. Now there are about twenty-five

[*Continued on page* 56]

In the dancing class, a student actress receives a lesson in dramatic poise

Fencing is a requisite at The Workshop. Nothing does more to develop grace

Constructing miniature sets, students learn the mechanics of play production



Operating a miniature theatre, students experiment with lighting effects

Up from the Bottom *to Stardom*

Rosalind Russell has reached for success the sure way—by working for it. And in her rise is inspiration for every girl in America today!

By MARY ANDERSON

ROSALIND RUSSELL is one of the most interesting—and one of the least spectacular—personalities in Hollywood. On-screen and off-screen, she typifies the new trend in pictures—refinement, intelligence, independence, gallantry. To use slang—which is usually more descriptive than prosaic English—she has CLASS!

She came to Hollywood from the stage, and to the stage from a background of culture. Her journey to stardom—and she has nearly arrived, after her performance opposite Willam Powell in *Rendezvous*—has been featured by a calm poise that dominates her every word and action. It has been attended by very little publicity, yet Hollywood, most certainly, and every movie-goer, most probably, have been fully conscious of the fact that Rosalind Russell is destined for greatness.

She has excited international curiosity and it is high time that this curiosity should be satisfied.

She is one of seven children, the daughter of a well-to-do and socially prominent New England family. Most of the stories written about her have exaggerated the wealth of her parents and, in doing so, have created the impression that Rosalind has no need to work, that she is rich beyond the need of earning, and that she is merely playing at her profession. As a matter of fact, her father, a well-known and highly respected attorney, left his children little more than enough money to complete their educations and finance their starts in life. The balance of his fortune had been lost through unfortunate investment.

Rosalind was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, and lived there for the first sixteen years of her life. She attended Marymount School at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, Rosemont School and Barnard College. She was given every advantage. More important still, she was given some very excellent advice by her father, who insisted that his children must never be idlers.

"It doesn't make a great deal of difference what work you do," he told them. "The important thing is to [*Continued on page* 61]

"I vowed that I would climb slowly and never take a step until I knew where I was going; I would never run before I had learned to walk"

Portrait by Hurrell

Meet ERROL FLYNN—*Born Adventurer!*

Young, handsome, Irish, the screen's newest he-man hero has had a life just as exciting as ***Captain Blood's!***

BY SHIRLEY KING

COMPARED to Errol Flynn, *Captain Blood,* of the Spanish Main Bloods, was a bleeding cream puff.

Not that the daring captain lacked any of the manly qualities or shirked his duties as a pirate. The parallel is drawn because young Mr. Flynn, who is portraying the Sabatini hero in the talkie version of the famous novel, has been involved in so many more hazardous undertakings and exploits.

The South Seas, the East Indies, the Far East, India, Ethiopia and most of the intermediate points are as familiar to him, relatively speaking, as your own backyard is to you. As British magistrate, gold miner, sea captain, pearl fisher, rice buyer, explorer, soldier, he knows them all. There is scarcely a place, no matter how small it may be on the map, that he has not visited and cannot recall by some vivid adventure that befell him there.

Flynn, a tall, good-looking young Irishman with the slender build of an athlete and the eager eyes of a roamer, arrived in Hollywood some six months ago to pursue a film career. He had been in pictures on the English screen, and so impressed Irving Asher, British head of Warner Brothers, with his work that Asher sent one of his films over here. The Warners saw enormous possibilities in this clean-cut actor's personality and ability, and immediately cabled for him to hie himself to Hollywood.

His first American picture, in which he appeared only briefly, indicated that Warners had starring material in this latest addition to their fold. On the off-chance that he might be an embryonic overnight sensation, they tested him, along with scores of well-known he-man actors, for the title rôle of *Captain Blood.* And out of all the tests, one alone stood out—Errol Flynn's. He got the job.

● IN scanning his short, but eventful career (he is only about twenty-six today), you discover the reason why Flynn seems so perfectly cast in the rôle and why he is turning in so splendid a performance as the English doctor turned pirate through force of circumstance. He is walking his own quarter-deck again, reliving tropical days of his past when Life offered a constant challenge and Death kept but a pace behind. Flynn has actually been as lusty an adventurer as *Captain Blood* ever thought of being in the Sabatini story.

His adventures began at the age of sixteen, when he accompanied his scientist-father on an exploring expedition to Western Tasmania, off the coast of Australia, and as wild a spot as remains [*Continued on page* 72]

"In his reticence lies the charm of the man; this—and a personality that immediately wins you"

Portrait by Elmer Fryer

SCREEN-STRUCK

A famous author tells a dramatic story of an unknown's struggle for screen success—a story as real as the city of hope and heartbreak

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

THE STORY THUS FAR: Pretty Lola Le Grange, usherette in a theatre in a small midwest city, lives in a dream world. Screen-struck, she has the secret and "impossible" ambition to win the chance, some day, to be an actress. And, suddenly, the dream comes true; she has her chance. A photograph she had entered in a nation-wide Search-for-New-Faces contest, sponsored by Burnham Brothers Studio in Hollywood, is awarded first prize. She wins a free trip to the movie capital, plus the promise of a screen test . . . and finds herself frightened by her good fortune, by her inexperience. She wonders if her fear is a premonition of failure.

The prize, her ticket to Hollywood, is awarded to her on the stage of the local theatre by Clifton Laurence, romantic screen idol, making a personal appearance there. Long fascinated by his screen performances, she finds him even more romantic in person. When she leaves for Hollywood to begin her great adventure, he is aboard the same train. They strike up an acquaintance, which reaches a climax on their last night aboard the train. Sitting alone on the back platform, they begin talking, impersonally, about love. Laurence sincerely doubts that there is such a thing as "lasting love." Lola disagrees with him, citing as one proof the wistful love of Buddy Kane, a home-town boy, for her—love that she can never reciprocate. As they part, Laurence impulsively kisses her. Later, she is tortured by the thought that now she, like Laurence, must wonder how one can recognize "real love."

Arriving in Hollywood, she is fêted and ballyhooed as a contest-winner, and almost immediately goes through the unexpectedly agonizing ordeal of a screen test. Then she is gradually forgotten, though her test proves that she photographs well enough to rate a short-term contract. But her luck still holds. An actress scheduled to play a certain small part falls ill, and the rôle is given to Lola, who is swept off her feet by the attention that is now showered upon her . . . by self-seeking people who intend to be included among her friends if she should become a success. She senses the shallowness of their "friendship," which, nevertheless, buoys her up with supreme self-confidence. Though the director is impatient with her first efforts at acting, she soon feels that she is showing genuine ability.

Clifton Laurence, returning from a location trip, is pleased at the break that she has had with no help from anyone. Lola, however, in an effort to impress him, goes too far and gives him the impression that she is "putting on an act" for his benefit. Disappointed, he coolly says "goodbye." Lola, at first heartbroken at this turn of events, is then determined to show him that she can win bigger rôles—and his applause. Soon after this encounter, she is summoned into the office of Mr. Burnham, head of the studio. Thrilled by the summons, she expects a salary raise, a long-term contract. Instead, Mr. Burnham tells her that the studio can no longer use her—that she photographs well, but is no actress. He asks her, "Why not be a sensible little girl and go home?" With a heavy heart, she walks out into the cruelly bright California sunshine—a failure. The story continues:

Chapter VII

IN FIRING me, Mr. Tom Burnham had said—unwillingly—some pretty cruel things about my work in the one rôle I had played. The smart of them was still upon me as I stood there in the sunlit studio gardens just outside the private entrance to his offices. I walked slowly away as soon as my leaden feet would obey my dazed brain . . . and found myself mournfully making the familiar round of the studio that I had made in my first days there—to the sound-stages, the miniature department, the back-lot, the projection-rooms. At Number Four, Dickey Wells, the operator, stood idling in the doorway.

"Hello!" he said, cheerfully. "What's eating you? You look as though the villain had foreclosed on the Old Homestead."

I looked up at him, wondering if I would be able to speak coherently or not. And at sight of his homely, impudent face, an idea came to me. "Dickey," I asked, "could you do me a favor?"

"How much?" he said. "Five bucks?"

Tense as I was, I almost laughed. "No," I replied. "What I want is to see my picture again. Alone, all by myself. And see it over and over, several times."

"You're the only one," he said, with mock solicitude about my sanity, "who does want to see it twice. The Chief thinks it smells."

"So I gathered," I admitted, dryly. "But I want to know why. This means a great deal to me, Dickey. I've got to find out what was wrong. Could you manage it for me? Alone?"

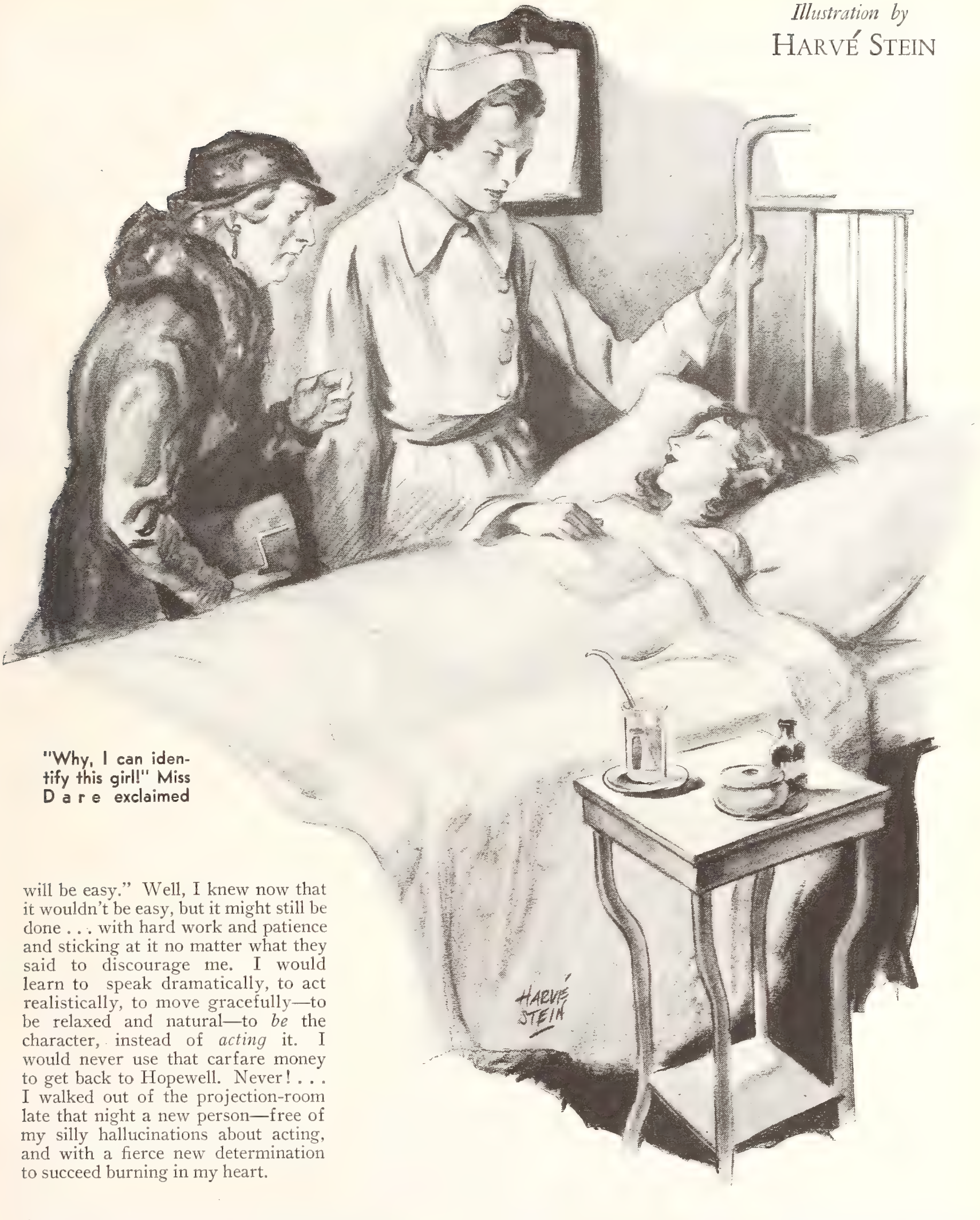
"I'll tell you what," he replied after a long moment of thinking over the idea. "I'll fake some extra work tonight and you come back about nine-thirty and I'll run it off for you."

"Thanks, Dickey!" I said, gratefully. It was the first time I had spoken naturally in weeks.

That I most certainly had not spoken naturally while acting in the picture, I admitted to myself before the evening was over. During the long hours that intervened before the showing, however, I had had plenty of time to think over what Mr. Burnham had said. The shock of my failure to make good had affected me like a sudden plunge into icy water. I had emerged shaking, frozen, confused. But the after-effect was a strange new vigor. I saw that my attitude back home in Hopewell, when I had cried, frightened at the thought of being lifted to unearned fame, was right. But the ambition that had always been in my heart was still there. It would take more than one failure to extinguish it. I felt very humble now. I *had* to learn. In this frame of mind, I went and sat alone in the dark little projection-room, my eyes glued to the screen and to the awkward amateur who was Lola Le Grange . . .

It hurt, but I could see that everything Mr. Burnham had said was true, including his merciful admission that I screened well. On this, at least, I could base a little hope. What had I once said to Clifton Laurence? "The test is the only thing that worries me—the rest

Illustration by
HARVÉ STEIN



"Why, I can identify this girl!" Miss Dare exclaimed

will be easy." Well, I knew now that it wouldn't be easy, but it might still be done . . . with hard work and patience and sticking at it no matter what they said to discourage me. I would learn to speak dramatically, to act realistically, to move gracefully—to be relaxed and natural—to *be* the character, instead of *acting* it. I would never use that carfare money to get back to Hopewell. Never! . . . I walked out of the projection-room late that night a new person—free of my silly hallucinations about acting, and with a fierce new determination to succeed burning in my heart.

● The next morning, after sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, I took stock of my assets. One hundred dollars in savings, plus the studio's expense money of a hundred and twenty-five, a fairly decent wardrobe, a "photographic face" and a fistful of courage. They would have to carry me through.

My first move, of course, was to give up the small bungalow I had been renting. I took the cheapest furnished room I could find, within walking distance of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. That meant I could reach three major studios without spending carfare. Then I went to see Mr. Otto Rikenbach, the important agent who had invited me to a party at his house soon after my arrival in Hollywood.

[*Please turn to next page*]

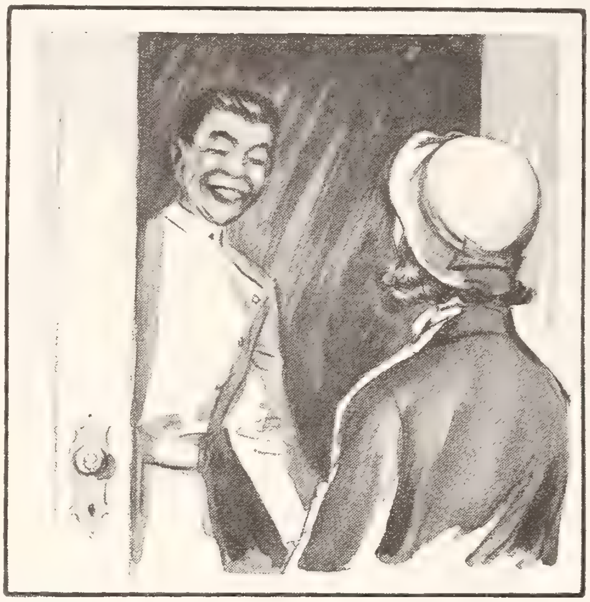
"What salary do you get?" was his first question. I told him I had been getting a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

He grunted. "How long does your contract run?" he asked.

"It has run," I admitted ruefully.

The faint interest that he had shown died a visible death. "I am afraid we wouldn't be much help to you," he said. "We already have more people than we can really handle."

It was a dismissal—a tactful one. I was already learning that Hollywood hates to be cruel—yet often *has* to be. As a result, a polite, roundabout formula has developed. Snubs are wrapped in cellophane—blows in velvet gloves! I tried other agents, but the answer was the same everywhere: I must have more experience before they could afford to handle me.



"Is Mr. Laurence at home?" I finally managed to ask. "I think extremely not," said the Japanese. "I make inquiry, please. What name?"

"But how am I to get experience," I cried desperately, "unless you get me work?"

I gritted my teeth and joined the long lines at the casting office windows. Once I worked for fifteen hours, sitting in a French sidewalk café, and earned seven dollars and fifty cents. No director came up and picked me for the lead, either! A girl who had once taken me to a swimming party was in that picture, and she pretended not to see me. Several people had done that, though, and I was getting used to it. Even Mr. Hilton ducked when he saw me now, although I could see that he felt sorry for me. When I buttonholed him, he would murmur something vague about keeping me in mind if anything suitable showed up.

As for Clifton Laurence, he had in all probability read the only recent notice about me that any publication had bothered to print—a brief trade-paper comment that I had gone home. If he believed that, I thought ironically, it was just as well; I was not likely to run into him anywhere!

● MY GOOD luck had left me as suddenly as it had come in the first place. Meeting discouragement at every turn, I did not find it easy to work at training myself. But when I wasn't haunting the studios, I was spending my time reading aloud to myself, rehearsing before the mirror in my dingy little room, spending a few dollars on elocution lessons to improve my delivery and on dancing lessons to improve my carriage and . . . getting really thin. This last was no effort—on the meals I ate! About the only thing that kept me going was the letters Buddy Kane wrote so faithfully from Hopewell. He believed in me so implicitly!

"We can hardly wait to see your first picture," he wrote. "And the next and the next. You've got it in you, Lola, but you must believe that yourself, first of all. Then they can't discourage you, ever!" It was always like that . . . "faith . . . win . . . you're good . . ." It helped—a little. Perhaps more than a little.

There was one other bright moment. It came when I found a chance to apologize to Miss Nancy Dare, "the grand old lady of the screen," for refusing her advice because I had not recognized her. Very lovely in black silk and soft laces, she allowed me to waylay her as she was stepping into her limousine outside a Boulevard shop.

"I've been sick at heart over what I said to you," I told her earnestly. "Not only because I admire you so, really, but because I was such an ignorant young fool." She smiled at me, her eyes twinkling, her manner brisk.

"Stuff and nonsense!" She chipped her words. "Greatest compliment to my acting I ever had! Don't moon over it! Glad to see you've left off the rouge!" She patted my shoulder, stepped into the big car, and was gone.

But I felt a great load off my mind. There was something about her crisp kindliness that made the world momentarily a better place. I walked "home," feeling more gay and courageous than I had in weeks. . . . And I needed all the gaiety and courage at my command because, when I reached the door of my room, the lock was plugged.

At first I could not understand. I went back downstairs—to complain, of all things! Then I saw the landlady's face and understood.

"I'm sorry, Miss Le Grange," she said, through thin lips, "but you owe three weeks now. You'll have to pay up or go."

I thought of the dollar and sixteen cents remaining in my purse. I looked at the woman's determined face. And without a word, I walked out into the glorious sunset . . . headed nowhere.

I was a girl without a room, without a nearby friend, without resources or prospects. Where *could* I go?

Chapter VIII

I HAD never been locked out before. Up to now I had thought of such an experience as something that happened only in fiction. Now it had actually happened to *me*. "Believe it or not," I thought ironically.

I had the clothes I stood in, the small sum in my purse, and nothing else. Everything else was locked in my room. Not that I had much—just a few clothes that probably would not sell for the price of one good meal.

Hollywood Boulevard was crowded with gay, hurrying people. The cafés were packed full, the closed shops brilliantly lighted. A long line was already forming outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre as I passed along—still headed nowhere. Miss Nancy Dare's latest picture was showing there. That gave me an added pang . . . she had not repeated her invitation to call on her . . . Where was I going, anyhow? I walked over to Sunset Boulevard and sat down on one of the wooden benches at a bus-stop. It was close to the curb, and sleek, expensive cars skimmed by me, so close that I could feel the breeze they made in passing: cars full of happy, prosperous people, who knew where *they* were going! The brief carnival that marks Hollywood's early evening was beginning. It swept past me, unseeing. [*Continued on page* 52]

Famous, B*ut* H*uma*

Those words describe straigh
shooting Annie Oakley, the h
oine of the 1880's—and Barb
Stanwyck, who brings her ba
life and is amazingly like

BY HELEN HARRISON

BARBARA STANWYCK is an unu
phenomenon—a charming, normal
touch of the spectacular.

If you have never seen Barbara "in the fle
not—without color photography—imagine
beauty. Her skin is smooth and soft and lo
a lustrous titian, and her eyes a flashing da
the secret of her success is not her lovelines
is more than skin-deep.

She has had the courage of her ambitions—
ness to fight for fame on the battle-ground o
determination to succeed, not as a coque
"straight shooting." Everyone knows abou
her sense of fair play, her capacity for hard
know the complete Barbara.

But movie-goers will be given that privileg
see her in the title rôle of *Annie Oakley*—t
screen biography of a pretty woman who m
a man's world. If you know your Buffalo Bi
know your Annie Oakley, the backwoods girl
1880's, made an international name for hers
ica's straightest shooter. And Barbara
amazingly like this woman she sincerely
sincerely portrays—who also was a lovely
married a Frank, and also had a soft spot
for children who might have to struggle
struggled, if she did not do something about
not only famous—but human.

● OF ANNIE OAKLEY, Barbara say
ing candor: "Modern women could lea
from her. She was a woman of the ages,
in spite of all her shooting ability—whic
to support her family. She wasn't bor
spoon, you know. She was raised in th
Ohio. She earned her own early living
her widowed mother and sisters by sh
sending them to the Chicago markets.
way for her later success. It couldn't
fun, but it was the only thing she could
aged to do it better than anyone else
female.

"I have a sketchy idea of how
grew up in a city—Brooklyn, [*Conti*

One
POWELL
nd here's why!

as a Grade A problem. I wanted to run
eople looked at me. I remember I was crazy
ittle girl and ached to play with her; but
she would come up to me and want to be
uld get numb all over and would run home—
my eyes out because I hadn't known what to
Mother didn't know what to do to cure me.
ny of the relatives or the neighbors—though
ty of ideas. Finally, someone suggested that
d was a little forced mingling with other
I would soon lose my self-consciousness,
old Mother, if I could feel that I was one
nd could do everything that the group did.
ed dancing school for me. Mother was so
t she was willing to try anything. And that's
arted."

was nine years old when her Mother inaugu-
reat Experiment—which was to succeed so
leanor would become world-famous. In that
aturday dancing school in Springfield, Massa-
arning such social accomplishments as the
wo-step and the fox-trot, the little girl-who-
ther-people-to-look-at-her forgot her painful
he had lost herself in the discovery of a
world of rhythm and motion. The most
upil in the class when she began, she became
o Saturday afternoons—the star pupil. Her
that the child had such talent that she de-
ced instruction.

eeing that Eleanor received that instruction,
—Mrs. Blanche Powell—cannot be given
dit. Mrs. Powell had separated from her
n Eleanor was a baby. Ever since then,
d to support her little girl and herself. The
en none too easy; few dollars could be
uries. But when she saw what dancing

had done for Eleanor, and saw the child's lightfootedness and love for dancing, she decided that "advance instruction" was one luxury that she could—and would—afford. Ten-year-old Eleanor Powell entered the Springfield dancing academy of Ralph MacKernan—the first of three men who were to guide her footsteps to fame.

● "HE gave me a thorough grounding in everything a dancer should have," she explains today. "Kicking exercises. Acrobatic work. And then ballet work—the foundation of all good dancing. Ballet can give a dancer poise and grace that nothing else can. *If I am anything today, the secret is that I had five years of ballet training.*

"The first year, I had one lesson a week. It lasted for two hours. The second year, I had two lessons a week. The third and fourth years, I had four and five lessons a week. And the last year, I spent most of my time at the studio—not only taking further instruction, but being assistant to Mr. MacKernan. I had charge of the 'baby' class. I loved it. I still love it," she adds, parenthetically. "If anyone at a party says, 'Eleanor, show me how to do that tap you did the other night,' I'm off. I can't resist the temptation to teach. We go off in some corner and practice—and the party is a success for me. Most of them don't know that I've had only ten actual lessons in tap in my life."

Believe it or not—it is true. But in mentioning those ten lessons, Eleanor is 'way ahead of her story. She has not told us how—or why—she happened to leave Springfield.

"When I was thirteen," she resumes, "I went to Atlantic City to spend the summer with my grandparents. I practically lived on the beach and I was as brown as a berry. One day I was turning cartwheels and doing some other acrobatic stunts we had had to do in dancing school, when a middle-aged man walked up to me and asked me if I could dance. I said, 'A little.' He said, 'I'll give you seven dollars tonight if you'll do an acrobatic dance at the Ritz-Carlton Roof.' The man was Gus Edwards—you know, the famous producer of kid revues for vaudeville, who discovered Eddie Cantor and Lila Lee and a flock of other stars, when they were youngsters.

"I raced home and told Mother, who was down from Springfield, that I had a job. She didn't believe it. Who would offer a thirteen-year-old girl a job as a dancer? When I finally convinced her that it was true, she wasn't sure she would let me go. She [*Continued on page* 54]

"I have lived in my own little world of trying to improve." That is Reason No. 1 why Eleanor Powell became a sensation in *Broadway Melody of 1936*

In the British picture, "Transatlantic Tunnel," dealing imaginatively with life fifty years from now, Madge Evans wears this ultra-smart suit—which is also highly chic today. A fur-edged cape-jacket, which has been stressed in recent Paris showings, tops a stunning long-sleeved dress of the same silver-flecked blue material

Fashion Forward

BY GWEN DEW

THE New Year and I sat down to have a good old-fashioned gossip about the fashion news that was drifting across my desk. Bulletins from Hollywood, news-letters from smart New York shops, cables from Paris. From all three came startling reports . . . fashion echoes of newspaper headlines. The world is going military-minded, and so are fashion designers!

Millinery is military, dresses have taken on martial touches, coats are styled in the West Point manner—with capes. And, reminiscent of the World War years, skirts are shorter! Daytime dresses are to be fourteen inches from the ground, while evening gowns will just touch the floor in front and will be slightly longer in back. Afternoon dresses have taken a decided leap upward and are the same length as street dresses.

And clothes-colors are as brilliant as a military pageant. Italian red is one of the favorites . . . as is another burning red called "Gaulois." The favorite blues are deep blue, royal and light porcelain. And there is a fashion riot of in-between colors—the brightest in years—to challenge the daytime popularity of black and brown and deep blue, those "always-right" colors.

Once I had an inkling of all this, I decided that there was nothing to do but go out and start a 1936 wardrobe. So with my little budget in hand, I sallied forth into the shopping sector—as eager-eyed as an army scout.

● AND what exciting things I saw! Stylists seem to be torn between a revival of the quaint, adorable fashions of 1913 (the year before the Great War) and a revival of the serenely glorious styles of the Italian Renaissance.

First of all, I shopped for a suit—always the working girl's first answer to her clothes problems. A suit is good for all day . . . and if you're going on to a date immediately after office hours, you can just add a "dress-up" satin blouse, and there you are! I picked out a tweed one, very tailored, with a matching topcoat that can also be worn with everything else I own, which solved my coat problem at the same time, praise be! The whole outfit has a military swagger to it, aided by such touches as good old soutache "frogs" for trimming. There are grand sales on such suits now. Incidentally blouses seem to be buttoning up around the neck . . . and some of them, copying men's shirts, are in deep, solid colors. Black satin blouses for business girls are supertrim!

Several scarves, of course, to be worn Ascot-fashion, had to be selected. There are little new cat-bow ones of soft kid, with matching belts and purses . . . besides the conventional large cloth squares. Scarves all are brilliant in tone . . . designed to offer vivid contrasts to the main colors of suits.

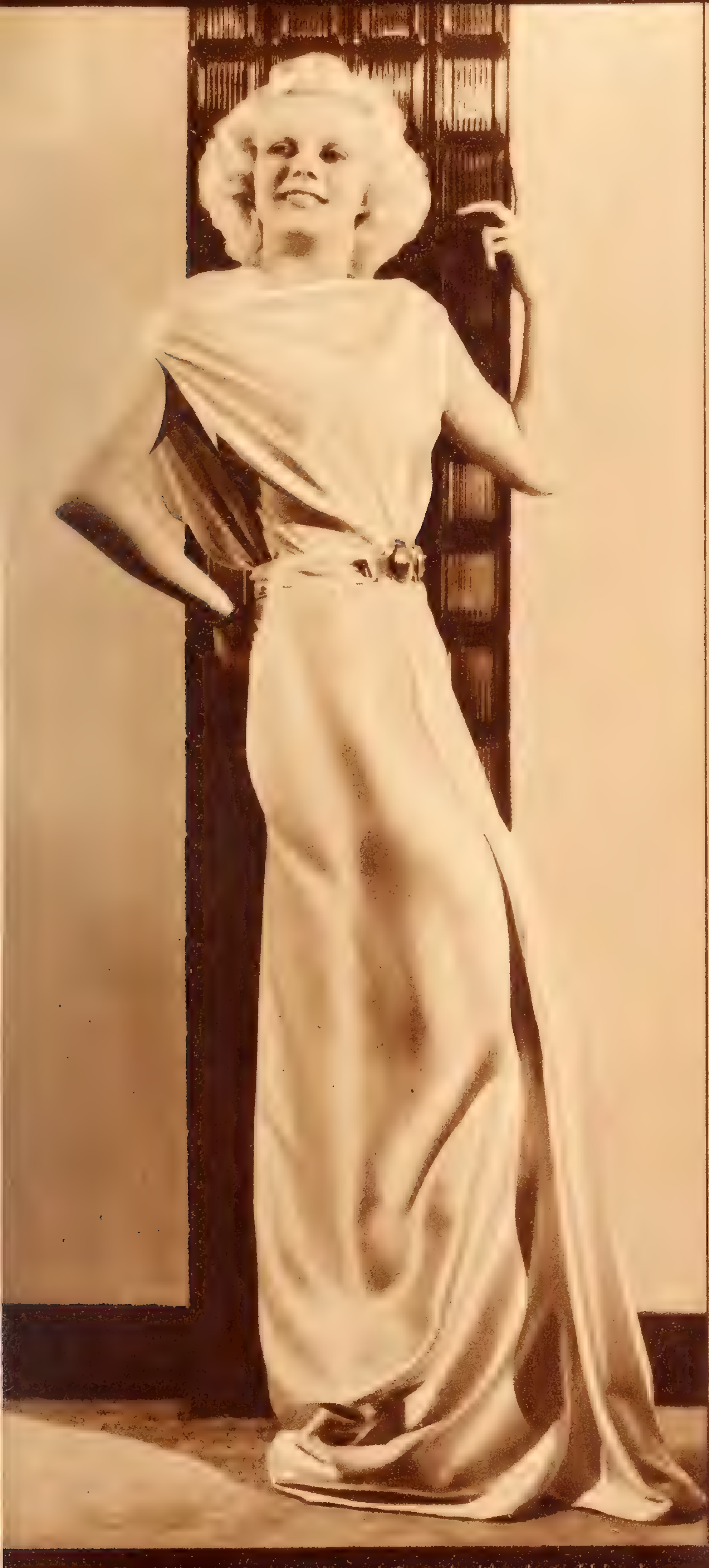
Next I went searching for a

[Continued on page 70]

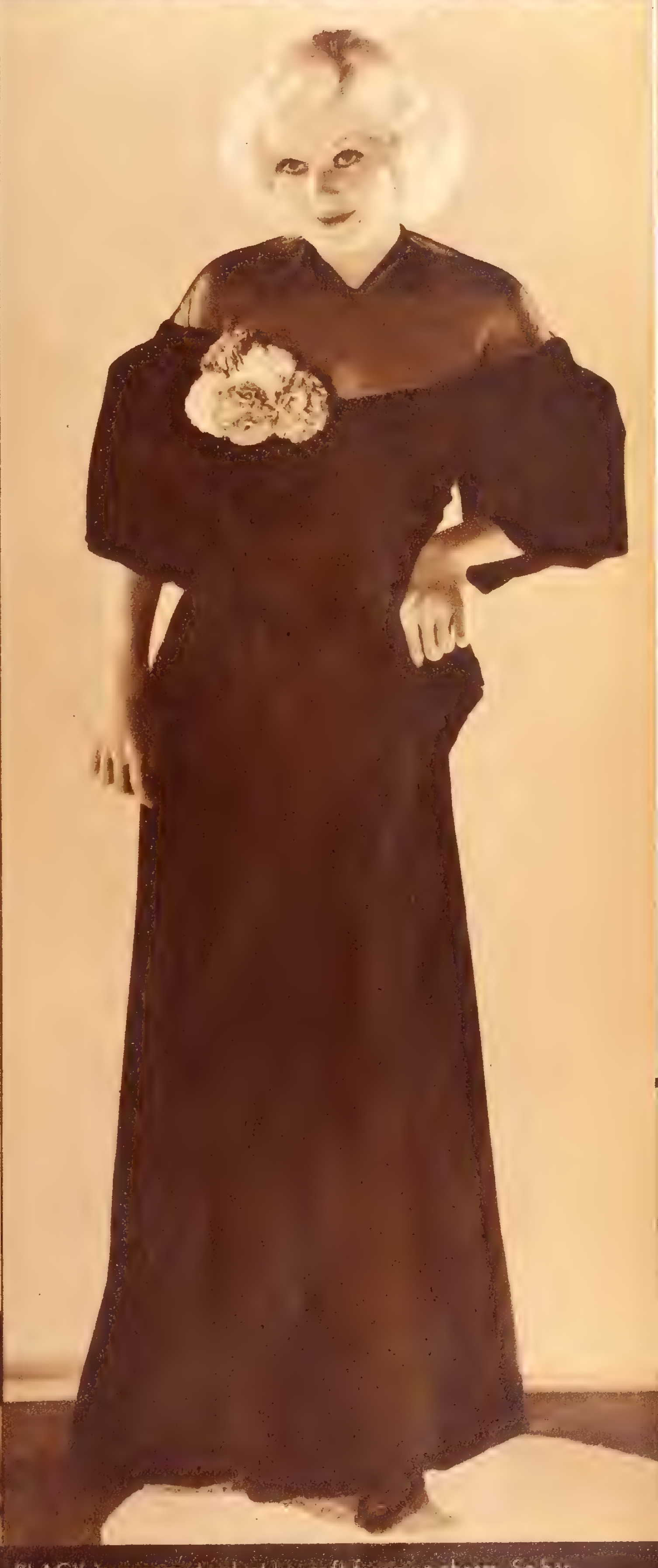
Highlights

● Tramp, tramp, tramp, the girls are marching. ● Millinery is military, dresses have military touches, coats have capes. ● Styles have gone pre-War and Renaissance. ● Colors have gone riotous, inspired by the old Italian masters—and colored suède gloves are the rage. ● Even shoes have a masculine motif, with bags to match them. ● Hat crowns are shallow, brims are wide. ● And hand-knitted things still are the most figure-flattering.

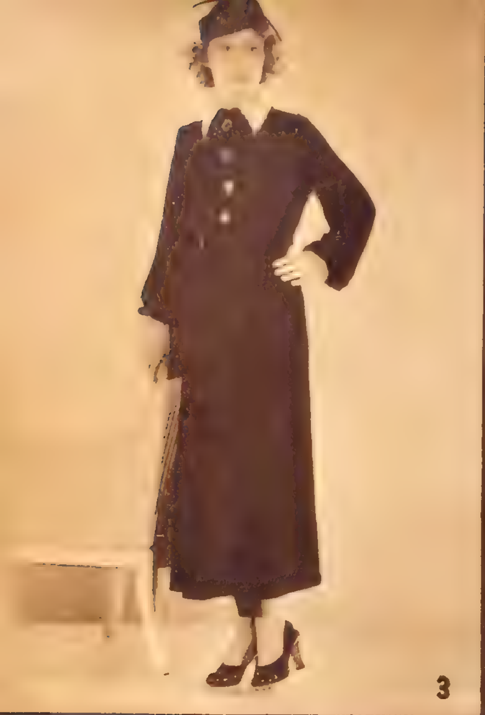
Classic's FASHION PARADE



WHITE satin is sophisticated. So is the blondest of blondes, Jean Harlow. Together, they are a glamorous picture. Ultra-new, her gown has Grecian drapery, a "straight-across-the-shoulders" neckline, and gathered front-fulness



BLACK transparent velvet has soft feminine charm. So has Jean Harlow. Together, they are an alluring picture. Her gown, graceful in its simplicity, features a wide yoke of mousseline-de-soie, and puffed off-the-shoulder sleeves



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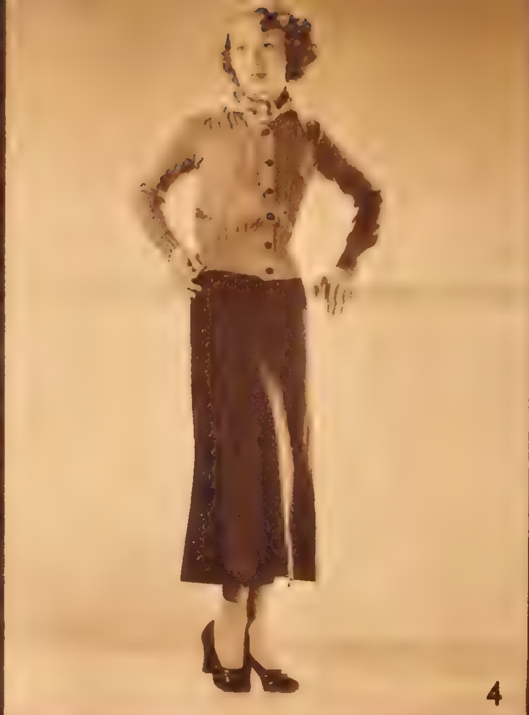

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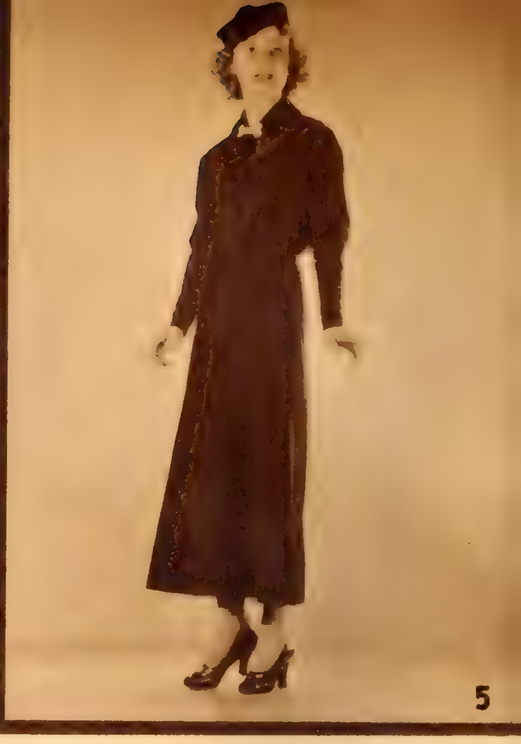

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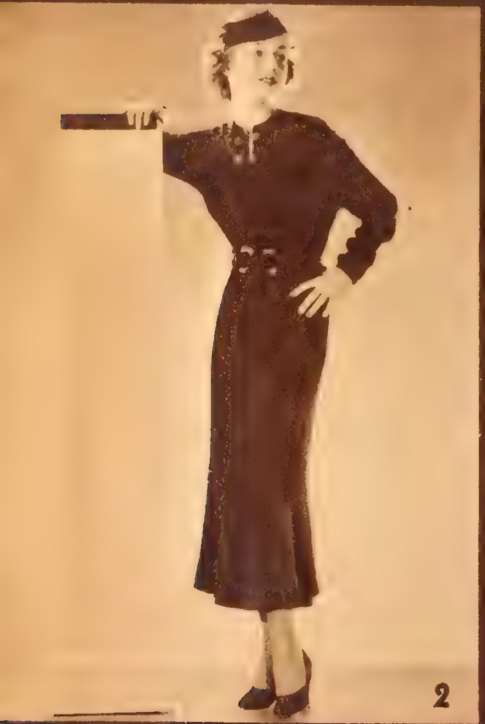

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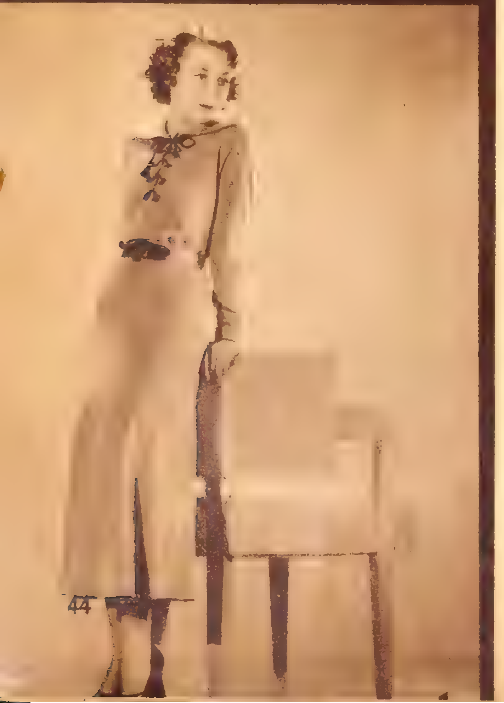

What Every Smart Girl Could Wear

Anne Shirley, of the pert personality, has a wardrobe—and ideas about clothes—that will appeal to every young modern

By MARIAN RHEA

LIFE is one grand thrill for anyone fair, feminine and still in her teens . . . particularly when winter arrives. Winter is party time, dress-up time, the time for being excitingly lovely. Or it *can* be, if she is glamor-conscious and style-smart.

Clothes that are chic and clothes that are practical are almost as important to the alert, active young modern as her meals. Sometimes even more so . . . What should she wear to winter luncheons and afternoon bridge parties and dinner dances and such? What will be appropriate? What will be in good taste? What will be ultra-smart without taxing a girl's allowance (or pay-check) too awfully much?

MOVIE CLASSIC presents, on these two pages, the highlights of Ann Shirley's personal wardrobe. Note their simple smartness—and note particularly her stunning three-in-one evening ensemble on the opposite page. Each garment is described in detail in this clever article.

I have found all of the answers for you in Hollywood, the capital of glamor, which is giving the whole world new (and *practical*) fashion ideas. A certain little red-headed girl, scarcely past her middle teens but already famous in motion pictures, had the answers. I mean Anne Shirley—who may be starring as an old-fashioned girl in *Long Ago Ladies*, but is, in private life, one of Hollywood's most modern maidens.

Young, pretty, smart-looking and possessed of excellent taste, Anne is a vivid source of information concerning what the smart, early 1936, girl will be wearing . . . especially if she adheres to two easy-to-follow rules:

1. *Dress simply.* A girl's youth is a priceless possession and should never be spoiled by over-dressing.

2. *Select good clothes.* Buy durable fabrics if you would consistently look well, because youth is active and hard on clothes.

● As the best means of illustrating her ideas of a suitable winter wardrobe for a girl in her teens, Anne showed me her own.

We first considered *everyday things,* which a girl might wear around the house, although we agreed that she probably wouldn't be there much. Nevertheless, there are those times when boy and girl friends drop in unexpectedly for a chit-chat or a game of ping-pong or bridge—and even then she wants to look chic.

Anne's "home wardrobe" includes a sweater and skirt and a silver-gray angora frock with black leather trimming. The skirt for the first outfit (See illustration 4) is dark green—you simply couldn't have a real wardrobe this season without a good deal of green—and the sweater is a lighter green, coat variety, to be worn with or without a green suède belt, but always with a scarf of some kind.

The angora dress (See Illustration 1) is perfectly plain except for the flare at the bottom of the skirt, leather lacings in front with a bow at the throat, and leather trimming on the belt. A very effective dress, this, on a miss with flaming red curls.

● "If a girl must economize on her clothes budget," says Anne, "I think it is a good idea to select dresses for lunching, afternoon parties and informal dining that will all go with the same coat. For instance, if her coat is black, she will have a wide choice in dresses—black, gray, green, dubonnet, any color except brown and the darker shades of blue. But if her coat is in any bright color, she will have to be a little more careful to choose things that will harmonize with it."

Her own favorite dress of this type is a black silk in novelty weave with a short flare to the skirt (these flares are awfully tricky-looking when a girl is dancing), a sash belt tipped with long fringe, and collarless yoke fastened in front with silver marble-shaped buttons. The sleeves are long and snug around the wrist. (See Illustration 2.)

Anne has another black dress—black velvet with demure collar and cuffs of Irish lace. (See Illustration 3.) It has the new full back and the bodice is fastened down the front with crystal buttons. With this dress, she wears black patent-leather shoes and a Tyrolean velvet hat trimmed with an iridescent quill and a short mesh veil with lace edge.

"If you want to capture a fraternity pin, just wear black velvet with white lace collar," says Anne, with all the wisdom of her years. "The combination is practically infallible!"

Anne's third frock of the "stepping-out" type is dark green wool crêpe, a two-piece affair trimmed with black broadtail and highlighted with a crystal pin at the high neckline. (See Illustration 5.)

"I don't believe in spending all of my millinery money for just one hat. The older woman may get by with one knock-out of a hat, instead of several less [*Continued on page* 70]

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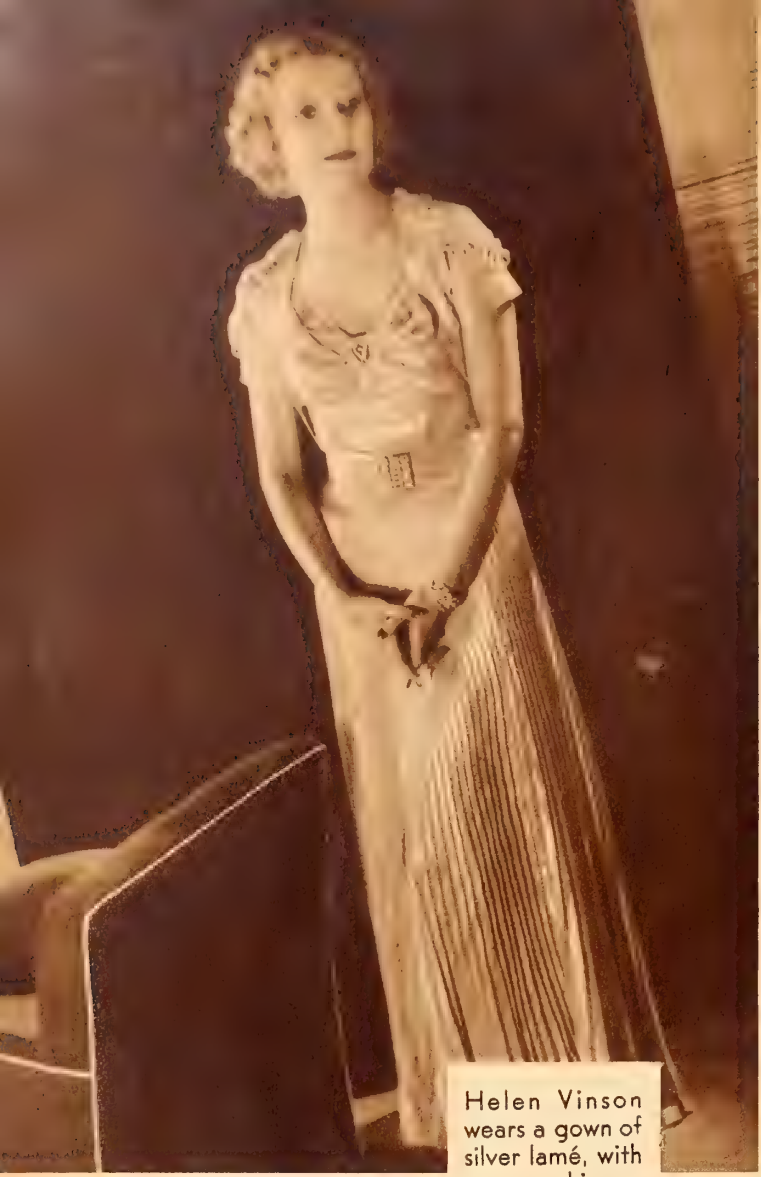
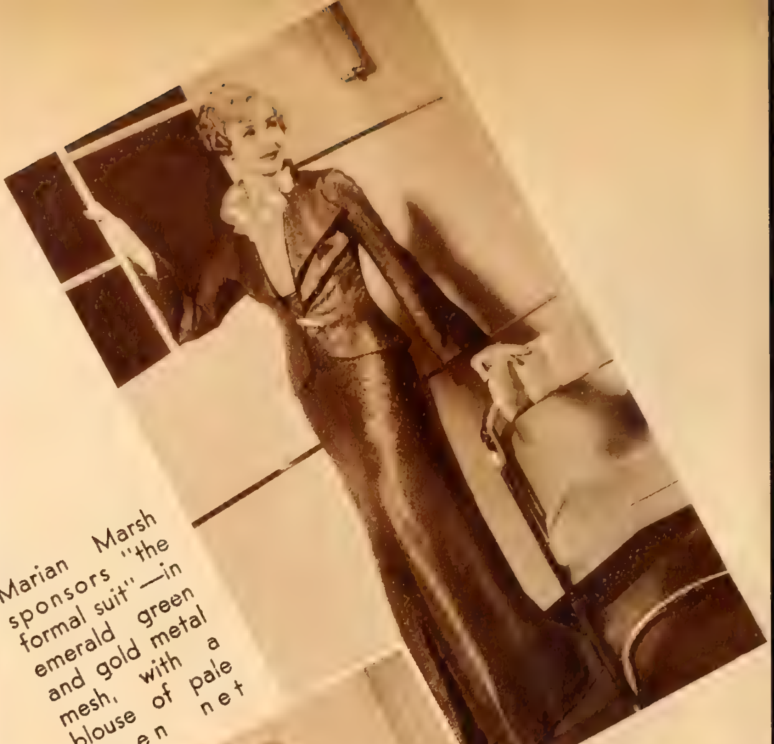
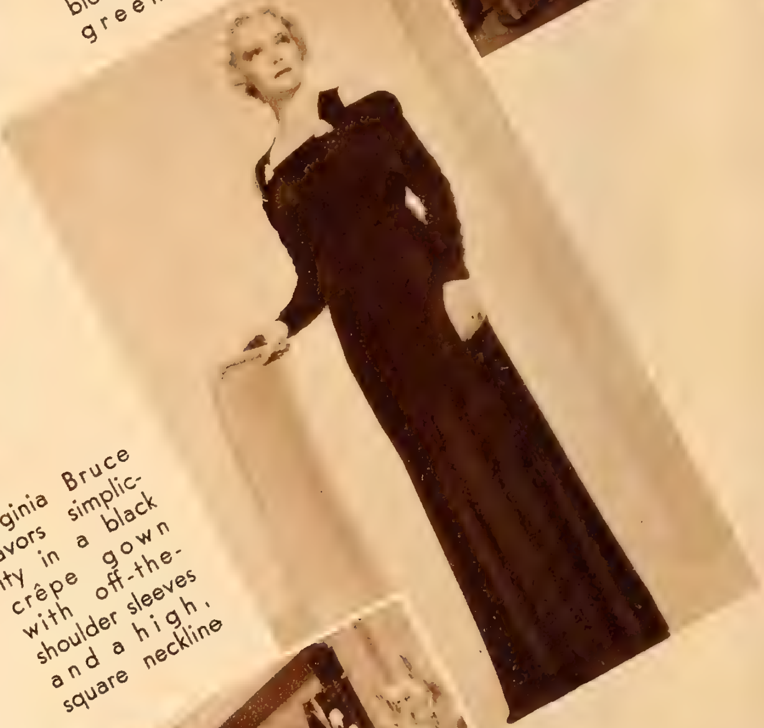


Helen Vinson wears a gown of silver lamé, with accordion-pleated skirt and chic jacket

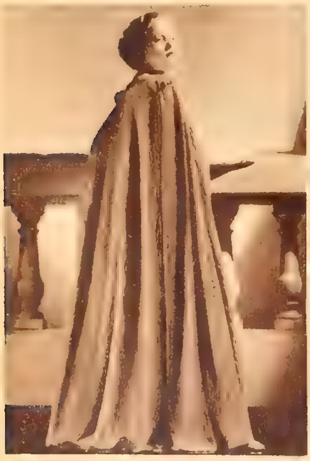


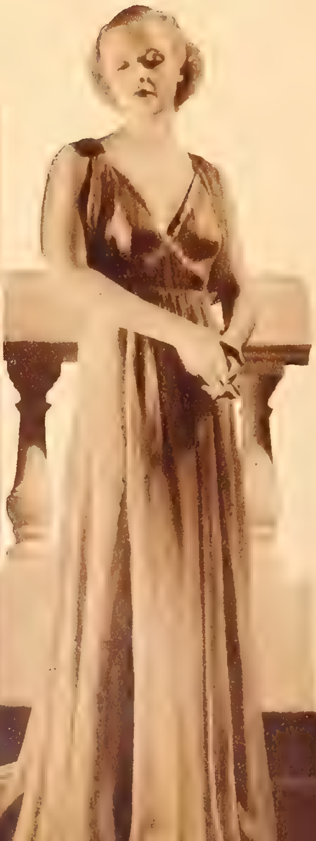
Marian Marsh sponsors "the formal suit"—in emerald green and gold metal mesh, with a blouse of pale green net



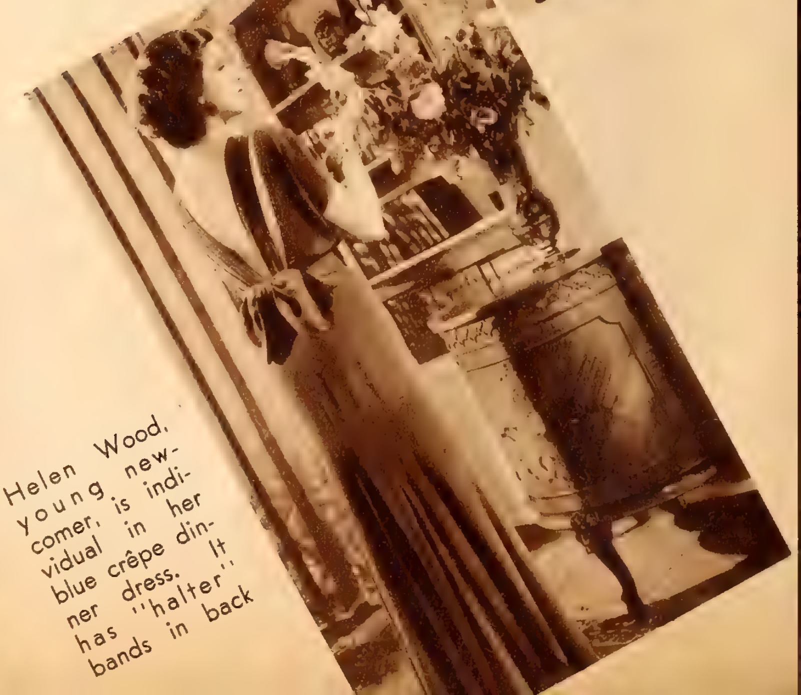
Virginia Bruce favors simplicity in a black crêpe gown with off-the-shoulder sleeves and a high, square neckline

Evening Stars

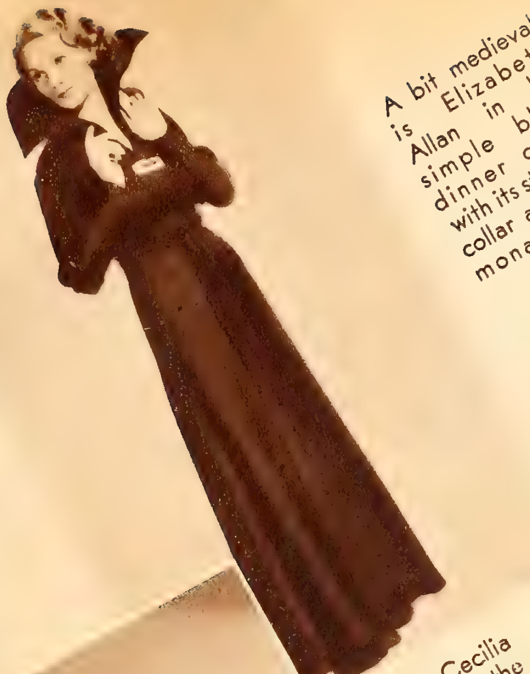




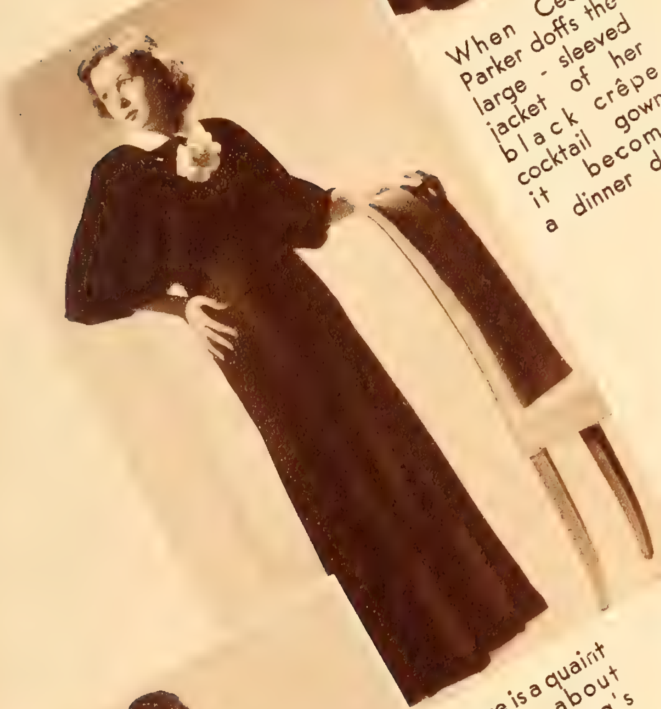
Jean Muir "goes Grecian" (right) in chiffon over red crêpe. Her dramatic mantle (above), is made of red and gold metal cloth



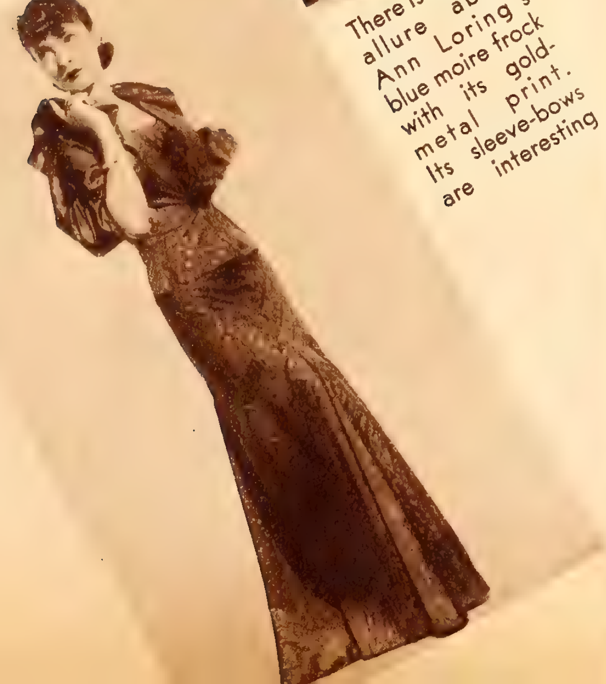
Helen Wood, young newcomer, is individual in her blue crêpe dinner dress. It has "halter" bands in back



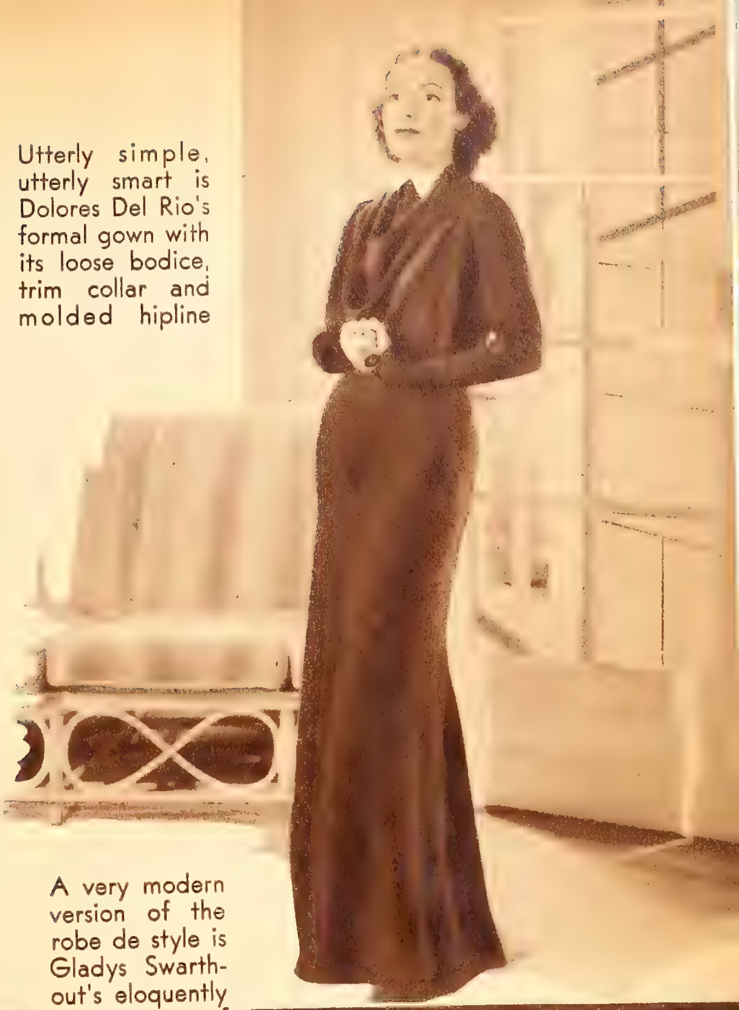
A bit medieval is Elizabeth Allan in her simple black dinner gown, with its standing collar and long, monastic belt



When Cecilia Parker doffs the large - sleeved jacket of her black crêpe cocktail gown, it becomes a dinner dress

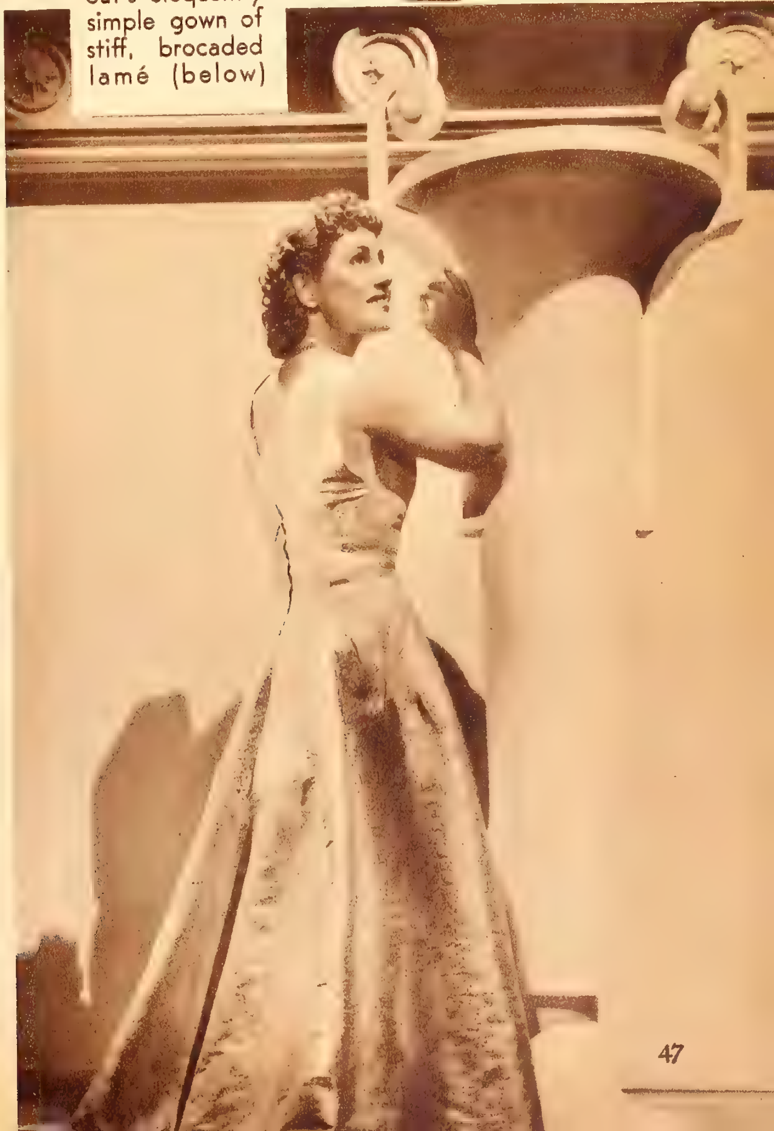


There is a quaint allure about Ann Loring's blue moire frock with its gold-metal print. Its sleeve-bows are interesting

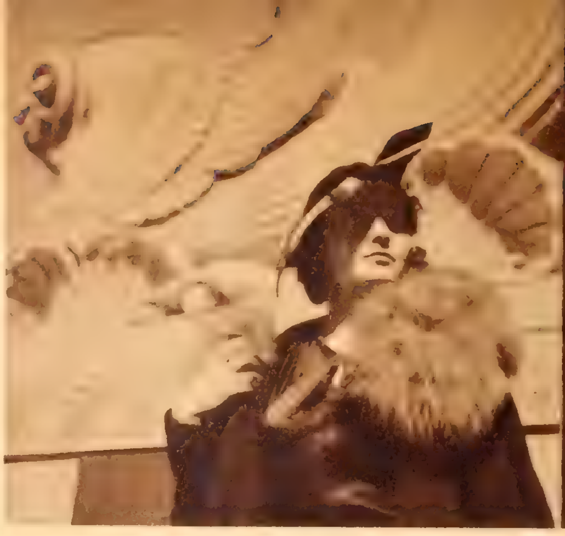


Utterly simple, utterly smart is Dolores Del Rio's formal gown with its loose bodice, trim collar and molded hipline

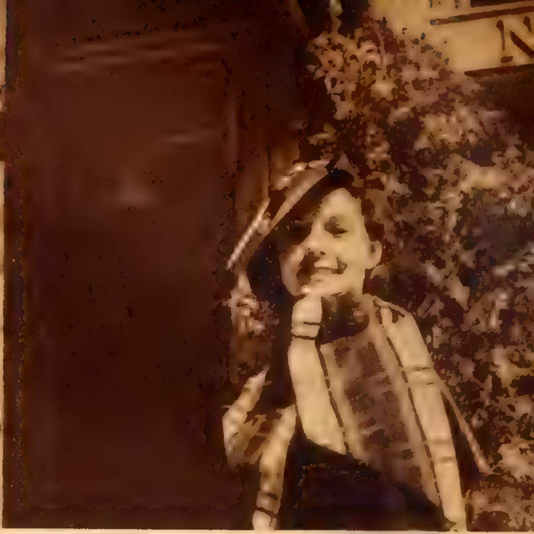
A very modern version of the robe de style is Gladys Swarthout's eloquently simple gown of stiff, brocaded lamé (below)



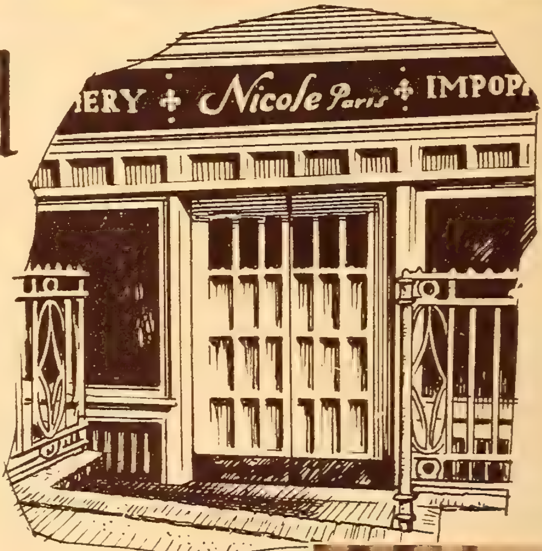
Hats for Hollywood —*and You*



Marjorie Weaver, Warner Bros. beauty contest winner, models a new version of "a feather in her hat"

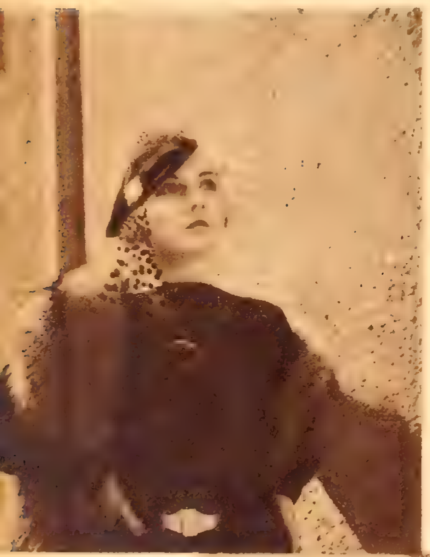


Up on one side, down on the other, a feather on top

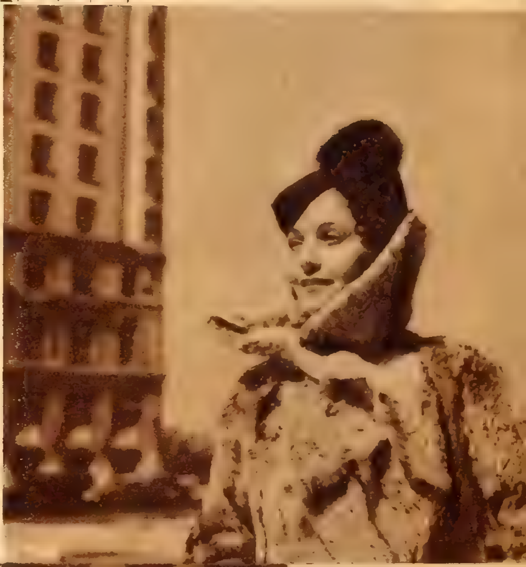


Into this smart shop on East 55th St., New York, walks many a famous film star to have hats especially designed by Madame Nicole. Those shown herewith are samples —all "made for Hollywood"

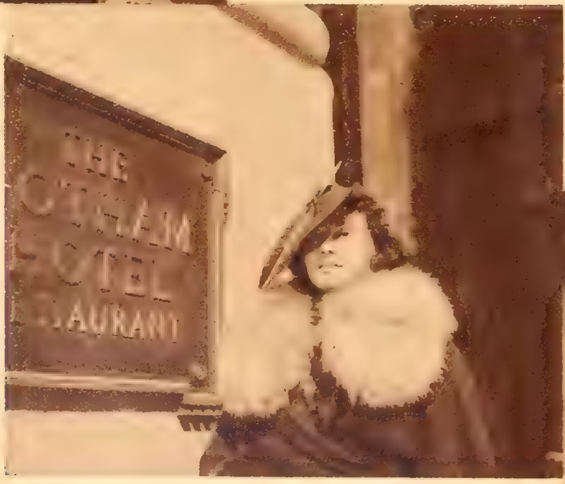
All photos taken exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC by Ralph Daigh



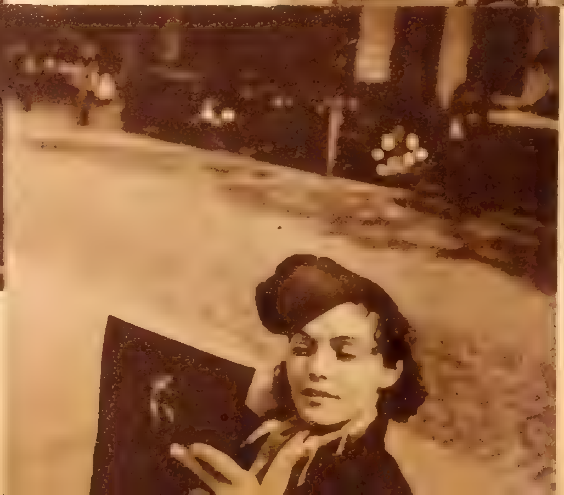
Off-the-face, with a dramatic veil pendant at oneside



A bit military—trench-cap style —with a pompom up on top



A Robin Hood felt, with a dramatic feather dramatically placed—in front



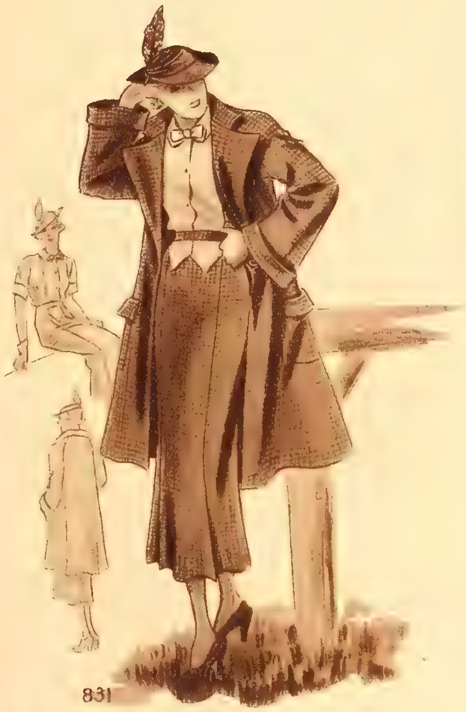
Also military, with a "forward march" motif— and a double pompom on the front line

CLASSIC Stresses Practical Dresses

—That Are Easy to Make

Two practical-minded stars—Glenda Farrell and Claire Trevor—model two dresses that you can easily add to your wardrobe!

Triumph in tweeds — in the Claire Trevor manner! Whether you wear bright shades or pale shades, tweeds can give you tailored smartness both in town and in the country. Claire's trim ensemble (below)—which she wears in "Navy Wife"—is in a gray and white check. The bib vest, adding a chic touch, is of white linen. And you can copy the whole ensemble in every detail—with Pattern 831, designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c



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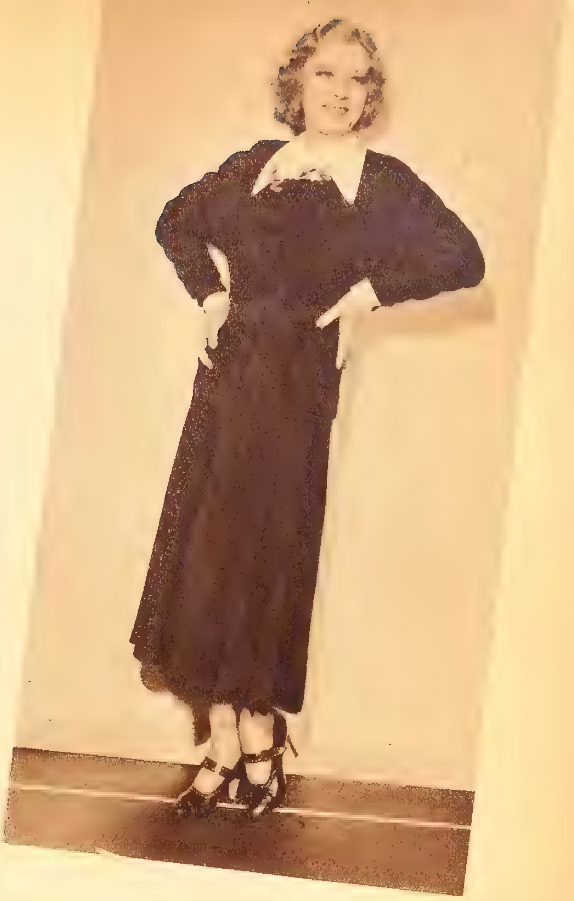
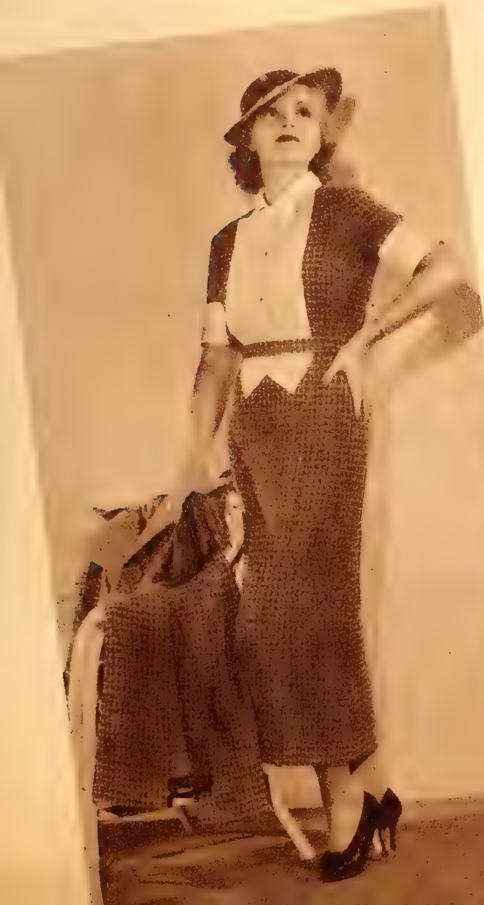
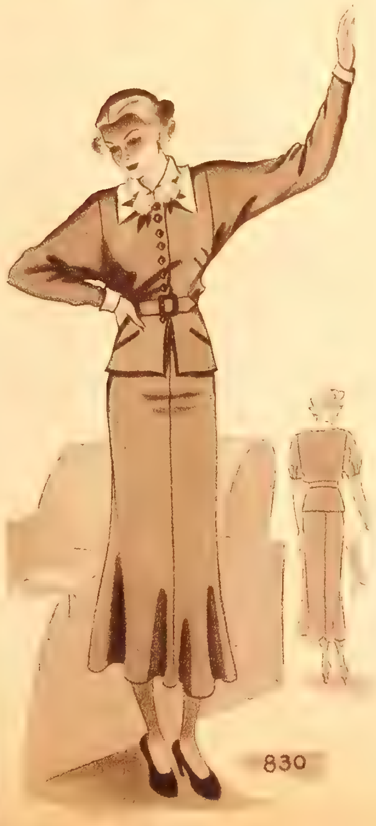


Take a fashion tip from Glenda Farrell: Have at least one dress in your wardrobe that is simple enough for all-day wear, yet can ease gracefully into the cocktail hour! Glenda—now appearing in "Miss Pacific Fleet"—models just such a dress, above. It is of raspberry-red silk crêpe, but it can be made just as effectively in other colors and fabrics—with Pattern 830. Designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Patterns are expertly styled in every detail—are easy to use (with complete, clear instructions)—and are accurately cut, insuring perfect lines. They are obtainable at any store selling "Screen Star Patterns." Or you may order by coupon below.





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Does Your Make-up Match Your Wardrobe?

It can—if you take tips about color harmony from the beauties of the screen!

By Alison Alden

Rochelle Hudson (top) is brunette; Joan Bennett (second), blonde; Elizabeth Allan (third), "brownette;" and Myrna Loy (bottom), titian. And all four make their clothes and cosmetics harmonize!

DO YOU take beauty hints from the most beautiful women in the world . . . the actresses of Hollywood? Then you are living in a new world of color, a glamorous, lovely world, in which clothes and complexions harmonize.

The beautiful women of Hollywood place implicit faith in what cosmetic colors can do for their beauty; also, they wear clothes whose colors enhance their charm. And *you* should—and can—do the same.

It has become very much the vogue to be the sweet, ultra-feminine sort of girl—the kind whom men adore. And we can thank Hollywood for the trend. Several recent pictures have glorified the quiet, compelling charm of unaffected beauty—and given women everywhere the longing to be softly, daintily feminine.

Witness the high success of the four stars pictured on this page—Rochelle Hudson, Joan Bennett, Myrna Loy and Elizabeth Allan, all so truly feminine that you know they are made of "sugar and spice and everything nice." They represent, respectively, the four color types into which all of us fall: brunette, blonde, titian and "brownette" (which is neither dark nor light, but medium brown).

If you should watch any one of these four stars applying her make-up, you would see that she takes into consideration not only the color of the costume she will be wearing, but its type as well. She would not dream of using the same shades of make-up with a sports outfit as she would with an evening gown, or the same tones with a red dress as with a blue one.

Too many girls overlook the importance of having their make-up match their wardrobes. They wear the same shades of powder, rouge and lipstick from early morning until late evening. If *you* are the least bit interested in looking just as pretty as possible (and who isn't?), you must put such a habit into the discard. You must learn to choose shades of cosmetics that will harmonize with the colors of clothes you are wearing, and will be appropriate for the type of things that they are and the time of day or night that you will be wearing them.

● There are two distinct theories about make-up today. Let me explain both of them to you. Then take your choice!

One theory is that every girl, because of her hair, her eyes and her skin-tones, falls into a definite color class (such as blonde or brunette) and that she should always wear make-up colors that harmonize with her skin, her eyes and her hair.

The second theory is that any girl can wear a variety of cosmetic colors . . . just as she wears dresses of varied colors. According to this theory, she can forget that she is blonde, brunette or titian. She [*Continued on page* 68]

You already know Robert Donat. Now meet three other very charming Donats—Mrs. Donat and Tommy (above) and Joanna (right)!

My Success Story Is a *Love Story,* says ROBERT DONAT

The young English actor, who fascinates a world of women, owes fame to a fascinating woman!

BY RUTH BIERY

IT HAS long been said that behind every great man is a great woman. But it is not often that you find a man who admits it. Although Robert Donat would never say he is great—he is too sincerely modest—he will tell you in his first sentence and in his last that, if it were not for his wife, he would not be a motion picture actor today. And he will give you a hundred examples to prove it.

She might have stepped directly from a painting by Rossetti. Her hair is a violent titian, rioting around her head like a blaze. Her personality is like her hair—continually on fire. Even her delicate hands have the quick motions of young flames. If you have once been the husband of such a woman, to lose her would be to become a Napoleon without his Josephine.

All stories of great success fascinate us. But the story of a man who had five shillings in 1931, and who had been told that he would never make a success in pictures by every producer in England except one (Alexander Korda), and who is deluged today by offers from all over the world—*there* is a story more unusual, more fascinating than the average.

"If it had not been for her, it could not have happened." His eyes turned from blue to deep purple, so emotional was he when he said this. We were in his dressing-room at the studios of London Films, where he has been making *The Ghost Goes West* with our little American Jean Parker and our American funny-man, Eugene Pallette. Like his recent Gaumont-British picture, *The 39 Steps,* it will be shown in America—and should be popular here.

"Her name was Ella Voysey," he continued. "She has some of John Wesley's blood in her and some of Wellington's." He paused as though to let me understand the import of such a heritage. Wesley was the sturdy, stern idealist who gave us many of the "don'ts" of the Protestant religion; Wellington's courage and imagination turned Napoleon from Waterloo. [*Continued on page* 73]

Screen-Struck

[*Continued from page* 38]

What should I do? Take a portion of my small store and wire Buddy for help? No, I couldn't do that. Not yet. I had lied in my letters to him, out of pride. I couldn't tell him now, except as a last resort. To call on him for help would be to abuse a devotion that I was unable to return. Besides, what excuse could I manufacture? And even if I weakened and did wire him, I could not possibly get an answer before morning. Meanwhile, where was I going to sleep tonight? I had just reached this poignant question when a brightly painted flivver drew up at the curb and a voice hailed me.

"I'm heading out Beverly way," Dickey Wells called. "Want a lift?"

Did I want to go to Beverly Hills? Well, why not? It was as good a place as another and Dickey's voice was warm and friendly.

"How's tricks?" Dickey asked.

"Oh, fine, thanks!" I lied, going through the established formula. "Expecting a call any day now."

"That's swell!" said Dickey. "Any time you need your test, just let me know, and I'll fix it up for you."

"That's nice," I said, "I'll appreciate it. Do you live out in Beverly, Dickey?"

"Me?" His look accused me of trying to be facetious. "Only plutocrats like you and the Barrymores live there. I'm on my way to the beach. By the way, where do I take you?"

"Just drop me at the corner of Alpine Drive," I said, thinking fast.

"Well," he grinned, "I don't blame you for being ashamed to drive up to your mansion in this crock! Here we are!"

He drew up to the curb at the foot of the lovely quiet residential street. I stepped out. "Thanks a million," I said. "I have only a step to go!"

He looked at the nearest house—a large one—and said "Good-night" in an awe-struck tone. So I was a plutocrat, a resident of exclusive Beverly Hills!

I TURNED and strolled on up the street, past beautiful homes. There was a scent of honeysuckle in the air. It made me homesick and terribly lonely. I walked another block or two, and stopped on a corner. "This won't do," I said to myself. "I can't go on walking forever." Then I noticed the name on the curb: North Crescent Drive. This was the street on which Clifton Laurence lived.

A great wave of longing just to see him swept over me. Suddenly, my unspoken love for him seemed to me to constitute some sort of claim upon him, just as Buddy's quiet love made me feel obligated to *him* in an intangible way.

"After all," I thought eagerly, "it was I who was cold—I didn't give Cliff a chance. I made an idiot of myself and drove him away. And he made me promise to call on him if I needed help. Well, I do need help, desperately. One word from him would open almost any studio door—I'd get a chance if he asked it!"

But even more than the chance, more than the money with which to buy a night's lodging, I needed to see the man himself—to hear his voice, to touch his hand. It was a ravenous hunger that would not be denied. And if he would listen, I would tell him everything . . . how I had acted in that ridiculous manner from pride, how I had learned my lesson from my work—how hard I had been trying to improve, starving myself in order to buy lessons in dancing and diction, and how I had come to the end of my rope tonight. He would understand.

IT WAS a magnificent house, set far back in an elaborate garden. With my pulses beating wildly, my feet lagging, I went slowly up the path toward it. The windows on the lower floor were all lighted. He was at home! This seemed a good omen. I rang the bell and waited breathlessly. After an interval, the door was opened by a perpetually-smiling Japanese manservant.

"Is Mr. Laurence at home?" I finally managed to ask.

"I think extremely not!" said the Japanese. "I make inquiry, please. What name?"

I told him and he nodded and went away, leaving the door ajar. From the room beyond the hallway came the sound of his voice—low, polite. I could not catch what he said, but Clifton Laurence's voice was distinguishable enough.

"No!" he shouted, impatiently. "I have never heard of her. Hito, I have told you a thousand times not to let women in here. Tell her if it's anything important she can communicate with me through the studio!"

I did not wait for the servant's return. With hot tears blinding me, I stumbled down the steps and through the garden, into the mercifully enveloping night.

Chapter IX

CLIFTON LAURENCE'S rebuff was the last straw. I didn't care what happened to me as I walked away from his house, hurt to the very depths of my being.

For what seemed like a century, I walked blindly, fighting off the desperate thoughts that forced themselves into my tired brain——thoughts of the ocean, the cool waters, and sleep . . . the story of the girl who had jumped from the great letter "H" on the big electric sign on the hills above Hollywood Boulevard . . . desperate, wicked thoughts they were. It was bad enough, I felt, to have failed in pictures, but without Cliff, what was left? But crushed as I was with pain, something in my heart stubbornly battled my despair. "Wait—wait a while, Lola, and maybe the pain will stop! Pain stops . . . almost always!"

So far the world had defeated me. But if I committed that last desperate act, I would defeat myself, which was far worse. I stopped in the shadow of an old pepper-tree and looked up through its shower of lacy foliage at the moon. The moon had been up there so long, and must have looked down calmly on so many unhappy girls like me!

"Dear God," I whispered, "I can stand it, if You help me! Help me to bear it, please!"

Somehow, I felt better then. A degree of calm came to my rescue and my thoughts began to clear. I told myself: "I must be practical and refuse to be panicked again. I'll be honest. I'll send that wire to Buddy Kane, tell him the truth and ask to go home——and find some job that I *know I could do!* And try to forget my dreams of a great career . . . and Clifton Laurence . . ."

With a lighter step. I turned south toward Sunset Boulevard, to catch a bus back to Hollywood. The Boulevard, the great main artery of traffic between Santa Monica Beach and Hollywood, was ablaze with light, its broad span alive with darting cars, careless of speed limits. My bus would stop on the south side. Eager to reach the telegraph office and mentally framing the wire I would send, I stepped off the curb. A monster, gray and chromium, roared close. There was a terrific scream. A blinding pain. And a whirl of darkness that wiped out the world for me. . . .

I MOVED my hand and felt a cool sheet beneath it. I moved my head. It hurt, horribly.

"She is regaining consciousness, Doctor," said a calm feminine voice. I opened my eyes. A man with a grave face was bending over me. His hands were very gentle, but the world went blank again. Eons later I felt a cool hand on my forehead.

"Better now?" someone asked. "Do you feel strong enough to tell us your name?"

I made a mighty effort to speak. "How badly am I hurt?" I whispered.

From the look in her eyes, I knew the nurse was lying, kindly. "Not much," she said. But there was my head. One arm wouldn't move. Perhaps other things. . . .

"My name doesn't matter," I murmured. "Nobody is interested."

Another long, blank interval of pain. Then men in blue uniform around my bed. The police . . . Why couldn't they let me die in peace?

"But the name is important," persisted the officer who seemed to be in charge. "It was a hit-and-run case, Miss. Too much of that sort of thing has been going on. Won't you help us?"

I shook my head painfully and would not speak. They talked and talked, but it did no good. I held grimly to my silence.

[*Continued on page* 57]

Famous, But Human

[*Continued from page* 39]

New York—I had to earn my own living as a young girl. I did it by working for the telephone company and cutting dress patterns. And that made me just one of the many young girls and women who battle life just as valiantly as Annie ever did. Perhaps the country was rougher in her day, but the competition couldn't have been so keen. Today, whether a girl wants to be an artist, a private secretary, a writer or an actress, she must be more alert, more capable than those around her to achieve even her smallest ambition."

Although she did not say a word about it, I was thinking of those early years when I had known Barbara Stanwyck. Her name was then Ruby Stevens and she was an alert young dancer in the chorus of a "girl" revue on the Strand Roof in New York. No one had ever heard of her, but that did not discourage her. She determined that someday people would hear of her. She kept right on dancing, practising newer and better steps, although she really wanted to be a dramatic star. It was typical of her that she did the work at hand just as well as she knew how, in the belief that some day she would get her break.

It came when the stage play, *The Noose,* went into production, and several cabaret girls were given small parts. Barbara Stanwyck was one of them. It was not, I believed then, pure chance—and I am more certain than ever of it now. The following season, she was given the rôle of *Bonnie* in the play, *Burlesque.* In this, as in all her endeavors, she was highly successful and immediately established herself as one of Broadway's leading actresses. It was during the run of that very play that she took her first screen test and promptly received a motion picture contract.

"WHEN Frank (Frank Fay) and I came to Hollywood," she told me, "and settled down to work and live here, I decided that, after a long uphill struggle, I wanted a home. I discovered that I was essentially a home-loving person." Annie Oakley made that same discovery. Every woman—no matter how ambitious or how successful she may be—eventually discovers a longing to have a little home of her own if she is human. Annie Oakley was human.

"For all her spectacular career, she got her keenest pleasure from her home-life and the eighteen orphans she raised and educated. Raising children is a grand and worthy career for any woman, whether they are her own or someone else's."

Barbara loves children, too. You can see it when she plays with little Dion Anthony Fay, her own adopted three-and-a-half-year-old. She is devoted to this youngster and I shouldn't be at all surprised if a sister and brother were adopted as companions for him.

"Will Rogers," she told me softly, "was one of Annie Oakley's greatest admirers and friends. Being another homespun human being, he realized the worthwhileness about this woman who was simply great—and, in her greatness, simple. She was a show-woman of the highest type and did much to raise the status of all professional women."

Barbara is just such a woman, too. She is known throughout the picture colony as the friend of everyone. And the little things, those always important little things, that she manages to do have endeared her to all who know her.

Wide World

Charlie Chaplin is sure now of a niche in California history. Between scenes of his new comedy, *Modern Times,* sculptress Katherine Stubergh made a life-sized bust of the famous comedian for the Los Angeles Museum

TAKE as an instance her consideration of Katherine Doyle, her stand-in. Numerous times late in a long, busy day, when everyone was tired, Barbara would stand under the hot lights until the camera was focused, instead of calling on Miss Doyle. That is really studio procedure in reverse English.

Watching Barbara from the sidelines would give anyone illuminating sidelights on her character, her willingness—and eagerness—to help others. For instance, while Walter Thiele, who has a small part as *Crown Prince Wilhelm,* was going through a particularly difficult routine, she noticed that he was getting tired and asked George Stevens, the director, to halt work and give Thiele a chance to rest. How many stars notice what minor players are doing, or if they do, put themselves out to give them a chance to do their best?

Barbara once told me that she never asks people to do anything that she would not willingly do herself. That, she says, is her test of fairness. It is small wonder then that those about her are always glowing in their praise of her. Co-workers felt the same way about Annie Oakley, according to all the records. Annie, let me remind you, was human.

And she was also human in her pride in her work. As Barbara says, "A woman *should* experience honest pleasure in her ability," she believes. "When a person works hard and diligently, pride is natural and justifiable. Don't you think I revel in the letters *I* receive from those who enjoy my pictures and tell me so? I do, with all my heart. Working without an audience makes the public's reaction every important and anyone who has been on the stage feels this need of contact with audiences particularly. On the other hand, I think the actress owes a debt to her public. She should try to play believable rôles—rôles that will not only provide entertainment, but depict emotions, and experiences that are close to all humanity, that can be shared by all humanity."

That is really the way she sees her career—as a useful, gainful occupation that has a certain importance beyond the immediate rewards of money and fame. As a commentary on the real Barbara Stanwyck—a normal girl with a slight touch of the spectacular—I quote what she so earnestly said to me about the character she has just played:

"Annie Oakley became internationally famous, but it didn't turn her head. I have been successful within a smaller scope, but I don't think I'm 'high-hat' because of it. I still like the property men, the 'grips,' the cameramen, the electricians and all of the others who do so much to make the work of picture players easier—and I humbly hope they like me!"

. . . And you know the answer to that!

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There's Only One Eleanor Powell —and Here's Why!

[*Continued from page* 41]

had never had the idea that I might go on the stage—not at that age, certainly—and she wasn't prepared to face the problem. If I hadn't teased and teased, she wouldn't have let me go. And she went with me.

"I didn't do an acrobatic dance. I did a ballet number—a classical number, called 'A Japanese Sunset'—that I had originated, myself. Picture the scene: A kid thirteen years old, almost as tall as I am now, and as brown as a berry—out there in the middle of the floor doing a ballet number—and getting away with it. For I was hired to dance three nights a week."

ONLY a few weeks later, she was at the near-by Folies Bergere Club—earning $75 a week. There she stayed until school began again in Springfield. The following summer, she was back at the Folies Bergere. (Today she says, with smiling self-mockery, "I wore sequins and spangles and feathers and thought I was just as good as the New York acts!") In September she once more returned to Springfield. That was the year she accomplished the rare feat of doing three uninterrupted pirouettes. Today she can do twenty-two. And she is "prouder of those turns than anything else."

The next summer, she was back in Atlantic City—this time at Martin's, at $150 a week. "The money didn't mean a thing to me," she vows. "Mother took care of all the worldly things, all the business details, all the worries. I was free to concentrate on my dancing. And it's still that way. I think this marvelous freedom from petty distractions has been one of the biggest helps I have had." It helped her, that summer, to become known as "Atlantic City Sweetheart." Theatrical people, vacationing at the resort, began to tell her, "You ought to go to New York."

"The old theatrical flattery," Eleanor describes it today. "But I fell for it. I told Mother I didn't want to go back to Springfield and school; I wanted to go to New York and go on the stage. She tried to dissuade me, but I wouldn't be dissuaded. She gave in, and we came to New York. I was fifteen and a half, and gawky, and I had an engagement at Ben Bernie's new Club Intime. The club died in two months—and for eight months I was out of a job. You see, I had a very stubborn manager."

The name of that "very stubborn manager" was Billy Grady, and he was the second man to guide her footsteps in the direction they are taking today. As Eleanor tells it, "He said to me, 'Why won't I let you take any of these stage offers? I'll tell you. They're all offers for specialty numbers. If you take them, you'll get typed right at the beginning as a specialty dancer—and you'll never get a chance to be anything else. When you step on a stage, I want you to open your mouth—have a few lines to say—be a personality, not just a specialty dancer.' A very clever man, Billy Grady. And I knew it.

"I KEPT right on practising my dancing, and I had one audition after another. They liked what I did—but they couldn't get excited about it. People wouldn't spend good money to watch ballet dancing, they told me. Could I tap-dance? they asked me. All I knew about tap-dancing was the heel-beat and the off-beat and I had to say 'No.' Finally, I decided that I had better find out what this tap-dancing business was all about. I asked somebody to tell me who could teach me tap-dancing. This person said, 'Johnny Boyle.' I went up to his school and paid for ten lessons—in advance.

"Johnny Boyle was one of these quick, impatient men. He said, 'Well, *maybe* we can do something with you.' He didn't seem to have much hope for me. He told me that I was 'too much the première danseuse' and every time I tried to get a tap, my feet behaved like Chaplin's. I didn't know what it was all about, and it didn't look as if I would ever find out. I didn't break down there—but I did when I got home. I was going to give it all up. The things I had worked five years to accomplish weren't appreciated. I was going to forget the idea of a career.

"Then I got mad at myself. I had let a little thing like one tap-dance lesson get me down. I made up my mind to go back there and take my ten lessons if it killed me. The second time, Johnny wasn't so impatient with me, and I picked up plenty. . . . Over in a window sat a man watching us girls dance. When the lesson was over, he came up to me and said, 'I'd like to see you in Johnny's office in about five minutes.' I didn't know who he was, but the other girls were awe-struck. 'Why, that's Jack Donahue—the dancing star of *Smiles.* He's Johnny Boyle's silent partner.'"

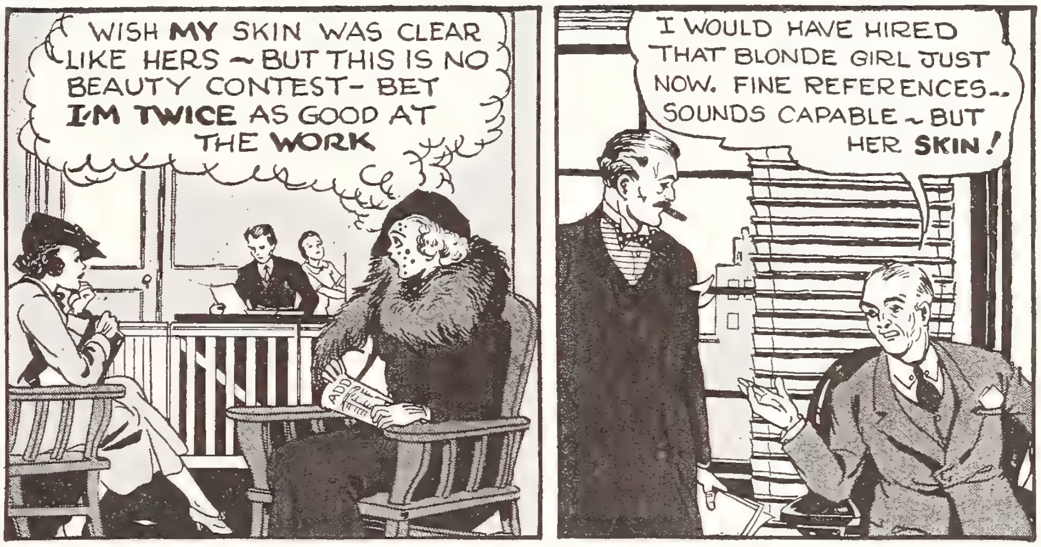
And Jack Donahue—the Broadway favorite of the day—was destined to be the third man to guide Eleanor Powell's footsteps toward fame. He had called her into Johnny Boyle's office to tell her that she had unusual promise, a phenomenal sense of rhythm, and that he would personally supervise her future lessons. She was just sixteen.

"I HAVE followed every bit of advice that he gave me," she says, humbly. "For instance, he told me, 'When you dance, make believe that something very heavy is on your hips—holding your feet on the floor. Don't bounce. Glide.'

[*Continued on page* 59]

JUST LIKE A MAN—TO CHOOSE A PRETTY FACE

Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job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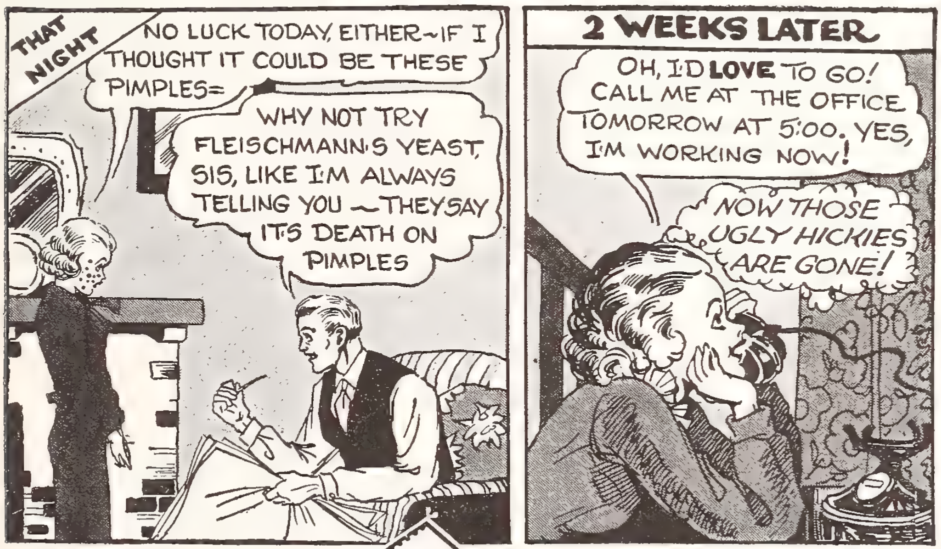
I WOULD HAVE HIRED THAT BLONDE GIRL JUST NOW. FINE REFERENCES.. SOUNDS CAPABLE — BUT HER SKIN!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NO LUCK TODAY, EITHER — IF I THOUGHT IT COULD BE THESE PIMPLES—
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The Dramatic School That Jean Started

[*Continued from page* 33]

studying, including night classes. We have been rehearsing scenes from famous plays, studying the history of the theatre and becoming acquainted with countless interesting phases of costuming and scenic effects."

Although Jean Muir and her coworkers are financially interested in the Theatre Workshop, they are not concerned about its being a money-making venture. The number of students accepted is limited, and the tuition is only $30 a month. Later, if there is a surplus, those who act in plays presented there may earn small sums to defray the cost of their study.

"From the start, we decided to interview all those who wished to join us, but take only those who sincerely wanted to work." The necessity for work seems to be a fetish with Jean. "I recall one girl who came to me after we had begun. 'But Miss Muir,' she protested, 'this is *work.*' And that is just what we want it to be."

In other words, Jean Muir believes that above all else an actress must learn *how to work* and be willing to spend every last ounce of energy in mastering the task at hand.

STUDENTS at The Workshop will have the advantage of superior instruction. Rouben Mamoulian, the famous director of *Becky Sharp,* is one of many celebrities scheduled to deliver lectures, as is Constance Collier, the veteran stage star. There will be classes in fencing for the women, dancing for both men and women, make-up and diction, in addition to the study of theatrical history.

Nothing has been overlooked in making The Workshop a modern, up-to-the-minute training school for the young actor and actress. Entering the two-story building, with its neat red-tile roof, the visitor finds himself in the tiny theatre. At the moment the auditorium is empty, but from upstairs in a large room that has been swept clean of its night-club trappings, comes the clash of steel on steel.

Climbing the stairs, he sees about a dozen agile young women engaged in spirited fencing matches under the watchful eye of an expert instructor. Fencing is a requisite at The Workshop, for nothing does more to develop grace, poise and quick thinking.

In another room, light and cheery because of the long row of wide French windows, is a group of girls, busy with brush, cardboard and glue, constructing tiny miniature theatre sets. Some of them are developing their own original ideas; others are copying the sets of famous plays of yesteryear. "This particular phase of the work," Jean Muir points out, "is particularly helpful to the beginner. Ordinarily, one might think the study of stage settings superfluous. It is necessary, however, because it makes the student aware of the mechanics of play production. Too, it inspires interest in theatrical history."

IN a small rehearsal hall on the second floor is a raised platform. With a group at work, the visitor is fortunate to catch a glimpse of The Workshop students actually performing. If Jean Muir isn't at Warner Brothers' Studio, where she is under contract, she may be doing the directing herself. Around the platform, students who are not in rehearsal sit in as the audience. But, unlike the usual theatre-goers, they are there to observe, criticize, and discuss the actors and the action during the play. Then there is a miniature theatre, built to scale, where all scenic effects and lighting effects can be tested before a play is ever presented.

There may be more elaborate dramatic schools, but certainly there is none better-equipped to give beginners a chance to work in the genuine atmosphere of the theatre.

"The ambitious young girl," Jean insists, "must start at the very bottom and work up. If she isn't familiar with every phase of the theatre, if she hasn't training in the fundamentals, she is liable to be lost in the crowd—the crowd of wishers, not workers."

No better advice could be given to embryo actresses than these words from a girl who is building her own career on a solid foundation . . . Do you have acting ambitions? Are you willing to work to achieve them? Do you love the screen and theatre as a student does a great teacher? Then be an actress. Let nothing stop you!

ARE YOU sincerely interested in acting, and intent on a dramatic career? Would you like to have a leaflet describing in detail each course that The Workshop offers? You may obtain one by writing to Miss Jean Muir, c/o our Western Office at 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Or, if you wish, you may use the coupon below.

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Screen-Struck

[*Continued from page* 52]

Gradually, I began to realize that I was going to get well. "Why get well? Oh, why?" 'Round and 'round my sick mind ran the question. The attendants could not get a word out of me. What was the use of speech?

AND THEN one day a visitor was expected. There were murmurs about it among the nurses. "She" was coming, they said. Everything must be in extra-good order when "she" arrived.

Newly scrubbed and combed, I lay on my immaculate bed. Whoever was coming—I did not care.

At last the door at the far, far end of the ward opened and a quietly-dressed old lady came in, accompanied by the Chief of Staff, with two orderlies bearing flowers. It was Miss Nancy Dare.

Her progress down the ward was slow. She stopped a long while at each bed, leaving gifts and flowers behind. My heart began to flutter wildly. What should I do? Pretend she was mistaken? If only I had strength enough to get up and run away! Presently she was at the foot of my cot. I closed my eyes and pretended to be sleeping.

"This is a pitiful case," said the nurse in that tone of impersonal kindness that becomes second nature to the women-in-white. "She has been here almost a month, and we do not know her name."

"Did she do this herself?" said the compassionate voice of the older woman.

"No," the nurse replied, "it was a hit-and-run accident. And she would get well if only she would try! She just doesn't seem to have the will to live."

A little pause ensued, followed by a sharp gasp. "Why, I can identify this girl!" Miss Dare exclaimed. "But I'm only going to do it confidentially for your own records. I guess she has suffered enough already without adding unpleasant publicity."

In another instant Miss Dare was bending over me, taking my hands in hers, kissing me on the forehead, impulsively. I opened tear-filled eyes.

"So you haven't got the will to live!" she cried crossly. "Stuff and nonsense! I have never heard of anything so ridiculous in all my life!"

"Oh, Miss Dare!" I said, clinging to her, "I—why should you . . . ?"

"Why didn't you come to see me first?" she snapped. "I told you to, didn't I? Well, why wait until you get into this mess?" Still holding my hand, she turned to the attendants.

"How long will it take to get me a private ambulance?" she asked, in her quick, brusque way. "I'm taking this girl home with me, and I'll soon show you doctors how little you know about your business!"

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WHY MUST SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE SUCH A BREATH!
POOR PEGGY—ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED

HE WAS HORRID TO ME—I HATE HIM! AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH—YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!
JUST THE SAME, THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. IT WON'T HURT TO ASK DR. MOORE.
YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE... AND MAKES THE TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!
I'LL TRY IT, DOCTOR. I'LL GET SOME COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TODAY.
IT'S WONDERFUL HOW NICE AND CLEAN COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL, MOTHER!

..YOU SHOULD SEE PEGGY NOW
COME ON, PEGGY... JUST ONE DANCE!
GO 'WAY ..THIS IS MINE!
THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S. I'LL NEVER BE CARELESS AGAIN!

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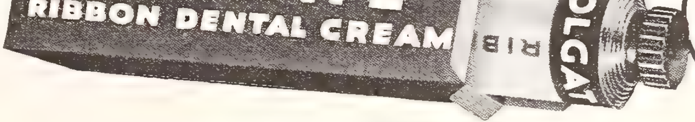
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Gable Changed . . . ?

[*Continued from page 24*]

TODAY, four years later, I look at Clark and feel like giving him a pat on the back. I listen to people who say that today he is a vastly different person from the man he was then. I listen to writers who interviewed him in the old days and who tell me that they can't touch him now with a ten-foot pole. And it all rolls off me like water off a duck's back. I've waited almost a month for this interview, but what does that matter? I know that Clark, today, is fundamentally the same as he was when I first met him. There may be more character-lines in his face, but fundamentally, he will never change.

The interview, if you can call it that, took place on the deck of the ship used in *Mutiny on the Bounty* in which he plays the leader of the mutineers.

Clark came from below decks. "Hi, pal," he said. And suddenly all the things I had been hearing about him did matter—mattered tremendously. I happen to like Clark; and when you like a person, you can't hear him put on the pan and then casually dismiss it. You want to set him straight with everyone—so far as is possible.

"Clark," I began earnestly, "*has* Hollywood got under your skin?"

He looked at me and grinned. "What do *you* think?"

I nodded glumly. "I think it has in a way."

The smile faded. "What do you mean? How?"

"Oh, I don't mean that you're taking the back-slapping seriously—that you're taking your success 'big.' I don't mean that. But do you remember, when you first came out here, telling me that you liked interviews? You were—were *grateful* to people. I think you've changed in that way."

"OH, NO," said Clark positively. "I'm still grateful—and don't ever think I'm not. I still get a kick out of seeing my name in print and feeling that, perhaps, people are interested enough in me to want to read about me. I still *try* to be considerate of people. But *conditions* have changed—and I've had to change with them.

"Look: For more than one year, I haven't had a rest—not *one* rest—between pictures. There has never been a time during a picture when I have had three or four days off at a time and could go away on a little trip. If I have a day off, there are wardrobe fittings; the publicity department is after me for interviews or portrait sittings or publicity stunts. I *can't* do all the things that are asked of me.

"In the beginning I didn't work in so many pictures and I had only small parts. I had plenty of time to myself. It was easy to accommodate everybody. *Now*—don't think I'm trying to make myself out a big shot because I'm not—the demands made on me are so many that it's humanly impossible to accede to them all. There aren't enough hours in the day. Do you see what I mean? That's why people say I'm 'difficult' now."

I nodded. "Do you remember telling me that when this contract was up you would never sign another?"

It was Clark's turn to nod.

"WELL," I continued, "how is it that you're talking a new contract with the studio?"

"Suppose," he answered, "my contract had expired and I didn't sign again. I'd do all the things I've wanted to do—see all the places I've always wanted to see. Maybe it would take a year. And then what? I'd be bored stiff, so I'd come back to the one thing I know—pictures. And my retirement would have been a fiasco. What's the use of kidding myself?

"I'm going to make a stab at it, though. As soon as this picture is finished, I'm going to take three months off and go to Europe or South America. I'll see how I like loafing."

"But will you get any rest that way?" I argued.

"That's what I'm worried about," he confessed. "If, when the time comes, it looks as if I'm going to have the clothes torn off me everywhere I go, as I did in New York, I'll just *say* I'm going to Europe and go to some quiet place."

Through all this *quasi*-serious conversation, there had run a thread of banter. Clark was in a facetious mood. I wondered if *It Happened One Night* had got under his skin—if he was constantly keeping in character. "Wasn't your rôle in *It Happened One Night* the first comedy part you ever played?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "The only serious thing I ever did on the stage was *The Last Mile*. That happened to be done out here on the West Coast and one of the officials of Pathé saw me in it and cast me as a villain in *The Painted Desert*. So, because I played a heavy in my first movie, I had to become a 'romantic menace' and continue to be one—until *It Happened One Night* came along. Now it looks as if I'm going to have a variety of rôles. That suits me."

The director called him for another scene. I watched Clark walk away and felt like giving him another pat on the back. For despite all I have heard about him and all you may have read about him, Clark—today—is fundamentally the same as he was four years ago when I first met him. And five years from now or twenty-five, he will still be the same—as constant and unchanging as any star the astronomers can tell you about. And that, in the merry-go-round town of Hollywood, is no small achievement . . . He is as real as he looks in *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

There's Only One Eleanor Powell—and here's why!

[*Contined from page* 54]

Then he said, 'Fortunately, you have a face you can mugg with. Capitalize on it. Don't dance with a "dead pan"—change your facial expressions—and you'll find that people are more interested in your face than in your feet. They'll think of you as a personality, not just a dancer.'

"And he told me, 'Don't do too many difficult steps. Don't do anything that will look like effort to an audience. Let them enjoy themselves—not work with you.' Today, I do only about nine steps that are difficult. One is the tap-on-turn, which *is* a feat. Another is that tap I do with my feet hardly moving. It took me three years to perfect that.

"Another dancing lesson that Jack Donahue gave me was: 'Be subtle. Be more graceful than acrobatic. Go in for pantomime—tell a little story with your expressions and your gestures. They will remember you longer.'"

Free from false modesty, she admits that she had something to do with her present success. In fact, she had the most of it to do, if you want to get statistical.

MORE of her secrets: "I am a maniac about rehearsals. I never let myself get out of condition or out of practice. And I don't allow myself to stay static. I keep trying to do something new, something different, something better. Ever since I was nine or ten years old, I have lived in my own little world of trying to improve.

"I originate all the steps I do. I have a pad and pencil on my night-table, because I dream steps. Often, I waken in the middle of the night with some idea for a new step and write it down.

"People have come to think of me primarily as a tap-dancer. That's why I enjoyed that 'Lucky Star' ballet so much in *Broadway Melody;* I don't want to be 'typed.' And every day of my life, I do both tap work and ballet work. Tap work produces long, 'stretched' muscles; ballet work counteracts that, producing short, tight muscles. If I do a half-hour of one, I do a half-hour of the other."

She went to Hollywood originally to do a dancing number for *George White's Scandals,* only because she was heartbroken about being turned down, at the last minute, for the ingénue rôle in a Broadway musical comedy—on the grounds that audiences might not pay to see Eleanor Powell do something besides dancing. M-G-M offered her the chance to become a dancing comedienne in *Broadway Melody of 1936*—and at last she had her chance to do everything she had wanted to do for years.

She is now appearing on Broadway in the musical comedy hit, *At Home Abroad.* When and if it closes, she will be back in Hollywood, where a great future is waiting for her.

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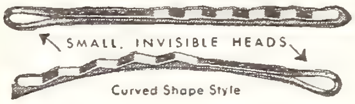

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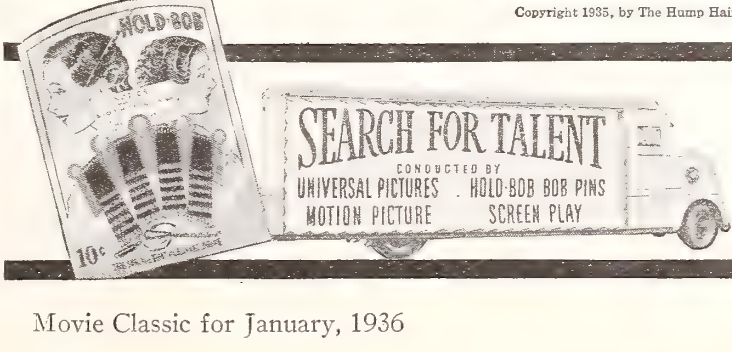

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Grace Moore's Secret Triumph

[*Continued from page* 31]

spirit. I kept telling myself that I must not let myself down. I knew that I was in brilliant voice. . . ."

For two days before the opening performance, policemen had to guard the very doors of her hotel room to keep her admirers from intruding, to allow her privacy for voice practice. Everything was hustle and bustle and tension.

And, in the excitement, everyone forgot to tell her that tradition in Covent Garden prohibits applause after each aria—that all applause must be saved until after the curtain of each act!

ON THE NIGHT of June sixth, she made her Covent Garden début. Every seat was filled and every available standing place was taken. A crowd of thousands, unable to get into the theatre, milled in the street outside. And, before the curtain rose on that first act, Grace Moore waited in her dressing-room, tense, eager, determined.

Through her mind flashed some of the highlights of her life up to that night. Singing in a church choir in Jellico, Tennessee . . . sitting on a hilltop near her home all through one long summer night and resolving to transmute her dreams of musical conquest into realities . . . living in Greenwich Village and making her first contacts with brilliant, artistic minds . . . singing for her supper in a little café . . . knowing the pinch of poverty in her student days in Montmartre and Milan . . . making her début at the Metropolitan to wild acclaim . . . knowing screen failure and then, three years later, sensational success and . . . and now *this*—the greatest honor and the greatest opportunity of all!

The curtain went up. A sea of faces gradually took form . . . her own voice, never better, never richer, was ringing clear and true . . . her confidence, soaring like the music of Puccini's great opera, sang from her heart, filled the theatre. . . .

She started her first aria—and, as she sang, remembered subconsciously the tumultuous applause that had greeted the conclusion of the same aria at the Metropolitan in New York, at the Paris Opera House, at La Scala in Milan. The last note died away . . .

And Covent Garden was silent! There was not a single handclap, not a single applauding voice!

"I FELT myself sinking," Grace Moore told me afterward. "All of those faces out across the footlights blurred into a hazy mass. My heart was like lead and I could hardly stand. I had failed—abjectly. I lived a year in that one moment of blank silence. Tears filled my eyes and blinded me.

"A few moments later, when the curtain dropped, I ran from the stage. On the way to my dressing-room, I passed a glass door and through it saw the thousands who still stood in the street. I waved to them with the last bit of courage I had, and rushed into my dressing-room and closed the door.

"I was crushed, stunned, paralyzed by the sudden sensation of failure. And I was hurt as I never had believed I could be hurt. Years of work, years of climbing, step by step—for this!

"Suddenly, I became aware of voices, shouting my name. 'The crowd in the street,' I told myself, bitterly. *'They* couldn't hear me sing!'

"And then my husband, Valentin Parera, and the manager of Covent Garden forced their way into my dressing-room. They were greatly excited. 'Don't you know that it is customary for a prima donna to take a bow?' they demanded—and my temper flamed!

"'I'll take my bows to the crowd in the street,' I stormed. 'I won't go on that stage again. I've never sung to stuffed shirts and I won't now!'

"They looked at me with amazement. 'But it's the voices in the *theatre* you hear,' my husband said. And they half-dragged me, protesting every foot of the way, to the wings of the stage. I still couldn't believe them. When I stepped out on the stage, my knees were so weak that I had to support myself by holding on to the curtain.

"Everyone in Covent Garden was standing! They were clapping and shouting! They were stamping on the floor and shouting my name!

"Suddenly, I realized what it all meant, and my reaction was so swift and so overwhelming that I thought I would surely faint."

Grace Moore took thirteen curtain calls after that first act before the audience would let her retire to her dressing-room again!

NEXT MORNING, the London newspapers forgot their customary reticence in broadcasting the story of her triumph. The critic of *The Daily Mail* wrote: "Never since Melba sang at her farewell performance has there been such a reception accorded a *Mimi* at Covent Garden as there was last night.

"From the time she walked on the stage in the first act until the fall of the final curtain, she had her hearers at her feet . . . after the last act, the applause was sensational!"

The *Daily Mirror* told the world how the Prince of Wales attended a fashionable supper party given for her at Claridge's after the opera . . . and how he sat beside her and enthusiastically complimented her.

But no one told the world about the lifetime of agony that she spent in those few short moments in her dressing-room before she knew of her triumph. No one told because no one knew but Grace Moore—*and she has kept it a secret until now.*

Up from the Bottom to Stardom

[*Continued from page* 34]

do it thoroughly and well. If you seek careers, make your work your absorbing interest. Build substantially."

And that is exactly what Rosalind Russell and her sisters and brothers have done. One of her sisters is the fashion editor of a national magazine, another teaches economics, the third is an honor student in college; two of her brothers are rising attorneys, the other will graduate from law school next year.

ROSALIND'S father died during her final year in college. She completed her course and, upon graduating, calmly considered the various kinds of work that she might do. After due reflection, she determined upon acting, and promptly enrolled in a dramatic school. Friends told her that no one could succeed on the stage without God-given talent and influential friends. Apparently, she paid no attention to their pessimism. She believed in herself then, and she believes in herself now.

"This business of being a 'born artist' is the bunk!" she says. "All of us have to learn by experience. The things we work for never fail us. It's the things we *don't* work for that give us the slip.

"Too many people seem to think that success on the stage or screen depends entirely on luck and influence. Luck helps and influence does no harm, but alone they can't carry anyone to the top of the ladder. Ambition and hard work are what count the most in the long run.

"Acting is a highly competitive profession, but it also offers many ways of winning success. So many girls tell me that they 'are just dying to be actresses' and in the same breath complain that they can't get 'breaks.' The trouble with most of them is that they are not willing to start at the bottom and WORK."

That expression, "start at the bottom and work" has been a theme-song in Rosalind Russell's climb to success.

When she graduated from dramatic school, she appeared in the annual class play and her work was so excellent that then and there a theatrical scout offered her one hundred dollars a week to appear in a Broadway production.

"NATURALLY, I was tempted," she admits, "but sober judgment told me that I was not ready for such an offer. I reasoned that if I accepted and failed, I would be immeasurably damaged. I vowed that night that I would climb slowly and never take a step until I was sure of where I was going; I vowed that I would never try to run before I had learned to walk. And I never have."

Her first professional rôle was with a tent show, one of those small com-

[*Continued on page* 69]

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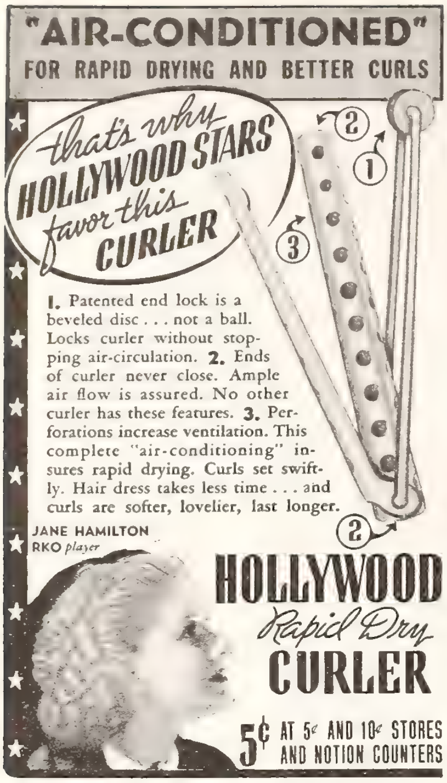
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Charles Boyer—Master of Charm

[*Continued from page 30*]

and act at the same time should be placed in a museum."

He has a habit of walking miles on the set, oblivious of everyone, between the scenes of a picture—a habit that was considered "a little unusual" until Hollywood learned that only in that manner could he study his parts. While he paces to and fro, he practices gestures and expressions, talking to himself. Other actors have been known to live certain rôles, but Boyer lives all of his.

According to Parisians, he became a familiar figure on the boulevards doing the same sort of thing. Yet no one there doubted his sincerity; everyone accepted his theory that good performances are possible only through complete subjugation of self. Now Hollywood is taking Boyer as he is—and liking him.

He shuns most Hollywood parties—not because he is high-hat or anti-social, but because he detests cliques, which are to be found at most of the movie parties, discussing nothing but their own particular screen achievements. That is all right for them, he supposes, but as for himself, he refuses to talk shop. He believes that keeping in touch with the rest of the world prevents stereotyped performances. And besides, he prides himself on being kin, socially, to the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, any one of whom he would like to portray. And could portray, realistically. Realism is a fetish with him.

"Always living in the same place and always doing the same things," he told me very seriously, "are detrimental to acting. I find my new contracts, which provide for six months in Hollywood and six months in Paris, ideal. Each time I return to one or the other, I bring a new prospective and fresh ideas. Thus I am not permitted to grow stale."

THERE are two widely divergent stories about him that reveal the true man and the artist, too.

The first concerns the visit of Princess Katherine of Greece to the sound stage where he was working.

Living his rôles, Boyer understandably resents mood-shattering intrusions while he is at work. And long before the royal visit, this particular day had developed into a trying one, with continual interruptions during a tender love scene.

Boyer, who is extremely sensitive, could feel the Princess' eyes focussed on him. He tried the scene several times, and realized that his work was suffering by the experience. Analyzing the situation clearly in the light that this was his business and that it must not be interfered with, he politely, but firmly, had her leave the set. It made absolutely no difference to him that she had been fêted, wined, and dined by every other major studio and studio official in Hollywood. It was not the Princess to whom he objected, but her steady gaze, which rendered his most conscientious efforts worthless.

The second concerns an interview that he had agreed to give to a newspaper woman. She did not arrive. Boyer waited for a reasonable time after work was finished. Then he gave up and went home. The next afternoon he did not have to report for work, and he was delighted at the prospect of a brief rest.

The following morning he read that the newspaper woman had been injured in an automobile accident. Boyer called up to find out the extent of her injuries and gave up his few hours of rest to call upon her.

ASK Boyer to whom he credits his American success and his immediate answer is: "Walter Wanger, the producer. He is the man who understands the miracle of casting, probably the one greatest stumbling block to any promising Hollywood career."

I have noticed each time I have talked with him the seriousness with which he has weighed each question, the earnestness with which he has framed his replies. Have you ever studied Boyer's face and the large vein that traces itself from hairline to brow? It is one of his most fascinating features and gives to his clear brown eyes, his straight nose and his full mouth a most compelling and restrained charm. Queer how a trick of physiognomy can lend importance and credence to strong features and furnish women with an added clue to smoldering cross-currents which, they suspect, underlie his charm.

A well-known character-analyst recently told me, "Whereas many so-called Continentals find it necessary to advertise their knightly tendencies, Boyer, without effort or ostentation, causes women to know that within him is every desired romantic virtue. He is courtly in a quiet way."

Born at Figeac, in the center of France, in August, 1899, the son of a respected business man, who, in turn, had been the son of a respected business man, and so on for centuries, he suggests a throw-back to some unsuspected ancestry. As a critic in a French magazine said: "Women succumb to his great charm, his powerful personality, without being able to help themselves. He leaves them stunned and astonished."

Just between us, I don't credit that. I simply don't believe they *want* to help themselves.

Rose Marie—You'll Love It!

[*Continued from page 25*]

who commutes by speed boat from the Nevada side of the lake,) the entire cast and crew are living at Chambers Lodge, on the west shore of Lake Tahoe. The accommodations consist of a fair-sized central lodge and some forty individual cabins. Jeanette, her two dogs, and Lucille, her French maid, are established in one of the larger cabins near the lodge; Nelson lives in a little one-room cabin far back in the pines.

Every member of this company, without exception, is in love with Jeanette. Work here has been done under difficult conditions; physical hardship has been the order of almost every day. And never once has she been inconsiderate; not once has she lost her ability to "take it" with a laugh. Surprisingly, in view of the fact that she has been a star for several years, this is her first location trip. It is also Nelson Eddy's first trip on location. He calls it his vacation.

He is a strange combination of friendliness and reserve. At dinner, every evening, he is the life of the party; after dinner he plays pool with all comers for an hour or so and frequently shakes the rafters with some extemporaneous song. And then, by nine o'clock, he retires to his cabin, to study the next day's lines. During the day, he frequently disappears—wanders away between scenes and sits by himself, thinking, until he is called before the cameras again. When lunch is called, however, he never fails to join the production crew.

THE story has been changed to some extent. Briefly, here is the plot:

Jeanette is first seen as an opera singer in the opera house at Quebec. On the night following her triumph, she receives word that her scapegrace brother is a fugitive in the north country. Accompanied by a half-breed Indian guide, she sets out to find him.

Far north, lost in a wilderness of mountains and streams, she is deserted by her guide, only to be rescued by the sergeant of Canadian Northwest Mounties who has been commissioned to arrest her brother. The policeman, of course, is Nelson Eddy.

Aware of her identity, he nevertheless finds himself falling in love; aware of his purpose, she still cannot avoid returning his love. They push farther and farther into the wilderness, stopping for a few days with the gathered tribes who are celebrating their annual corn festival, and there discovering the whereabouts of the fugitive murderer. Securing a new guide, she eludes her companion, only to meet him again, dramatically, just as he arrests her brother.

An old theme, perhaps, but still a strong theme, is the clash between love and duty. And it offers a perfect setting for the songs of the Rudolph Friml operetta.

[*Continued on page 65*]

1
TUMMY AILS . . .
SALESMAN JOE WHO TOPS THE CLASS
GETS A BAD ATTACK OF GAS . . .
2
LOSES SALES . . .
EVEN THO HE KNOWS HIS STUFF
FLOPS ON SALES TALK; GETS REBUFF.
3
FEELS FINE . . .
PRIVATE
BUT THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW YOU BET
TUMS WON'T LET HIM GET UPSET . . .
4
"DOTTED LINE!"
RID OF GAS PAINS . . . OUTLOOK BRIGHT
CLOSES ORDERS LEFT AND RIGHT!

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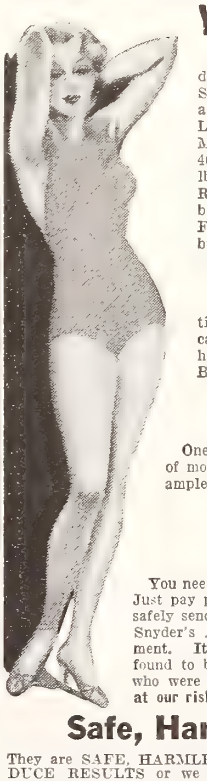

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29x4.75-20	2.20	.95
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30x5.00-20	2.55	1.05
5.25-17	2.60	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.60	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.60	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.60	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.90	1.15
5.50-17	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
6.00-17	3.10	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.10	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.10	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.10	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.25	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.35	1.35
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32x4	2.65	.85	30x5	3.30	1.35
33x4	2.65	.85	33x5	3.40	1.45
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32x6	7.25	2.75	40x8	12.65	4.15
36x6	9.00	3.95			

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Warner Baxter—and Women

[*Continued from page 27*]

pany paid Warner a good salary—every week!

He remained two years with the company. He received a few increases in salary as he grew more popular as a leading man with the discriminating Texas ladies. A girl in Dallas suggested to him that he "should try the movies, which were then in their well-known infancy."

Warner went to Hollywood. And almost went on the breadline. Still jobless after some months, and nearly broke, he finally landed with the Burbank Stock Company on Main Street in Los Angeles. There were many less handsome and buoyant men cavorting before film cameras, ten miles away, but Warner, though he had the eloquence of an insurance agent, could not convince the producers that they needed him.

He remained seven long, heart-breaking years with this stock company. He became a popular leading man on the Los Angeles stage. At the end of the seven years, Warner was urged by Oliver Morosco to go to New York to play a rôle in *Lombardi, Ltd.* He accepted—welcoming the change of scenery, the chance for fame. And he made the opening day doubly memorable by marrying Winifred Bryson, his leading lady. That was in 1918. They still are happily married.

Behind the success of every famous man, there is a woman. The woman behind Warner Baxter was Winifred Bryson. He gives her full credit for his being a movie star today.

HIS success in New York was nominal. At the end of the play's run, the newlyweds returned to Hollywood and he made new efforts to crash the films. He did not return to the local stage. Instead, he went from one casting office to another without the least encouragement. That he was not selected to play at least a minor rôle is one of the supreme mysteries of the films. A handsome and magnetic fellow, as all the ladies know, he had had ten years of rigid and diversified stage training. Men with fewer qualifications were famous as stars, and received enormous salaries. As one discouraging week stretched into another, he began to thank his mother for his early business training, and to turn his eyes sadly away from the profession he loved, and—I may write it here—so magnificently adorned. He was on the verge of accepting a job as an automobile salesman.

Perhaps with feminine intuition, perhaps merely with hope that the incredible would occur, Winifred persuaded Warner to wait just one more week before giving up the Hollywood struggle. They had enough money to last seven more days. And in those seven days, something might happen.

On the Saturday of that week, something *did* happen. The telephone rang and he was casually told to appear for a test on Monday for the leading male rôle opposite Ethel Clayton in *Her Own Money.* Warner thought for a moment. If the test failed, he would lose the job as salesman for not reporting. He made his decision, took the test, and waited for word until the next Thursday. Then word came. He was given the rôle!

BAXTER was not a spectacular success in his early films. Young leading men, playing opposite famous women stars, seldom get the chance to be spectacular. But Warner worked continuously in films from then on.

He worked continuously until the talkies came—when his luck seemed to change. Just why, is another Hollywood mystery. He was given no chance in talkies, despite all his experience.

Many months passed. Warner had saved enough to buy a ranch, and it looked as though one of the most handsome men in films would retire to the country to be a "gentleman farmer."

He was all ready to make the move when a rush call came from the Fox Studios. He was to be given a test for the leading rôle in that popular stage success, *In Old Arizona.* Raoul Walsh, schedule to play the rôle, had been injured in an automobile accident—and, with the picture ready to start, a substitute hero had to be found immediately. A number of actors were tested. Warner won the assignment.

His delineation of *The Cisco Kid* in this picture was chosen by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the best performance of 1928.

THE rest is brilliant film history. He has played a vivid variety of rôles. He has portrayed suave men-of-the-world, rough-and-ready caballeros, detectives, masters of finance (not to mention romance), carefree victims of the depression. He and Janet Gaynor have been a frequent—and popular—co-starring combination.

He was recently borrowed by M-G-M to play the title rôle of *Robin Hood of El Dorado.* He is now making *King of Burlesque* for Twentieth Century-Fox. Directly ahead of him are *Earthbound* and *Hawk of the Desert.*

Considered by many the best-tailored man in films, he wears his clothes as gracefully as a tiger does its skin.

And—I don't know how popular these items will be with the ladies—he dislikes being waited upon, and, though he has a personal secretary, his wife helps him take care of his "fan mail."

A ruler in the realms of romance, he does not ignore letters from those who admire him—among whom there is none more sincere than Jim Tully.

He is a real man. I mean Warner Baxter—not Jim Tully.

Rose Marie—You'll Love It!

[*Continued from page 63*]

THE scenes of the Indian corn festival, which were filmed during the past few days, will thrill you when you see them on the screen. For these scenes, eight hundred Indians were gathered from all of the reservations in the western United States and Canada. An Indian village was built on a pine-clothed point of land jutting into Lake Tahoe.

On the point adjoining the Indian village, the totem poles of all the tribes were erected, enclosing a great circular space. In the center was a great fire pit and beside it stood the totem pole of the Thunder-Bird God. There the great dance was filmed—by eight cameras.

Around the fire pit squatted a circle of ancient women . . . . outside the forest of totem poles, a double line of feathered horsemen, wove their ponies in and out in a weird, rhythmic serpentine dance . . . . Between the circle of totem poles and the fire pit, at least a hundred painted braves, kept dancing, dancing, to the pulsing, hypnotic beat of tom-toms. . . .

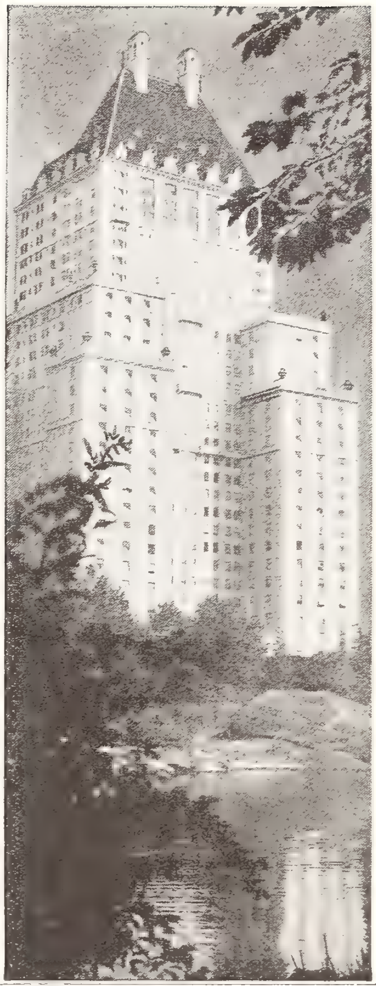
From the darkness of the forest came a chorus of blood-curdling yells . . . . and into the circle of totems, pushed by a score of medicine men, is rolled a huge drum, thirty feet in diameter . . . . down from the Thunder-Bird totem pole danced the corn maiden and the Manitou . . . . they leaped on the drum, which had been placed over the fire pit . . . . faster and faster they danced and each step sent the voice of the drum booming out over the lake . . . it seemed to fill the whole world . . . .

I looked at Jeanette and Nelson, standing beside me, and I saw that they were swaying to the beat . . . . Van Dyke was rocking back and forth as though he were hypnotized . . . . and so was every member of the crew . . . . and so was I!

Jeanette has been riding constantly this last year and is a superb horsewoman. On this picture she has needed to be. There have been a number of sequences that called for her to ride a horse across swift-tumbling mountain streams. Had she lost her head, or her saddle, the results would have been perilous.

You will hear the famous *Indian Love Call* sung by Jeanette while she rides with Nelson Eddy in a canoe. Always a magnificent song, it is doubly so as recorded in this picture. Nelson explains the Indian tradition as they paddle up the stream, and assures Jeanette that if her love is true, her song will find an echo. Verse by verse, he extemporizes and, after she listens, her voice suddenly rises to ring clear and true in the song. Back from the mountains comes the echo of her call.

Never has she had a grander opportunity. And I'll let you in on a profound secret. Not only does she *play* an opera singer. In the opening sequence, she *is* an opera singer, for the first time on the screen, rendering an aria from the operatic version of *Romeo et Juliet.*



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The Story Ginger Rogers Never Told

[*Continued from page* 29]

ease, and a snack can always be raked up on short notice from the pantry shelf.

If it is the cook's night out and her guests have no pet dish they insist on whipping up, Ginger herself is entirely capable of taking the kitchen by storm and making a soufflé or a fluffy omelet. She very definitely does not fall into the category of actresses who pose for "still" pictures clad in frilly fudge aprons, bending their freshly-made-up features over stoves, in the act of pulling "prop" roasts from unlighted ovens. Ginger cooks and does it well. Any of her friends will grade her favorite entreé—ham and eggs with strawberry jam—with an A plus.

WHEN Ginger was a high-school lass back in Texas, she was up with anyone in her "gang" when it came to sports. She was the all-round girl of the neighborhood who could almost—if not quite—beat the boys in tennis in the morning, swim countless times across the pool without stopping in the afternoon, and then fairly float around a dance floor at night, all without turning so much as one red-gold hair.

She still has this boundless energy, even though her picture work does step in to halt a great part of such a schedule. However, as one of the most efficient equestriennes in Hollywood, she does find time, picture or no picture, for a frequent canter. And when she was on location in the mountains for scenes in her first solo-starring picture for RKO-Radio, *In Person,* she was also able to do considerable swimming between shots—cold though the mountain lake was. This trip was practically a vacation for Ginger, who is almost a stranger to holidays.

She likes to throw some necessary clothes in a bag, get in her car, and drive with no particular destination in mind until she finds a place that strikes her fancy. Then she will "hide out" there until a broadcast-summons brings her back. She is looking forward to having three successive days in some such place, sometime. And, in admitting this suppressed desire, she also confesses to being an incurable optimist.

Ginger's love of sports has been mistakenly called her hobby by some. But her hobbies are far different things, and they fluctuate with amazing rapidity. Just as your pet eccentricity may be hating to dry your hands on a glazed guest towel, or a penchant for saving paper bags and string, or turning out unneeded electric lights, so little Miss Rogers' eccentricity is this wild leaping from one avocation to another.

RIGHT now, her pet hobby is home movies. And this particular one, inspired by her actor-director husband, Lew Ayres, has lasted for a strangely long time. Wherever Ginger goes, her home-movie camera goes, too. She has even made a couple of two-reel productions starring and featuring her friends. The first was *Red Riding Hood,* starring her cousin, Phyllis Fraser (who is generally credited with having named her "Ginger," since she could not pronounce her real name, "Virginia," as a small child). Featured in the "super-colossal" production were her mother, Lela Rogers, who conducts a charm school at RKO-Radio Studios, teaching beginners what she has taught Ginger; Ben Alexander, Ginger herself, and one or two other cronies. Ginger does everything from directing to titling, cutting and editing the pictures—even lending a hand with the acting when she is needed.

Other Rogers hobbies have ranged all the way from gardening to watercolor-painting. The last had fruitful results, even if not in Ginger's case. She became so enthusiastic about this painting business that she infected her friend, Janet Gaynor, with the bug until Janet was sure that life was not worth living unless she dashed off a watercolor every few days. As a result, Janet still is painting and doing very creditable work. Ginger is so spontaneous in her enthusiasms that everyone who knows her soon shares them. In fact, all America is now dance-conscious, thanks to her graceful gliding with Fred Astaire.

Bernard Newman, RKO-Radio designer, prophesies that Ginger is heading straight for the title of "the best-dressed woman on the screen." Anything she wears, whether simple or elaborate, is charming on her. And fully aware of the universal interest of women in smart attire, she is completely cooperative with the style-creator. She never gets temperamental about long hours of dress-fitting, never demands drastic changes in designs. Just as he would not attempt to tell her how to dance, so does she refuse to tell him how he should design a dress. She trusts his judgment as an expert stylist. And the chances are that, working together, they will become world-famous as a fashion team.

HOWEVER, Ginger is far from being super-clothes-conscious. Her personal wardrobe is small—and consists largely of sport clothes. She has been known to buy an evening gown to which she has taken a fancy, bring it home, hang it neatly in a closet and forget about it until the gown either is out of style or the moths have chosen it as the site of their annual convention. Meanwhile, she has gone merrily along in a favored old sweater and skirt. Like any other normal girl, however, she does have an innate liking for pretty clothes. And when she goes to the theatre, or dinner-dancing, she becomes more like the Ginger of the screen—and is likely to have all eyes upon her because of her smart appearance.

Three conflicting studio biographies catalogue her eyes as brown, green and blue. In reality, they are blue-green. She stands five feet, five inches high. She weighs 112 pounds, except after a strenuous rehearsal period for an Astaire-Rogers musical, during which she loses anywhere from four to six pounds.

There are rumors that she does not share Fred Astaire's enthusiasm for dance rehearsals. That is not true. Fred, as the originator of the routines they present, necessarily devotes more time to dancing than Ginger does. But when he has them completely mapped out and rehearsals are ready to begin, so is Ginger—who learns amazingly fast, as proved by her easy grace and smoothness in their dancing duets.

They are the most popular co-stars in talkie history—and, oddly enough, both are super-modest about their achievements. Both are hard workers and party-dodgers, both are unwilling to talk about themselves, and both have enough humor to look upon displays of temperament as ridiculous and childish. The only reason for their scheduled separation after the picture on which they are now working, *Follow the Fleet,* is that the studio does not want to overplay them as a team, with a possible loss of popularity. Smart executives figure that there will be public curiosity to see what they will do when apart and starred separately. But you may demand them together.

All the talk about her dancing feet has made Ginger self-conscious about them. She curls them under her at every opportunity. Another little-known fact about her is that she plays the piano—very well. And unlike most graduates of the stage, she is not superstitious; it seems that once she broke a mirror—and later the same day signed a big contract.

She likes Ping-Pong, the baby sister of tennis, and is practically unbeatable at it. She plays a middling fair game of golf. She likes New York for excitement, Hollyword for working. Her favorite card game is not bridge, but poker—despite the fact that she does not have "a poker face." She likes peach-colored lingerie, Pomeranians, and John Held, Jr., drawings (which, by the way, she suspects she resembles). She believes that, if teeth can benefit and be more beautiful with three brushings each day, a face can likewise gain added beauty with three washings each day. Her greatest ambition is to play the rôle of *Queen Elizabeth,* who also was a redhead; and now that she is starting as a solo star, she is one step nearer her goal.

She does not like dieting (she doesn't have to do any, thanks to her dancing and her athletics), spinach, great heights, trying to remember telephone numbers, balancing her check-book or being tickled.

All in all, there is not much to differentiate her scheme of living from that of any other popular, well-liked girl the country over. She is just a grand young person of simple tastes, a topping sense of humor, and a mind that clicks on every cylinder behind that very lovely face. There is none of this affecting elaborate cars, freak clothes, or any of the rest of the headline antics for Ginger. She is not the type. And that, undoubtedly, is why she occupies that singular niche that she does occupy.

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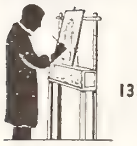

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Does Your Make-Up Match Your Wardrobe?

[*Continued from page* 50]

can wear any color she wishes because, with a handy make-up chart, she can apply cosmetics that will give her skin-tones to harmonize with her clothes.

One famous cosmetic house, now developing this idea, would say that Rochelle Hudson (a brunette) or Myrna Loy (who is titian) could wear blue as well as blonde Joan Bennett, by applying the following make-up: American Beauty rouge, violet lipstick, a shade of powder called Lysetta, dusted over with a mat fonce powder, blue eyeshadow with flecks of silver, and black mascara tipped with blue. For each shade of clothes that a girl might wear, there is another combination of cosmetic colors. (If you wish a color chart, covering different shades, I shall be glad to send you one on written request.)

Then there is another cosmetic firm that has found a way to transform your skin coloring to any shade that may strike your fancy—from the golden brown of a South Sea charmer to the glowing pale orchid of a moon-maiden! Using this liquid powder, you can wear any color of clothes that you like. For when you apply this particular make-up according to a carefully developed color formula, you acquire a skin-tone that blends with the shades of your dresses, hats and coats—whatever those shades may be. (I also have a color chart for this cosmetic. Want it?)

You may believe the first theory: that you should choose your make-up according to your own personal coloring—for every occasion. Or you may like the second theory: that you should change your personal coloring to blend with the clothes you are wearing.

Both theories have their merits—and I am eager, out of a passion for cosmetic research, to learn which one you, personally, prefer. Won't you tell me? To the writer of the best letter about each theory, I shall send a complete set of make-up, illustrating the one that she favors.

When you buy your cosmetics, buy enough different shades of each so that you can always look your best. You won't use any more powder than you do now, but you will wear different shades with different gowns, thus gaining beauty. And remember that without the help of modern cosmetics, most of the stars, as well as the rest of us, would not look half so lovely!

Beauty Aids

"Look natural—and you will look attractive" is what men often tell women. And one cosmetic company has helped women to heed the hint by developing a "neutral" lipstick that enhances the natural color of your lips, gaining its effect while remaining almost invisible. Now, the same company introduces an "invisable" powder—enhancing your natural skin tones, freshening your whole appearance, doing away with "that powdered look." $1.

Do you long to have your eyes look more lustrous in the evening? Eyeshadow, artfully used, is the answer. And a particularly fine answer has just been produced by a famous cosmetician, an iridescent eyeshadow in soft pastel shades of blue, green, violet, and gray. Wear it with your glamorous new evening gown and you will feel doubly glamorous! $1.

Do your lashes have that intriguing upward curl that Nature intended them to have? If they have, you are lucky. And if they haven't, you can do something about them—with an eyelash curler that is simple to use and unfailing in its results. $1.

Foreign visitors constantly comment on the glowing beauty of American women. Half the secret of that glowing beauty lies in the excellent skin soaps that American women buy—and use frequently. Most of them are inexpensive, too . . like the soap that remains the favorite, year after year, of Hollywood stars. Information about this soap is yours for the asking.

You can't have a beautiful face unless your feet are in beautiful condition. Nothing short of a clown's mask can make you look happy if you are enduring foot discomfort. Don't ignore callouses, corns or bunions. Remove them—quickly and effectively—with a product that really qualifies as a "beauty aid." Inexpensive, too.

You want your hands to retain their soft whiteness through the cold blustery days of winter, don't you? I know of a faithful guardian of lovely hands that does the trick! This lotion is water-thin, non-sticky, and carries the delicate scent of orange blossoms. 50c.

A cream mascara for lashes and brows comes in an attractive silver tube with a brush. Both are tucked in a smart satin bag, and the whole thing will fit easily into the corner of your purse. You simply squeeze a bit of the mascara on the brush, and transfer it to your lashes, with no moistening required! It is waterproof and will not smart your eyes! 50c.

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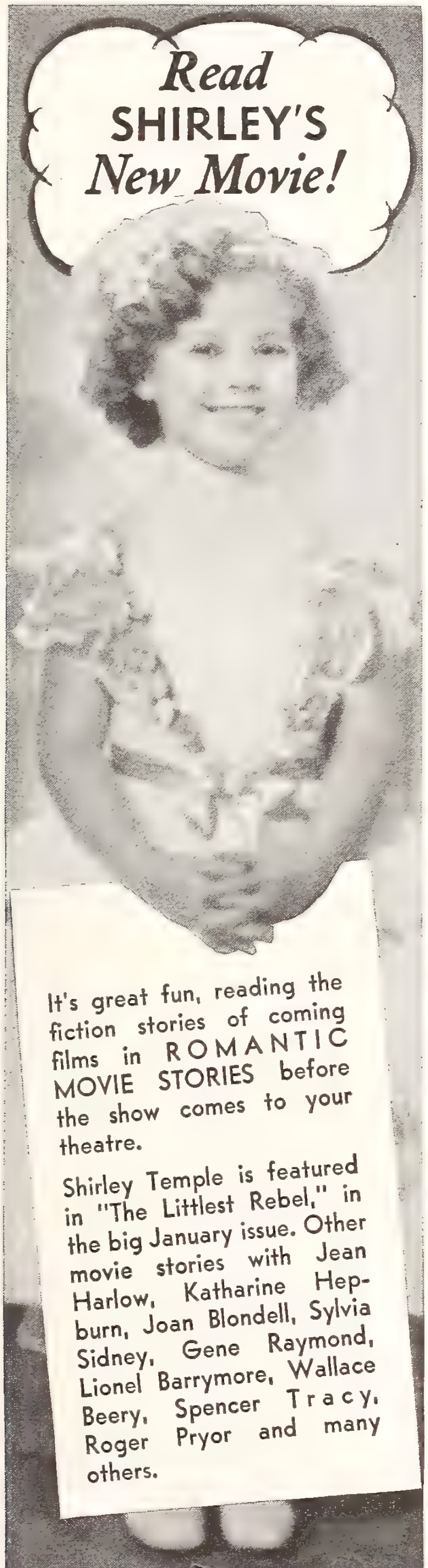
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Up from the Bottom to Stardom

[*Continued from page* 61]

panies that present a new play each week. Any seasoned trouper will assure you that work of that kind is the finest of all theatrical training. From the tent show she journeyed on to small rôles in stock companies and from stock she climbed to the Broadway stage—playing unimportant parts at first, and later, as she felt more confident of her own ability, featured leads.

When she received her contract from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, she was offered several important rôles—and refused them. She insisted on beginning in small parts, despite the fact that she came to Hollywood with a Broadway reputation. Such modesty is practically without precedent. But really, it wasn't modesty, it was merely Rosalind's common-sense at work again.

"I knew nothing about screen work," she explains. "To me, it called for an entirely new technique and I wanted to learn it thoroughly. I saw no reason to be ashamed of playing incidental rôles."

The point is that she made those small parts so outstanding that she has steadily *earned* advancements, one by one. Even in her first picture, in little more than a "bit," she attracted nearly as much attention as the stars.

CHARACTERISTICALLY, she dislikes ostentation and pretense. She mingles little with "the Hollywood crowd" and resents any attempt to vest her with typical Hollywood glamor.

"Glamor?" she asks, dark eyes widening. "I haven't time for it. I have a job to do. If I can do it well, I shall be satisfied without being glamorous, too."

She lives alone, in a tiny New England-style house, high in the Hollywood hills. It is probably one of the smallest houses ever occupied by a screen personality, but, since it is beautiful and since her entertainment is limited to a few small dinner parties, it completely satisfies her needs.

She drives a small, inexpensive roadster—and in it manages to cover the entire west. Between pictures, she shuns the fashionable spots and goes away, by herself, on gypsy tours of the mountains and the desert. Her favorite vacation resort is a private ranch, high in the mountains, where she can dress in slacks and a ten-gallon hat and be treated as a human being.

Temperament and affectation are entirely out of her line. She is invariably simple and frank.

"You know, people take life and especially *themselves* much too seriously," she says. "It's so much more fun to live simply. The actress who stages temperamental pyrotechnics is outdated. She forgets that actors, today, are so well paid that they should be willing to give everything they have in return."

WHY WIVES NAG!

Don't blame wives and mothers who get cross and irritable, worn out and exhausted trying to do everyday housework, look after children and manage the home when they don't feel right. Often a woman neglects her health, ruins her nerves and becomes impatient with everyone and everybody—and doesn't realize it. Science, however, now claims that it is GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE that is the real cause of these rundown, nervous, irritable conditions—glands which control assimilation and metabolism and which, when they fail to work prevent normal everyday food from building rich, red, nourishing blood, calm, strong nerves and the strength and energy women usually so badly need.

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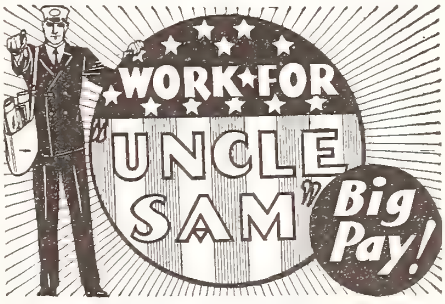

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What Every Smart Girl Could Wear

[*Continued from page* 45]

grand ones, but I think any young girl needs a variety of hats," she confides. "How else can she maintain that desired 'new-outfit-a-month' appearance? A girl nowadays can pick up really clever little *chapeaux* for a few dollars, wear them for a brief time, and get new ones without upsetting her budget too much."

ANNE really has a grand assortment of hats—most of them black because so many of her dresses are black. There is a little round affair shaped like a mandarin's hat and trimmed with a tassel; a similar shape with smart veil and quill; a satin contraption about the size of a freshman's "beanie," only considerably smarter, as you might guess; one of those halo hats that are simply ravishing as a frame for a very young face blessed with a good complexion; and a smart felt beret—all to be worn with the two black dresses and the green.

Slippers and bag to wear with these dresses were black, too. Anne said she thought any girl could make one bag and one pair of slippers do for all three.

Anne's favorite coat is dark green with very dark beaver collar. Although lovely to wear with the black costumes since the fur is so dark, it is also ideal for brown outfits. (See Illustration 6.)

But we must not talk too long about daytime clothes. There are *formal occasions* to dress for, also. Anne deserts black and turns to a beautiful shade of taupe for a dinner dress. (See Illustration 7.) A more sophisticated type of dress it is, too, with a slit in the skirt, but so plain that it is lovely for the very young girl. It is made with a high neck and a simple collar that might have been on a suit blouse; big gold buttons down the front; long, loose-at-the-wrist sleeves, a belt buckled with two larger editions of the bodice buttons, and absolutely plain skirt.

Indicating another bit of economy, Anne pointed out that at least two of the hats she wears with her afternoon dresses are also fine with this.

For strictly formal evening occasions, Anne again turns to black and, honestly, I never saw a lovelier, simpler frock than the one that is her favorite! It has a perfectly plain skirt, simple girdle, square neckline, and nothing else to it *except*—and this *is* an exception—a sort of scarf sprinkled with brilliants that can be worn either as a sari (you know, Hindu fashion, over one's head), or as a shoulder scarf, or as a tunic! (See Illustrations 8, 9, and 10.)

There are tiny hooks and eyes in several places, invisible except when you look for them, and they act as the aid that transforms the scarf from one to another of its magic rôles. Any clever home dressmaker could have just such a scarf of her own.

The evening dress was the "grand finale" of Anne's "fashion revue" and it was time for me to go. But as I was leaving, I stopped to ask:

"Anne, have you any 'don'ts' to offer the teen-age girl about clothes-buying?"

She thought a moment. "Just one," she said. "Don't spend all your money on dresses. Save enough out of your allowance for nice shoes, bags, and gloves. Because shabby accessories ruin any costume!"

Fashion Foreword

[*Continued from page* 42]

lightweight woolen dress—and found just what I wanted in a sheer black wool, with a little detachable cape.

At this point, it seemed a good idea to look at accessories, particularly bags. And I found the trickiest little suède purse, shaped like a miser's bag.

I remembered last year's favorite black dress. Now, if I could only redeem *that* for *this* season, without much expenditure! . . . A new hat was all I needed, besides an accessory bouquet or pin, to make it a new dress.

After my usual session of millinery-shop miseries, I chose a brimmed felt with cocky feather. Equally in fashion are the little caps, soft off-the-face types, and Spanish hats.

Then I'm acquiring another smart-looking dress by knitting one. Hand-knitted clothes still are just about the most figure-flattering things that a girl can wear. And they can be made so cheaply, too.

Evening things can wait until next month, but I'll have my eyes open for a lovely velvet or lamé gown.

Returning from the fashion front and the shopping wars, I took inventory of my captures. Everything I had bought was a friend to my budget, and yet it was new . . . smart . . . lasting. I had a satisfying foundation for a 1936 wardrobe—some slick *new* things, and some chic, fixed-up old ones . . . And what about *you?*

Write your own fashion questions to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Fashion Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City. She will gladly give you a personal answer. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

Handy Hints *from* Hollywood

Evalyn Knapp (above) has discovered something new in coffee pots. It consists of a little electric heat unit, topped by a tall container. With it, coffee can be made at any strength desired, in much the same manner that tea is made. The metal basket in Miss Knapp's left hand contains the coffee and is plunged up and down in the boiling water until the coffee becomes the desired color. The Chicago Flexible Shaft Company takes credit for placing this one on the market.

* * *

Onslow Stevens thinks that one of the handiest gadgets to have in the house is Holdems . . . for repairing loose chair rungs. "They really do the trick," says Onslow. "You simply remove the rung in question and force it back into the socket with a Holdems alongside of it. The barbs on either side of the little metal gadget hold the rung in place forever."

* * *

A soap, time and trouble saver that is popular in Hollywood is the new A. P. W. Red Cross paper towel. Most good housekeepers use these towels to wipe grease from dirty dishes before washing them. Doing this, they need only half as much soap . . . and half as many changes of dish water.

How to keep bathroom fixtures clean? It's probably a disagreeable problem unless you have discovered "Dutch Maid," used in many Hollywood homes and studios. "Dutch Maid" will remove all stains from enamel and keep them removed for at least two weeks.

* * *

Little Cora Sue Collins' mother believes in starting Cora Sue's housekeeping training early. The other day, we found her giving Cora Sue a lesson in quick-and-easy cleansing and polishing of kitchen utensils . . . with Brillo.

* * *

Nancy Carroll has discovered a new use for Zonite. After she has been peeling onions, she applies it as a hand deodorant. Another use for Zonite is for removal of ink stains—if the stained cloth is dyed with a fast color.

* * *

Mrs. Ralph Bellamy says that the easiest way to "dress up" a bridge luncheon table is with paper doilies and napkins. The Dennison Paper Company has made it possible for any housekeeper to purchase a complete bridge luncheon set at any "notions" counter.

* * *

Women will be glad to learn that Pyrex glass pie pans have more uses than the average old-fashioned tin variety. For example: When making a pie crust, you can take two pans of the same size, line one with the dough, and set the empty one inside as you put it in the oven. The crust will be kept in place while baking and will come out as smooth as velvet.

* * *

Paula Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, finds Taylor Household Thermometers invaluable in cooking. With a Taylor Thermometer, guaranteed accurate, she never has anything "burn to a crisp." And a Taylor Thermometer in a laundry tub is a safeguard against too-hot water . . . which may ruin dainty silks or stockings.

* * *

Any number of the motion picture people who have moved out to Malibu Lake or Triunfo have installed Nesco De Luxe heaters in their homes. These districts are not supplied with gas for home consumption and, according to many of them, these heaters are really more satisfactory than the natural gas heaters because it seems that they get twenty-five hours continuous service out of one gallon of kerosene. Sir Guy Standing, who has recently moved out to Malibu Lake, finds great comfort in a heater in the early mornings. He says that often the temperature is below the freezing point because of the altitude. Not only that, but one of these heaters is a very attractive addition to anyone's home—it is a piece of furniture you will take great pride in showing your friends.

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Meet Errol Flynn—Born Adventurer!

[*Continued from page* 35]

in the world today. Life there took on a dangerous aspect, and his father sent the unwilling Errol to Sydney, Australia, to continue his schooling. He studied for three weeks, then decided he had sufficient education. He took a job as clerk in an office. This lasted only a week. Office work held no charms for him because it offered no adventure.

For two years, he roamed the islands of the South Seas, adventuring. Then, pulling the right political wires, he attached himself to the British Colonial Service and embarked for New Guinea in the East Indies. There, at the age of eighteen, he was the youngest man on the island in government service.

Once arrived in New Guinea, he was detailed to patrol a district and acquired the title of Patrol Officer. His duties consisted of taking a dozen native policemen, all boys, and making the rounds of a given area, settling all differences between natives and maintaining British law and order. To complete this circuit required a week of arduous travel through dark, dank jungle and in torrid, fever-ridden heat.

Errol Flynn could write a book on his experiences as a Patrol Officer, as a judge in the jungle, which recognizes few man-made laws. To the average man and woman, his adventures sound like the most imaginative fiction. Actually, the dangers he encountered were dangers that every officer there faces almost daily.

"MY WORST moment in the patrol service," he says, "happened one day when the boys and I were paddling a makeshift raft across a wide stream. In the center of the river, the raft broke up and all of us were plunged into the water, with guns, ammunition, money and supplies at once sinking to the bottom.

"This presented a pretty serious problem—but wait! As I approached the shore, one of my boys yelled for me to watch out. *I hadn't noticed that I was swimming next to a crocodile.* I struck out to the side, and just as I did so, I heard the beast's jaws crash together with an awful snap. His teeth just grazed me. I tell you, that was the most fearful moment of my life, and I've been in some pretty tight spots."

Leaving the service, he did some prospecting in the most dangerous gold country on earth—inner New Guinea. At that time, the government would not cooperate with the miners in that out-of-way hell, and to get supplies a dozen natives would have to beat their way through the steaming jungle to the seacoast, eight days distant. The return journey required from ten to twelve days, depending upon the weather and the weight of the load.

"Sometimes they would not make the coast," the young actor-adventurer told me. "The cannibals would see to that."

FOR two more years, following his experience in the gold fields, Errol Flynn sailed through the South Seas,—this time in his own schooner, picking up cargo, transporting natives and intermittently plying the pearl-fishing trade. During these two years, he came to know and love the islands of the South Seas. His adventures on his craft would fill another volume, for death and disaster rode the waves with him on more occasions than he can remember.

From the Indies, Flynn went to Hongkong with the small fortune that he had amassed and converted into uncut diamonds—and lost it in a nearly-fatal encounter with cut-throat thugs. From Hongkong, he sailed up the China coast to Shanghai, as a member of a volunteer force of young adventurers enlisted to help China fight Japan. Looking for war, he was put to work shoveling snow.

Tiring of this, he and a friend took French leave one wintry night and left for Manila, where they entered the cockfighting business. When they found themselves in another tight spot, they departed overnight for Indo-China.

Finding excitement in every port, Errol went from Saigon to Bangkok, down to Singapore, on to India (where he had a brother in the British army), to French Somaliland and Addis Ababa, center of the present Ethiopian crisis, where he was a guest of the prime minister of the country. He left there for England to enter upon a brief stage career, and, later, to ally himself with the cinema.

TO DRAW from him even a meagre recital of his adventures requires both tact and patience. However thrilling an incident may have been, he minimizes its importance to such an extent that he might be mentioning the weather. In his reticence lies the charm of the man; this, and a personality that immediately wins you.

In keeping with his romantic character was his courtship of his actress-bride, Lili Damita. He met her on the boat crossing to America. When the steamer docked, Lili remained in New York and Flynn hastened on to Hollywood. Several months later they met again, when Lili visited Dolores Del Rio on the First National lot. They renewed their acquaintance, and in a whirlwind manner Errol wooed and won the dark-eyed French beauty.

Small wonder that the studio selected him for the prize rôle of the season—the title rôle of *Captain Blood*. His adventurous and romantic background make him the logical choice. And when you glimpse him as the swashbuckling terror of the seas, you will thrill to the handsome young Errol Flynn, knowing him for the exciting, virile, young adventurer that he really is!

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My Success Story Is a Love Story, Says Robert Donat

[*Continued from page* 51]

Yes, a woman with such blood must be fire battling with water—the fire of the fighter, the water of the dreamer.

"I met her when I was sixteen. The first time I didn't like her. Nor the second. But the third, I knew that if I married anyone, I would marry her.

"She didn't like me. For eight years, except as a friend, she would have none of me. Then, all at once, she fell violently in love. We were married immediately."

SHE was teaching classical dancing in Glasgow—and gave up her work immediately to go into stock with her husband. And her far-sighted helpfulness began at this very moment. Large sums were offered to Robert by various repertoire companies. The smallest offer came from the Festival Theatre in Cambridge. But the best plays were also given in Cambridge.

"Ella gave me the strength of mind to decide," Robert Donat said. "I chose Cambridge."

I smiled. His sentence had been so revealing. *"Ella* gave me the strength—*I* chose." Five years later, he gave her the credit of being the influence behind his success, but she had managed to let him keep that masculine pride in the feeling, "I am boss!"

At the end of the first year, came an offer from London. It would mean fame, fortune, financial independence! They could have that family now. And a home. By the time they arrived in London, they were laying definite plans for the arrival of little Joanna. And the play closed almost before it had opened! When Joanna was born, Robert Donat had approximately five shillings to his name.

But behind him stood a woman who laughed when Fate dared the very existence of herself and the man she loved. He should not sign with the producers and managers who would finance him through this difficult period. They would work their way through together. They would remain indebted only to themselves and, when the time came, he would find success—and it would be all his.

The story of how her prophecy came true—of how Alexander Korda eventually cast him in *The Private Life of Henry the Eighth,* which led to *The Count of Monte Cristo*—is history. The story of Robert Donat, the young failure who became the most-sought-after actor in the movies, is amazing, fascinating. But the tale of his love for this brilliant woman is our story.

WHEN Robert is working, he is up at five a.m. and so is the rest of the family. The children—Joanna, 5, and Tommy, 2—scramble into his room and while he is having his early-morning cup of tea, they munch their early morning fruit. Then he shaves at his dressing-table, using an electric razor, while the children sit on his bed, opening his letters. "They make an awful mess," Robert says with a rueful face, "but they like to open letters." Later they all breakfast together gaily in the nursery. Then off to work drives Robert.

Once the day's work is over, his valet telephones to the house when Robert is leaving the studio and no matter whether it is five o'clock in the afternoon or midnight, there is a hot meal waiting.

And here is a secret that the motion picture producers have not discovered—at least not to its fullest value: Robert Donat sings. How he sings! Night after night, his wife plays and he pours out his romantic, idealistic soul in song—both classical and modern.

A walk on the heath ends the Donats' day. And it makes no difference whether it rains or it fogs or the moon smiles and the stars twinkle—this walk is a ritual never neglected because it is that pause in a busy life when two souls commune, not only together, but with the great wonders of the space above and around them.

Undoubtedly, it has been on some of these nightly walks that they have developed their psychology for the rearing of Joanna and Tommy. "We have tried to make them un-self-conscious," Robert says humbly. "They don't think of themselves as individual personalities. Joanna doesn't say when she looks in a mirror, 'Oh, that's me.' She says, 'Oh, that looks like Joanna.' Or if she has a new dress she does not announce, 'I have a new dress,' but says, 'Joanna has a new dress.'" Frequently—in fact, usually—Joanna and Tommy do not say "Mother" and "Father" but "Ella" and "Robert."

They are four happy people learning about life together—romping and playing—studying and advancing. A man who heads his family; a woman who stands behind him; two youngsters being treated—and therefore feeling—like real human beings.

Robert Donat is just thirty. He has the charm of all ages rolled into one. He is not handsome; he is something more. He is *man* as women—all women—adore man. He has strength, power, charm. He is excitement; he is repose.

Women cannot help but love him—on the screen and off. And he is human. Otherwise, no one could love him. But Robert Donat knows that Napoleon went to the greatest heights and stayed there as long as he had his Josephine. He went to the deepest depths when he did not have her. Today, Robert's greatest idol is his wife. May he keep her always.

I think he will.

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Write a Letter—*Win a Prize!*

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire danced to co-stardom in *Flying Down to Rio* (above). Since then, they have become the world's most popular twosome. But they *may* part after they finish *Follow the Fleet.* Do you want them separated?

$15 Prize Letter

It's Glamor We Want!—We have learned plenty from the movies about new styles in hairdressing and in clothes; and articles on "Developing Your Personality and Charm as Do Movie Stars" have proved to be valuable. 'I can't imagine anyone's wanting to see 'Crawford wake up in the morning with her wave cap on one ear, or Harlow with her hair in limp, wet slabs,' as some Classic reader suggested last month. We want them beautiful and well-groomed.

Let's have more advice from the stars about scarlet lipstick and green eyeshadow; let's have more lessons in charm. After all, our boy friends are more interested in the attractive, entertaining girls who are with them than in the glamorous beauties who are thousands of miles away!—*Johnie Mae Hopkins, Ontario, Ore.*

$10 Prize Letter

To Katharine Hepburn—I must confess that I have never liked you especially; I have never thought that you were a better actress than several others of our screen stars. But yesterday I saw you in *Alice Adams.* For eighty minutes I was *Alice*—or *Alice* was I! I laughed (with a lump in my throat), I cried, I burned with humiliation, I pitied myself. But I was only one of several hundred *Alices* in that theatre. That's what you did to *Alice* and us, Kate. I revere Booth Tarkington for that human, touching, real story, but you—I love you for your artistry, your imagination, your understanding and personality. I cannot think why I never before sensed your warmth and depth, your genuineness.

I can only hope that the powers-that-be see fit to present you with the Academy Award for having given all of us, not a fine play, but a little piece of life, so beautifully set forth that we cannot help but apply its principles to our own, to their betterment.—*Mary Ellen Madden, 218 E. Eighth St., Flint, Mich.*

$5 Prize Letter

All-American or Not?—Why not give our American men and women a chance? Isn't there enough ability in the United States without going abroad for talent? There is nothing more irksome than sitting through reels of indistinct diction because some director has made a "discovery" and wants to create an atmosphere for his "find." Many of our young American actors and actresses are just as adept in the portrayal of dramatic rôles, and they do not have the foreign accent.

"See America First" is a good slogan, so why not give movie patrons American settings, too? It is true that there are many magnificent sights in foreign countries, but the United States has scenery that rivals all that grandeur abroad and engages the attention and curiosity just as well.—*E. F. Schuff, 803 S. Fifth St., Louisville, Ky.*

Thus one reader feels about All-American movies. Do you agree, or do you enjoy the foreign stars—Charles Boyer, Leslie Howard, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Merle Oberon, Charles Laughton and the others? Do you consider them indispensable to your enjoyment of motion pictures?

$1 Prize Letters

A couple of months ago, Movie Classic *asked the question: "Which is the greater boy-actor—Freddie Bartholomew or Mickey Rooney?" Herewith are two of many interesting answers received from readers:*

Freddie Is Tops—The greatest boy-actor? Freddie Bartholomew, I sincerely believe, is *the* greatest boy-actor ever to appear on a movie screen. In the title rôle of *David Copperfield,* he was superb. But why do I believe him to be the greatest? For the same reason that Marie Dressler and Will Rogers were the greatest adult stars: little Freddie is just *himself,* natural, carefree; so completely does he *live* the characters he portrays that you are not conscious that he is acting. Mickey Rooney is good; so are Jackie Searl, Frankie Thomas, and Jackie Cooper, but none is the born actor that Freddie is!—*Roy Robert Smith, 115 Sherman St., Denver, Col.*

No, It's Mickey Rooney—To my way of thinking, Mickey Rooney is in a class with the beloved Will Rogers and the winsome Shirley Temple, a natural and a far better actor than Freddie Bartholomew. The latter is a little prince, courtly and fine. Mickey is an elf, an imp making you laugh at his mischievous ways, then bringing tears to your eyes as he, the street gamin, sobs broken-heartedly over his dead father's body. Both boys are truly marvelous, but Mickey is outstanding because of the many different characters that he has portrayed. As *Puck,* who can ever forget him?—*Marcella N. Buck, 1922 Miramar St., Los Angeles, Calif.*

It looks as if the Bartholomew-Rooney debate is destined to continue. What is your contribution toward the conclusion of the controversy?

Eleanor in Fred's Class—Once in a great while, a truly great and thrilling personality comes to the screen. This time, it is Eleanor Powell! She is very attractive and shows great promise as an actress. She is, without a doubt, every bit as good as Fred Astaire. That is saying a lot because I did not think anyone, especially a young girl like Miss Powell, could ever rival Astaire as a dancer. Here's hoping that she will dance in every picture!

Remember Joan Crawford in *Dancing Lady?* She danced and acted, and as a result became one of my favorites. But now she is pushing the dance scenes further and further away. It's a big mistake, I think.—*Thelma Lee, 2625 St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.*

On pages 40 and 41 of this issue is a story about Eleanor Powell that explains why she could not help being a sensation when she had her big opportunity. Don't miss it!

Attention, Mr. Disney—Wouldn't it be grand if Walt Disney could create cartoon versions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas? The possibilities are almost unlimited, and they would be glorious riots in color, with really good voices. Remembering the furore of *The Three Little Pigs,* I believe that an even greater sensation could be expected upon the appearance of a tiny, animated *Mikado* or a stealthy *Dick Deadeye.* More power to Walt Disney!—*Thelma Greenberg, 332 Southern Bldg. Washington, D. C.*

One of the new Disney cartoons is called Mickey's Grand Opera. *What do you think of Reader Greenberg's suggestion?*

Time-ly Hits—The *March of Time* films are the something new and different that we have been awaiting. They are vividly alive and entirely credible. For clearness of presentation and true present-day interest, they have no equal. They are graphic dramas of action, reinforced by delightfully clever comments. They are brief word-and-picture reviews of thrilling and momentous happenings, directed with charm and finesse—many of the scenes being majestic in their emotional appeal and virility.—*Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Hotel Washington, Washington, D. C.*

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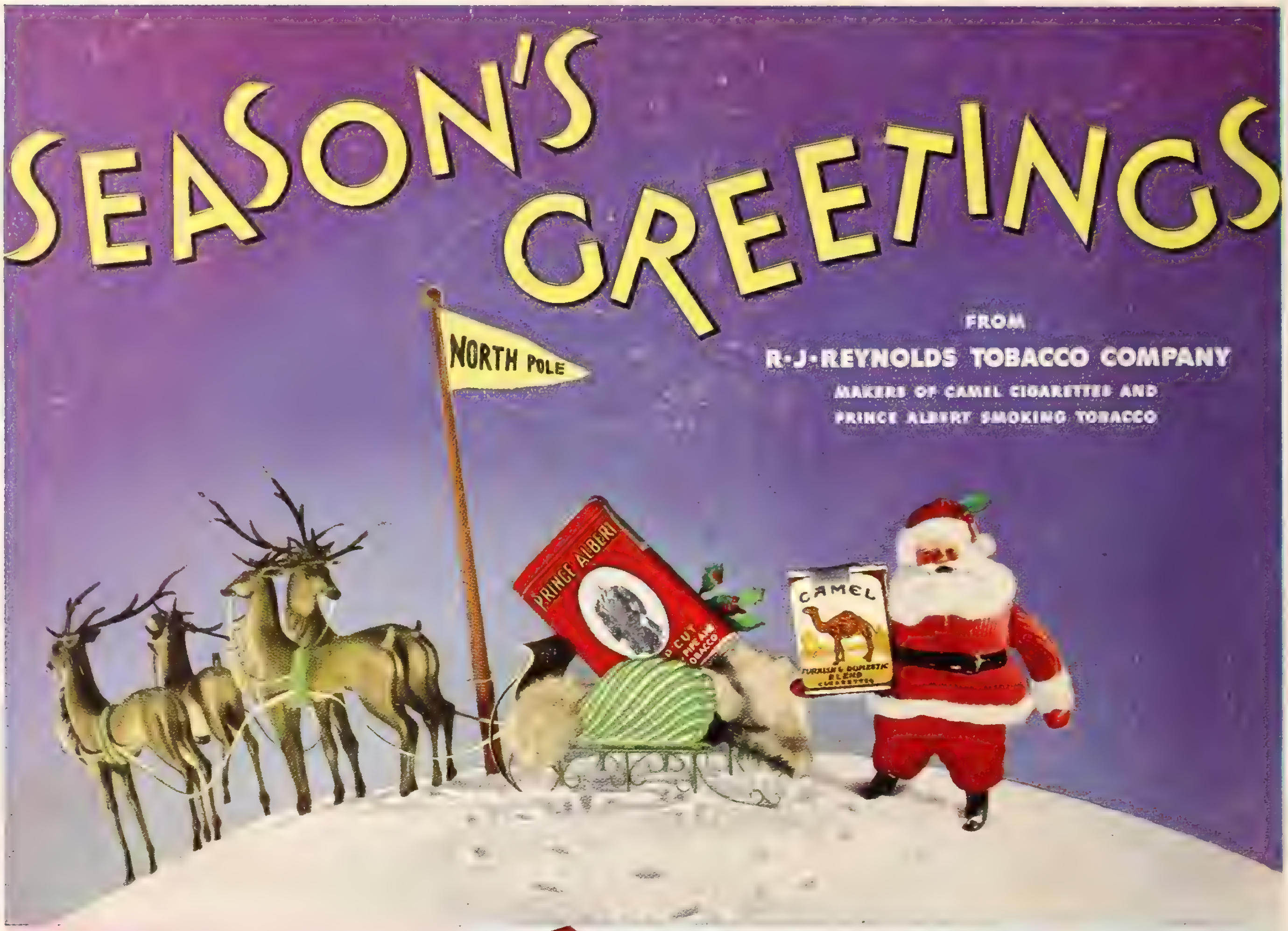
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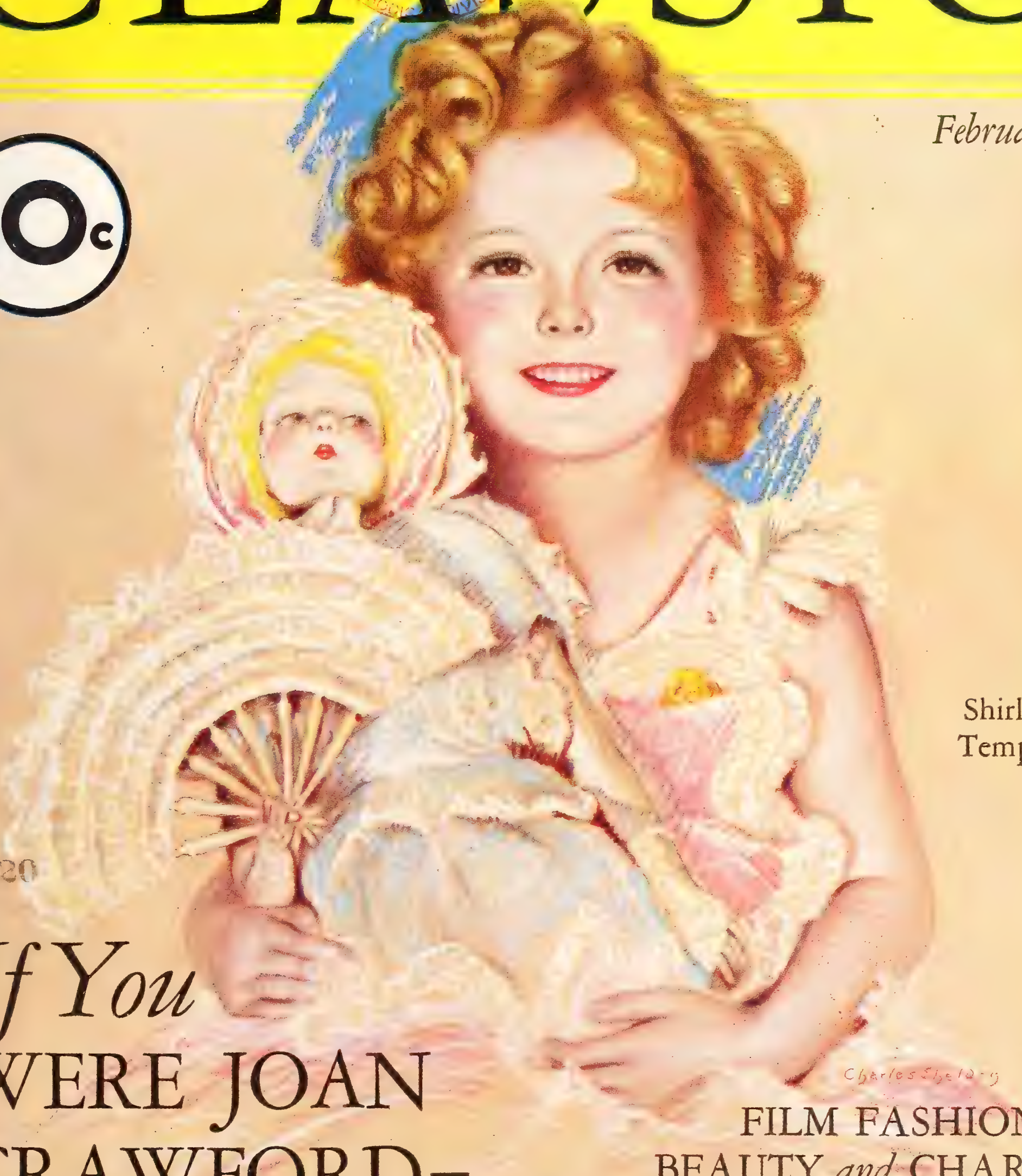

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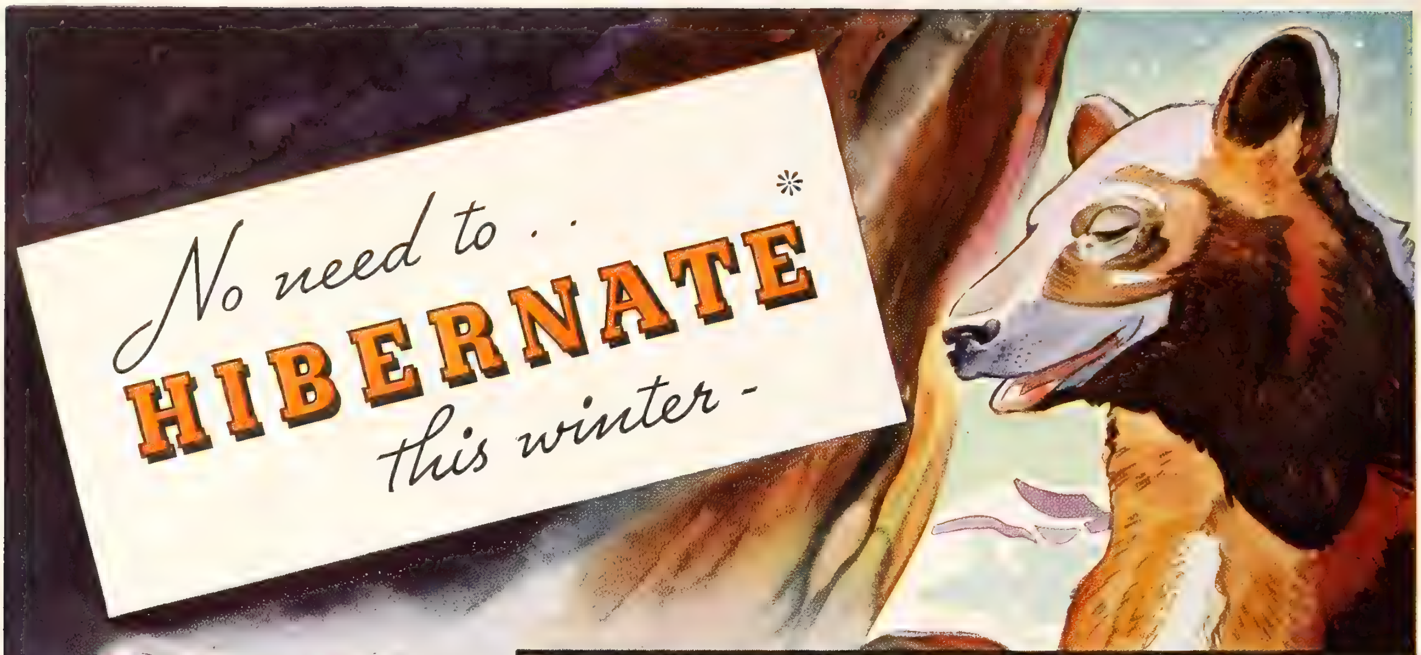

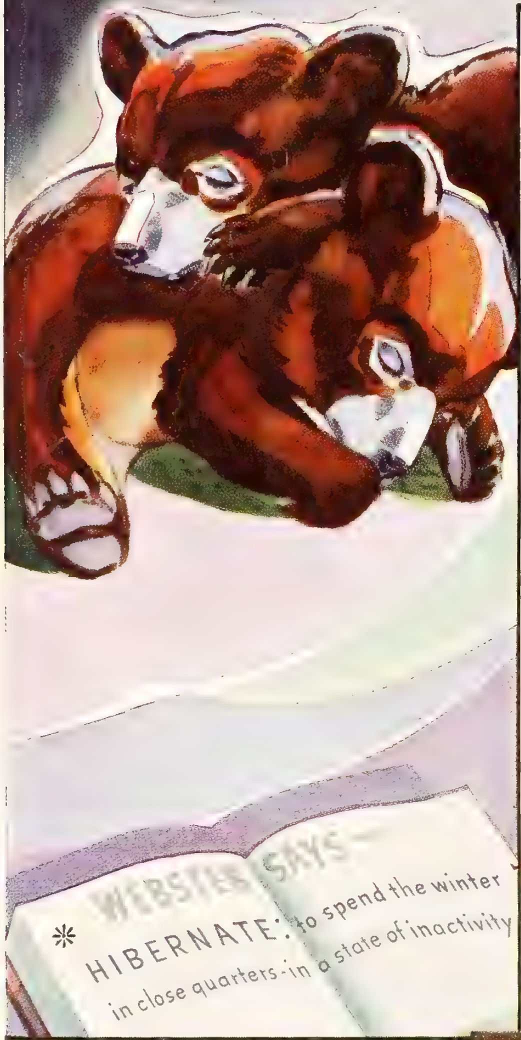
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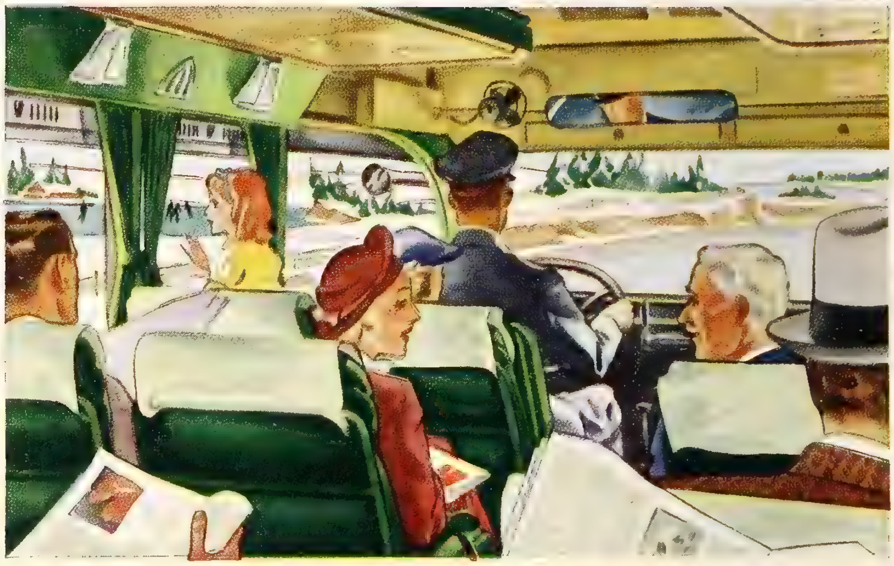

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AGAIN IN 1935—GREYHOUND WINS NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL TROPHY

Each year, for four years, the National Safety Council has offered this beautiful bronze plaque for the intercity bus company with the best safety record. And each year, Greyhound has won this coveted award.

SEE ANITA LOUISE IN THE WARNER BROS. CLASSIC "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."
A Max Reinhardt production with Olivia de Haviland, James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell and twenty other stars.

"DUART WAVES
have the Natural Beauty
that Hollywood Stars
Demand"

says PERC WESTMORE *famed hairstylist and cosmetician of Warner Bros. Studios*

"No one," says Mr. Westmore, "is in a better position to judge the results of various permanent waving methods than a motion picture hairstylist.

"Of all permanents, we have found that Duart gives the hair the most lustrous—the most natural wave. It is wonderful to see how hair that has been Duart waved time after time, keeps all its soft silk-like texture and sparkling sheen.

"Here in Hollywood we have every beauty aid known to the profession. All except the finest are cast aside. For a motion picture star doesn't dare take chances with her beauty. And she wants to be doubly sure that we carefully guard her hair. A make-up can be corrected easily—a gown replaced quickly. But if the beauty of a star's hair is once marred by a poor permanent it causes months of grief. We feel a star's most important beauty feature is her hair.

"No doubt this is why the Duart method of permanent waving has for so long been the choice of the Hollywood stars."

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

YOU CAN HAVE A DUART WAVE

The same genuine Duart Wave, so popular among the Hollywood stars is given in more than 10,000 beauty shops. You will find one in your community. Duart waving pads come in individual SEALED packages. The seal is your guarantee of clean unused pads and a genuine Duart Wave. Look for the SEALED package.

Why not copy a screen star's hairstyle? The new 1936 Hollywood Coiffure Booklet will be sent you **FREE** with one ten-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse—not a dye—just adds sparkle and tint.

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Light Golden Blonde

Name..
Address...
City..................................State........

HUMANITY'S GREATEST
LOVE STORY!

"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler! In that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved . . .

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Cast of 6000 including Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Walter Catlett, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Billy Bevan, Lucille La Verne, Tully Marshall, E. E. Clive, Lawrence Grant, Henry B. Walthall, Claude Gillingwater, Tom Ricketts

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • *Produced by* David O. Selznick • *Directed by* Jack Conway

JAN -3 1936
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FEBRUARY, 1936 VOL. 9 No. 6

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

JAMES E. REID
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

First, let us present Robert Taylor. Certainly, he is one of the first stars you want to see this month—as Irene Dunne's hero in *Magnificent Obsession*

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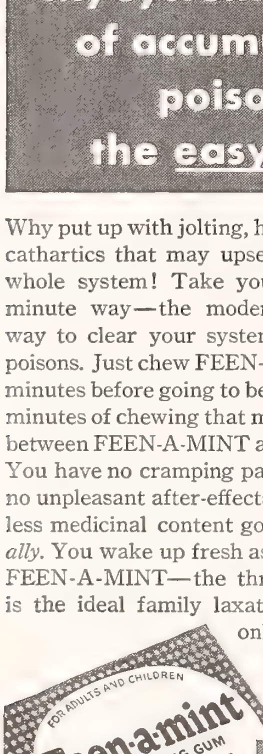
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

"Yesterday..
DULL, HEAVY, LIFELESS
Today-ALIVE"
THE 3 MINUTE WAY
"My system cleared of accumulated poisons the easy way"

Why put up with jolting, harsh, "all-at-once" cathartics that may upset and shock your whole system! Take your laxative the 3-minute way—the modern, pleasant, *easy* way to clear your system of accumulated poisons. Just chew FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes before going to bed. It's those three minutes of chewing that make the difference between FEEN-A-MINT and other laxatives. You have no cramping pains—no nausea—no unpleasant after-effects. Its utterly tasteless medicinal content goes to work *gradually*. You wake up fresh as the dawn. In fact FEEN-A-MINT—the three-minute way—is the ideal family laxative—and it costs only 15* cents and 25* cents for a big family-size box.

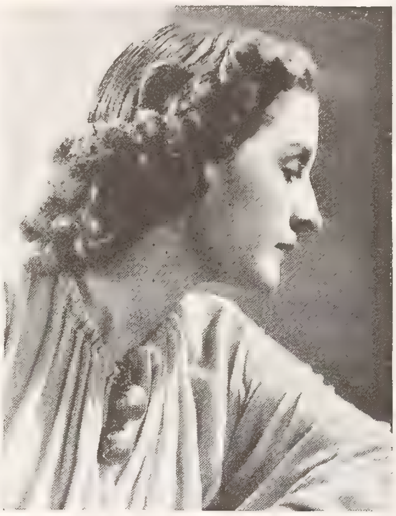
*Slightly higher in Canada

better because you chew it



They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!



Wide World

This is the hairdress you will see Norma Shearer wearing in *Romeo and Juliet.* A coiffure in a XVth Century painting by Fra Angelico inspired it

● Suppose you were a lonely telephone girl on a night switchboard job, and all of a sudden Bing Crosby sang a love-song to and for you alone . . . That's the thrill that jittered the heart of pretty Kay Rooney, who handles the plugs on the Paramount board. Bing had forgotten a phone number and called the studio to get it. Kay had to hunt through several files and Bing, appreciative, crooned "In the Middle of a Kiss" into her ear while she sought. She says she knows, now, how Dixie Lee feels sometimes . . .

Fittingly, the first actual memorial to the late beloved Will Rogers is the huge Will Rogers Memorial Stage built on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, where Will made his pictures. And, fittingly, the first star to use the stage was Shirley Temple, who, he said, was his favorite actress.

● When you see the new Astaire-Rogers picture, *Follow the Fleet,* you'll see a newcomer named Harriet Hilliard. Watch her work—and realize that one reason why it's so good is because Ginger Rogers is one of the grandest persons in pictures. We don't think there is another star in Hollywood who would have done what Ginger did for Harriet. Although the latter's rôle is almost as big as her own, Ginger took the novice from Broadway under her tutelage and taught her all of the tricks of the studios. There is neither jealousy nor fear in Ginger's heart.

Nelson Eddy won't sing a note for recording until he has "warmed up" his larynx by warbling scales for a half-hour in his dressing-room.

● Actors are born, *not* made, insists Edmund Lowe. "If you have to learn how to act, don't try to be an actor," he warns. "I've seen hundreds of boys and girls fail after devoting years to studying dramatics. The simple fact is that acting cannot be learned."

In his next picture (untitled as yet), Harold Lloyd is going to appear without his famous glasses for the first time since he began wearing them. He will play a dual rôle—one character without the specs.

● Opera-lovers are agog over the likelihood that one of their great Metropolitan stars is going to play *Carmen* on the screen. It will be Gladys Swarthout, if Paramount goes ahead with its announced plan to film the opera . . . But—in all the excitement, they forget that several years ago, believe it or not, the same thing happened. That was when Samuel Goldwyn produced *Carmen,* with Geraldine Farrar, then the Met's top songstress, in the title rôle. It was silent, however . . . Gladys is singing *Carmen* on the Metropolitan stage now, and for the first time the costumes have been created by a movie designer—Paramount's Travis Banton.

That he has more than just clever feet, Fred Astaire proved by writing some of the songs in his new picture. Wonder if he can cook, too?

● The brunette rush is on in a beeg-away!! Jean Harlow started it by going dark for *Riffraff.* Carole Lombard darkened hers several shades, as did Margot Grahame. Clara Bow has turned her once-red, then-blonde curls to *black!* The Hollywood beauty shoppes are doing a rushing business, darkening the same honeys who once went there to be lightened. And the craze almost ruined a sequence in *The Great Ziegfeld* because four of six blondes, called back for retakes, had darkened their hair in the interim!

Tap-dancing Eleanore Whitney—you'll see the youngster in **Millions in the Air**—*can dance for five hours straight without resting!*

● Whether or not marriage affects a star's audience-appeal still seems to be a moot question. For example, M-G-M feels that Franchot Tone's marriage to Joan Crawford will enhance his appeal, and so the studio is giving him bigger and better rôles. But at the same time, Hollywood understands, they wouldn't like their newcomer, Robert Taylor, to marry his heart-throb, Irene Hervey, because they are afraid marriage might hurt his skyrocketing career . . . Sally Eilers, for one, thinks that a star's off-screen life doesn't make any difference with today's fans. "I don't think the fact that I divorced Hoot Gibson, married Harry Joe Brown and have a son named 'Pouchy' makes thirty cents' worth of box-office difference," she insists.

[*Continued on page* 8]

"ANYTHING GOES"

It's the top! It's a Crosby honey!
It's the top! It's a Ruggles funny!
It's the grandest show the screen could ever boast!
It had Broadway cheering — Its tunes we're
  hearing from coast to coast! —
It's the top! It's got Merman singing!
It's the top! What applause it's bringing!
It's a perfect smash, a hit, a crash — don't stop —
You'll be shoutin' when you see it —
IT'S THE TOP.

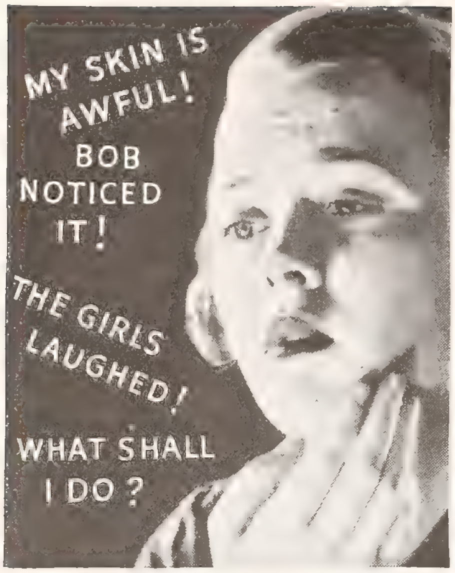
They're the Tops . . . Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman, star of the Broadway stage hit "Anything Goes," sing the famous Cole Porter tunes, "You're the Tops," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and a bunch of other new ones.

Clever People, These Chinese . . . they know this laddy is America's Public Enemy No. 13 (Charlie Ruggles, to you!) ...ace laugh-getter in "Anything Goes".

Only a Sample . . . of the kind of chorines Dance Director Leroy Prinz has collected and trained for the chorus in "Anything Goes".

This Is Not a Cigarette Ad . . . but a shot of Bing Crosby and Charlie Ruggles, thinking over their misdeeds in the ship's jail.

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE...DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE


MY SKIN IS AWFUL!
BOB NOTICED IT!
THE GIRLS LAUGHED!
WHAT SHALL I DO?

HER PIMPLY* SKIN SCARED MEN AWAY

until she learned about a famous "Wonder Cream"

FINE FEATURES—beautiful clothes—an appealing personality—*and still a poor complexion destroys a woman's charm.*

That's why thousands of women today are successfully turning to a famous medicated skin cream as an aid to healing and refining the skin. First prescribed by doctors for the relief of burns, eczema and similar skin troubles, now over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream are used yearly.

How to use

If your skin is marred by Large Pores or Blackheads—by Pimples* or any other Skin Irritation from external causes, then by all means make this simple test and see if your skin doesn't show a big improvement in ten days.

Apply Noxzema at night after removing make-up. Wash off in the morning with warm water. Then apply cold water or ice. Follow this with a light application of Noxzema as a protective foundation for powder.

Do this for ten days, note the difference—feel how much softer, finer your skin is—how much clearer. Noxzema is astringent, helps reduce pores to exquisite fineness. Its gentle medication soothes most skin irritations and helps Nature heal these disfiguring skin flaws.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for a generous 25¢ jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 62, Baltimore, Md.

Wonderful for
CHAPPED HANDS

There is nothing like Noxzema for red, rough, badly irritated Chapped Hands. Noxzema is not a lotion or a perfumed cream—it's a *medicated cream* that brings quicker relief, that softens and whitens hands overnight. Test it yourself. Apply Noxzema *on one hand tonight.* Note the difference between the hands in the morning.

Noxzema

They're the Topics!

[*Continued from page 6*]

In addition to everything else, Paul (Louis Pasteur) *Muni is a billiards expert.*

● In *Stars Over Broadway,* maybe you thought you saw Radiostar Jane Froman kiss Radiostar James Melton. But she didn't. When they shot that scene, she told the director that in the four years she has been married to Don Ross, also of radio, she has never kissed any other man, and she wouldn't begin now. So they shot the scene from an angle that made it necessary only for Jane to lay her head on Melton's shoulder.

In Universal's The Invisible Ray, *ol' baddie Karloff achieves a new horror-thrill by burning up right before your eyes, when the invisible ray whereby he manages to destroy others turns on himself.*

● When you laugh at Jack La Rue's knuckle-cracking in *Strike Me Pink,* the new Eddie Cantor comedy, remember that your laugh nearly cost Jack his finger. For a gag, Jack was to crack his knuckle and yank his hand away *just before* somebody slammed an auto door on it. But the prop man slammed the door too soon and crushed Jack's finger, and for a while they feared that they would have to amputate it. Jack fainted.

Simone Simon, the pert and warmish French importation who recently joined Twentieth Century-Fox's forces, has a new stunt for getting "into the mood" during a picture. Unlike old-timers who need certain sentimental music played by a private three-piece orchestra, Simone just brings seventeen perfume bottles on the set with her. Each of the scents, she says, helps to put her in a certain mood. You will see her for the first time in A Message to Garcia.

● During Lawrence Tibbett's recent stay in Hollywood, he rented a house on Alpine Drive in Beverly Hills. His immediate neighbors were Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout and Nelson Eddy. Just around the corner lived Jeanette MacDonald. And, believe it or not, neighbors protested to the authorities that the vocalizing of the array of songbirds, all operatic soloists, annoyed them!

After months of dickering, Mae West finally yielded to a manufacturing firm in Pennsylvania and signed for them to make Mae West dolls, paying Mae some royalty, believe us. The first day they started production on the dolls, the factory burned to the ground. Write your own comment.

● The *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* company was on location at Big Bear Lake, two hundred miles from Hollywood. Sylvia Sidney was in urgent need of a few things, so a messenger was dispatched to Hollywood in a fast studio car to do some shopping. These were the items on Sylvia's list: 1 bottle of cologne; 6 Ray Noble orchestra recordings (the latest), 2 packages of a certain cracker (health) and 1 electric heating pad (to warm her feet at night). With his back aching, but his chin up, the messenger made the round trip in a little better than eight hours.

When Janet Gaynor, fully recovered from her recent injuries, recently moved her make-up kit to the M-G-M Studios, it was the first time she had ever gone away from her home lot (Twentieth Century-Fox) on loan. Janet will be starred in Small Town Girl*—with Robert Taylor opposite her.*

Frances Dee has *better* news! She and hubby Joel McCrea are celebrating the arrival of a second son. They aren't thinking—and never have thought—of parting. That "regretful" item in December MC was regrettable. It was based on a last-minute news dispatch sent out over the country by a well-known news syndicate—but it was not true, as we learned too late. Scallions to the Reno reporter who started the story and orchids to Frances and Joel for laughing it off!

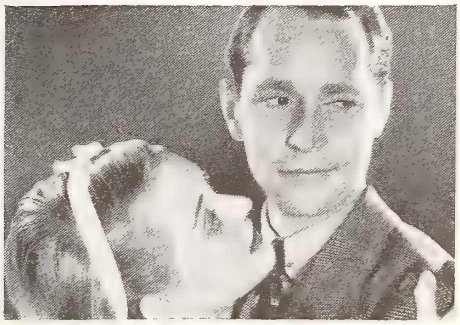
● Loretta Young, who was forced to take a vacation from picture work because of illness, is now able to take short walks, and is looking even more lovely than before. She will soon be back in films . . . Charles Bickford, critically injured when attacked by an enraged lion during the filming of *East of Java,* is now almost completely recovered. . . .

The long delay in selecting the actor to play Romeo *opposite Norma Shearer in her forthcoming picture,* Romeo and Juliet, *has led the wisecrackers to refer to the role as "The Case of the Lucky Legs." Meaning that several fine prospects have been revealed in the scores of tests made, but many a top star has lacked the all-important asset of good shapely legs.*

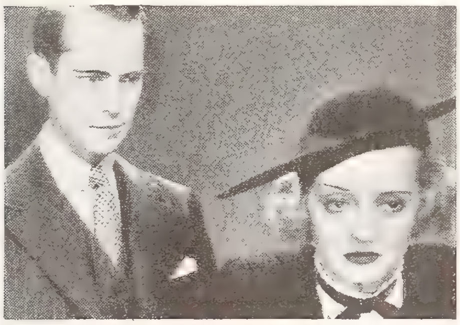
[*Continued on page* 10]

No *Wonder* Franchot Tone *calls* BETTE DAVIS "DANGEROUS"

LOOK WHAT SHE SAYS, IN HER LATEST PICTURE, ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, MEN!



"I'm not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you'll find I'm the woman you'll always come back to!"



"I've never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I've lived more in a day than you'll ever dare live."

"It's going to be your life or mine! If you're killed, I'll be free . . . If I'm killed, it won't matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance."

In their first film together!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

YESSIR, "Dangerous" is the label Franchot tags on the screen's famous blonde temptress. And that's the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together!

If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in "Of Human Bondage", "Bordertown", and "Front Page Woman", wait 'til you hear her cut loose as "the woman men always come back to", in "*Dangerous*".

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you'll say she's right when you see what men did to her life. But you'll *certainly* agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year.

Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There's no use telling you you *must* see "Dangerous" Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!

BRIGHT EYE DEAS
by Jane Heath

Is THERE some one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamplit living-room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamplight—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye make-up to start with). Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with LASHTINT. And shade the same eyelid with a little SHADETTE. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, darker lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never neglect it—or KURLASH—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

LASHTINT, the liquid mascara, may be applied while the lashes are being curled. Touch the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of KURLASH. LASHTINT will darken the tips delicately and it doesn't crack, stiffen, wash or weep off—in black, brown, or blue, $1.

Another clever trick is to rub KURLENE on the lashes before you curl them, so they'll be silken and full of dancing rainbows. KURLENE is a scientific formula for eyelash luxuriance. 50c and $1.

• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SB-2*

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

They're the Topics!

[*Continued from page* 8]

What a cinch to give a party in Hollywood! Dick Powell called some of his friends recently to invite them to his house, but informed them in advance that he was not planning any entertainment. The result was that James Cagney arrived with a cornet that he played with gusto, Lew Ayres teased a guitar, Joan Blondell and Ginger Rogers put on a sister dance act, Harry Ruby (the songwriter) played the piano, and Nelson Eddy, Regis Toomey and Phil Regan did the vocal end of the evening much justice.

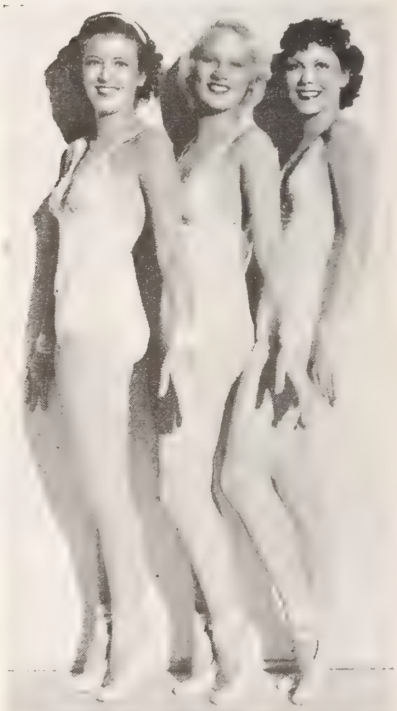
● Lila Lee and Patsy Ruth Miller are partners in a swank new Hollywood shop . . . Jimmy Cagney's new hobby is taking glider lessons at Santa Ana . . . Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have moved to a farm at Encino . . . Ruth Chatterton is really taking her aviation seriously. She just purchased a $25,000 plane . . .

New York fashion designers recently made up a list of America's best-dressed women. The only screen player in the first ten is a newcomer—Mary Taylor, society girl, niece of Countess di Frasso, and heroine of the new Hecht-MacArthur picture, Soak the Rich. *But Joan Crawford and Gladys Swarthout, of the film colony, received honorable mention—"for their off-screen wardrobes." The laugh of that is that Joan is adapting her screen clothes for private wear. And so is Gladys.*

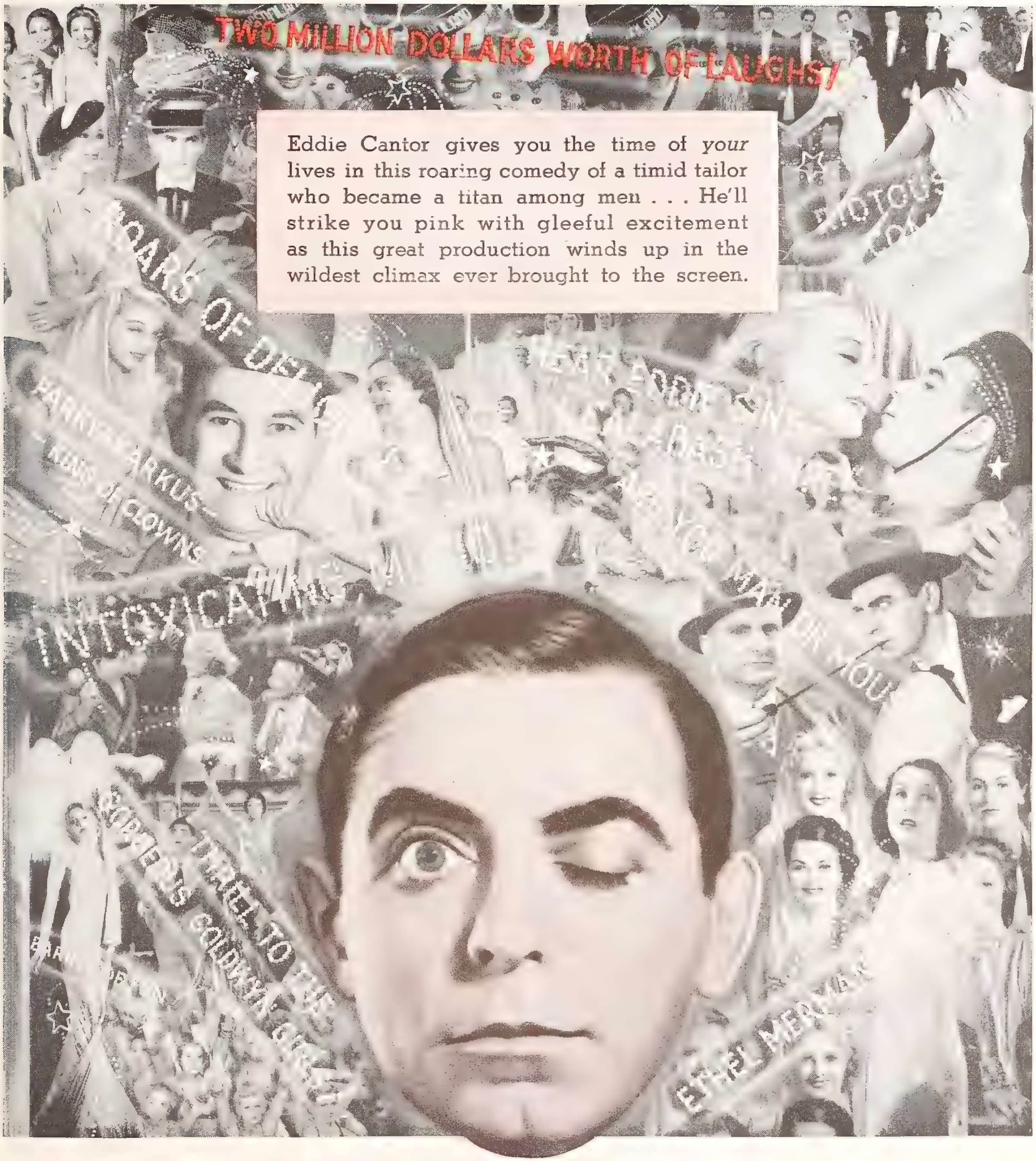
Showgirls—1936!

This little girl is well cut out to play one of the chorines in *Anything Goes,* Bing Crosby's new (and biggest) picture

A streamlined 1936 model chorus girl is Anya Taranda. She heads the list of Goldwyn Girls in *Strike Me Pink*



Three little girls who are on their toes for what looks like a big musical year are these in *King of Burlesque*


TWO MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF LAUGHS!
ROARS OF DEL
PARKYAKARKUS KING OF CLOWNS
INTOXICATING
RIOTOUS
GOLDWYN GIRLS
THRILL TO THE
ETHEL MERMAN

Eddie Cantor gives you the time of *your* lives in this roaring comedy of a timid tailor who became a titan among men . . . He'll strike you pink with gleeful excitement as this great production winds up in the wildest climax ever brought to the screen.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN *Presents*

EDDIE CANTOR

IN

Strike Me Pink

with ETHEL MERMAN · PARKYAKARKUS · SALLY EILERS
and the GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and Lew Brown . . . Dance Ensembles by Robert Alton . . . Directed by Norman Taurog . . . Adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Dreamland" . . . Released thru United Artists

Right, Margot Grahame—who has changed from blonde to redhead—has her make-up charted by Max Factor in his new $500,000 Make-Up Studio. Above: Maureen O'Sullivan, a model for "light brunettes"

Top, Joan Crawford—an outstanding example of the "brownette" type. Directly above, Carole Lombard, whose make-up is charted for "blonde"

Chart Your Beauty!

Thus counsels Max Factor—world-famous beauty adviser to stars of every color-type

BY MARIE CANEL

THE FILM CAPITAL of the World is unquestionably the Beauty and Make-Up Capital of the World today as well. It is impossible to be in Hollywood for twenty-four hours without becoming more make-up conscious than you ever have been before. And that is easy to understand, for it is so apparent that you, too, can accomplish what most of the stars have accomplished in achieving beauty—if you will give the time and the study to it that they do!

Every one of us has been enchanted by the magic beauty of some screen star. Perhaps we have even tried to analyze the attractiveness of that particular star—the loveliness that seems to demand: "Stop . . . Look . . . and Admire!" We have experimented to see if we could not adapt for our own use some of the make-up secrets that the screen stars possess.

In Hollywood, there is one man who stands supreme for his work in beautifying the screen stars. In fact, his name is synonymous with beauty and make-up: Max Factor! For twenty-six years, he has been identified with every important development in make-up for the movies' beautiful women—both on the screen and off.

Just observing his new half-million-dollar Make-Up Studio in Hollywood is a thrill in itself. What a monument to beauty! Outside, it is modernistic with a Grecian influence. Inside, it is neo-classic—suggesting an ancient Grecian temple. And the Maestro of this "make-up home" of the stars—what is he like? Instead of being blasé, seeing screen celebrities for so many years, Max Factor is just the opposite—unassuming, understanding, and very, very kindly. He is a charming person—rather short, with gray-white hair, a bit of the Dafoe type.

I asked him what advice he would give any girl who wants to emphasize her beauty to acquire that "individual-looking-something" that the screen stars possess.

● "EVERY type may be fascinating, individual-looking—once every girl knows her type and how to emphasize its beauty to the best advantage," he answered. *"You should have your make-up charted so that your shades of powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials harmonize perfectly with your own individual colorings.* That is the great essential in using make-up to give beauty the stamp of individuality—or to make a plain face beautiful.

"One blonde should never use make-up colors that another blonde could use . . . unless she is the exact color type of the other blonde. There are many variations in colorings of blondes, brunettes, redheads, and the in-between type, which I call 'brownette.' And each variation calls for different color harmony in make-up shades. There are as many as eighteen variations for some types.

"Carole Lombard is an excellent example of the blonde type," this expert pointed out. "With her blonde hair, creamy skin and blue eyes, the make-up I prescribe calls for rachelle powder, blondeen rouge and vermilion lipstick. Her eye make-up colors, powder base and make-up blender would be in keeping with this color harmony in make-up. Also, in applying make-up, personality should be taken into consideration—and this make-up emphasizes perfectly the glamor and smartness associated with the name of Miss Lombard.

"Each type has its own particular make-up problems. When a girl sits down at her dressing-table, she should think of her-

[*Continued on page* 73]

Her Greatest Role . . as tender as "Little Women". . as irrepressibly gay as "Little Minister". . as glamorous as "Morning Glory". . as dramatic as "Christopher Strong"

HEPBURN

You will thrill to every unforgettable moment of this different, charming love story of a woman who almost waited too long . . . before she dared admit that she was a woman!

•

An RKO-Radio Picture directed by GEORGE CUKOR, who gave you "Little Women" and "David Copperfield"

in "SYLVIA SCARLETT"

with CARY GRANT
BRIAN AHERNE
EDMUND GWENN

A Pandro S. Berman Production

YOU
can have the
slender figure
of Youth.

"Reduced 37 POUNDS with DILEX-REDUSOLS" writes Mrs. H. H. Langley

NOTE: MRS. LANGLEY USED THE SAFE DILEX-REDUSOL METHOD OVER A PERIOD OF 10 WEEKS.

Now YOU, too, can take off pounds of ugly fat this safe, easy, quick, way!

NO DIETING . . . NO SELF DENIAL . . . NO STRENUOUS EXERCISES!

You May Eat What You Wish and As Much As You Want!

Sounds too good to be true? Yet it *is* true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism; that is, they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality!

REDUCE 12 Pounds . . in five Weeks . . . . or no Cost

We make this guarantee because hundreds of tests have proven that consistent use of Dilex-Redusols will reduce your weight to *what it should be!* They will not reduce you below normal! The length of time required depends upon the number of pounds you need to lose.

There Is No Need to Change Your Present Mode of Living

At last you can reduce safely and quickly without denying yourself the good things of life. You do not need to diet or go through tiresome exercises—simply take these carefully prepared capsules and watch the pounds disappear! Dilex-Redusols are effective because they remove the cause of obesity.

Both Men and Women Report Amazing Reductions

Reduced 50 Pounds
"I want you to tell every woman about my reducing 50 pounds." Mrs. E. D.

Lost 35 Pounds
"I have changed my weight from 169 to 134 pounds." Mrs. H. I.

Lost 40 Pounds
"I have lost 40 pounds in 13 weeks." Mrs. H. C. R.

Reduced 36 Pounds
"Am losing around 15 pounds a month with Redusols." Miss L. H.

The DILEX-REDUSOL Way Is the Safe Way!

Do not accept any substitute for safe Dilex-Redusols . . . the **absolutely harmless** capsules that reduce your weight by increasing metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredients. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.
Beware of any product that makes extravagant claims for more rapid reductions . . . responsible physicians will tell you that it is harmful for anyone to reduce more than 15 pounds a month.

DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE,
9 East 40th St., Dept. 282-A, New York City

☐ Enclosed find $3.00, please forward postpaid one box of Dilex-Redusol Capsules.
☐ Send Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C.O.D. I will pay postman $3.00 (plus 23 cents postage.)

If I do not lose at least 12 lbs. after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

Name ....
Write Mr., Mrs. or Miss
Address ....
City ....State ....
Height........... Weight........... Age...........
Orders from Foreign Countries Cash in Advance.

New Shopping Finds!

1. We really aren't lazy, but we do like housework helpers that can do three things at once—like a certain polish that removes all dirt, polishes any wood finish, and rubs easily to soft dry luster, all in one action.

2. Want to do away with belts? There is a dainty new pantie that will insure perfect comfort and peace of mind. It is scientifically designed and smartly cut. $1.

3. How to "dress up" salads, vegetables, desserts? Use a clever gadget that eliminates slow, tiresome hand-cutting and is effective for grating, shredding or slicing. $2.25.

4. No more stray hairpins! There is a new and handy little suede case containing twelve coiffure pins (the hard-to-detect kind) that can easily be tucked in the corner of the smallest purse. 5c.

5. Pots and pans burned black? Pff . . . that's a small matter with a magic new kitchen aid. You dip it in water, then rub the pan with it, rinse away the dirt, and have a shining utensil again! 25c.

6. If you have broken any dishes or kitchen utensils, a certain household cement will mend it in a minute. It is waterproof, permanent, easy, to use. 25c.

7. We have found paper towels that are less expensive than cloth dish towels, more practical and much easier to use—for all the sticky, greasy tasks of the kitchen. And they eliminate laundry expense. Two big rolls for 25c and 150 towels in each roll.

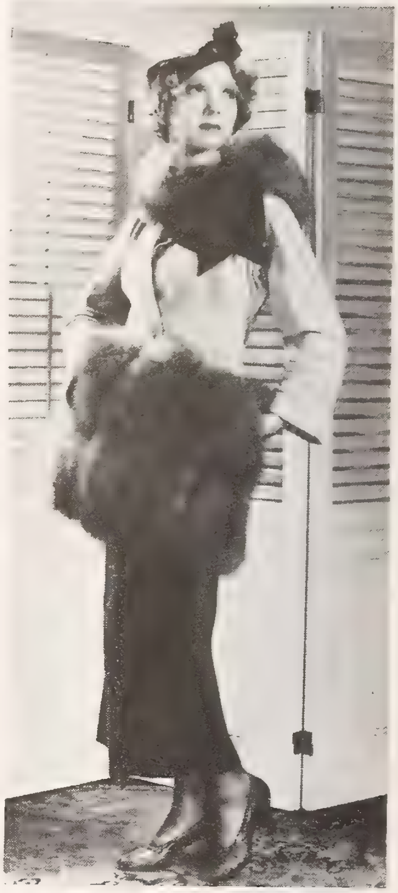
8. Do away with untidy closets and cluttered floors—with an ingenious set of closet gadgets that offer perfect rests for hats, handbags, hosiery and shoes. You can buy the items separately, or in a box containing two hat rests, three handbag holders, one hosiery holder and one shoe rack section for $1.95.

9. We know of a window shade that won't crack, is washable, and costs only 45c. It looks like silk, yet you can use soap and water on it as though it were glass. Size 36 x 6, complete with roller.

10. Found—one ink that will leave no spots, if spilled on anything washable. It dries faster than other inks, and contains a secret ingredient that actually dissolves sediment left in your pen by other inks. 15c.

11. So you like caramel pudding? And hate to make it? Discover a can that you can put in water, boil, chill, open and have a delicious dessert—for 25c.

12. Reduce quickly and comfortably—with a girdle that has ventilation to avoid chafing . . . a massaging action that takes the place of exercise . . . and a brassiere that is figure-flattering. And a money-back guarantee!



16. In *Frisco Waterfront,* Helen Twelvetrees wears this chic ensemble, created by Lettie Lee, Hollywood stylist who also designs popular-priced frocks

If you would like the names of any this month's New Shopping Finds, just write to the Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply—which will be free and prompt.

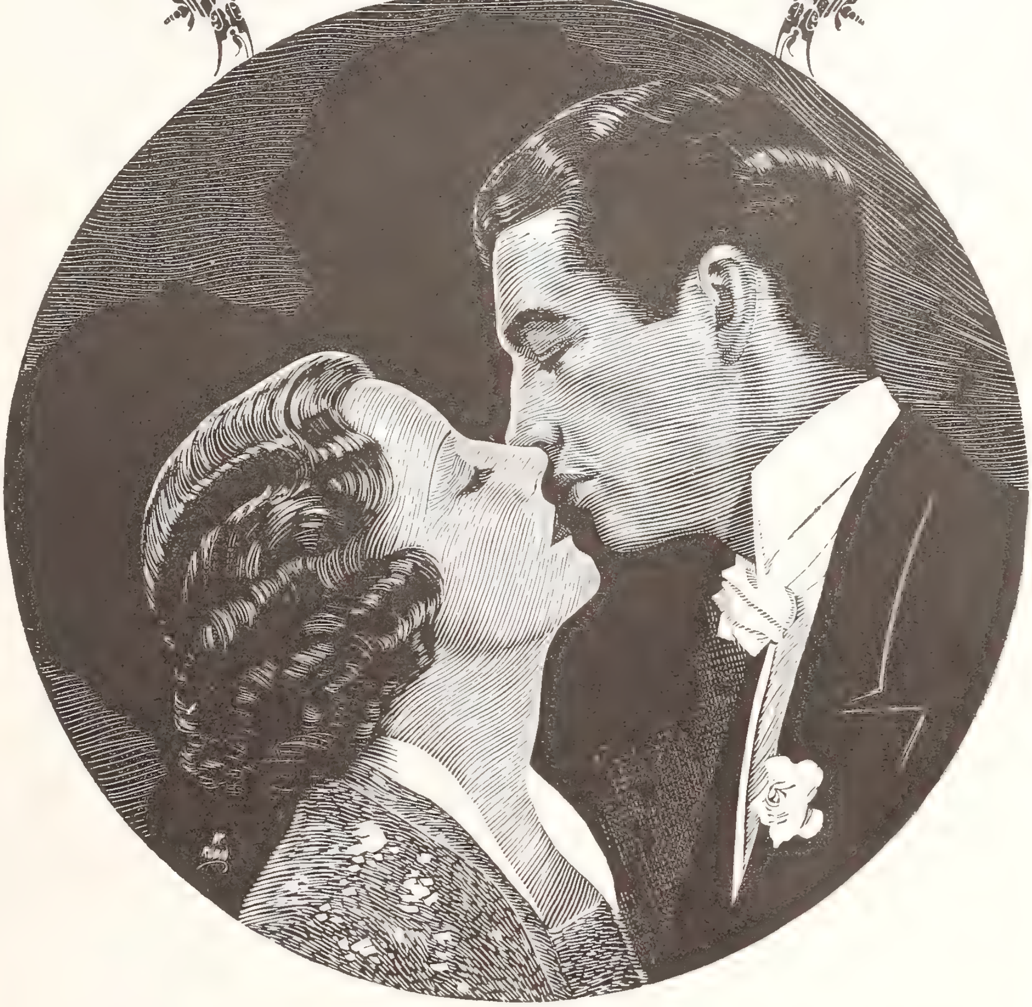
13. Stop that fingernail breakage problem! A well-known rejuvenating oil eliminates the problem of broken, brittle, split, peeling nails or ragged cuticles. 75c.

14. Lashes as long as Garbo's! Hers are naturally long, but you can have luxurious lashes—that look natural and can be put on in a few seconds' time. 35c.

15. There is a cleaning product that will instantly remove heavy gas greases, cooking grease, smudge smoke and all soil and discoloration from painted walls, woodwork, tile, brick. No water, rinsing or drying. No scrubbing or scouring. Just wipe the surface as you do in dusting. 75c to $3.50 a can.

YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture — just as it did to the countless millions of people who read the strange love story from which it was filmed . . . For it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all humanity — for the admiration of men, for the inspiration of women!



IRENE DUNNE · ROBERT TAYLOR

IN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

A JOHN M. STAHL PRODUCTION

Far greater than his famous "Back Street", than his memorable "Only Yesterday", or his immortal "Imitation of Life!" . . . With

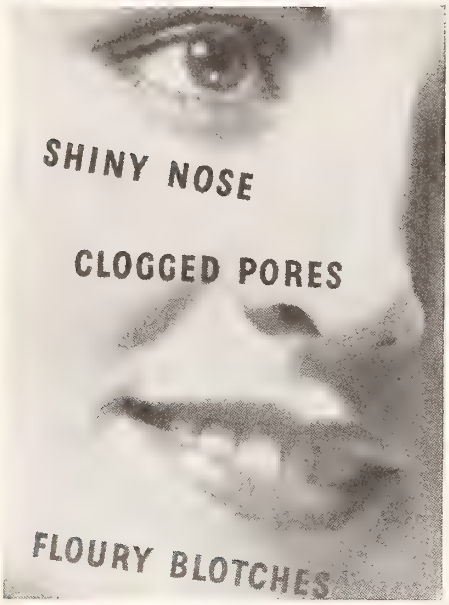
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH · BETTY FURNESS

Arthur Treacher • Ralph Morgan • Henry Armetta • Sara Haden

From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

A Universal Picture presented by Carl Laemmle

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN FACE POWDER FORMS A *Paste on skin*



Combat all 3

with a moisture-proof powder!

Be sure your face powder is moisture-proof if you want to make your skin clear, transparent, lovely . . . and have it last that way for hours. Paste on skin is the ugly reason for many bad complexions. The result of face-powder mixing with the natural moisture of your skin.

Luxor is the moisture-proof face powder. It won't form a paste on your skin. Don't take our word. Put a spoonful of Luxor in a glass and pour water on it! Notice what happens. It does not mix with the water. It rises to the top soft, dry, smooth as velvet.

There's similar moisture on even the dryest skin. But Luxor won't mix with it, any more than with water in the glass.

More than 6,000,000 women use Luxor because it is moisture-proof. It comes in a range of smart new shades, scientifically blended in our vast laboratories to flatter brunettes, blondes, and in-betweens with gorgeous natural effect. Insist on Luxor by name at any cosmetic counter, and get

FREE! 2 drams of $3 perfume a sophisticated, smart French scent, La Richesse, selling regularly at $3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together for the price of Luxor Powder alone.

55c moisture-proof FACE POWDER Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Luxor, Ltd., 1335 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada).
Check, Powder: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐
Rouge: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐
Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name..............................
Address..............................
City.............................. H-2

Eleanor Powell pats on powder with a *clean* powder puff

by
Alison Alden

This Way to Beauty!

You can't be lovely without a lovely skin—and this is how to have it!

If YOU want to achieve beauty as the stars do, you must first have a lovely skin to be the foundation of clever make-up, and to tell the world of health, youth, and freshness.

Stop first to realize that you, yourself, are causing any skin troubles that you may have, and then remedy them. You may cleanse your face thoroughly at night, but how many times a day do you take a powder puff (and is it always as clean as it should be?) and apply more powder without first cleansing your face? Naturally, pores become clogged, ultimately causing blackheads, pimples, large pores. A star never puts on new make-up over the old. A large jar of cleansing cream is indispensable to her—just as it should be to you. But for a daily routine for a normal skin:

1. At night apply a cleansing or all-purpose cream, covering the entire face and neck. The main thing is to get your face exquisitely clean, free from all dirt, grime and stale make-up. Remove the cleansing cream with a clean cloth or paper tissues.

2. Now wash the face and neck thoroughly with a thick creamy lather and lukewarm water. Rinse with lukewarm water, and dry thoroughly.

3. Moisten a piece of cotton with water, dip in your favorite skin tonic, and pat briskly on the face and neck. Pat dry. This will stimulate the circulation, close the pores, and refine the entire texture of the skin.

4. Apply a tissue cream that will keep your skin supple, and keep away lines. Pat gently on the area just beneath the eyes and on the eyelids and on the neck.

5. In the morning, wash your face and neck with a good bland soap (I'll be glad to give you the name of one) or with a cleansing or all-purpose cream. Dry carefully. Apply a little skin tonic or freshener, and then your make-up.

Start off with the right powder base or foundation, blended carefully into the skin. Pat your powder on gently, working down from the temples, forehead, nose, cheeks, chin and throat—so that if you have even a faint suggestion of down on your skin, it will become invisible. Remember to use a darker shade on the bad features, a lighter one on the best ones.

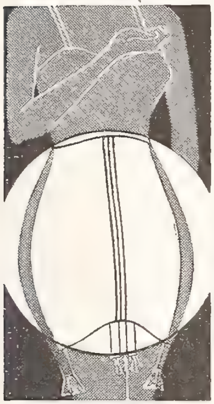
Apply your rouge with great care so that it becomes a part of you . . . not an extra color dab. Start at the high point of the cheek, following the natural curve of the cheekbone toward the nose. With the fingers blend the rouge into the full part of the cheek. At the edges, soften the color with the fingers, so that it blends with your own complexion coloring.

Dry the lips before applying lip-

[*Continued on page* 71]

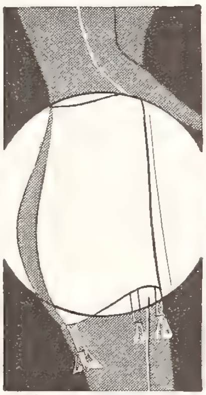
QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!



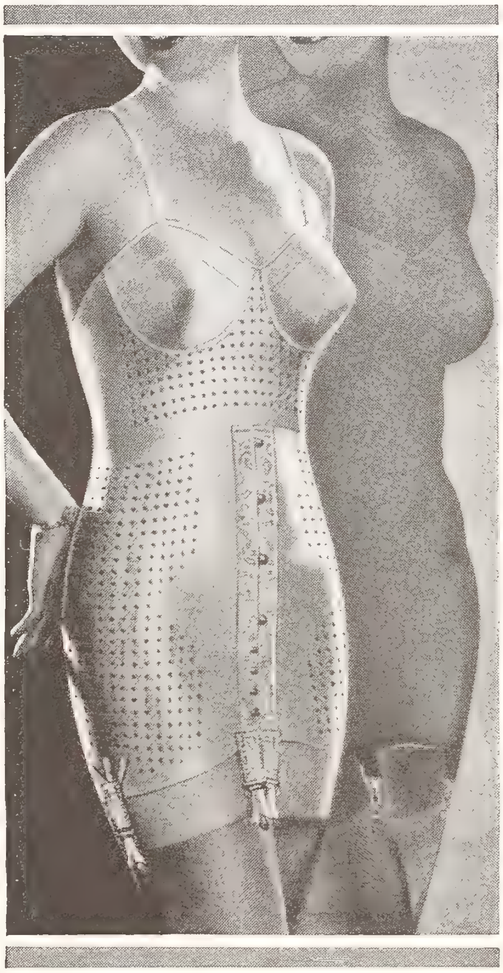
Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs

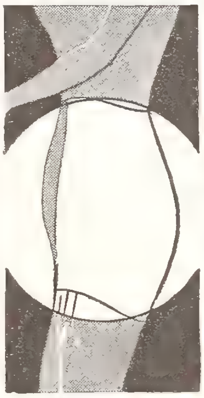
■ Nothing ruins the graceful lines of an expensive gown more than billowing hips . . . they are quickly brought back to beauty with the gentle massage-like action of the Perfolastic Girdle.



The Bulge "Derriere" Reduces Quickly

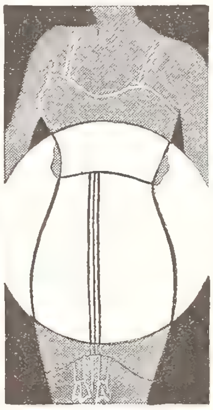
■ It is so easy to overcome the after effects of too healthy appetites . . . simply don a Perfolastic Girdle and watch the curves smooth out at the spots where Fashion says reduce.





Abdominal Fat Is Most Common of All

■ Prominent "tummies" are almost universally due to relaxed muscles and resulting fat. Perfolastic will correct the appearance at once and then surely and safely reduce it, without dieting.



Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear

■ Until the development of the new Perfolastic Brassiere the woman whose figure was marred by unsightly "rib-rolls" had to reduce by expensive massage. Now the massage-like action does it.

Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled . . as are *all* Perfolastic wearers.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat has accumulated—*nowhere* else!

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

■ No longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

And how is it done? Simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material. Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" WRITES MISS HEALY!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

DON'T WAIT! SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF PERFORATED RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon *now!*

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept 72, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*____________________

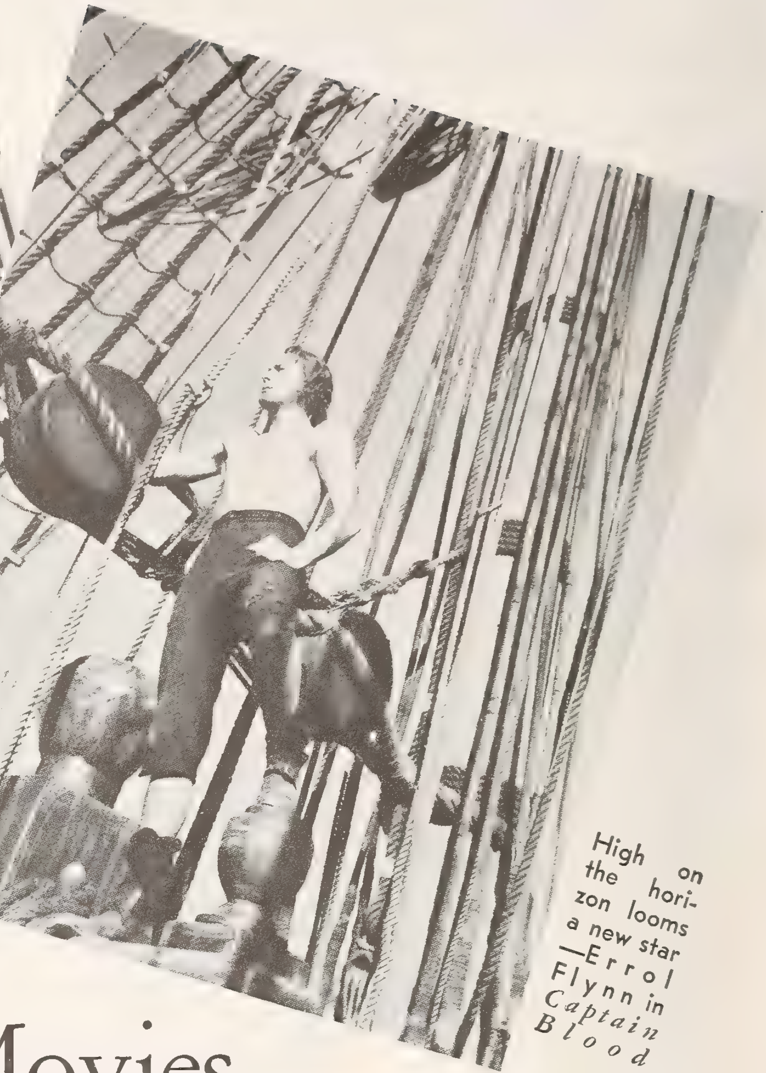
*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

Shirley Temple and Jack Holt in *The Littlest Rebel*

Ronald Colman in *A Tale of Two Cities*


High on the horizon looms a new star—Errol Flynn in *Captain Blood*

Speaking of Movies . . .

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

★ ★ ★ ★ Exceptional
★ ★ ★ Excellent
★ ★ Passing fair
★ Why bother?

★ ★ ★ ★

Captain Blood will be compared with *Mutiny on the Bounty*. While the Laughton-Gable-Tone picture is based on dramatic fact, and *Captain Blood* is dramatic fiction, the theme of each is a British rebellion against man's inhumanity to man, with the surging sea for a background. *Blood* is a doctor imprisoned in an early penal colony, who leads an escape, seizes a ship, turns pirate and becomes the terror of the seas—until England needs his unasked help. It has beauty and brutality, romance and horror, thrills and chills. And on the horizon is a new star—Errol Flynn, who plays *Captain Blood*. Little less outstanding, from an emotion-stirring viewpoint, is Olivia de Havilland, as the one girl for whom the terror of the seas would risk his much-wanted head. (Warners)

A Tale of Two Cities is more than that. It is a tale of all humanity. Yes, an epic—a picture impossible to forget. Powerful and poignant, it unmasks the human race, and reveals mankind at its worst and at its best—with the terror of the French Revolution as the obbligato of its theme. Charles Dickens, of *David Copperfield* fame, supplied the original story—and men who had thrilled to that story have filmed it with every bit of beauty, terror and tragedy intact. Ronald Colman, in perhaps the greatest performance of his career, is magnificent as *Sidney Carton,* the wastrel and weakling who makes a lover's supreme sacrifice. Superb in supporting rôles are Elizabeth Allan, who cannot return his love; Blanche Yurka as *Madame Le Farge,* woman of a vast hate who gets a vast revenge; Donald Woods, as the prisoner whose place *Carton* takes—and others, literally too numerous to mention (M-G-M)

The Littlest Rebel is almost one hundred per cent Shirley Temple. And she has never been better than she is in this picture of the Civil War as a small Southerner *might* have seen it. Child of John Boles and Karen Morley, she sees her mother die, sees her father captured by the hated Yankees, wins the heart of his captor (Jack Holt) to such an extent that he aids their escape, and, when they are recaptured, prevents a double-tragedy. Despite the emotions she is called upon to register, she is, every moment, a child—a very talented child, judged by her dancing with Bill Robinson, a slave on the old plantation, suh. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

So Red the Rose will be a surprise for those who have read Stark Young's beautiful story of the Old South. The movies have taken his title, his characters, and liberties with his story. They have added more plot—and the result is constantly absorbing, even if it may be a bit theatrical for the realists' tastes in tracing what happens to every one of a large family of "conscientious objectors" during the Civil War. Completely convincing are Margaret Sullavan, as hot-tempered *Valette Bedford,* Walter Connolly as her philosophical father, and Randolph Scott as her cousin, the most determined objector of them all. They make it what it is—something new, romantic and affecting in Civil War stories. (Paramount.)

I Dream Too Much suffers from the same complaint that every other opera-star picture, except *One Night of Love,* has suffered—a weak story. But the singing, the gamin personality and the acting of Lily Pons outweigh that trite weakness. The little French girl from the Metropolitan

[*Continued on page* 20]

Lovely TO LOOK AT--- *thrilling* TO HOLD

THERE'S no denying the fact that lovely hands hold romance in their grasp . . . hands say things that words cannot express.

Next in importance to graceful, supple hands is the choice of the nail polish that adorns them. PLAT-NUM nail polish has solved this problem for millions of fascinating women everywhere. PLAT-NUM is a better blend of polish—applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously, lasts longer—and will not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak.

Whether you prefer a creme or a transparent polish, you may choose from twelve different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend perfectly with gown, complexion and your make-up. Try PLAT-NUM without delay. On sale at 5 and 10 cent stores everywhere. It's soft, shimmering, satin-like finish completes the perfection of careful grooming—the lovely complement to a lovely hand.

PLAT-NUM
CREME
Nail Polish
Hello Rose

THESE days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish, because they use so much more of it. That is the reason for PLAT-NUM'S generous, over-sized bottle . . . more than others give you for the money. Try a bottle.

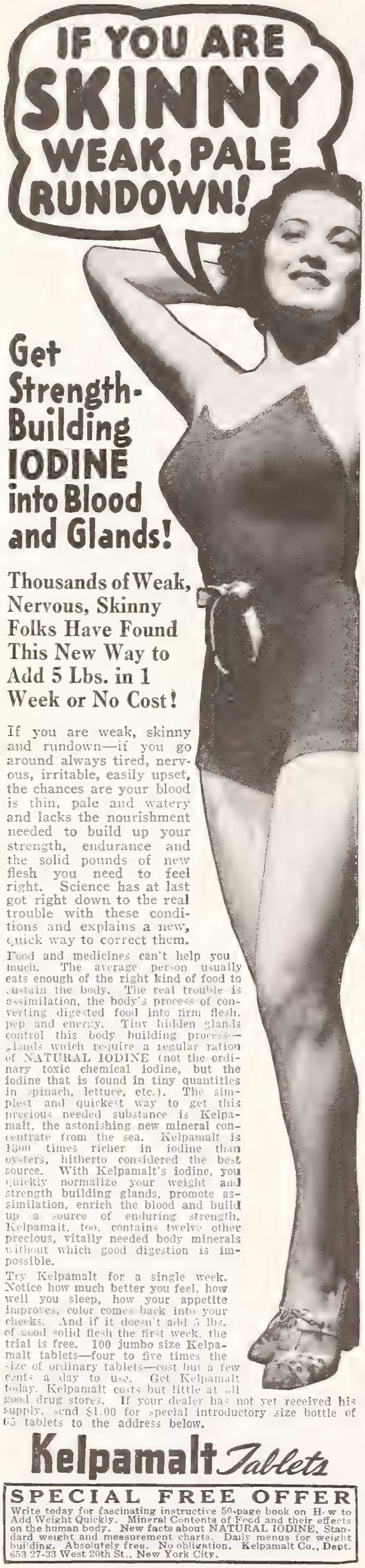
FREE *this booklet*

Send 4c in stamps and we will send to you this interesting, informative, stiff cover booklet on the beautifying of your arms, hands and fingers.

PLAT-NUM

Nail Polish

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES 80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK


IF YOU ARE
SKINNY
WEAK, PALE
RUNDOWN!

Get Strength-Building IODINE into Blood and Glands!

Thousands of Weak, Nervous, Skinny Folks Have Found This New Way to Add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week or No Cost!

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to the real trouble with these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE (not the ordinary toxic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.). The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Kelpamalt's iodine, you quickly normalize your weight and strength building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other precious, vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

Kelpamalt *Tablets*

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE, Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 653 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Speaking of Movies

[*Continued from page* 18]

Opera scores a very decided personal triumph in her first picture . . . in which she runs away from a stuffy uncle, meets composer Henry Fonda, marries him at the height of their hilarity, and then becomes more famous than he is, after Osgood Perkins discovers that she has a voice—which almost wrecks her little love idyll. Though the songs are misarranged, with the operatic numbers preceding the lighter ones and thus leaving no vocal fireworks for the finish, her singing is something to hear twice. Fonda, likable in a weak rôle, has the most amusing scene in the amusing picture—when he packs his bag to leave. (RKO-Radio)

Crime and Punishment spares no onlooker's emotions. It traces what goes on in a murderer's mind before, during and after his crime—and it is a masterpiece of suspense, thanks to Dostoievsky's original story, Director Josef von Sternberg's treatment of it, and the acting of Peter Lorre, Edward Arnold and Marian Marsh. Lorre, with the flicker of an eyelid and the dropping of a lip, strips bare a soul in torment and exaltation. Arnold, as the crafty police inspector who plays a cat-and-mouse game with the self-control of the killer, is no less real. And Marian Marsh, as the one person who shares Lorre's secret, gives a heart-wrenching performance. (Columbia)

Ah, Wilderness is a flawless re-creation of family life in the early 1900's—a comedy of reminiscence that implies that human nature is not so different today. Eric Linden, valedictorian of his high-school class, is violently intellectual, and intends to remake the world more to his liking and to live life to the fullest—preferably with Cecilia Parker. When young love strikes a snag, he temporarily goes berserk, and his understanding, amused father (Lionel Barrymore) has to take a hand. Not much of a plot? The dialogue, the incidental happenings and the character portrayals make the picture the delight that it is. Linden's performance takes rank with the year's best. And Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Aline MacMahon, Mickey Rooney, Spring Byington, Cecilia Parker, Frank Albertson and Helen Flint leave nothing to be desired in support. (M-G-M)

The Story of Louis Pasteur is an excuse for drum-beating in the streets. Warner Brother and Paul Muni have, for the first time on any screen, made the life of a scientist exciting, dramatic, poignant, heart-warming. And, moreover, they have stayed close to the facts in the life of the man who discovered the cures for childbirth infections, rabies and other once-dread enemies of mankind and whose life was one long struggle against great odds. If you ever doubted the genius of Paul Muni, see him as *Pasteur* and be converted forever. (Warners)

The Bride Comes Home is the sort of thing that no one can do so well as Claudette Colbert—light comedy, completely true to life, about a girl determined to be on her own and not fall in love with the man who is a real match for her. This time, she is battling the depression with Fred MacMurray for a hard-crusted boss and Robert Young for a wealthy suitor . . . and the plot, moving fast, works up to a hilarious finish. (Paramount)

Dangerous might be just that for the career of any star except Bette Davis. Few stars have Bette's courage—not to mention ability. For here she gives a performance reminiscent of her memorable *Mildred* in *Of Human Bondage*. An ex-actress lifted out of the depths by idealistic Franchot Tone, she uses sensuousness as a leash to hold him, tortures him, changes him and his life. It is for realists and lovers of fine acting—not for those with sentimental, squeamish tastes. (Warners)

* * *

Mister Hobo—An entertaining character sketch by George Arliss of a lovable old vagabond who finds himself becoming a bank president and out-tricking some tricksters. (G-B)

Mary Burns, Fugitive—One of the most exciting and absorbing of recent gangster pictures, with Sylvia Sidney as an innocent bystander at a murder who is fleeing from both gangland and the police. Melvyn Douglas is an able support (Paramount)

Splendor—Excellent acting in a slight, complicated story of a middle-class girl who marries into the Park Avenue set and acquires mother-in-law trouble. Miriam Hopkins is starred; Joel McCrea, Paul Cavanagh, Helen Westley and Ruth Weston are featured. (U. A.)

Seven Keys to Baldpate—Gene Raymond has an amusing, suspenseful night, trying to win a bet that he can write a novel in twenty-four hours and finding himself involved in a succession of baffling mysteries. (RKO-Radio)

The Perfect Gentleman—Whimsical and veddy, veddy English comedy about a down-at-heels major who falls in love with a would-be vaudeville actress and makes good as an actor. Frank Morgan, Cicely Courtneidge amuse. (M-G-M)

The Great Impersonation—If you like your melodrama straight, Edmund Lowe & Co. give you a generous sample, featuring spies and haunted houses—with Edmund in a dual rôle. (Universal)

Miss Pacific Fleet—The familiar laugh-getting team of Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, as two ex-chorus girls who operate a concession on an amusement pier, have Allen Jenkins and finally the whole Navy on their side in a slapstick comedy about a popularity contest. (Warners)

Remember Last Night?—A fast-moving murder mystery, with unexpected, amusing, suspense-making twists, with the setting a Long Island house party on "the morning after." Edward Arnold is the detective. Robert Young and Constance Cummings (welcome back to the screen, Connie!) carry the romance. (Universal)

The Case of the Missing Man—An ingenious thriller about a candid-cameraman (Roger Pryor) who accidentally snaps an unsuspected robber leaving a jewelry store and joins the hunt for the man, while being hunted by gangland himself. (Columbia)

[*Continued on page* 79]

December CONTEST Winners

MOVIE CLASSIC'S second Questionnaire Contest—something new in the magazine world—went over with a bang, as did the first. All of which augurs well for the third Questionnaire Contest—the most interesting of them all. Coming soon!

As in the first contest, we were snowed under with answers. And the more we saw, the happier we became. For when tabulations of those answers show agreement among readers about their likes and dislikes, we have a pretty good idea of what personalities *you* want to read about, what kind of stories *you* want, and what kind of photographs *you* like. . . . We want to thank each and every reader who answered—and hope you are among the winners. If you aren't this time, you may be next time!

These are the December Questionnaire winners:

First Prize ($25)—Geneva Davis, P.O. Box 911, Springfield, Ohio, for *What I Think of Marriage Now—Clark Gable*

Second Prize ($10)—Edith Gablik, 222 West 77th St., New York City, for *If I Had My Life to Live Over . . . by Joan Crawford*

Third Prize ($5)—Ruth Sipek, 17806 Henry Ave., Springfield Gardens, Long Island, N.Y., for *My Ideal Girl—and Why I Never Married . . . by Nelson Eddy*

Next ten prizes ($1 each):

Betty Ann Wilcox, 23 Johnston Ave., Cohoes, N.Y., for *It's the Rat in Me . . . by Mickey Mouse*

Dolores Bart, 13526 Buffalo Ave., Chicago, Ill., for *Why I Refuse to Make a Talking Picture—Charlie Chaplin*

Madeleine Bransford, 41 Lincoln Ave., Newark, N.J., for *Portrait of a Lady—Norma Shearer*

Dorothea M. Gilfillan, Galena, Maryland, for *My Life, from My First "Tap"—Eleanor Powell*

Carolyn Wells, Del Rio, Texas, for *Will I Ever Marry?—Myrna Loy*

Grace Raguse, 41-25 63rd St., Woodside, L.I., for *Why I Am a Bachelor—Gene Raymond*

Joseph Kot, Jr., 3434 Highland Ave., Niagara Falls, N.Y., for *Why I Married My Reel Leading Man—Franchot Tone . . . by Joan Crawford*

Frances Martin, 1930 Curtis St., Berkeley, Calif., for *From Silents to Television—Mary Pickford*

Lillie Belle Baker, Hemphill, Texas, for *Sing and Stay Slim—Gladys Swarthout*

Daisy D. Ryan, 115 Grant Ave., San Antonio, Texas, for *Why I Prefer Seclusion to Society—Greta Garbo*

WATCH
for the
Unusual
New Contests
(yes, there will be more than one)
in March
MOVIE CLASSIC!

Now.. a Lovelier way to avoid Offending!

Alluringly Fragrantly Dainty

... after your luxurious bath with this lovely scented soap!

YOU are more than just safe from fear of offending, when you bathe with this lovely scented soap . . . You are always alluringly, *fragrantly* dainty!

For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather cleanses your skin so thoroughly . . . Keeps you so *immaculate*—so completely free from any danger of *unpleasant body odor*.

And its delicate, flower-like perfume lingers about you long after your bath—guards your daintiness *in such a lovely way!*

You will want to use this pure creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets right down into pores and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . Keeps your skin so fine-textured, smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same superb soap for which generations of women have gladly paid 25¢. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting . . . Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Surely you will want to order at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap today. At the beauty counters of all drug and department stores; also at 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Institute

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Stop that COLD in Its Tracks!

A cold is nothing to "monkey with." It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances inviting serious complications.

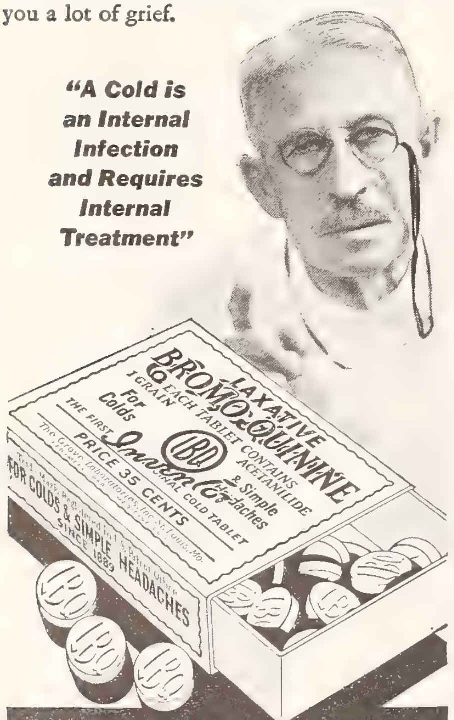
Treat a cold for what it is—an *internal infection!* Take an internal treatment and one that is expressly for colds and nothing else!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold! It is expressly a cold tablet. It is internal in effect. It does four important things.

Four Important Things

First of all, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Let it be your first thought in case of a cold. Ask for it firmly and accept no substitute. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of grief.


LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
EACH TABLET CONTAINS 1 GRAIN ACETANILIDE
For Colds & Simple Headaches
THE FIRST ORIGINAL COLD TABLET
PRICE 35 CENTS
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES SINCE 1889
LBQ

"A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment"

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Above, a behind-the-camera view of Mae West at work on *Klondike Lou*

Looking in on *Films to Come!*

BY ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT
Hollywood Editor of MOVIE CLASSIC

Do you want to know what's doing in the studios—what pictures and what stars you will be seeing on the screens of your local theatres in the near future? If so, then come with us—each month—"behind scenes" of Hollywood!—Editor.

LET'S start this month's studio tour from the western editorial offices of MOVIE CLASSIC, at 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, and make the vast plant of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in nearby Culver City, our first port of call. A number of big pictures are in production there—as usual. Others, intended for release within a few weeks, are in the "cutting room."

Rose Marie, co-starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, is nearing completion, with musical recordings being made. Listen as we pass the big sound stage and you can hear the voices of the two stars singing the Rudolph Friml songs that highlight the picture. Since we printed a full-length story about the picture last month, we will pass it up now with little mention. However, you will be interested to know that both Jeanette and Nelson are probably going to appear in opera this winter, and that W. S. Van Dyke, the director, is already hailing James Stewart, a young newcomer who plays Jeanette's brother in the picture, as a sensation.

On a nearby stage, scenes are being filmed for *The Great Ziegfeld*, which promises to be one of the smash hits of 1936. The story is factual, based on the authentic life-story of the great showman.

The chap with the gardenia in his buttonhole and the bag of chocolates in his hand is William Powell. He's playing *"Zieggie,"* and doing such a swell job that everyone on the lot has started calling him "Mr. Ziegfeld." And how he has come to hate chocolate candy! As *Ziegfeld*, one of whose idiosyncrasies was his fondness for chocolates, Bill has had to eat candy in nearly every scene.

The other principals in the cast are Luise Rainer, Myrna Loy, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen, Ann Pennington, Fannie Brice and Harriet Hoctor. Luise plays Anna Held, the first Mrs. Ziegfeld; Myrna has the even more difficult assignment of playing Billie Burke, the second Mrs. Ziegfeld—her task being complicated by the fact that, simultaneously, she has been playing a co-starring role in *Whip Saw.*

One of the most interesting features of this picture is the fact that it will concern so many world-famous people who are still living, or still remembered. A few, Fannie Brice, Ann Pennington and Harriet Hoctor, all Ziegfeld stars, are playing "themselves." Too, many of the chorus girls are actually former Ziegfeld girls.

Among the other pictures shooting on the lot are *The Tough Guy*, starring Jackie Cooper, and *Three Live Ghosts*, with Richard Arlen, a re-make of the hilarious war-time comedy. More about them next month, for they are just starting—as is *Wife vs. Secretary*, co-starring Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy.

● AND now, on to Westwood Hills and the giant studios of Twentieth Century-Fox, where *King of Burlesque*, starring Warner Baxter and featuring Jack Oakie, Alice Faye, Arline Judge and Mona Barrie, is nearing completion.

The cast of this picture includes among its "bit" players many old-time burlesque stars. For instance, there are Agnes and Minnie, who, more than thirty years ago, were the first "sister act." They contend that the song routines and the dances have changed in few essentials in that time—and that the one striking change in style is in the weight of the girls. Note them.

King of Burlesque presents a new child star, a twelve-year old named Gareth Joplin. Watch for him. He is a protégé of Frank Fay, who introduced him at the Trocadero Café one night and persuaded him to do a dance. The next day, every studio talent scout was after him.

Another big Twentieth Century-Fox picture with a theatrical background is *Song and Dance Man*, the talkie version of George M. Cohan's famous stage hit—with Paul Kelly getting his biggest break in the title rôle, with Claire Trevor playing opposite. Shirley Temple is just starting a new picture—*Captain January*—in the big new sound stage that is dedicated to the memory of Will Rogers. Jane Withers is re-creating Booth Tarkington's beloved heroine, *Gentle Julia.* Freddie Bartholomew and Victor McLaglen have just completed *Professional Soldier,* in which Freddie plays the boy-king of a mythical kingdom. Just starting is *A Message to Garcia,* inspired by Elbert Hubbard's famous brochure and co-starring Wallace Beery, John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck.

● AT small, but mighty Columbia, our next stop, the most interesting "super" production is *No More Yesterdays,* Ruth Chatterton's comeback picture.

Chatterton is amazing. In the earlier sequences of this picture, she plays an eighteen-year-old girl—and *looks the part.* By what magic, only she and her make-up man know, and they won't tell us anything beyond the single fact that she wears a blonde wig. As the eighteen-year-old, her resemblance to Marian Marsh, who later plays her daughter, is astonishing.

Two other Columbia pictures now in production are *Rolling Along,* a musical featuring Harry Richman, Walter Connolly and Rochelle Hudson, and *Hell-Ship Morgan,* a roaring melodrama of the sea, with Ann Sothern, Victor Jory and George Bancroft. It is interesting to note that *Rolling Along* is laid on a Mississippi show boat, and that the river scenes are all the result of "process photography." A camera crew photographed the river, and then pictures of the boat, constructed on the Columbia lot, were tricked into the river shots. Process photography, now highly perfected, saves the expense of long-distance location trips.

● AT nearby Paramount, the ace productions in the making are *Give Us This Night,* co-starring Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura; *Trail of the Lonesome Pine,* being filmed in color with Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda and Fred MacMurray; *Klondike Lou,* in which the one and only Mae West has Victor McLaglen for a leading man; and *Desire,* co-starring Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

Jan Kiepura, already established as a European star, is making his American début in the first. He is Polish, short, very handsome, very much in love with Marta Eggerth.

Most of the action is laid in a little Italian fishing village (the exterior scenes were filmed at beautiful Laguna Beach). Kiepura plays a young fisherman who is accused of petty theft and takes refuge in a church, only to be discovered there by a great concert singer—that's right, Gladys Swarthout—who hears him sing and persuades her manager to take him as her partner. The song numbers include "The Fisherman's Song," "Sweet Melody of Night," "I Want to Say I Love You," and a musical version of *Romeo and Juliet.*

The *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* company is on location in the mountains and will be there for weeks, since color photography takes much more care and time than the black-and-white variety. However, tales come back that Fonda and MacMurray, both from Nebraska, have teamed up as pals off the sceen—that Sylvia is lonesomely pining for Bennett Cerf, her publisher-husband—and that Fred Stone, a rancher at heart, is having the time of his life in his hill-billy rôle.

Mae West's picture, *Klondike Lou,* has a San Francisco setting and gives Mae new opportunities to wear the fulsome fashions of bygone days. Like all her previous pictures, it has been written by herself. According to studio insiders, McLaglen first complained that his rôle was Shirley Temple size, but, if so, the complaint must have been adjusted for he went through with it—and, from all reports, he and Mae are a hilarious team.

Desire is, perhaps, the most important picture in the career of Marlene Dietrich. After three half-way successes in a row, no expense is being spared to make this picture an outstanding hit. It is being directed by Frank Borzage, who was responsible for *Seventh Heaven*—and Gary Cooper's handsome presence is another asset.

● JUST across the fence, in the Radio Pictures Studios, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are tapping out new rhythms in *Follow the Fleet.* Like *Roberta,* it will carry a secondary love theme, this time with Randolph Scott and Harriet Hilliard (the radio songstress) carrying the torches.

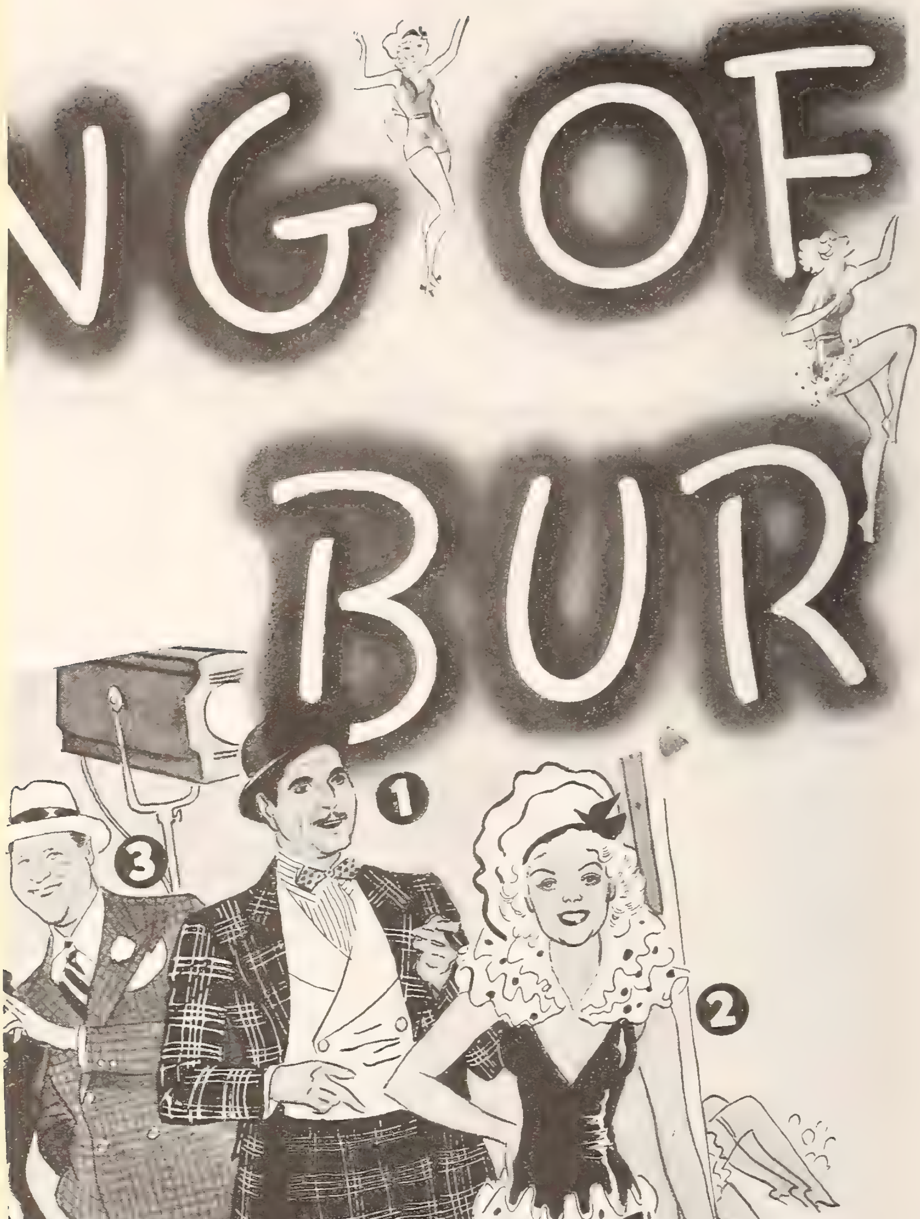
Harriet Hilliard is Mrs. Ozzie Nelson in private life and has been the soloist with the Nelson orchestra for two years. This is her first picture, and the plot has her changing from a comical prim type into a glamor queen, which she actually is. She sings two numbers, "Get Thee Behind Me, Satan" and "Here Am I, But Where are You?"—both by Irving Berlin.

Ginger and Fred do three dances together and each also has a solo number. One of their numbers, in particular, has created a sensation in the studio. It is a comedy pantomime dance, done to the tune of an hilarious ditty entitled "All My Eggs in One Basket." They spent nearly one hundred hours practicing that dance.

Three other pictures "in work" at RKO-Radio are *The Indestructible Mrs. Talbot,* starring Ann Harding, who is radiantly happy since winning sole custody of her young daughter, Jane Bannister; *Two O'Clock Courage,* co-featuring Walter Abel and Margot Grahame of *The Three Musketeers* fame; and *Chatterbox,* starring young and talented Anne Shirley as an old-fashioned girl. And coming up is *Mary of Scotland*—Katharine Hepburn's first historical picture.

● BEHIND guarded gates and barred doors at United Artists, Charlie Chaplin is putting the finishing touches on his new, non-talking picture, *Modern Times*—which he wrote and directed, in which he plays the principal rôle (with Paulette Goddard as his leading lady), and for which he composed the incidental music. No other star in Hollywood could do what he has done on this picture. . . . Eddie Cantor, Ethel Merman, Sally Eilers and Parkykarkas, Eddie's "stooge," have just completed *Strike Me Pink* with the Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls much in evidence. Watch for the amusement park sequence, which was a scream in the making. . . . Just starting is *Little Lord Fauntleroy,* starring Freddie Bartholomew, who will, by decree

[*Continued on page* 83]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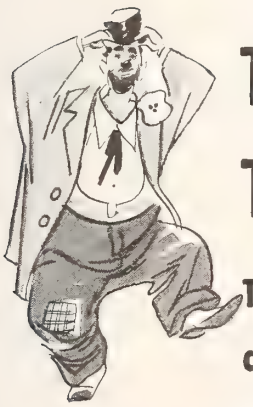


THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's THE KING OF LAUGHTER...DRAMA...SONG!

THE FIRST GREAT MUSICAL ROMANCE OF 1936 . . ablaze with color . . crowded with the drama . . of a wonder-world you've never seen before!

1. WARNER BAXTER

plays the colorful King of Burlesque, a true-to-life role surpassing even his "42nd STREET" success! From cheap side-streets, he skyrockets to dazzle Broadway with his happy hoofers and his singing sweeties in a show of spectacular novelties!

2. ALICE FAYE

knocks Park Avenue playboys and London lords for a row of top hats—but almost loses the man she loves!

3. JACK OAKIE

is the Burlesque King's best pal, who helps to put the ha-ha-ha and heh-heh-heh into the Great White Way!

4. DIXIE DUNBAR

is the switchboard operator, who can do more with a dance number than a telephone number!

5. MONA BARRIE

stands high in the social register but low in the cash register. She takes the King of Burlesque for a matrimonial sleigh ride.

6. GREGORY RATOFF

pretends he's the "angel" who will back the comeback of New York's great showman!

7. ARLINE JUDGE

is the burleycue gazelle who leaps at the idea of becoming Oakie's wife! (Can you imagine!)

8. FATS WALLER

makes a "hot piano" sit up and cry for mercy!

9. NICK LONG, JR.

hoofs and he hoofs 'till he brings the house down!

A Fox Picture • Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Directed by Sidney Lanfield • From a story by Vina Delmar

And Your "Ten Best"—?

NOW is the time of year when all good moviegoers come to the defense of their preferences. If they have memories (and all good moviegoers do), they look back over the year just past and ask themselves which pictures and which performances they remember most vividly. And then, if they have inquiring minds, they ask themselves why.

They are the smart screen shoppers. They know what they want, why they want it, and where they can find it.

Let's take out pencils and paper . . . give ourselves ten minutes to list the pictures that we are likely to remember beyond next Michaelmas . . . and then compare notes. And afterward repeat our little game with performances we have seen.

You and I don't try to be technically critical when we see a movie. We don't condemn a picture because we suspect that the director didn't know what he was doing or because we didn't like the sound effects—or praise a picture solely because it has beautiful photography or because the incidental music is appropriate to the dialogue. You and I aren't concerned with the technical problems of making a picture. What concerns us is our ability to enjoy ourselves wholeheartedly when we see it, to react to it emotionally, to lose ourselves in its scenes and its characters. To us, the "best" pictures and performances are those that we like best . . . those that we remember for their emotional effect upon us.

● ON my own personal ten-minute list, I find twenty-six pictures. On the average of every other week, during 1935, I apparently saw a picture worth remembering. Maybe I'm wrong, but that seems like a higher average than in previous years.

After cutting off this one and slicing away that one (no easy task!), I have whittled down the twenty-six to the ten I would be most willing to see again—the ten top personal favorites, in other words:

Mutiny on the Bounty, an epic of man's struggle for justice and peace, embracing every emotion of mankind, with the restless, tireless, ageless sea for its setting; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—Hollywood's first successful rendering of Shakespeare and first magnificent film fantasy; *Les Miserables,* the screen transcription of Victor Hugo's powerful indictment of the stupidity of man-made laws; *Becky Sharp,* first full-length feature picture in perfected color—visually beautiful, even if its ironic portrait of a designing woman left the emotions cold; *Lives of a Bengal Lancer,* such well-knit and skilful melodrama that the absence of a love-story was never felt; *The Informer*—which, though modern in setting, gave us an inkling of Judas Iscariot's emotions after he received the thirty pieces of silver; *David Copperfield*—a wistful saga of life and love in the England of a century ago; *Naughty Marietta*—one musical comedy with a colorful, romantic, virile story and music and singing that were haunting; *Crime and Punishment*—an unforgetable glimpse of the mind of a killer—the slyness, the terror, the self-torture; and *Ah, Wilderness!*—Eugene O'Neill's "comedy of reminiscence" about American family life, a generation ago.

● AND the "ten favorite performances"? Now, there *is* a question to answer. But these are the half-score of players whose work in 1935 is likely to linger longest in my personal memory book:

Charles Laughton in *Ruggles of Red Gap, Les Miserables* and *Mutiny on the Bounty;* Elisabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never;* Freddie Bartholomew in *David Copperfield;* Eric Linden in *Ah, Wilderness!;* Peter Lorre in *Crime and Punishment;* Katharine Hepburn in *Alice Adams;* Mickey Rooney in *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* Victor McLaglen in *The Informer;* Paul Muni in *Black Fury;* and Frederic March in *The Dark Angel.*

Not to mention Edward Arnold in *Diamond Jim,* Claudette Colbert in *Private Worlds;* Greta Garbo in *Anna Karenina;* Pat O'Brien in *Oil for the Lamps of China;* Luise Rainer in *Escapade;* Fred Astaire in *Top Hat;* Julie Haydon in *The Scoundrel;* and . . . but here, here! I can't keep on doing this. Performances weren't the only good things about 1935!

● 1935 was a great movie year—and 1936 ought to be an even better one.

1935 saw Hollywood become conscious of the classics at last. It saw Hollywood become aware of the fact that, though Shakespeare, Dickens, Hugo and Thackeray may be dead, there still is plenty of life in their stories. And it proved anew the point that when there is a great story in the beginning, there can be a great picture in the end.

1935 saw the songbirds flying west and going into the movies—songbirds like Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Nino Martini, Lawrence Tibbett, Michael Bartlett, James Melton, joining the few already there, such as Grace Moore, Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald. We may not have full-length opera on the screen yet, but it's coming. And, meanwhile, we hear operatic voices.

1935 saw the release of the first full-length picture in "natural color." That color may not have been completely lifelike, and it may have interfered with the story it decorated, but it opened our eyes to the bright moviegoing future we have ahead of us.

1935 saw Hollywood's discovery of such players as Luise Rainer, Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Freddie Bartholomew, Margot Grahame, Walter Abel, Merle Oberon, Peter Lorre, Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Irvin S. Cobb, Tutta Rolf, Cesar Romero, Eric Blore. And others.

The movies have had good years before—but never one that was better, or more promising, than 1935. In fact, it was the previous "ten best" rolled into one!

James E. Reid

Gladys Swarthout

Upon filmdom's newest star, the whole world is bestowing orchids . . . orchids for her classic loveliness, her deep spirituality, her dramatic poise, her magnificent singing in her first picture, "Rose of the Rancho." And beside the wonder girl from Deep Water, Missouri, even orchids seem pale tributes. Impatiently, the Metropolitan Opera is recalling her for the winter season — but before she leaves Hollywood (to return in the Spring), she is filming "Give Us This Night," with Jan Kiepura as co-star

New Thrill Expert

He was Warner Brothers' Christmas gift to a world that wanted one more hero. Errol Flynn is his name. And, in case you have not heard, he is the reason why "Captain Blood" should be on every moviegoer's "must see" list. Born a Briton and an adventurer, he was made to order for the stirring rôle of the young English doctor, tortured victim of injustice, who turned pirate and righted a few wrongs. He played the rôle on a one-picture contract—but now he is signed up for years to come. That is the tip-off on his expertness in furnishing thrills

—And His Vivid Companion

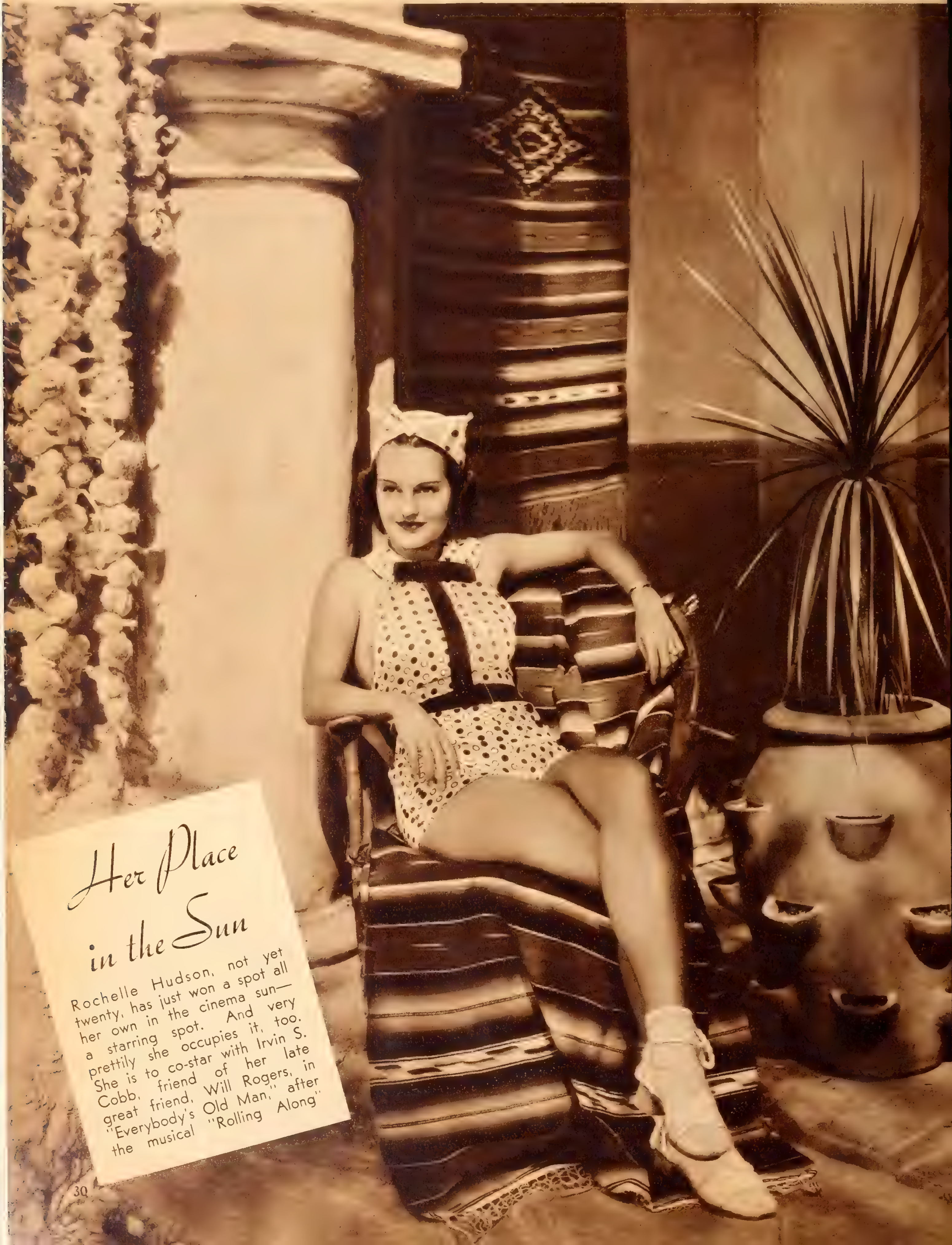
Olivia de Havilland showed great promise in her first picture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Now, in another movie masterpiece — "Captain Blood"—she fulfills every bit of that vivid promise

Three Great Ziegfeldians

The next time you see William Powell, he won't have his mustache and he won't be William Powell. He will be smooth-shaven Florenz Ziegfeld, glorifier of the American girl, in the screen biography of that shrewd showman—"The Great Ziegfeld"

Pardon Myrna Loy's ecstasy. That's how she feels about being reunited with William Powell in "The Great Ziegfeld." And, as in "The Thin Man," she will once more play his wife . . . having the rôle that Billie Burke played in the Ziegfeld real-life story

When Myrna Loy had a tiff with her studio, Luise Rainer—fresh from Vienna—was given her rôle in "Escapade." And William Powell insisted that she be co-starred. So it is easy enough for her to worship him in "The Great Ziegfeld" . . . as his protégée, Anna Held



Her Place in the Sun

Rochelle Hudson, not yet twenty, has just won a spot all her own in the cinema sun—a starring spot. And very prettily she occupies it, too. She is to co-star with Irvin S. Cobb, friend of her late great friend, Will Rogers, in "Everybody's Old Man," after the musical "Rolling Along"

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If *You* Were JOAN CRAWFORD–

Put yourself in Joan's place! If you had her fame, her emotions, her ambitions, her memories—how would you have solved the great problem she recently faced?

By EVALINE LIEBER

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone arrived in New York simultaneously for vacations. They were happy, gay, excited. Joan, who thrives on travel, had not been East for two years. Franchot, who has never lost his fondness for New York, felt as if he were coming home after a long absence. And the prospect of seeing New York together added an extra thrill. For they had admitted to themselves long ago—even if both of them had not admitted to the world—that they were in love.

A huge corps of reporters, eagle-eyed for a possible elopement, met the train at Grand Central Station. "Are you married? . . . Do you intend to marry?" they asked Joan. She shrugged away the inquiries as she had for many months, changing the subject to talk vivaciously of her vacation plans.

Franchot, anticipating the questions and wishing to save Joan any embarrassment, had left the train in the suburbs and had motored to the city. One reporter, cornering him, drew from him his oft-repeated and humorous assertion that, though he was constantly asking Joan to marry him, he had not yet persuaded her to say "Yes." That reporter learned, before his paper went to press, that Joan and Franchot were registered at the same hotel—in rooms on the same floor. ("Make it plain that I am down the hall—not in the next suite," Franchot was quoted as saying.) But the reporter, being human, wondered—and made his readers wonder—if Joan and Franchot were vacationers or honeymooners. The whole country, led by the columnists, joined in the guessing game. And was faintly irritated at being forced to guess.

● Before she had ever arrived in New York and encountered this situation, Joan had suggested to her studio a little party for the press. She wanted to go out of her way to convince the metropolitan cynics that she was "regular"—that success had not changed her in one iota, despite all rumors to the contrary. Now, the newspaper hullabaloo made her doubly determined to have the party.

Invitations were duly issued, and newspaper reporters, magazine writers, critics and editors congregated to meet her and talk with her. And, as one seasoned reporter later

The memory of her unhappy first marriage (to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) overshadowed Joan Crawford. She wanted to be sure that she and Franchot Tone would be happy "forever after"

Portrait by Hurrel.

"A woman who combines glamor with sensitiveness as she does, could not but be misunderstood

said, "I never saw a star more natural. There weren't enough chairs, so she dropped onto the floor and soon had a circle of people squatting on the floor around her, chatting informally with her." She greeted each new arrival personally, talked with animation to those surrounding her, and showed a lively interest in her party. Many there may have wondered if she was married to the absent Franchot, but no one asked the question. She gave the impression of feeling that she was among friends—and so she was.

No one there was willing to shatter that impression. After all, she had been a good sport to give them a party. (Few stars of Joan's popularity go out of their way to be pleasant to unknown writers.) Now, they would prove that they were good sports, too—and not force her into a corner and demand to know whether she was in love with Franchot Tone or not. That was a private concern of hers. Their concern, they decided, was with Joan Crawford, the actress—who was a tremendously likable, natural person.

Then came two late arrivals, who had not been initiated into this atmosphere—and had not, apparently, been initiated into the customary courtesies of guests toward hostess. For the first remark one of them made was: "If you aren't married to Franchot Tone, why are you living at the same hotel?"

There had been sunshine in that room. Bright, warm, friendly rays. Now, there was a black cloud. Electricity snapped its ominous warnings.

If you had been Joan Crawford at that moment, what would *you* have done?

● Joan tried to push away her predicament with humor. She said, with a smile, to a studio publicity man, "Will you please open a window—and gently toss these two out?" The reporters smiled in rebuttal as she turned to talk to someone else. They wandered to another part of the room and the whole incident seemed ended. But they were not to be thwarted. After partaking of her refreshments, they returned to Joan, stood directly before her, and asked: "We want to know, Miss Crawford, if you are married—and, if you aren't, why you and Franchot Tone are registered in the same hotel?"

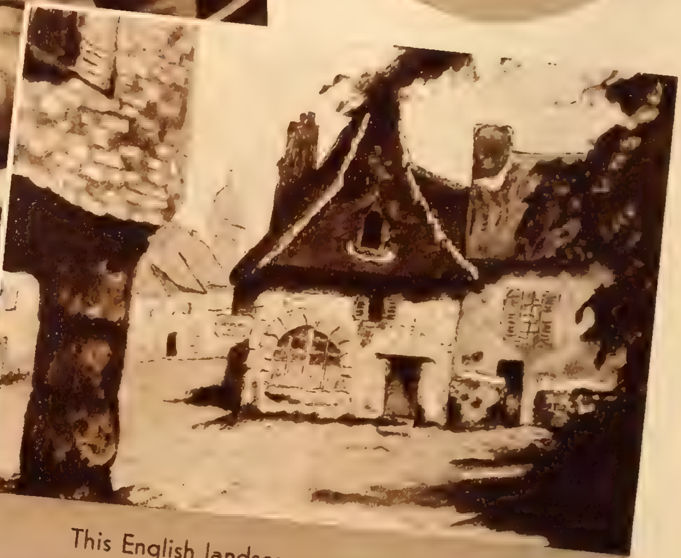
The storm burst. The question that she had been dodging so adroitly had been flung directly into her face. She jumped up, burst into tears and fled from the room. There was a startled silence. For an actress to run from her own press party was to break every precedent! The reporters looked at each other aghast. What a story! Those closest to the door broke the silence by telling the rest that she had said, in effect, when leaving, "I made one marriage mistake. Why should I talk about marrying again?"

She returned later, but she was not the same Joan as before the storm. She was the bewildered, smoldering-eyed, semi-repentant little girl who had run from a roomful of guests because someone had hurt her feelings.

The newspapers made the to-be-expected, sensational fuss. One columnist wrote her an open letter, reminding her that the same press boys and [*Continued on page 74*]

A well-lighted bathroom became the Lloyd studio

Off-screen, Harold Lloyd needs no horn-rimmed specs. On-screen, he wouldn't be Harold Lloyd without them. He wears a new pair in his new comedy, *The Milky Way*—playing a shy milkman who becomes a prize-fighter by accident. His first pair is under lock and key.



This English landscape was his first effort

HAROLD LLOYD'S Unknown Hobby

You know that he is the most energetic comedian alive. But you haven't heard what new direction his energy has taken!

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

IF YOU scrutinize a certain English landscape painting on the wall of Harold Lloyd's dressing-room bungalow, and tell him brutally, "I don't believe for a moment that you painted this"—that is Harold's moment of supreme joy. And the better qualified you may be as an art critic, and the more skeptical you are, the sweeter the flattery.

For Harold *did* paint the picture himself—without tracing, without assistance, without even the aid of a smock.

You may wonder what on earth a successful movie comedian is doing at the easel. Well, in the first place, Harold doesn't use an easel. He paints on a cardtable in the capacious bathroom, with a couple of daylight lamps adding a cinematic touch of which the garrets and artists of Montmartre never dreamed.

In the second place, only a successful comedian, or someone who commands an equal bounty, can afford to have hobbies such as this. Having removed his nose from the grindstone some years ago, Harold is now free to poke it into various pursuits that have nothing to do with his business. And, equipped with natural zest and eagerness and tremendous powers of concentration, he has become a really accomplished "hobbyist." Usually he runs to sports. But now, after sessions with chess, Ping Pong, Backgammon, golf, egg-coloring, and looking-things-up-in-the-encyclopedia, Art is having its day.

Up to the time this was written, he had painted a couple of English landscapes, a bunch of bananas, and a portrait of Joan Crawford in two sections—the hair on one sheet of paper, and the face on another. The "still life" was particularly difficult.

"I want to emphasize," says Harold with a twinkle, "that one of the bananas has the peel partly pulled off, so I had to do the texture of the inside of the banana, as well."

Never let it be said that a Lloyd does things half-way. Harold gave his all for Art. At the onset of the fever, he practically bought out the art shop every week. He has paints galore—in tubes, blocks, and pans. After getting one complete set of paints, he

[*Continued on page* 70]

How to Grow UP *Gracefully*

Jean Parker went over to England to be Robert Donat's first American leading lady. (He is with her in the portraits at the right.) And working with him and the great French director, René Clair, on *The Ghost Goes West,* she felt "grown up" for the first time. The picture is sophisticated mystery-comedy, for one thing. For another thing—well, the details are in this story.

"Just be natural," advises JEAN PARKER—who should know

BY HELEN HARRISON

"I HAVE just begun to live!" Jean Parker exclaimed, and a new something in her voice left no doubt that she meant what she said. . . . Had she just signed a new contract? Had she won the Academy Award? Was she in love?

No, she had not signed a new contract. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer holds her to a "long-termer." Nor had she won the Academy Award—although you must not be surprised if she does win it one of these days. As for being in love? I'm amazed at such a question! *Our* Jean, just out of the nursery, and with so much "unfinished business" ahead of her?

None of those explanations explains the new Jean. It is just that she has grown up. Suddenly and gracefully.

"Jean," I said, "you have achieved the impossible. You have emerged from charming girlhood into young womanhood with none of the Tarkington symptoms. For you the so-called 'awkward age' has never existed. How have you managed to avoid all of its hazards?"

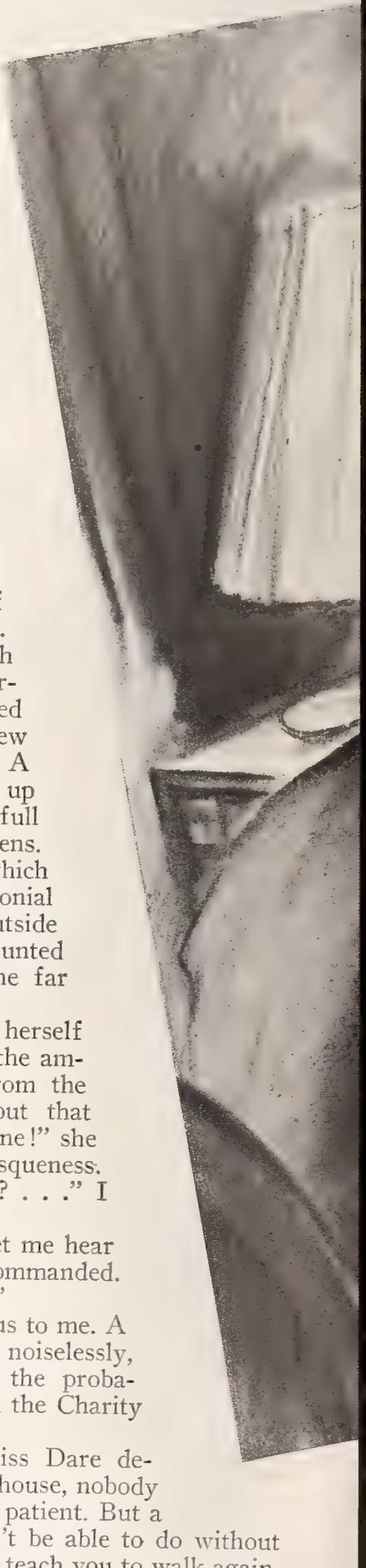
"Really," she replied, "I think anyone can grow up gracefully, simply by not worrying about it—by being interested in too many things to be self-centered. . . . Just be natural. Worrying about the possibility of being awkward makes you self-conscious, and self-consciousness is the bane of adolescence. The one thing to realize is that artificiality is *never* an asset—either in the old or the young.

"Personally," she said, smiling the beloved Parker smile, "I don't believe in age! If you are completely yourself, you shouldn't have any regrets, or say to yourself the morning after a dance, 'Oh I *wish* I hadn't been so stuffy, or tried to seem sophisticated or bored.' Having been yourself, you at least have the satisfaction of thinking—in the face of success or failure—'What else *could* I have done?'

"Of course," she added very seriously, "I believe that the right clothes, make-up [*Continued on page* 87]

SCREEN-STRUCK

This is the final instalment of a vividly human novel about an unknown's struggle in Hollywood, city of hope and heart-break



THE STORY THUS FAR: Pretty, alert Lola Le Grange has a great secret ambition. She dreams of some day becoming an actress. And, working in a movie theatre in a small midwest city, she finds food for her dreams in the films shown there—even though she sees no way of ever fulfilling them. Her girl-friends are amused by her absorption in pictures, particularly the pictures of Clifton Laurence, romantic screen idol. Feeling that they would not believe her or understand, she does not bother to explain that she is more interested in Laurence's acting than in Laurence, himself, who is about to make a personal appearance in the theatre.

Only one person shares her secret—Buddy Kane, her friend since childhood, who is hopelessly devoted to her and encourages her. And one day he has great news: a photograph entered in a nationwide Search-for-New-Faces Contest, sponsored by Burnham Brothers' Studio in Hollywood, has won her a free trip to Hollywood . . . . a chance in pictures. She cannot believe the unexpected news. But it is true.

On the stage of the theatre, during his personal appearance, Clifton Laurence presents her with her ticket to Hollywood. Frightened by the possibility of failure, now that she actually has a chance to become an actress, she entrains for the movie capital. On the same train is Clifton Laurence. Unavoidably, they meet, become good friends during the long trip. He gives her advice about approaching a career; she feels that, if she can pass a screen test, the rest will be easy. In a moody moment, he confides his intention to remain single and his doubt that an actor can ever know when love is real or just pretended. Lola, unconsciously in love with him, tries to convince him that when he meets real love, he will recognize it. Impulsively, as they part, he kisses her.

She receives a great welcome as a contest-winner, is given a screen test (which she discovers is a genuine ordeal), passes it, and is assigned a small rôle. Would-be friends play up to her and she goes from the one extreme of self-consciousness to the other extreme of over-confidence. She ignores some excellent advice from Miss Nancy Dare, grand old lady of the screen. And because he thinks she has "gone Hollywood," Clifton Laurence drops her from his calling list. On top of this, the studio drops her, telling her that she photographs well, but has no dramatic ability.

She cannot believe that she lacks what it takes to be a successful screen actress. Rather, she believes that she simply has not had the right opportunity. She visits several actors' agents, and discovers that they are disinterested now in having her as a client or in seeking rôles for her.

Thoroughly chastened now and determined to prove herself, she takes a cheap room, skimps on food, and spends what little money she has for coaching and elocution lessons, meanwhile going the weary, hopeless round of studio casting offices. She gets a little work as an "extra," but not enough to support herself. Finally, she is evicted from her room for non-payment of rent. She has a dollar and a few cents, no friends, no prospects. What to do? She goes, in desperation, to the home of Clifton Laurence, hears him curtly tell his servant that she can get in touch with him through the studio. Heartbroken, she plans to use her last few cents to wire Buddy Kane for train fare home. As she crosses a busy street, there is a sudden, blinding crash, a scream of terror, blackness.

In the hospital, lying between life and death, she refuses to tell her name. She has no "will to live." Every one of her great hopes has been wrecked. Then one day Miss Nancy Dare visits the hospital, recognizes her, insists on her being moved from the hospital to the Dare home. The story concludes:

Chapter X

I HAD never seen real luxury before. I realized that as I entered the magnificent home to which Miss Nancy Dare took me when she rescued me from the hospital . . . . and my despairing self!

The few other houses I had seen in Beverly Hills were ordinary, compared to "Journey's End," as this grand old lady of the screen called her estate. There were great iron gates, with a lodge, at the entrance. The enormous white house itself rambled over a shaded hilltop, and the view from the terrace was superb. A blue-tiled swimming pool smiled up at the bluer sky. The house was full of flowers from the great gardens. And the beautiful bedroom to which I was carried was warmly Colonial and gay with bright chintz. Outside the windows, a little balcony flaunted colorful flower-boxes against the far horizon.

Despite her years, Miss Dare herself had actually ridden with me in the ambulance that transferred me from the hospital to her home. "Not but that you're strong enough to ride alone!" she said to me, with affectionate brusqueness.

"How can I ever thank you? . . ." I began.

She pursed her lips. "Don't let me hear a word out of you!" she commanded. "You're far too weak to talk!"

My new room was Heaven plus to me. A white-clad nurse moved about noiselessly, efficiently—so differently from the probationers who had cared for me in the Charity Ward.

"Nurses are a nuisance," Miss Dare declared. "When they come into a house, nobody else there can do a thing for the patient. But a good one is something you won't be able to do without for a few days yet. She's here to teach you to walk again. And when I'm through with my picture, I'm going to teach you plenty of other things!"

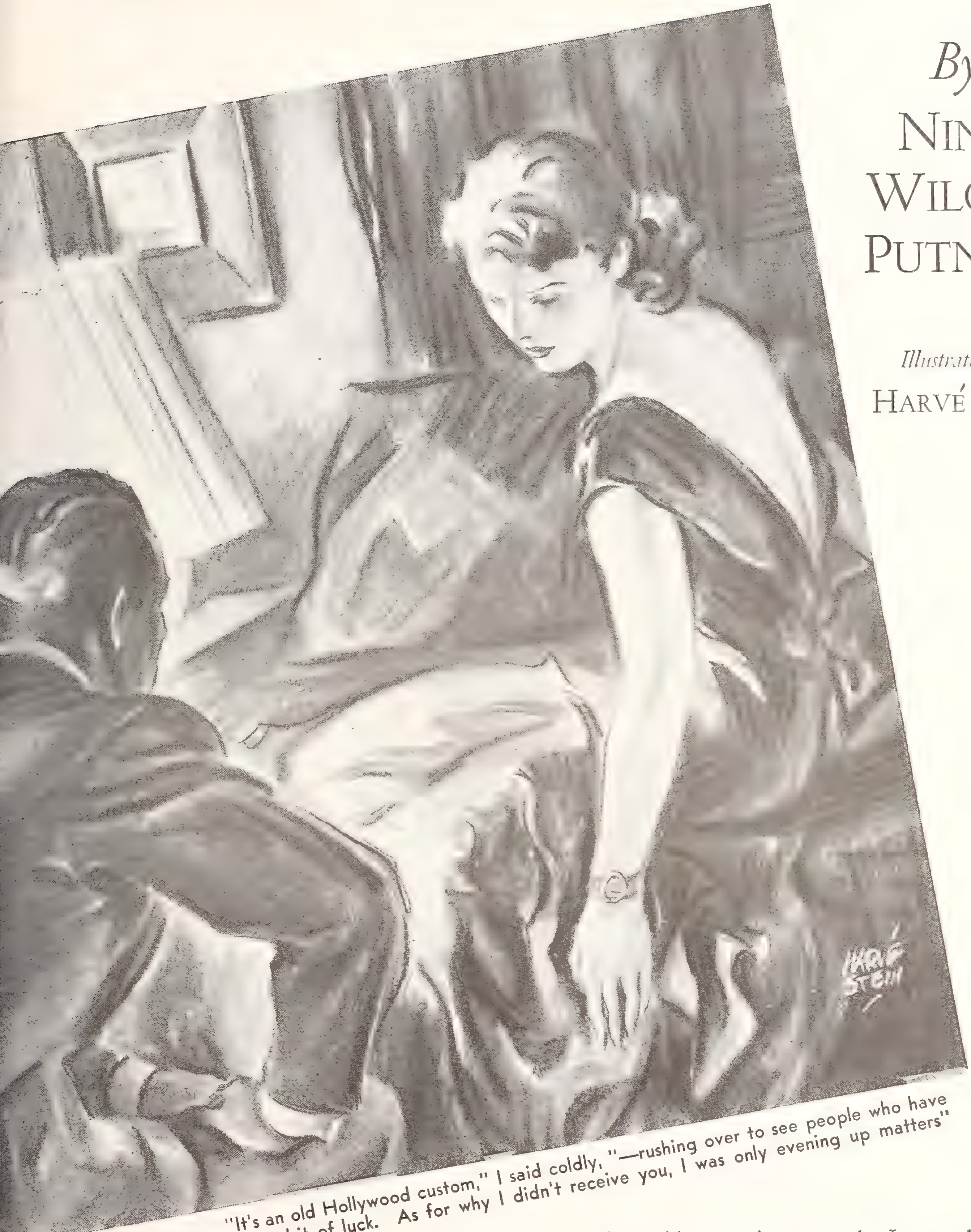
And she did. The first lesson, offered almost unconsciously on her part, was that kindness and goodness still

By

NINA
WILCOX
PUTNAM

Illustration by

HARVÉ STEIN



"It's an old Hollywood custom," I said coldly, "—rushing over to see people who have had a bit of luck. As for why I didn't receive you, I was only evening up matters"

reigned in the world—the world that I had thought I wanted to leave. But when her picture was completed and she was free to rest for a few weeks, my real instructions began. The nurse had left long before this, and I was able to walk slowly about the gorgeous rooms and vast gardens. I had made friends with a nice, new puppy; I had made friends with the earth once more; and, most important of all, I had made friends with myself.

But with returning strength, I naturally began to wonder what was to become of me. Miss Dare did not allow me to wonder long. On the very first day of her vacation, she called me into her upstairs sitting-room and made a place for me beside her on the big sofa.

"Lola," she began without preliminaries, "I've been watching you closely since you've been here, and I like you. I'm a lonely old maid who has always wanted a daughter. I don't say that you'll do, but I'm going to give you a try."

I made an effort to [*Please turn to the next page*]

speak, and failed utterly. I could not find my voice.

"Now, now!" she scolded, "don't go interrupting me like that! Let *me* talk! I don't mean I'm going to adopt you, or any stuff and nonsense like that. But we have something in common. You see, when I first came to Hollywood, I practically starved, too. No one remembered my success on the stage years before; no one cared—except one woman. She helped me. She convinced producers that I had something to offer. I've always felt that the only way to repay her was to help someone else the same way. But somehow the right girl—one I could really train and set on her feet—hasn't come along. I've helped girls in little matters, of course. Any number of them. But now I feel that the time for my big job has come. How do you feel?"

Still I couldn't speak, so I leaned over and kissed her. To my surprise, she put both arms around me and returned the kiss. There were tears in her eyes when she drew back.

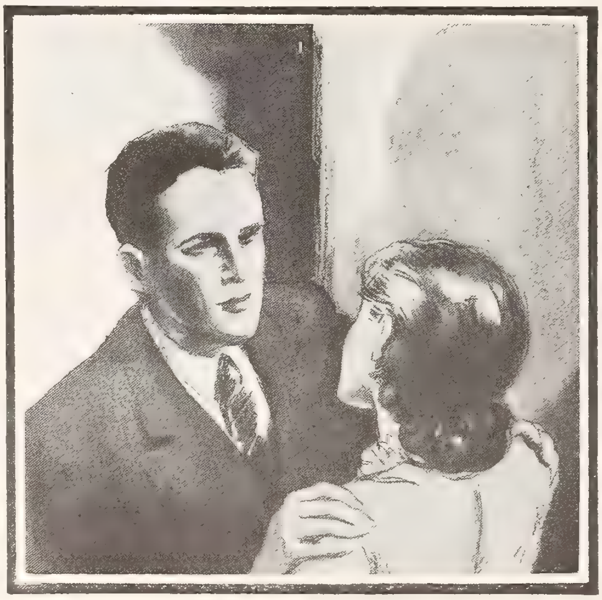
"Cold in my head!" she explained crossly, wiping the tears away.

At last I found my voice. "Why do you believe in me?" I asked. "*Do* you think I really 'have something'—or are you just being kind . . . too kind?"

"Well," she said in a practical, matter-of-fact tone, "I've seen your test. And I've seen your picture. The test showed something that was lost as soon as you had to learn lines. You're going to work unmercifully hard and get that lost thing back, and you're going to do exactly what I say!"

"Tell me to begin by catching you the moon," I cried, "and I'll do it, or know why."

"Knowing why people *don't* succeed," she replied crisply, "is half the secret of success. Work is the other half."



"Let's stop pretending, dear!" he said moments later, in that rich, low voice of his. "I love you and you love me"

Miss Dare had meant it when she said that I would have to work, and work hard. I found that out as the weeks went by, and she put me through my paces with all the skill and wisdom that her long stage and screen career had given her. Almost every hour of her vacation she devoted to my education. It was an intensive course. I learned a dozen famous rôles, and recited them over and over until she had no further fault to find. I learned acrobatic dancing; I swam in the big pool and learned to dive; my body, which had become so thin, regained its healthy curves. I had singing lessons and riding lessons and even bridge lessons, because Miss Dare said they not only trained the mind, but . . . . so many big producers liked to play bridge!

One night Mr. Tom Burnham came to dinner and proved this last. It seemed unreal to be sitting at a table so informally with the great producer who had told me that I would never succeed in Hollywood because I was no actress. There were only four of us at the table, including Mrs. LeMont, a rich and aristocratic neighbor. It took me only two minutes to realize how deeply Mr. Burnham was devoted to the great character actress. Not in love with her, of course, for she was twice his age. But he held her in high esteem, valued her judgment in all things, and loved her as a son would.

After dinner, we had a bridge foursome. I was Mr. Burnham's partner, and was treading dangerous ground, but I got by. He even smiled approval, once or twice. Later, over some refreshments, Miss Dare took advantage of this.

"Tommy," she said, "I want you to keep your eyes open for a spot for Lola. I've had her in hand and you won't make any mistake."

Even the wine and his victory at bridge did not stop Mr. Burnham from freezing up and becoming the producer at this. "I'll think it over," was all he would say. "There isn't anything right now." But he looked at me keenly as if seeing me with new eyes. This background was a very different one from the void in which most Hollywood unknowns live, I reflected. In fact, it might make all the difference in the world!

But nothing happened—until a few weeks later when Miss Dare gave a party. As the preparations for it progressed, I began to realize that this was the first *real* Hollywood party to which I had been invited. The names on the invitations were all important ones. Great stars, producers, studio executives, a few society people, a famous visiting scientist from Europe. Writers whose names were household words . . . . . *and Clifton Laurence.*

When the guests began to arrive, I still was uncertain about how I should greet him. My heart beat wildly at the thought of seeing him, but my brain refused to plan an attitude to take. Perhaps I could avoid any encounter —as instinct prompted me to do. After all, there were so many people coming! There would be eighty guests at little flower-wreathed tables set around the edge of the swimming pool, illuminated with crossed spotlights of soft pastel hues.

But too late to find a quick escape, I discovered myself face to face with him.

His eyes lighted as he saw me. "Lola!" he cried. "How glad I am to see you! The moment I heard about your being here with Miss Dare, I rushed over to call on you. Why wouldn't you let me in?"

"It's an old Hollywood custom," I said coldly, "—rushing over to see people who have had a bit of luck. As for why I didn't receive you, I was only evening up matters, after all."

He looked puzzled.

"Have you forgotten turning me away—when I came to your house in desperation?" I asked, heatedly. "A marvelous friend *you* turned out to be!"

"I never did anything of the kind," he denied vigorously. "Lola, you must have dreamed it! I looked everywhere for you. I was worried sick over your disappearance . . . . "

I interrupted him with a mocking laugh. " 'I never heard of her!' " I said, imitating his own sharp tone as he had said those same words to his servant. " 'Haven't I told you to keep women out of here? If it's anything important, tell her to get in touch with me through the studio!' "

A slow horror crept over [*Continued on page* 80]

A Real He-Man—*and Can He Sing!*

©
G. Maillard Kesslere

JAMES MELTON, the screen's new singing sensation, found success by a surprising, all-American route!

By John R. Baldwin

As THE elevator rose toward the twentieth floor, I berated myself silently for accepting an invitation to breakfast with James Melton, the much-ballyhooed discovery of *Stars Over Broadway.*

I thought I knew the type. Despite the fact that he was so outstanding with Jean Muir and Pat O'Brien in the picture that critics everywhere have hailed him as a sensation, I suspected that he probably was one of those fast-aging tenors made over into a handsome movie juvenile by Hollywood's make-up wizards. Melton, I suspected, probably was nothing but a pair of noisy vocal chords surrounded by ambition. And this breakfast no doubt would be a case of toast and coffee with just another flash-in-the-pan.

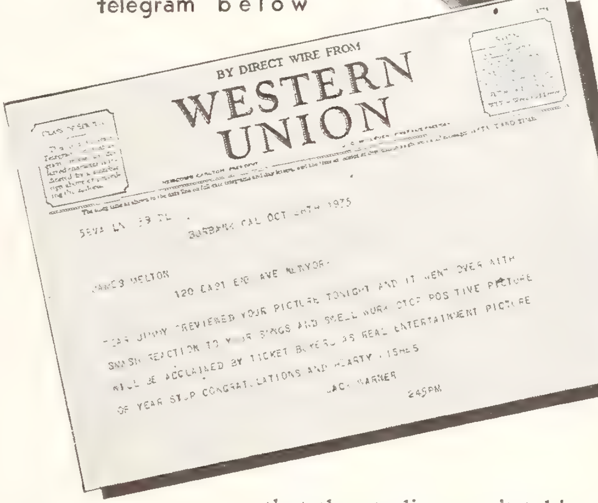
At this point in my dismal musings the elevator reached the twentieth floor. A moment later, the door to Penthouse C was flung wide—by a huge, good-looking chap wearing blue corduroy trousers and polo shirt. James Melton, in the flesh—six feet, two inches tall. Tenderly, I pulled at the fingers he crushed in a vise-like grip and followed him into the apartment. The place was bursting with violent song. It poured down on me from the ceiling, burst in at the windows, surrounded me, pushed me into a chair and then ceased abruptly.

"One of your recordings, Mr. Melton?" I asked brightly in the hush that followed.

"H——, no!" my giant host replied with a wide, ivory grin and a trace of Southern accent. "That's a great pal of mine, Lawrence Tibbett. He lives in the apartment below."

Jimmy Melton looked me over as one prize-fighter might another. Then one big fist shot out. "Tell me," he demanded, thrusting a telegram under my nose. "On the level, now, do you think this guy is kidding me?"

James Melton was worried about the telegram below



BY DIRECT WIRE FROM
WESTERN UNION

BURBANK CAL OCT [illegible] 1935

JAMES MELTON
120 EAST END AVE NEWYORK

DEAR JIMMY PREVIEWED YOUR PICTURE TONIGHT AND IT WENT OVER WITH
SMASH REACTION TO YOUR SONGS AND SWELL WORK STOP POSITIVE PICTURE
WILL BE ACCLAIMED BY TICKET BUYERS AS REAL ENTERTAINMENT PICTURE
OF YEAR STOP CONGRATULATIONS AND HEARTY WISHES
JACK WARNER
245PM

James Melton, from radio, is a tenor, but no crooner. In his first picture, *Stars Over Broadway,* he not only puts across the song, *Where Am I?,* but sings an operatic aria by Verdi. He is the first non-operatic personality who has shown enough vocal ability to be plausible on the screen as a Metropolitan Opera singer. His next picture is likely to be the famous operetta, *The Desert Song.*

As I read the wire, another surprise hit me between the eyes. It was from Jack Warner, chief high mogul of Warner Brothers Studio and famous also for speaking his mind. In no uncertain terms, his telegram raved about Jimmy's first picture.

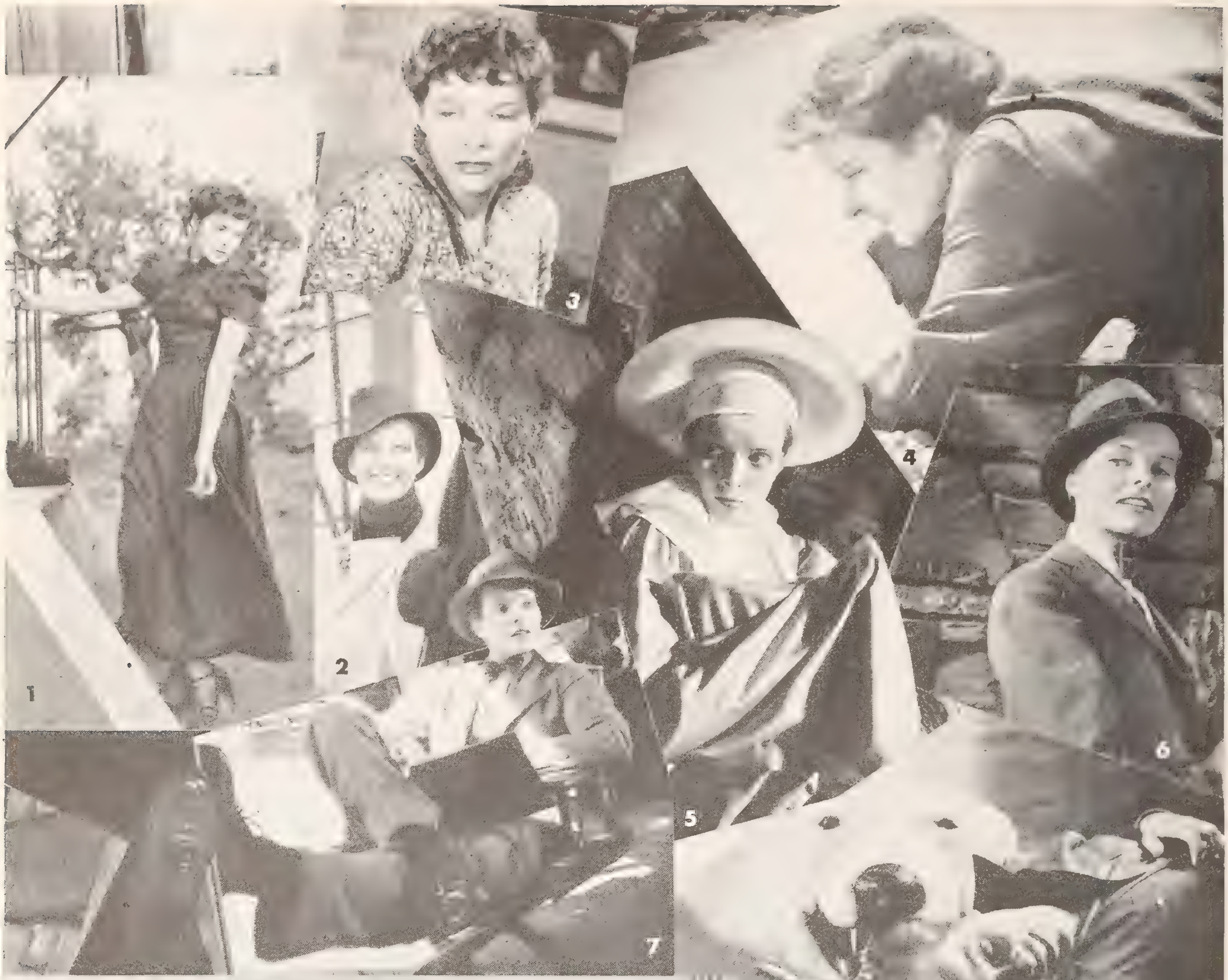
"Kidding you? Why, man, if Jack Warner didn't think you were good, all you'd get would be a pink slip telling you that the studio wasn't taking up your option."

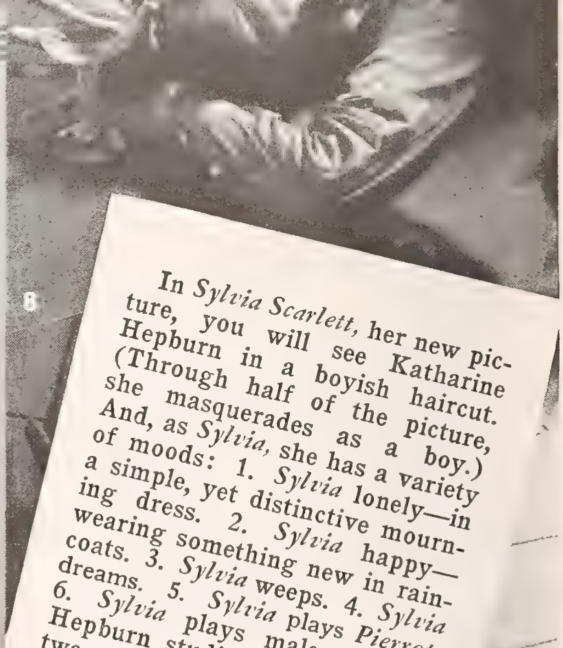
"Is that a relief!" Jimmy commented, breaking into a wide grin. "Golly, I've been worried about that. You never know when you can take praise seriously in this game!"

At that a moment, a radiantly lovely girl appeared on the circular staircase in the far corner of the room, carrying a vase bursting with American beauty roses. Jimmy Melton exclaimed. "You make such grand entrances, darling! How would you like me to have a chute built right into the living room. It would be so much more startling."

This, of course, was Mrs. Melton, who reprimanded her husband cheerfully for his nonsense and ushered us toward the dining room. And what a sight for hungry eyes that table was! This was no movie star's breakfast. Imagine, if you can, a floating island of bacon, heaped high with golden scrambled eggs.

"Jimmy," I ventured, "don't tell me you are going to eat this! If a cameraman saw [*Continued on page* 86]





THIS is HEPBURN

In *Sylvia Scarlett,* her new picture, you will see Katharine Hepburn in a boyish haircut. (Through half of the picture, she masquerades as a boy.) And, as *Sylvia,* she has a variety of moods: 1. *Sylvia* lonely—in a simple, yet distinctive mourning dress. 2. *Sylvia* happy—wearing something new in raincoats. 3. *Sylvia* weeps. 4. *Sylvia* dreams. 5. *Sylvia* plays *Pierrot.* 6. *Sylvia* plays male flirt. 7. Hepburn studies her script between scenes. 8. *Sylvia* in a champagne mood.

Here is a new and unusual slant on an unusual person—Katharine Hepburn. This is an interview with Muriel King, her latest designer. Exclusive with CLASSIC!

By CAROL CRAIG

"Katharine Hepburn is a girl who could not look ordinary"

"KATHARINE HEPBURN is a girl who could not look ordinary. She knows too well what she wants in clothes—and what goes with her personality. She can make a fashion, but she cannot follow one."

Thus says Muriel King, vivid young American designer, whose own reputation for individuality has made her one of New York's foremost fashion authorities, a favorite of the smart set, and the creator of the Hepburn costumes for *Sylvia Scarlett.*

She is not talking as an old friend. She is talking as an impartial observer of the Hepburn personality, which she had to observe closely and know intimately before she could create costumes for her.

The two individualists had never met until three or four months ago—when Katharine, unannounced, walked into the King salon and asked to see some sketches of new creations. Restlessly pacing up and down, she considered two hundred of them. liked one hundred, and sent them to Hollywood to George Cukor, who was to direct *Sylvia Scarlett,* showing him what this King girl could do. He wired the designer, "Come on out." The invitation was an innovation in Hollywood, which is crowded with expert fashion creators. This is one of the first times that any young American woman designer has been summoned to the movie capital to design costumes for a special picture. Katharine Hepburn may have started something.

Muriel King accepted because she was interested in Hepburn's individuality—and because she has a healthy respect for Hollywood as a setter of styles. She allowed herself six weeks away from New York and compressed all of her observing, designing and fitting into those forty-two days.

The first thing she did was to read the script of *Sylvia Scarlett,* studying the character that Hepburn was to portray and the various backgrounds in which that character would appear. Then she went into a series of huddles with the star. And out of those close contacts come these interesting, exclusive observations:

● "SHE is tiny, very feminine, with delicate, finely-cut features—and freckles, which contribute to her particular personality. I didn't see any flaring temperament, such as the gossips talk about. In fact, I'd say she is rather shy. Shy, but definite. The two go together in her case.

"She has far too definite a personality to fit into just any clothes. She has such good bones, such good carriage, so much distinction that her wardrobe cries for distinction, too. She doesn't try for it with fuss and jewelry. Everything she wears is very glamorous, but, at the same time, very simple.

"Every girl who has any kind of looks wants to set off those looks—make them distinctive—with what she wears. But few girls are sure of how to do that. Very few are Hepburns. They know what they *don't* like—but knowing what they *do* like is another matter.

"Miss Hepburn's awareness of what is appropriate for her, and her insistence upon getting it, are based partly on instinct, partly on experiment. She is not carried away by new fads, but, being intelligent, she is constantly open to new ideas—ideas that are practical for her, personally.

"She is hypercritical of her own appearance. Looking at herself, she is completely detached and practical—and this is a rare talent. For example, she concentrates on dresses with high necklines as a rule, because she feels that her neck is too long. And she insists on being comfortable.

"She doesn't want dresses that can't take wearing. Particularly, daytime dresses. She doesn't want the kind that need constant pressing. She wants the kind that can be worn in a room or in [*Continued on page* 84]

Resolutions —1936

What promises are movie stars making to themselves this year? We investigated for you!

IN December of almost any year, Hollywood, like the rest of the world, takes inventory of itself. The making of New Year's resolutions is as much a part of the holiday season—as definitely on the program—as buying the right present for Aunt Carrie in Oskaloosa, or for Uncle James in Wappinger's Falls.

So the arrival of 1936 finds Hollywood dedicated to good intentions. Some brand-new ones. Others slightly second-hand, dusted off from the year before and almost as good as new. Without exception, they are indexes to the character of various stars—a spotlighting of things they have (or have not) done, to their regret—a highlighting of ambitions, both serious and amusing.

Here they are for your enlightenment and edification. And you might get ideas for some belated resolutions of your own:

JEAN HARLOW (who makes no promises about remaining a "brownette" or returning to her former platinum blondeness): "The end of the day invariably finds me with loads of things undone. So I have resolved to turn over a new leaf in 1936. Every evening I'll enter my program for the following day in a little date-book, and I shan't go to bed until every item is crossed off, indicating that I've written the letters I should write, telephoned the people I should telephone—and forgotten nothing."

WILLIAM POWELL (who has been talking of living in England six months of the year to avoid California's heavy new income tax): "I resolve to continue worrying. Life would be dull and vapid and uninteresting to me—Hollywood's First Worrier—if I thought everything would be all right tomorrow or next week. I even expect to adopt a few extra worries in the coming year."

JOAN CRAWFORD (who recently married Franchot Tone): "I resolve not to talk about my marriage, in any way, for any purpose. I shall neither analyze it nor make prophecies for it. And that's a resolution I will not break."

JANET GAYNOR: "I resolve to keep my fingers crossed and avoid accidents." (Janet has had serious ones in the past year.) "And I resolve to take that long-planned trip around the world."

JOHN BOLES: "I resolve to get all messed up in every picture. I'm fed up with looking like an illustration of

[*Continued on page 88*]

They all have good intentions: (1) Merle Oberon; (2) John Boles; (3) Ruby Keeler; (4) Dick Powell; (5) Janet Gaynor; (6) Miriam Hopkins; (7) Joel McCrea

BY SONIA LEE

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S Teacher Predicts Her Future!

MOVIE CLASSIC presents, on the next two pages, one of the most interesting prophecies ever printed—an exclusive interview with Lillian Barkley, who is preparing her for that future

In the title rôle of *The Littlest Rebel*, the littlest star is concerned with the past, not the future. For the second time, she is a small, fiery Southerner, complete with ruffles and Southern accent. With her in her new picture are John Boles—to whom she wrote letters between scenes; Jack Holt—with whom she played games off-stage; Bill Robinson—who taught her some new dances and who later almost lost his life in a water scene; and Karen Morley—who said she liked being "old-fashioned for a change." So did Shirley.

Shirley Temple likes to go to school. Her school desk is in a sunny corner of her studio bungalow. And she has an understanding teacher—Lillian Barkley (above)

Photographed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC *by Carola Rust*

By MARIAN RHEA

IF THE most famous curly head in the world should bend over a seer's crystal—

If the most famous hazel eyes should look for revelation of life's secrets—

If the most adorable childish lips should frame a plea: "My future, O mirror of fate? What of my future?"—

What would the answer be?

It is a question that little Shirley Temple, all oblivious of the crown of glory that she wears, all unknowing of her importance in the four corners of the earth, would never ask. But it is one that *you* ask and *I* ask. When we contemplate this phenomenal child and the niche—indeed, the great chamber—that she has already won in the Hall of Fame, we cannot help asking. Our curiosity is just naturally natural.

But where can we find the possible answer? Where is the person, close enough to Shirley, yet impartial enough to see her potentialities—to be able to forecast her future? Her mother and father do not intend to dictate her future, but to allow her to develop naturally, normally, as her own abilities dictate. Yet there *is* one person who can tell the directions her development may take—namely, Lillian Barkley, Shirley's teacher and adviser and chum. And, questioning her, I have discovered the amazing fact that there is not just one answer; there are *six!*

Lillian Barkley, slender, vivid, and very, very sincere, does not like to be "interviewed." She would rather let her

Shirley is a born actress—and she has the type of beauty that will not vanish with childhood. She can still be an actress as an adult, if she so desires. But, says her teacher, Lillian Barkley, "Shirley could disappear from motion pictures tomorrow and still grow up to be a vivid personality. There are five other fields open to her . . ."

She is already a writer . . .

She has artistic talent . . .

work as teacher, dramatic coach for the stock players and interpreter for the foreign players at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios speak for itself. She has consistently avoided talking for publication about Shirley, her personality, her actions, her habits, her program at the studio.

● "But," I pleaded with her, "I have come to you for something different—something that you, of all people, can best tell me. You have seen Shirley almost every day for two years. You have heard her lessons, answered her questions, listened to her ideas, played with her, protected her, loved her, and so *you should know* . . . What will be the future of Shirley Temple?"

She gave me an astonishing reply. Quickly, and so confidently that I knew that she spoke from deep conviction, she said: *"Shirley could disappear from motion pictures tomorrow and still grow up to be a vivid personality. There are five other fields open to her!"*

Of course, you know my next question: "What fields, Miss Barkley?"

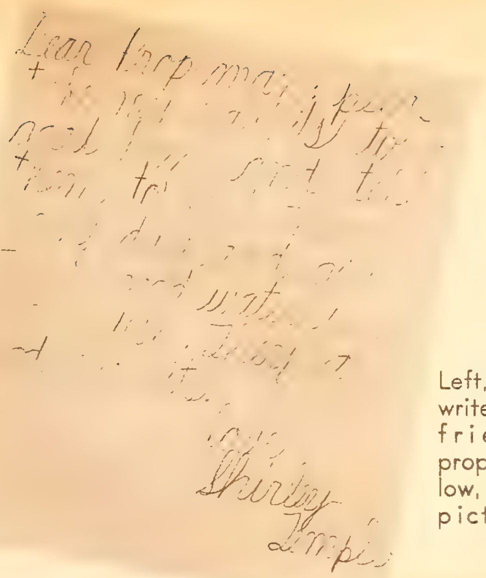
And then Lillian Barkley, sitting quietly behind her desk in the little office that they have built for her at the studio, told me things about little Shirley Temple which the world, for all its interest in and devotion to this remarkable child, has not known until now!

She showed me—as I shall show you—that Shirley has the unmistakable potentialities of becoming six distinct beings, because of six distinct talents that she has. Shirley is a born actress—and she has the type of beauty that will not vanish with childhood. She can still be an actress as an adult, if she so desires. But she will have a wide choice of careers. For, according to her teacher, Shirley could become a successful painter or, perhaps, a cartoonist; a splendid musician; a famous writer; a great dancer; or—last, but not least (when you consider the rich, full life that such an existence could offer)—a capable farmer!

● "I don't mean that Shirley shows just the *average* inclination toward any one of these possibilities," Miss Barkley said. "I mean that already she has displayed such marked leaning toward these various lines that you wonder how one small person, six years old, could harbor all of these interests."

She took a packet of papers from her desk, and handed them to me. "Some of Shirley's drawings," she said.

I looked at them. One portrayed a rabbit being fed carrots by a man who, Miss Barkley explained, takes care of Shirley's rabbits, when he is not being a studio prop-man. Another was supposed to be Charlie Chaplin skidding around a corner. Another was Miss Barkley, herself. Still another depicted a group of people engaged in various activities. These, Shirley's teacher said, were studio workers.

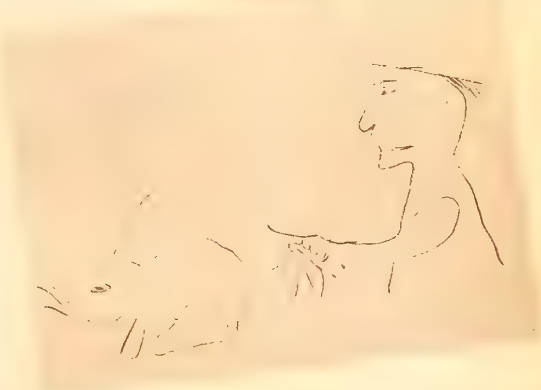


Dear Prop man,

[illegible]

Shirley Temple

Left, Shirley writes to her friend, the prop man. Below, as she pictures him



The pictures were not the work of a genius, of course. But even I, with my limited knowledge of drawing, could see that each possessed a certain sureness and a certain strength that were out of the ordinary.

Shirley loves to draw, Miss [*Continued on page* 64]

She is gifted musically . . .

She is a born dancer . . .

And farming fascinates her

Be an Actress in Real Life!

Says CLAUDETTE COLBERT

If you want to develop your personality—if you want to succeed in your ambitions—here are some big, valuable, tested tips!

By JAY CHAPMAN

"BE AN actress in everyday life—if you want to succeed," Claudette Colbert would advise the woman with ambition, no matter what that ambition may be. And Claudette should know about success. She has succeeded to such an extent that she received last year's "best acting" award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—is one of the top favorites of filmgoers today—and has studios standing in line, waiting to star her in prize rôles and pay handsomely for the privilege. Nor is this all. Howard Chandler Christy, the noted artist, calls her one of America's ten most beautiful women; and artist Neysa McMein calls her one of America's most charming women.

In twelve years of interviewing world celebrities, I have never stumbled on a more intelligent, valuable and unusual bit of advice for the average woman. The advice was doubly unusual, coming from a person so completely natural and untheatrical. And she nearly gave me heart failure, for fear that she would not let me pass it on to you—and you—and you. "It's all right to chat about it," she said, "but in print it might sound frightfully preachy."

I doubted that anyone, knowing Claudette Colbert either on or off the screen, would ever consider her "preachy"—but I understood what she meant. Words spoken can be more persuasive than words written. Words spoken can have charm, humor and sparkle that cold print lacks. Yet here was too important a message to forget, to shelve. If Claudette had qualms about giving advice in public, I was willing to take the risk . . . the very small risk. I would, I told her, state her theory of success in my own words. However, I cannot resist quoting some of her pungent remarks. Your appreciation of them will have to earn me her forgiveness.

Any modern, intelligent girl or woman may acquire a knowledge of the art of acting that will be of tremendous advantage to her, if she uses it deliberately to aid her in every phase of her daily life. This, Claudette Colbert ardently believes.

She holds with Shakespeare that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." If you are a living, breathing human being, you are acting most of the time, whether you like it or not. This being the case, you may as well learn to act well. Your success, your social usefulness and your happiness all depend to some extent on how skillfully you portray the many and varied real-life rôles that are thrust upon you, as situation follows situation in the plot of your existence. [*Continued on page* 60]

Claudette Colbert has just completed *The Bride Comes Home*—a comedy about a rich girl who is determined to be a working girl—and has her troubles convincing wealthy Robert Young and hard-working Fred MacMurray that she means it. You will appreciate her battle doubly after reading this article. (P. S.—for women only: You will be interested in the "working girl wardrobe" designed by Travis Banton especially for Claudette.)

Heroines sometimes use tricks to attract men. But those ruses might not work in real life!

But—Don't Try Vamping! *says* BETTE DAVIS

By MARK DOWLING

COULD any woman in private life employ with success the tricks of attracting men that a clever actress uses so successfully on the screen? Could *you?* . . . Do screen beauties themselves use similar tricks in their own private lives, after seeing how effective those wiles appear in the eyes of the camera?

I asked Bette Davis. And she told me, "There are man-snaring tricks that might prove almost foolproof, if employed by a woman in private life." Then she added, emphatically, *"But any woman would be a fool to use them!*

"A love founded on artificiality or false illusions is doomed from the beginning," she continued. "I first realized that when I was seventeen or so. Ever since, I have scorned women who 'put on acts' to capture their men. They are shallow, stupid and selfish. I tried to put across every one of those points when I played *Mildred* in *Of Human Bondage* . . . just as a man—Somerset Maugham—did when he wrote the book and created the character. I tried to make audiences feel what I feel, myself—that it is incredible that a man can love a woman who never risks being herself.

"Any woman instinctively senses at the beginning of an acquaintance whether a man is interested in her or not," Bette added. "If he is not naturally attracted to her, she will be wise if she leaves him alone.

"To me, [*Continued on page* 62]

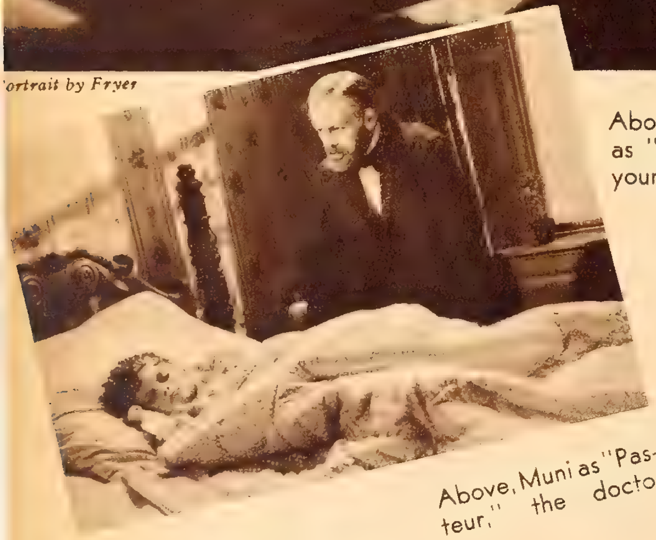
Bette Davis again co-stars with Leslie Howard (below) in *The Petrified Forest,* just completed. But she is the opposite of the girl she portrayed so devastatingly in *Of Human Bondage.* She uses no cruel tricks to attract him. They meet again in a restaurant, however . . . this time in Arizona. She is a Westerner, eagerly alive; he is an Eastener who thinks he is tired of living.

ortrait by Fryer

Great Actor—Great Hermit

There's a reason why PAUL MUNI takes you out of yourself with his acting. He lives as no other actor in Hollywood lives. This great story tells you how—and why

By HARRY LANG



Above, Paul Muni as "Pasteur," the young scientist

Above, Muni as "Pasteur," the doctor

PAUL MUNI looked ghastly ill, as I watched him between scenes of *The Story of Louis Pasteur*—the dramatic screen version of the scientist's life. There he stood, 'way off on one side of the set, leaning with weary heaviness against a light scaffold, where the lights would not burn his eyes. Electricians shifted lamps, "prop" men hurried about, but Muni did not appear to see them. His face was heavy with lines of suffering. He talked to no one; just clung there.

After a while, Director Wilhelm Dieterle quietly walked to his side, quietly told him: "We're ready for the next take, Paul."

Muni looked up wearily. Slowly, painfully, then, he let go of the support to which he had been clinging. Every step was an obvious effort as he tottered, bent and weak, to a wheel chair before the camera. An assistant director had to help him as he lifted a foot, put it unsteadily on the foot rest of the chair, and lowered his body into the seat.

Seeing Paul Muni in *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, you will understand—because of this story—how he has worked the miracle of losing his own personality in that of the man he portrays. A man who actually lived—a man unlike Muni in appearance—a man who made life safer for all of us by his own daring adventures in science.

Dieterle nodded. "All right, turn 'em," he called, and the cameras began whirring softly inside their "blimps." "SILENCE, please!" shrieked an assistant director. The "take" was on; under the hot lights, the sick man, Muni, went painfully through a brief scene. . . .

I turned, resentful and astonished, to the studio publicity man who had come on the set with me. "I didn't know Muni was ill," I protested. "Why in the name of decency do they let him work when he is so obviously sick?"

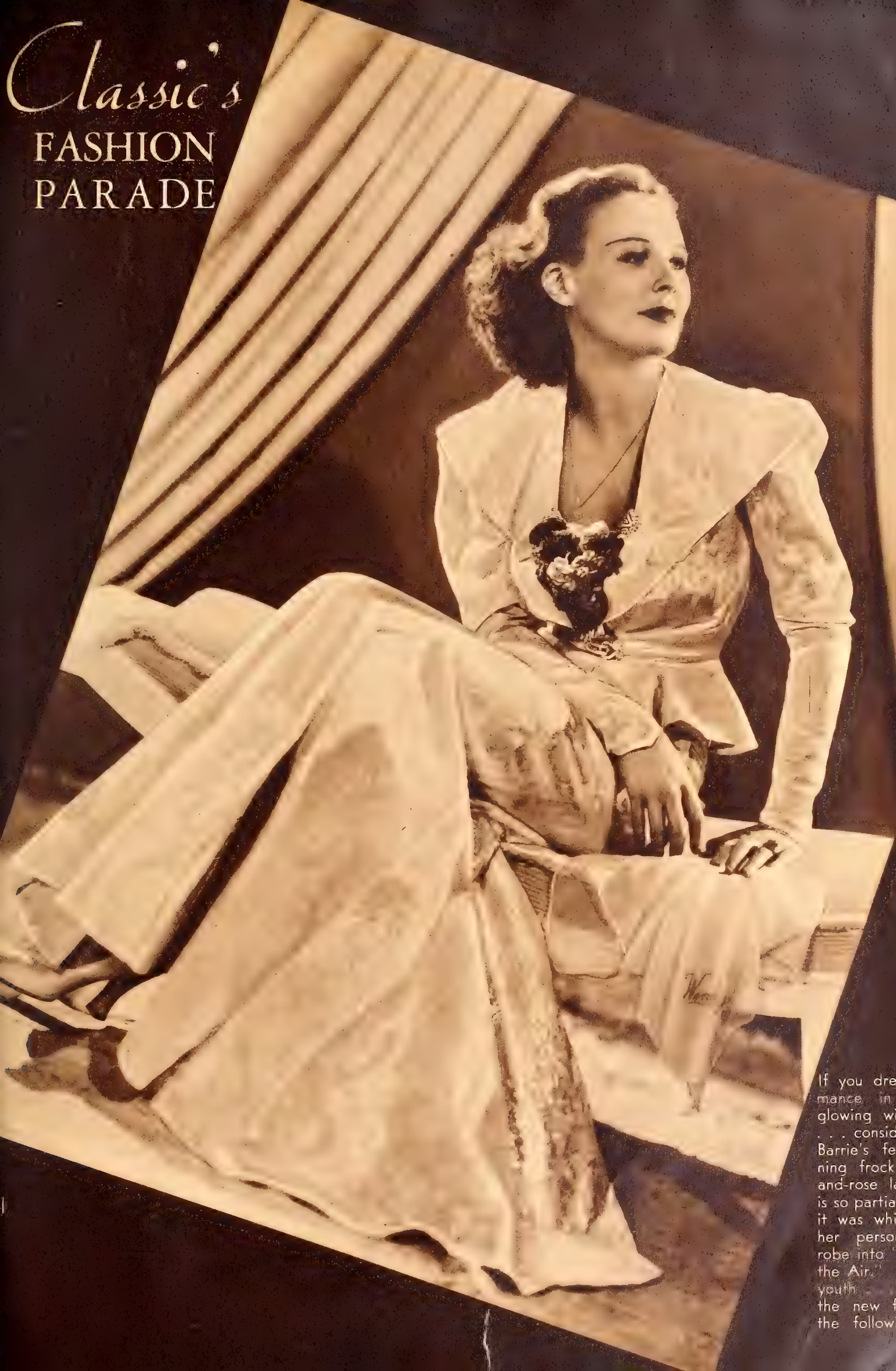
"Sick, my eye!" the press-agent snorted. "Muni is just as well as you or I—in better health than either of us, as a matter of fact."

"But *look* at him," I insisted. "He can hardly walk!" (The assistant director was helping him out of the wheel chair again, half-supporting him as Muni walked over to the corner of the set and sank back into an easy chair, his eyes closed.)

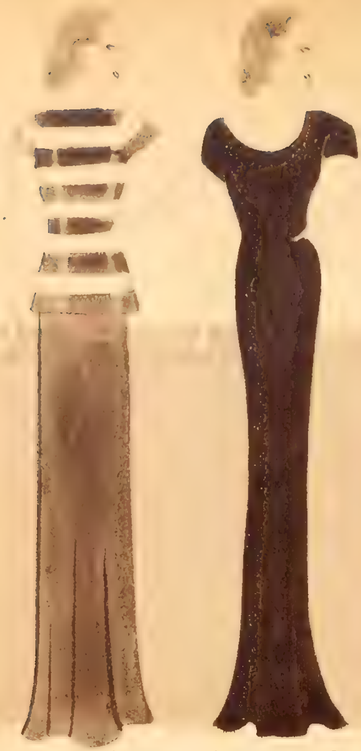
"Sure," said the publicity man. "He *looks* sick to death—but it's all an act. You see, when Paul is making a picture, he doesn't ever step out of character — even between

[*Continued on page* 66]

Classic's FASHION PARADE



If you dream of romance in a gown glowing with glamor . . . consider Wendy Barrie's festive evening frock of silver-and-rose lamé. She is so partial to it that it was whisked from her personal wardrobe into "Millions in the Air." It glorifies youth . . . like all of the new fashions in the following pages



Don't wear horizontal stripes if you want to look slender. These two figures are the same size—though the one on the left looks plumper. . . . Right, Ginger Rogers makes middies popular again...in "Follow the Fleet"

Take Tips from GINGER ROGERS!

There are ten very good reasons why Ginger is attractive, and popular. Here they are—too worthwhile to miss!

By MURIEL STANDISH

IF A MILLION women were asked one question — *"What treasure in life do you covet most?"*—I believe the million answers, if spoken truly, would be as one:

"Give me beauty . . . Just beauty. . . . With beauty, I can win my other heart's desires. With beauty, I can find love, happiness, success. With beauty, I can conquer the world. . . ."

You are protesting, aren't you? Some of you who are reading this are saying: "I am not among those million women. There are other things I would much rather have than beauty. There are—"

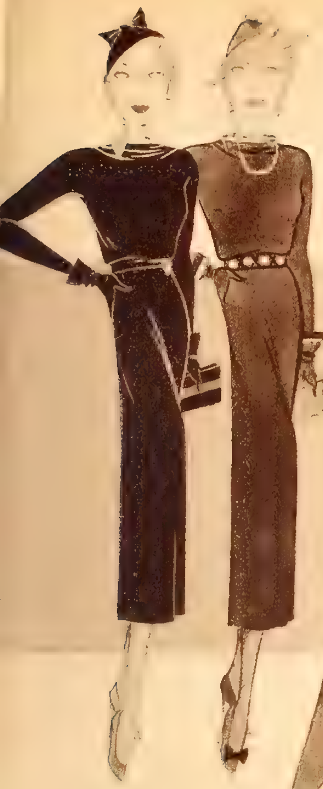
But think! *Would* you rather have something else?

You go to beauty parlors, don't you? You may be fifteen or fifty, but you love manicures, facials, hair waves. You are interested in correct make-up. And your clothes are not merely coverings in the name of comfort and propriety, are they? You seek things to wear that are becoming and pretty, don't you? You want to look chic and smart, don't you?

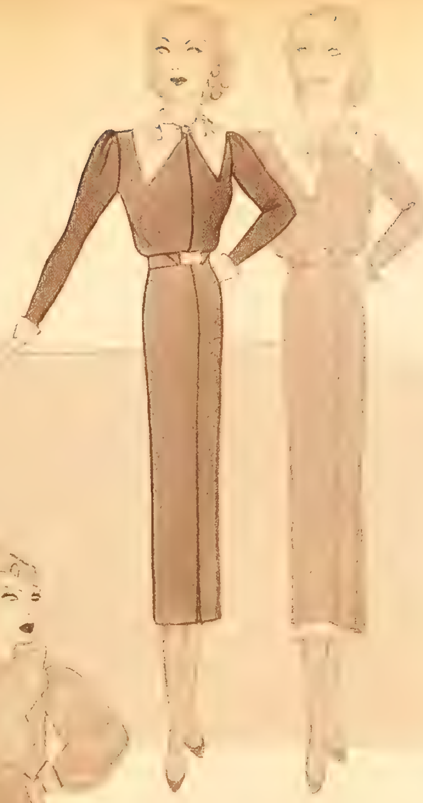
Why?

Because you are a part of that great feminine horde joined in a single quest—a quest for beauty. This search has been going on since the beginning of time. In days gone by, women put rings in their noses and tattooed their faces, and built coiffures like baskets—in quest of beauty. Nowadays, we do better than that; we think. We have changed our styles, but the quest is the same. We still are secretly or frankly looking for, hoping for, *working* for—beauty. And, along with beauty, we are seeking fashion smartness. Maybe we can be beautiful without being smart, or smart without being beautiful, but we *want* to be *both*, if possible!

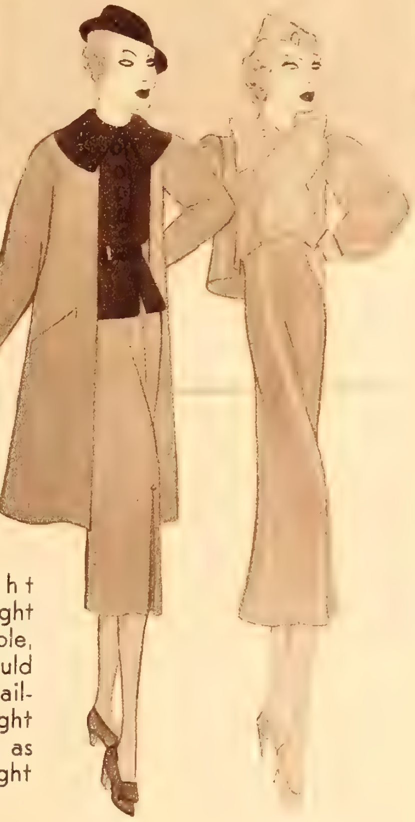
And whether we realize it or not, we seek tips from films on beauty, charm and fashions.



Wear appropriate accessories—like the figure at far left. The one at near left is overdressed with her fancy accessories

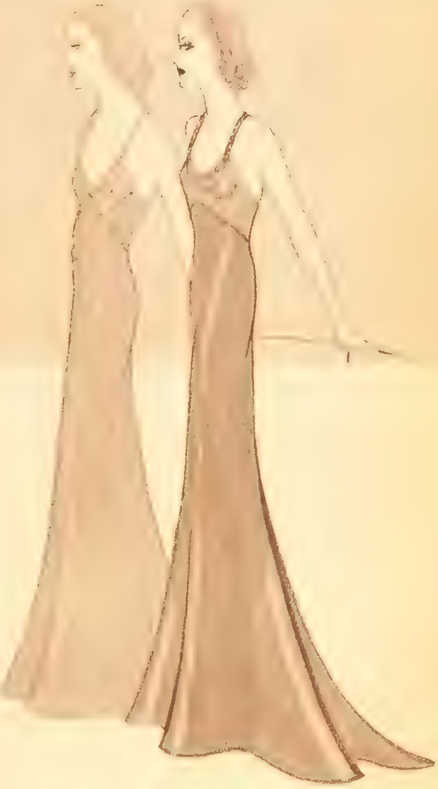


Be neat, says Ginger. At far left is a picture of neatness. At near left, how you look with hair untidy, tie crooked, belt askew and slip showing



Drawings by
BERNARD NEWMAN,
who designs
Ginger Rogers' clothes

Wear the right clothes at the right time. For example, street clothes should be simple and tailored, as at near right—not fluffy-ruffly, as on figure at far right



Watch your posture, if you want to be attractive. Near right, a "wrong" figure—slumped down, round-shouldered. Far right, correct posture

- All of which brings us to the subject of Ginger Rogers, the most popular star on the screen today and the model of beauty, fashion and charm to millions of American women and girls. She was not always the lovely-looking person that she is today. Just a few short years ago, she was a youngster without particular poise, magnetic charm, or outstanding beauty—all of which she has now in great measure. How did she achieve them? What rules that she made for herself could she give to the rest of us?

I went on the set of *Follow the Fleet*, her new picture with Fred Astaire, to ask her. I soon made the surprising discovery (surprising in Hollywood) that she is disparaging about her looks and her charms. She does not think that she is beautiful at all. But she does have marked ideas about what any girl can do to appear at her best and how any girl can achieve smartness. Practical ideas they are, too—ideas that will be helpful to you and to me.

She did not go into abstract discussion of "personal magnetism," "verve," "personality" or any of the other intangibles that make a girl a social success. Friendly, forthright Ginger brought forth concrete suggestions about neatness, posture, the selection of accessories, and other definite rules for being attractive. And how interesting, sensible and easy-to-follow they are!—as you will discover for yourself.

- *Be neat.* That is Ginger's first self-imposed rule for achieving attractiveness.

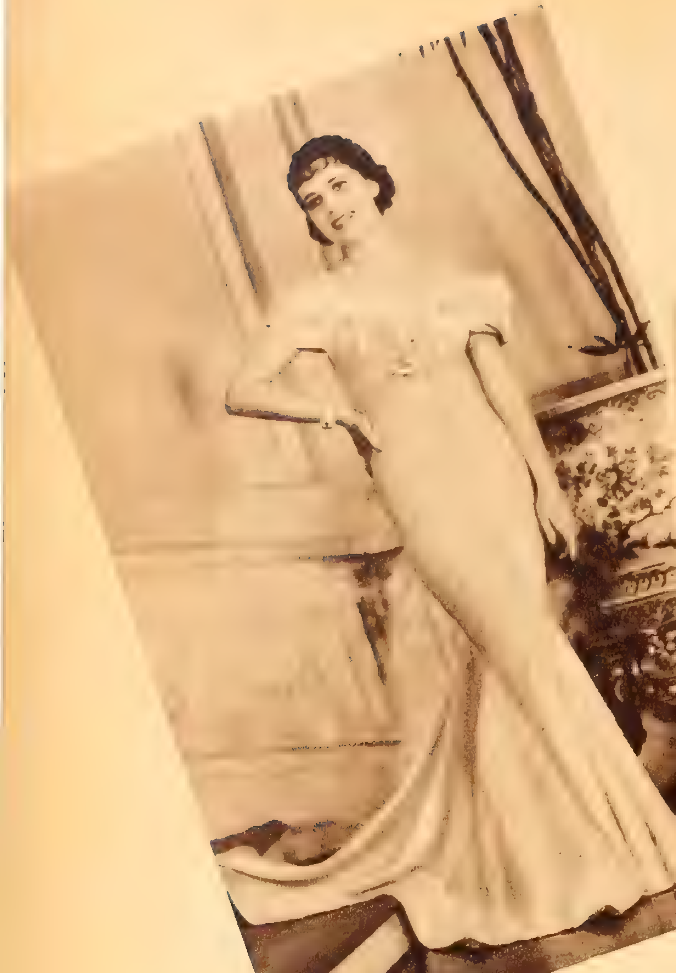
"Bunchy lingerie, slips that show, wrinkled stockings, gaping plackets, run-over heels and all the rest of the slovenly touches that ruin many an expensively dressed woman's appearance are, I think, a tragedy," she said. "For one thing, they are so unnecessary. A girl can be svelte in a seven-ninety-five dress if she is neat. She can keep the heels straight on a three-fifty pair of shoes. She can sew fasteners on the most inexpensive coat, suit, dress or pair of pajamas. Real neatness," Ginger continued, "begins underneath your dress or suit — with your lingerie. Most women wear girdles, these days, or tightly-fitting clothes; if they don't, they should. It takes a very, very perfect figure to look its best without a little 'clothes-sculpturing.'

"Some girls today feel that

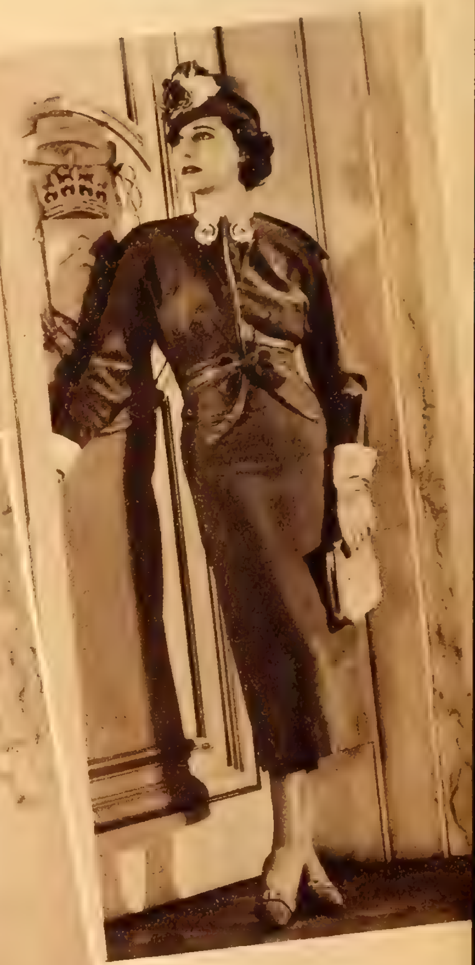
[*Continued on page 76*]

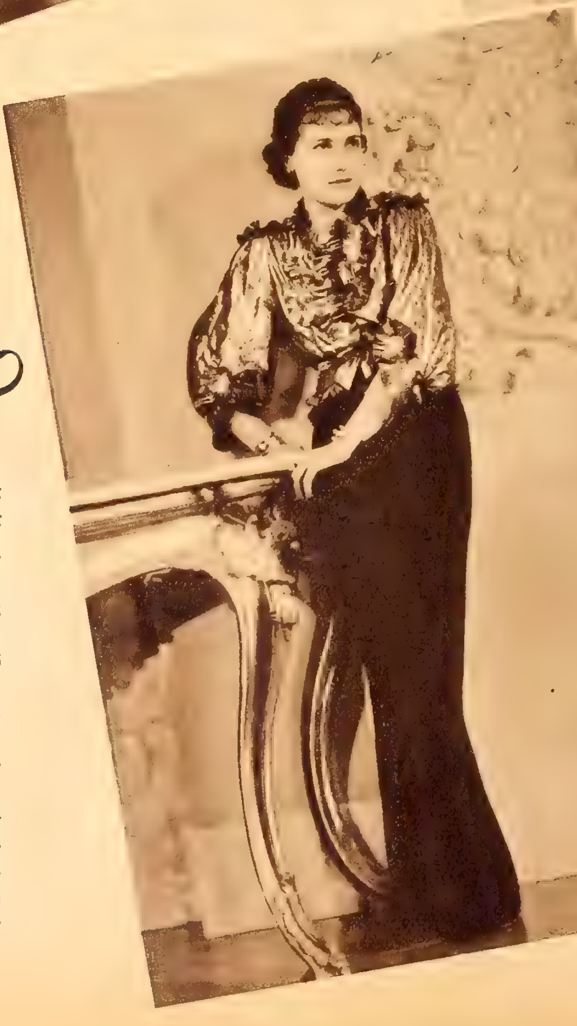
All rumors to the contrary, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are continuing as a screen team. They are now completing *Follow the Fleet*—in which Fred trades his top hat for a gob's hat and Ginger becomes a sailor's sweetheart. They give each other their songs and dances in a new—a nautical—setting, with music by Irving ("Cheek to Cheek") Berlin. Ginger wears a natty new wardrobe, designed by Bernard Newman, who drew the smart sketches on these pages. You will get fashion hints from that wardrobe for Spring . . . when you will be seeing Ginger and Fred in their next picture, *I Won't Dance*.

GWEN WAKELING (in inset) is a Hollywood phenomenon—a female designer of feminine fashions. There are a few other women stylists in the studios, but none ranks with the Adrians, the Bernard Newmans, the Orry-Kellys and the Travis Bantons as Miss Wakeling does. She is American, from New York, and as dramatic as her creations. She was brought to Hollywood by Twentieth Century-Fox, for whom she has just costumed the new Warner Baxter picture, *King of Burlesque*. Mona Barrie, featured in the film, models three of the Wakeling creations here. And the question is: Are they more feminine than creations of men designers?



Gwen Wakeling, Designer



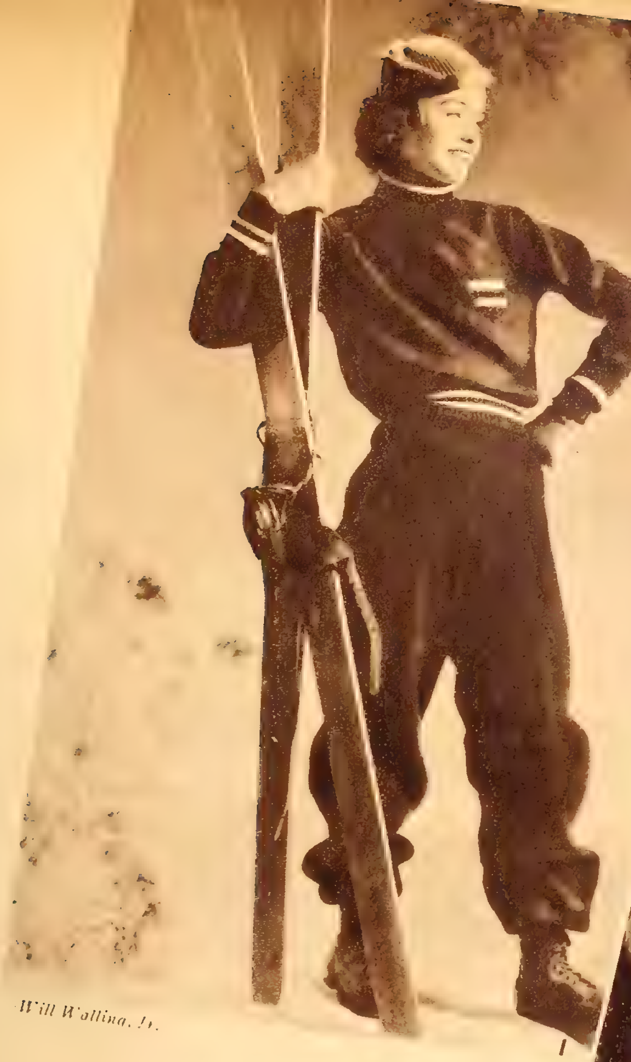


More Feminine..?

1. Mona Barrie wears this gown of silver and white lamé in "King of Burlesque." It has new back fullness with looped bustle effect, fine front shirring, novel shoulders

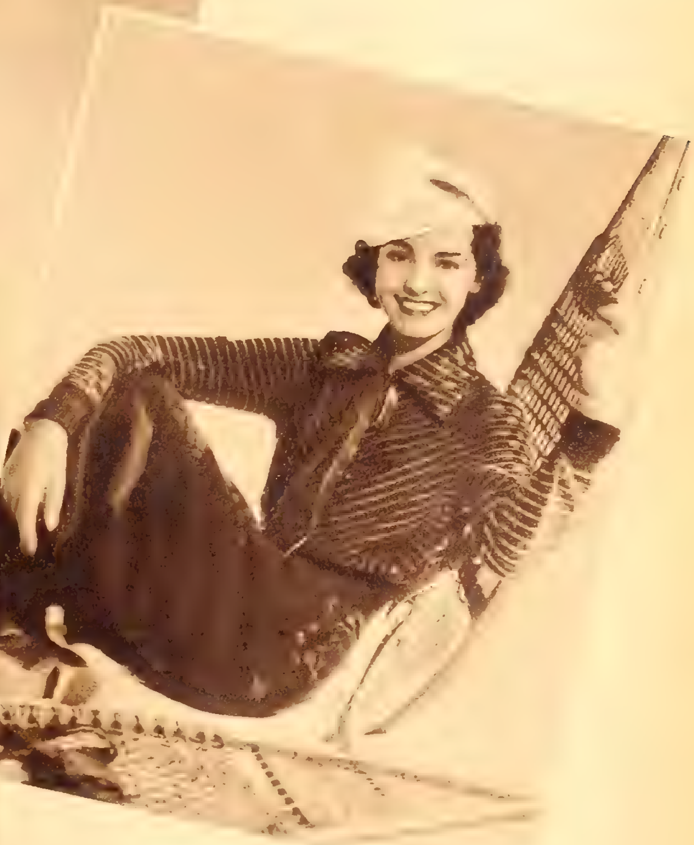
2. Something new in smartness is the blue woolen frock worn by Mona Barrie—with its clever slot seaming about bodice and sleeves. The hat is blue; the accessories, gray

3. Pleated ruffles work new fashion magic on a chic cocktail costume worn by Mona Barrie—a gunmetal lamé blouse, pin-dotted in black, with a black velvet skirt



Will Walling, Jr.

1



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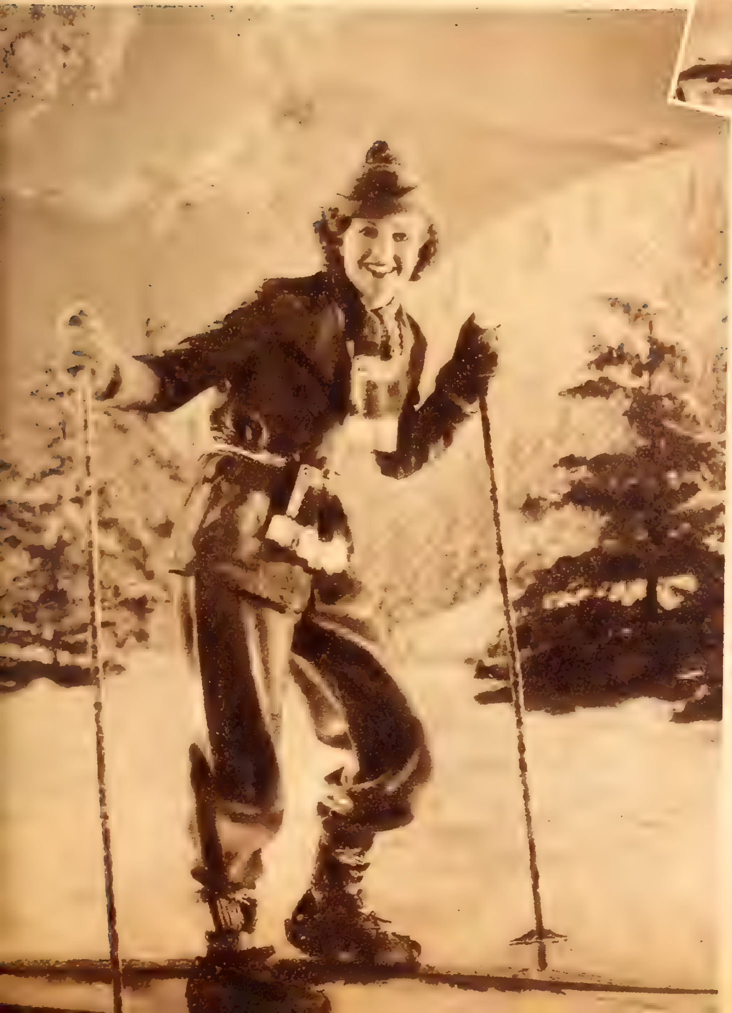


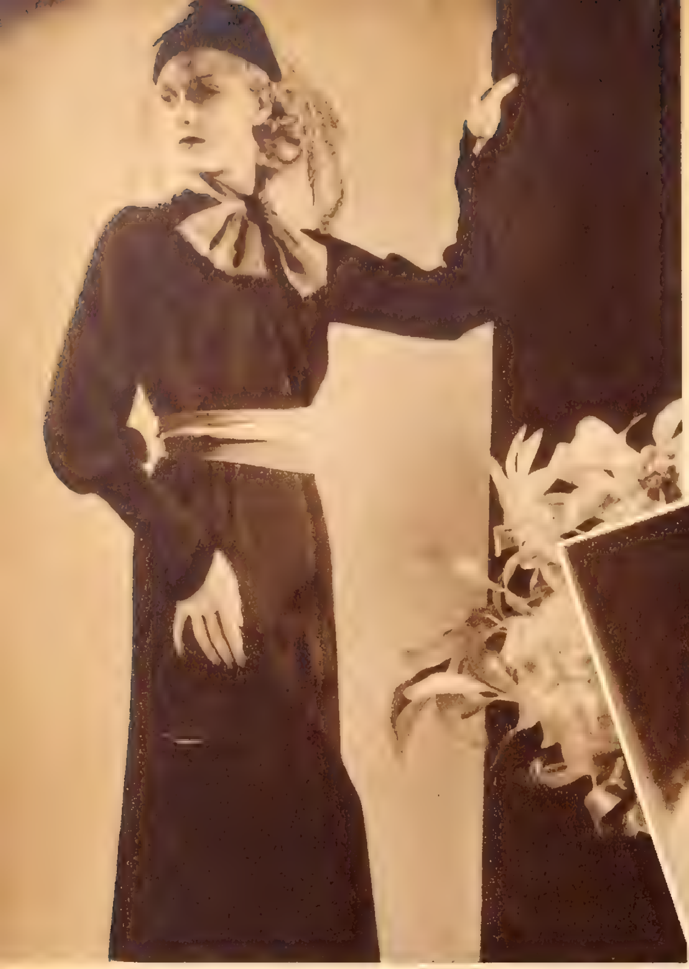
Outdoorable!

1. To ski or not to ski? If that is the question, it is easily answered when you have an outfit as colorful and cosy as Marsha Hunt's. You'll ski! It is brown wool, trimmed with vari-colored purling

2. A pretty trick all dressed for a wintry trek is Marsha Hunt, who first caught your eye in "The Virginia Judge." With skiing trousers, she wears a striped jumper that laces smartly up the front

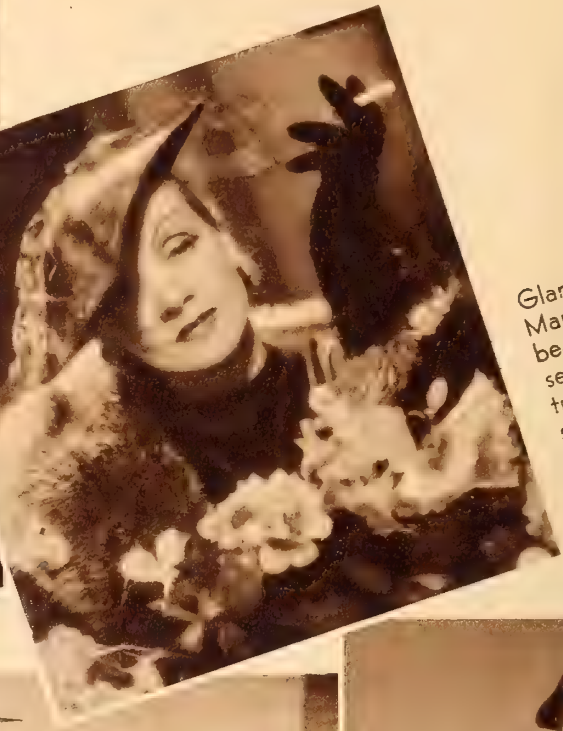
3. There's no fun like snow fun, hints Helen Wood, young starlet of "Champagne Charlie." (You'll see it soon.) She takes to the hills in ski trousers, suède jacket, knit belt, scarf and anklets

For the New Year's Days

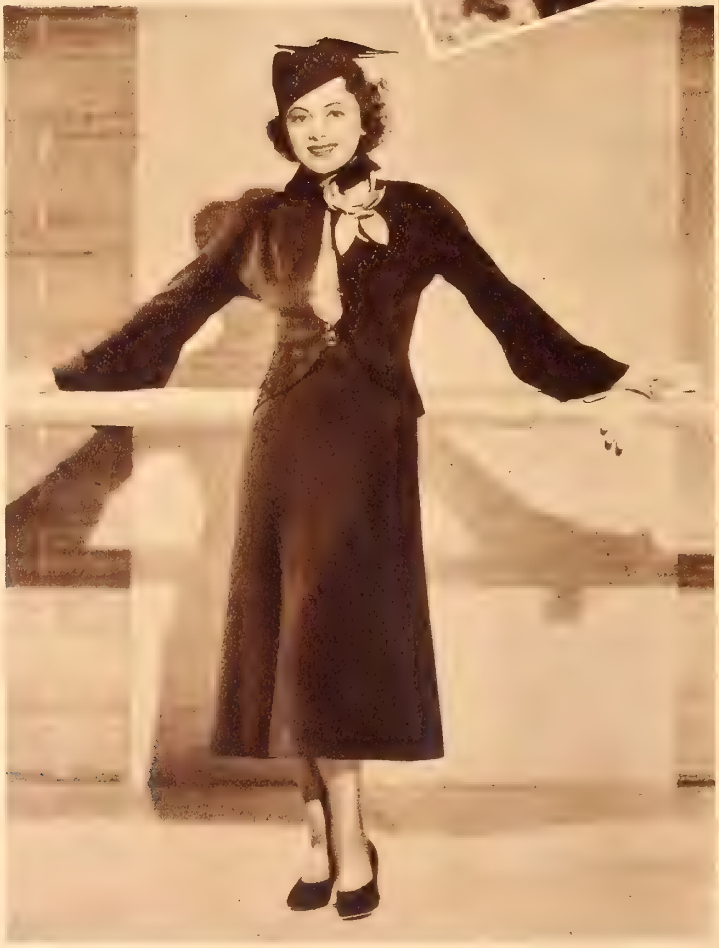


—Welbourne

Gay bands of red, green and silver give dash to Anita Louise's black crêpe frock. A velvet turban becomes flirtatious with a chic veil. This modern outfit is much in contrast to styles she wears in the film, "The Story of Louis Pasteur"

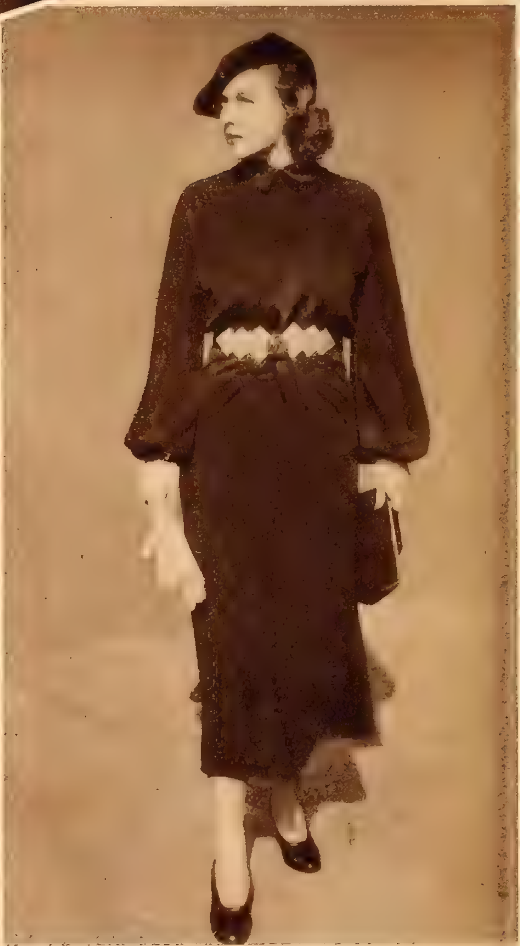


Glamor to frame Marlene Dietrich's beauty is perfectly selected in feather-trimmed gloves . . . silver fox . . . veiling on an exaggerated tam, which she will wear in the film, "Desire"



—Welbourne

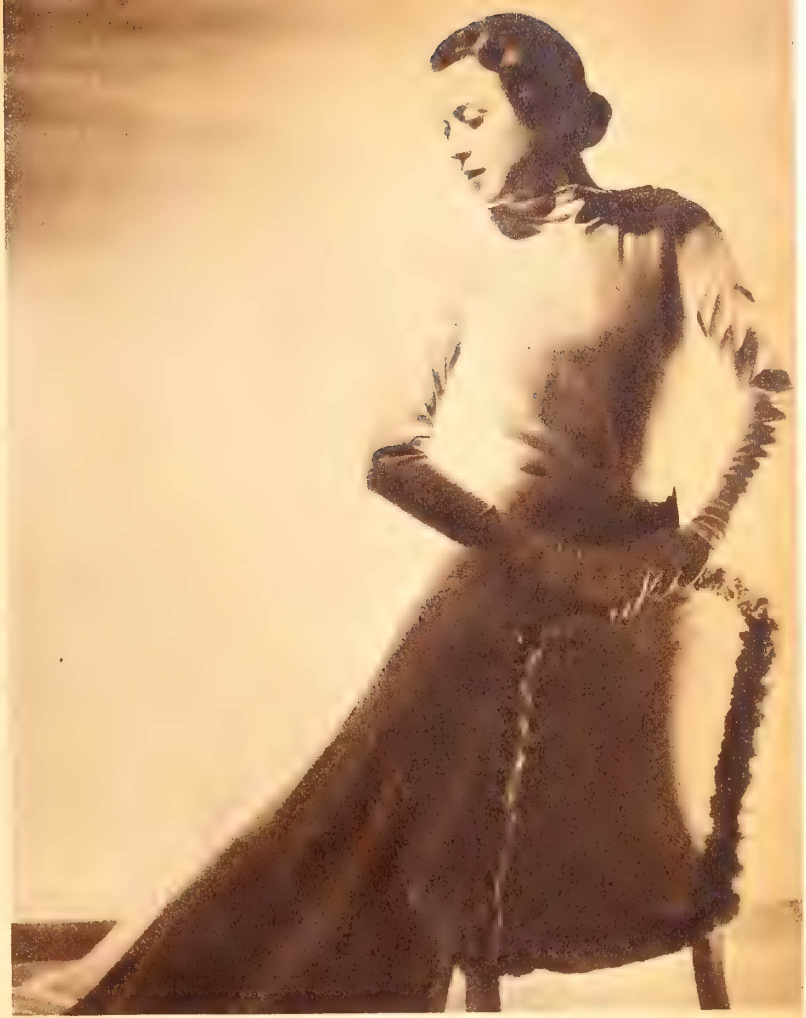
Olivia De Havilland arrives in a pebbly weave black crêpe oufit with semi-fitted jacket and jauntily feathered turban. The quilted silver vest and flower add an exciting touch. And Olivia is exciting in "Captain Blood"



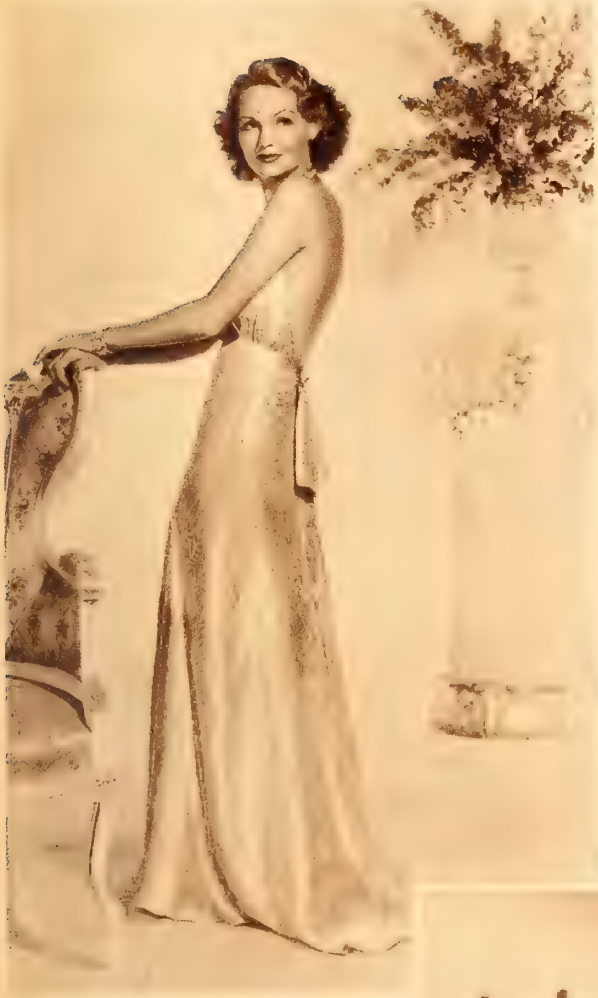
—C. S. Bu

Here comes Cecilia Parker (the heroine of "Ah, Wilderness") in an utterly simple, ultra-smart wool crêpe frock. Tucking and gold belt are chic details

It may be monkish in line, but it is daring in mood—this extremely dramatic gown of Kitty Carlisle's! Flowing lines and wide skirt feature its beauty. Kitty made a great success in "A Night at the Opera"



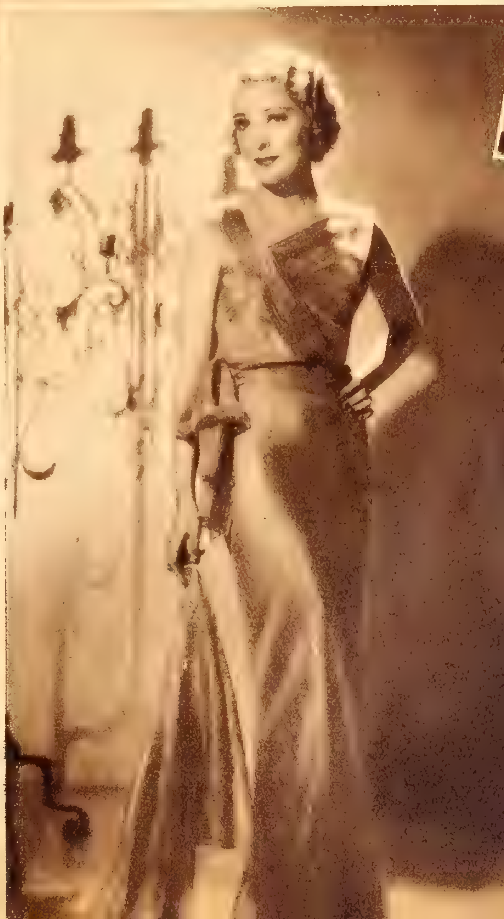
—Hurrell



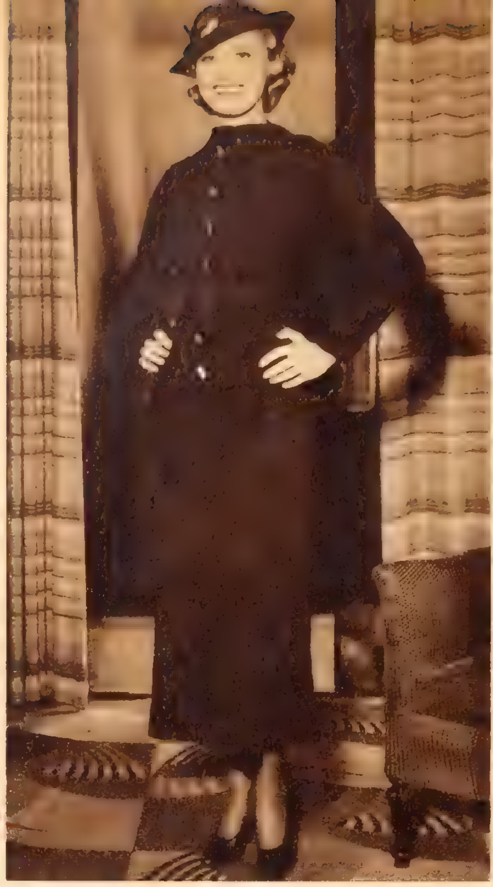
—C. S. Bull

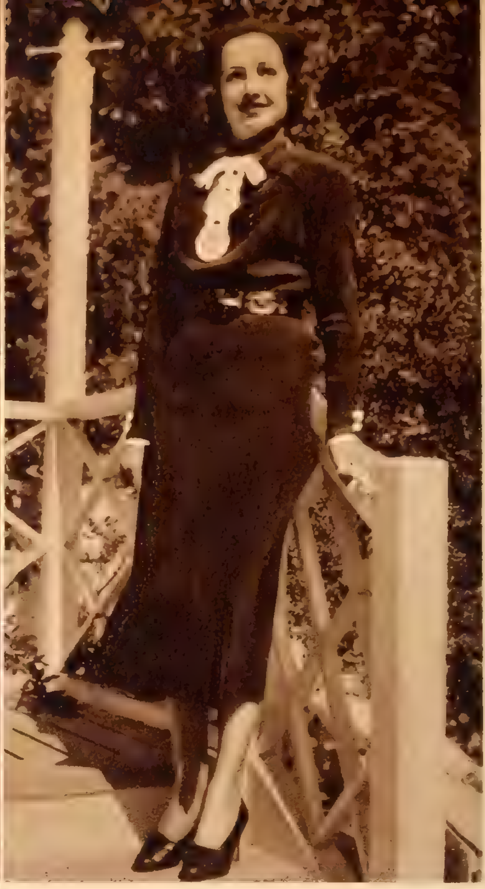
Silver lamé creates Elizabeth Allan's striking gown with halter neckline. Note the jeweled back clip. Elizabeth is a sensation in "A Tale of Two Cities"

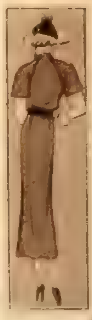
For the New Year's Eves

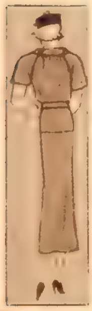


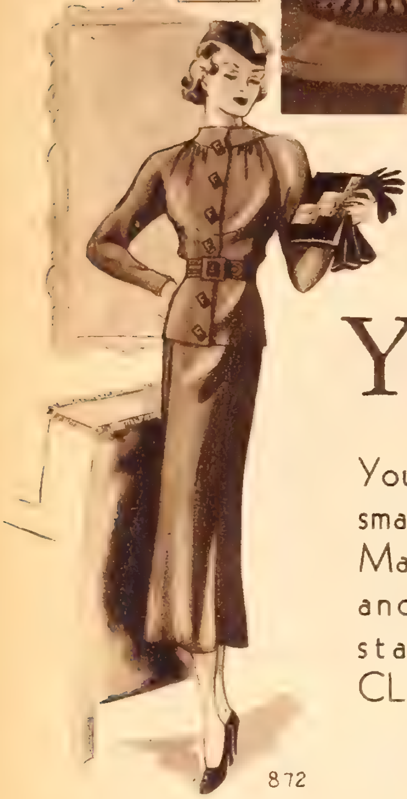
Schiaparelli designed it . . . Helen Vinson wears this exquisite gown in G-B's "King of the Damned." Grecian lines inspired this creation with its golden stripes and flame mousselline background. Helen's silver sandals (above) were also inspired by ancient Greece











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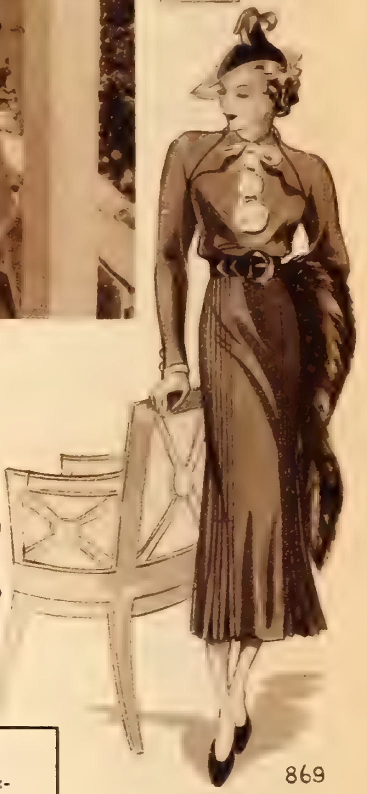

869

Start the New Year Style–Right!

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872. This simple little two-piece wool frock is from the personal wardrobe of Marian Marsh, who is newly famous for her performance in the Columbia picture, "Crime and Punishment." In watermelon-red, distinguished by a new and charming neckline, it is the sort of dress that freshens a winter wardrobe and is gay and lovely for early spring. Crêpe silk, either plain or printed, is another interesting fabric for this easily-made dress. Patterned for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c

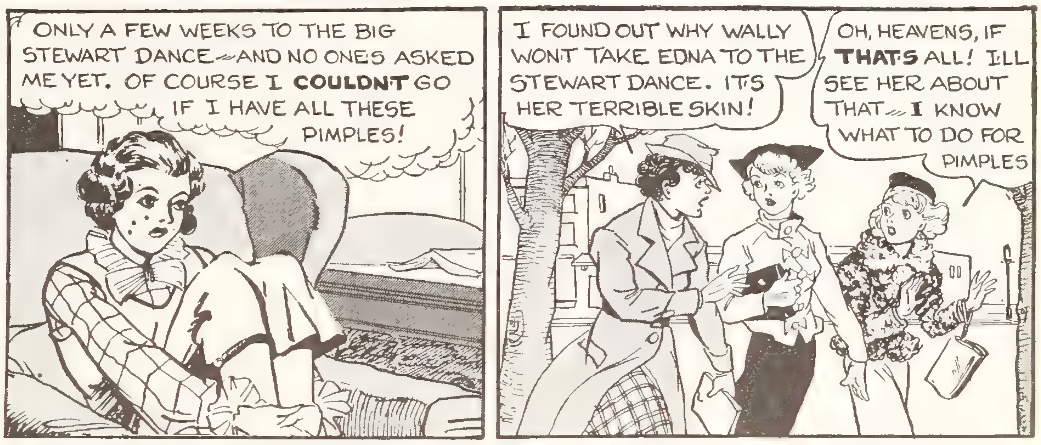
869. Arline Judge—who is now appearing in "King of Burlesque" with Warner Baxter — is always pertly dressed. And she is particularly partial to dresses that are delightful for all-day wear—like this smart new one. It is made of crêpe Roma in bluish-purple, and cut along lines outstandingly chic. The starched lace jabot adds an air of freshness and daintiness, and pleats give graceful swing to the slim-line skirt. This dress is patterned for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c

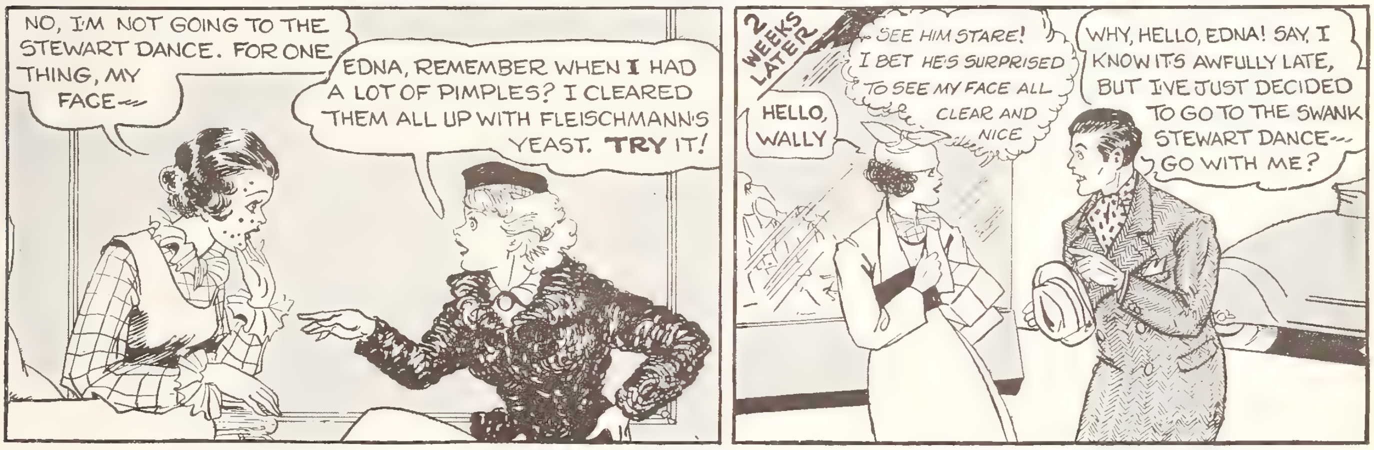
NO, SIS,
THUMBS DOWN
ON EDNA!

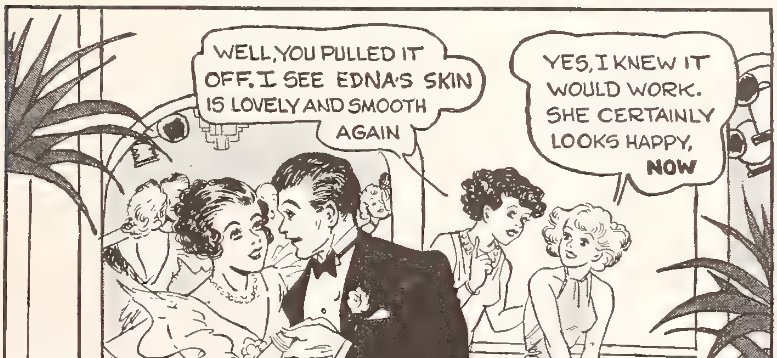
Edna had too many pimples

◆

but not for long


ONLY A FEW WEEKS TO THE BIG STEWART DANCE— AND NO ONE'S ASKED ME YET. OF COURSE I COULDN'T GO IF I HAVE ALL THESE PIMPLES!
I FOUND OUT WHY WALLY WON'T TAKE EDNA TO THE STEWART DANCE. IT'S HER TERRIBLE SKIN!
OH, HEAVENS, IF THAT'S ALL! I'LL SEE HER ABOUT THAT— I KNOW WHAT TO DO FOR PIMPLES


NO, I'M NOT GOING TO THE STEWART DANCE. FOR ONE THING, MY FACE—
EDNA, REMEMBER WHEN I HAD A LOT OF PIMPLES? I CLEARED THEM ALL UP WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. TRY IT!
2 WEEKS LATER
HELLO, WALLY
SEE HIM STARE! I BET HE'S SURPRISED TO SEE MY FACE ALL CLEAR AND NICE
WHY, HELLO, EDNA! SAY, I KNOW IT'S AWFULLY LATE, BUT I'VE JUST DECIDED TO GO TO THE SWANK STEWART DANCE— GO WITH ME?


WELL, YOU PULLED IT OFF. I SEE EDNA'S SKIN IS LOVELY AND SMOOTH AGAIN
YES, I KNEW IT WOULD WORK. SHE CERTAINLY LOOKS HAPPY, NOW

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel left out!

BETWEEN the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

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by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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"Be an Actress in Real Life!" Says Colbert

[*Continued from page* 46]

STRAIGHTFORWARD Claudette Colbert is not advocating pretense, insincerity, the putting on of a constant show or "act." That is not at all what real acting, on stage or screen or in private life, constitutes. Acting is self-expression—revealing truth, not camouflaging it. In using the art, you do not pretend; you emphasize.

"I like to think of 'everyday acting' as a form of self-improvement," Claudette declared. "To condemn it as insincerity would be to misunderstand not only modern acting, but modern life. Just as it would be ridiculous to condemn as insincere the proper use of cosmetics, or the wearing of an unusually pretty gown, when a girl wants to be her most attractive self."

Let's cite some typical instances to illustrate how you might use acting ability in private life.

Suppose you are applying for a position. Rival applicants have already been interviewed; many are waiting behind you. You know that you could do the work ably, but in the few minutes allotted to you, can you convince your prospective employer of this fact? Ah—that's when a girl needs skill at expressing herself, the confidence and the persuasive powers of a fully developed personality, which a knowledge of acting will give!

Or let's say that you are competing for social popularity—making your first appearance with a new crowd. Here, too, you will find numerous rivals. In this situation you need ability to express yourself easily, confidently, engagingly—to entertain and please groups of people. In such a situation, what wouldn't you give for the arts of an actress?

THE first training required in "everyday acting" is available through courses in dramatics in public schools, colleges, and night schools; also through clubs and other co-operative and community projects. Experience in amateur theatricals, preferably under capable coaching, is always excellent. But once the groundwork is completed, you are your own best teacher, provided you faithfully and continually try to improve yourself, and study good professional acting. Once you learn something of acting technique, you easily grasp and appreciate that seen in films.

For there is a close resemblance between your real-life use of acting, and Claudette Colbert's screen use of her art. She etches a fiction character; you portray your own best self. Doing so teaches you to *know* character, and to improve and fortify your own. You learn to cultivate that best self of yours, and presently it dominates, perhaps even obliterates, less admirable sides of your nature.

Even though in private-life acting you portray only yourself, you have plenty of need for versatility. That is demanded to bring out the different moods and facets of your own complex nature. You, like the screen actress, can cultivate versatility by studying the characteristics of people you meet in real life, see in movies, or read about in books.

WHILE adding variety to your *outward* personality, you actually broaden and enrich your character. The moods that you bring to light, control and express, will grow into stronger character facets within you. And while the average woman lets her moods come forth at random, controlling her, rather than being commanded by her, your training in acting will make your moods more manageable.

For example, suppose you are back again, applying for the position we mentioned. You realize (through the powers of observation and understanding of character given you by the study of acting) that a sober, prim secretary is required. You may have your sober and prim moods, but just now you are tempted to giggle. Wouldn't a control of mood be handy? I have seen that gay soul, Claudette Colbert, laughing a moment before, enter a scene on the crest of a flood of tears that would break your heart!

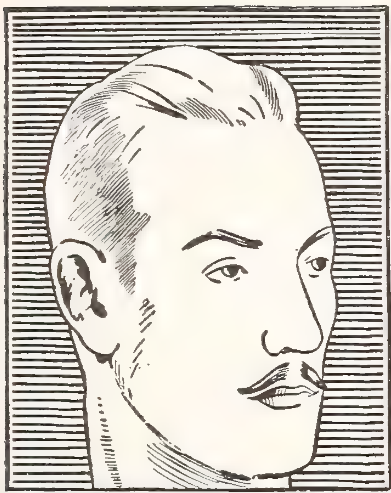
At a social function, you may be inclined to sadness. Many a social function affects one that way. But being a trained, real-life actress, you are able to throw yourself into the fitting, frivolous mood. And in your romance, you may distance your scheming rivals—rivals are always scheming!—by emphasizing those character traits that will appeal to the man you love.

But enough! Your imagination can carry on from here, and it need not be limited. You, like the great actresses of stage and screen, will ripen in experience, improve in technique with every passing month and year.

When and where to begin? *Now,* and anywhere. Perhaps by studying the first character you see, or by running, not walking, to the nearest movie theatre. By joining a local drama club or class. By organizing something of the sort yourself. And you will have a success secret in advance, revealed to you by Claudette Colbert—you will know what you are seeking in these activities.

Once you have that knowledge, life is your starring vehicle, the world your stage!

News note: As we go to press, Claudette Colbert announces that in January, 1936, a bride will come home with Dr. J. J. Pressman, noted California surgeon—and that the bride will be Claudette Colbert.



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"But—Don't Try Vamping!" Says Bette Davis

[Continued from page 47]

the idea of a woman using tricks to interest a man—including the ones that are practically infallible—is old-fashioned stuff. Worthy of a *Mildred,* perhaps, but not worthy of a modern, intelligent woman. To me, no man would be worth having, if I had to put on an act to get him."

It seemed easy for Bette to have such decided opinions—provocative and fascinating as she is with her creamy complexion, her large, expressive eyes and her vivid red lips. Naturally, she attracts men. But what of the countless women who haven't great natural charm? Aren't they justified in using tricks to attract masculine attention?

"Definitely, NO," Bette answered at once. "If men are not attracted to a woman, it's because there is something basically unattractive about her. I don't mean clothes or beauty. Many of the homeliest women in history have been the greatest successes with men. Charm goes deeper than physical attractiveness.

"One fatal mistake made by unpopular women is being too anxious . . . . trying too many wiles. Nothing depresses a man more than a man-hunter.

"INSTEAD of pretending indifference to a man—instead of using indifference as a trick, as *Mildred* did in *Of Human Bondage*—a woman should discover resources within herself that will make her independent and self-reliant. Men can respect that attitude. They can't respect an attitude of studied indifference, even when they suspect that a woman is only pretending. And they always do suspect it. That's what makes a pose of indifference one of the most successful man-getting tricks a woman could adopt—if she believes in tricks.

"Of course," she added quickly, "independence can be overdone, too. Heaven help the woman who is too independent! But there is a nice half-way self-reliance that any woman can attain. Stories stressing it are beginning to be written that way for the screen, and I believe that there will be more of them. Myrna Loy has played rôles of the type that I mean. So has Rosalind Russell."

So has Bette herself, in *Front Page Woman* and *Special Agent,* pioneering as this new, *naturally attractive* type of modern woman.

She continued thoughtfully, "The basic fact about this new type of woman is that she does not use *tricks* on men. And that fact makes her different from the flapper, with her amorous forwardness—different from the seductive old-time vampire—different even from the glamor queens. She has to be pursued, for all her modernity, just as an old-fashioned girl had to be pursued. And the woman who uses tricks is doing the pursuing.

"Maybe I've missed a lot of fun," Bette continued, "not trying tricks to attract men. Some men like it, you know. It flatters them. For instance, there is one trick that works well on the screen and in real life, too: Let your sweetheart see only your most glamorous side! Go out with him only when you're looking too lovely and feeling in a marvelous humor!

"I would not do that. Sooner or later, he would find out that I was human enough to have moods—and then disillusionment would follow. I might lose the very thing that I had struggled to win—his love. So I would do just the opposite. I would make a definite point of letting any man I was interested in see me at my worst—when I was in a foul humor, and not looking too well! Then he couldn't build around me any illusions to be broken.

"ANOTHER screen trick that is absolutely foolproof is to pretend an interest in a man's work, whether you are really interested or not. I know a girl in this town who uses this trick again and again in private life—with brilliant success. Before meeting a man, she finds out what his chief interest is, and then manages to ask him coy questions about it. It's a feminine trick that can't fail. But when the man finds out that he has been tricked—that the woman wasn't really interested—she loses everything. I've seen that happen, too.

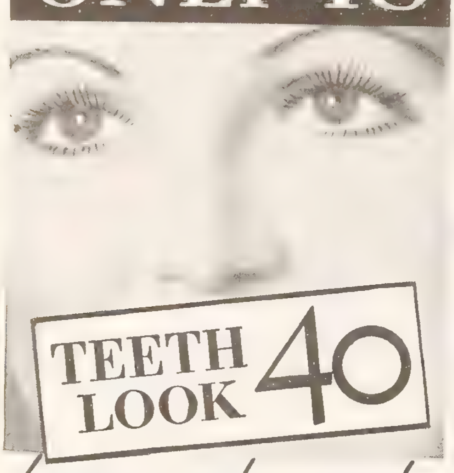
"That is why I believe a woman would be stupid to try to imitate the man-getting methods of screen heroines who aren't natural, honest, sincere. Their tricks *might* not work in real life, where everything wouldn't be pre-arranged to *make* them work, as in a scenario.

"There are other tricks," Bette added, "but the women who use them are beneath contempt. I have seen a girl go after a married man—and win him—by posing as a good friend of the wife. Some girls rely completely on physical attraction to win their men. They are cheating the very men they love, offering them so little.

"Such tricks," she finished, "are a woman's last resort. If she can't get a man interested without tricking him, she had better leave men alone. She will save herself plenty of future trouble."

And Bette Davis' belief in feminine honesty—first, last and always—is borne out by her own marriage. She was married to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., young orchestra leader, before she had risen to full stardom on the screen. For months gossip writers made that marriage a target for rumors of divorce. For months at a time Bette and Harmon were separated by their work—she being in Hollywood, and he in various other cities. All of these things might have smashed their happiness if it had not been grounded on a firm foundation—a foundation of sincerity and honesty, devoid of tricks.

ONLY 18



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Shirley Temple's Teacher Predicts Her Future

[*Continued from page* 45]

Barkley said. Her models are living things—people, animals, birds and insects. She has no time for inanimate objects. She has an active imagination, is interested in all life about her, and tries to capture it with her paints or crayons. Sometimes she fails, but sometimes she succeeds in getting down a bit of reality that is astonishing. She has an instinctive sense of color and proportion.

“And,” Miss Barkley added, “Shirley is the most observant human being I have ever seen, either child or adult, which should make her work appealing and accurate. Also, that sense of humor of hers should help if her inclination should be toward caricature. Yes, I think Shirley could grow up to be a successful artist.”

I ASKED Miss Barkley about Shirley's dancing, although everyone knows that this talent of hers is remarkable. But I didn't know, until she told me, that Shirley learned in one morning the intricate dances that she did in *Little Colonel* with Bill Robinson . . . that she learns her screen dances ever more quickly . . . that she can, and does, make up all kinds of steps . . . and that she often offers suggestions, when being taught a dance, that vastly improve the original routine.

“Dancing is in her blood,” Miss Barkley said. “She loves it. Her mother tells me that she has loved to dance ever since she could stand in her crib, and I can see that she is improving all the time. Yes, if Shirley wished, she might have her own dancing school when she is older, and a fine one it would be. Or she might win still more fame as a creator of dance numbers. She might even have her own company, her own ballet.”

Or Shirley might become a writer. She has that intense desire to express herself on paper. At the age of six, she is not writing stories, but she does write letters. All of the happy experiences of her utterly happy life, she wants to tell someone, her teacher said. So she writes letters.

She writes to her mother, to her father, to Lillian, to her playmates, to studio workers, to John Boles and Jimmy Dunn, both of whom she adores particularly. She tells them about her adventures . . . about her new rabbits, the new gardens at the studio, how she finds elves and pixies behind the hollyhocks around Stage Five on a clear morning, how she played “Goldilocks and the Three Bears” with Jack Holt while they were making *The Littlest Rebel.*

Shirley is especially concerned about children who have no mothers nor fathers. She learned about them for the first time when she made *Curly Top,* in which picture, you will remember, she played an orphan herself. She wants everyone else to know the sad plight of such children so that they may be helped. Accordingly, she writes letters about them—in her labored, yet very legible scrawl.

OR SHE might become a fine musician.

Her ear for music, her lovely talent for harmony, her natural aptitude for playing the piano, as well as the singing voice that the world already knows and loves, all point toward a real career in music if Shirley should desire it, Miss Barkley believes. Few children of six can carry a tune—much less “put over” a song. That is just one indication of her exceptional talent, which she has had since the age of three.

In two hours, Shirley learned the harmony for the song, *Sweet Genevieve,* which she and John Boles sing in *The Littlest Rebel.* And thereby hangs an amusing anecdote. They were doing very nicely, it seems, when suddenly John swung off the regular tune and into the tenor key. Shirley kept valiantly on with the air, looking chidingly at John as if to say: “You're singing it wrong, but I'll keep on anyway and maybe you will get it right pretty soon.”

Finally, though, she could not stand it any longer. She interrupted. “Mister Boles,” she said, politely, “I don't think you're singing this song the way you should.”

John sat down on the piano bench, took her on his lap and explained the intricacies of tenor versus soprano in harmony singing. “I'm supposed to sing higher than you,” he told her.

Shirley listened carefully until he had finished, then drew a sigh of relief. “That's all right, then,” she said, “I won't have to help you with your part.”

AS FOR Shirley's aptitude for farming. . . . I smiled a little skeptically when Miss Barkley first mentioned it. But by the time she had finished telling me why she thought Shirley would make a good farmer, my skepticism had vanished.

“Shirley not only loves the country, but she is at home there,” Miss Barkley said. “She is at home among animals and in gardens and fields. She has that intangible, yet recognizable attainment known as ‘the feel of the land.’ She knows such things as the commercial value of a heifer calf, and how many calves it can be counted on to bring into the world, and how much they can be sold for. She has a calf of her own—a gift from children in the State of Washington—which is being kept on a ranch not far from Los Angeles.

“She is interested in chickens, how they lay eggs that can be eaten or sold, and how they can be eaten or sold themselves. She knows about gardening, too—not just flower cultivation, but about vegetables. She has watched them grow.

"And—" Miss Barkley smiled reminiscently, "we mustn't forget her proclivities as a raiser of rabbits, another farm by-product. I am thinking of a certain time when she took Irvin S. Cobb to see her rabbits which are kept on the studio grounds. I must explain that at first she had only five, but they increased to twenty-four in a remarkably short time.

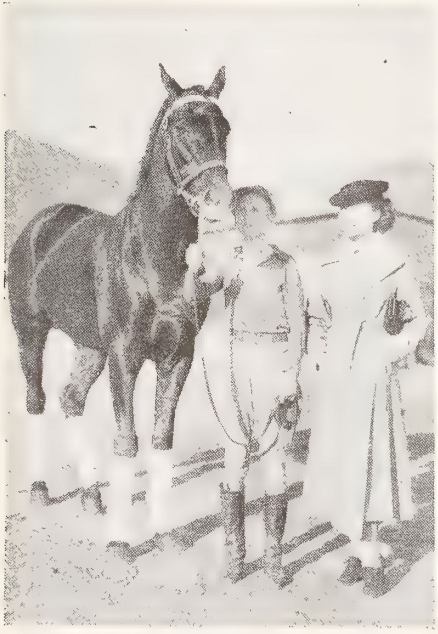
"Anyway, after Mr. Cobb had admired the lot, Shirley, generous little soul that she is, wanted to give him one. Slightly appalled at the prospect of carrying a live rabbit around with him for the rest of the day, he protested.

" 'You have just the right number of rabbits, Shirley. I couldn't take any away!' he told her.

" 'Oh, that's all right, Mister Cobb,' she assured him, 'they keep coming all the time!' "

Lillian Barkley, intelligent, understanding, warmly human teacher of Shirley Temple, was silent after that, and so was I. We sat there looking out of the window, contemplating—not the blazing Southern California sunset that it framed—but the five cross-roads waiting for lovely little Shirley Temple as she travels her way of fame. She has already come far along the trail as an actress, and she may go on as an actress—much farther. Or, some day, she may pause at one of these cross-roads, and then turn another way. No one can know about that—yet. But whichever road she takes, the world will benefit—for her talents are as great as they are varied.

In the meantime, those who love Shirley Temple will try to make hers the happiest, fullest, richest life that a little girl ever had. And, with this done, the future will take care of itself!



Eleanore Whitney, who is fleet of foot in *Millions in the Air*, looks over Bluebeard, a racehorse that movie stars will watch in Santa Anita races

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Great Actor—Great Hermit!

[Continued from page 48]

scenes—hardly even overnight. In this sequence, *Pasteur* is convalescent from a great illness. Muni is living that convalescence—not just before the camera, but all of the time. Muni is not just acting *Pasteur;* he is being *Pasteur,* the sick man."

On the sets of other pictures, even where emotional drama was being played, I have seen players switch off their emotions instantly and become matter-of-fact, as soon as a "take" was over. But Muni never jokes on the set—no matter how long it is between takes. Even at lunchtime, he eats in his dressing-room—and stays in character while he is eating. Making a movie is a serious business with Muni.

I HAVE been telling you all this as a tip-off to the personality of the man. I want to tell you more about him—intimate things, many of them never before revealed. When you have heard them, you will understand better why this Muni is one of Hollywood's greatest character actors; why he is one of the very few stars of the screen who can take you out of reality, as you sit in the theatre, and carry you completely into the story.

On the screen, he is never Muni, but always the character he is playing. Arliss is always Arliss, Beery is always Beery, Chaplin is never anyone but Chaplin—and each is a great artist in his special way. But Muni transcends their work in this manner—Muni totally submerges his own personality when he is working. He submerges it so utterly that for twenty-four hours of every day while he is making a picture, he is the character in the picture.

"Paul's wife," an intimate of his told me, "must have a time of it, being married to him. Because, you see, she is married to a different man every time Paul makes a new picture. Right now she is Mrs. Pasteur; in the past, she has been the wife of Scarface, the Gangster—the wife of a striking coal miner—even the wife of A Fugitive from a Chain Gang! What a life!"

But don't gather from this amusing commentary that Bella (who is his wife) is annoyed at his absorption in his rôles. His art is as important to her as it is to Muni himself. Not many people know it, but Bella Muni plays an actively important part in his work.

Often she sits in on the set, along with the director. She is there nearly every day during production. Not infrequently, after a take, she says quietly: "Paul, dear—that wasn't so good!" Inevitably, that calls for a retake—at Paul's insistence.

Bella, who was Bella Finkel on the New York stage, gave up her own professional career for the sake of her husband's. Today she is his business manager, too. She signed for him the contract for *Scarface,* which led to his present screen success. He seeks her advice on make-up, characterization, his pay, whether or not to accept a part.

PERHAPS it is because of the complete fullness of accord and joy of living between these two that Muni is the quiet, retiring person who has been dubbed "Hermit of Hollywood."

Muni's behavior on the rare occasions when he *does* appear in public is a dead give-away to even the most amateurish of psychoanalysts. At such times, Muni glad-hands and good-fellows it to an obviously overdone extent. Self-consciousness sticks out all over him. A nervousness that belies his handshaking and backslapping is all too evident. Muni is no hail-fellow-well-met—he is a shy, serious artist who likes nothing better than to do his work in the best way he can, and then be left alone to be the Hermit of Hollywood to his heart's content.

It is tradition that hermits are supposed to live in caves, isn't it? Well, Muni's hermit-cave is a surprising thing—a onetime portable dressing-room in a far corner of his ranch.

He has it stacked with books, and that is where he goes when he wants to study or read or work. He has his beloved violin there, and sometimes when a certain mood strikes him, he expresses himself in mood-music.

Muni loves being there, entirely alone. Or maybe with his wife. But solitude is a passion with him. He has mental wanderlust; his keen, active mind tours the world, searching out things worth remembering. Parties are prosaic by comparison.

Books and music are his relaxation. Not detective novels or light modern fiction. Give him the writings of Shakespeare, Gorky, Tolstoi—men who probed and understood humanity—and he is happy. Plays?—Eugene O'Neill has written the best modern ones, he believes. Upton Sinclair and James Joyce are his favorite contemporary authors. You see his mental trend? In music—aside from the soft, sad, sweet songs of his race—he likes the works of Beethoven and Bach. Jazz is just so much noise to him. For "light" music, he approves of Jerome Kern's velvety melodies.

Don't gather from all this inside-walls stuff that Muni is a physical recluse, too, who does nothing except work and read and play music and hide away. On the ranch, he has a swimming pool and spends much time in it. Baseball, football, soccer games—and above all, prizefights—find him an enthusiastic watcher. He can box like a professional, himself.

But everything else is far, far secondary to Muni's one overwhelming interest in life—the art of acting.

This Way to Beauty!

[Continued from page 16]

stick. Make up the upper lip first. Follow the contour of the lip and fill in by blending with lipstick or finger. Trace this on the lower lip by compressing lips together. Fill in and blend the lipstick on both lips, being sure to rub well toward inside of the mouth to eliminate the lipstick line.

With a soft complexion brush, dust off the surplus powder and rouge, so that your skin has a satiny finished look.

This routine is really very simple and takes very little time. Always remember, however, you cannot expect beauty results unless you follow such a routine, every day, year in and year out. The stars do, and you have seen the results in their constant loveliness!

Beauty Aids

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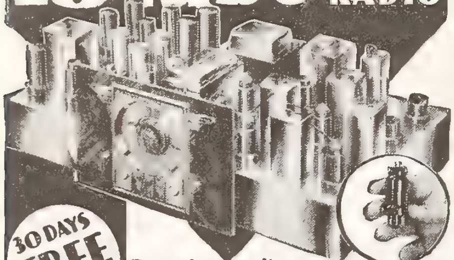

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Handy Hints *from* Hollywood

JOBYNA RALSTON and her husband, Richard Arlen (above), delight in their new Nesco electric roaster—in which a whole meal can be cooked, Jobyna has found. It has a twenty-one degree range of heat. "And," she adds, "it is so attractive that I put it right on the dining room table." . . . Speaking of attractive table ware we have noticed ultra-smart Hollywood tables boasting cocktail shakers, butter plates, canape trays, and other "table accessories" made of a bright new metal, the base of which is aluminum. It is made by the Kensington Company and will not tarnish or stain. . . . Evalyn Knapp shares one of her keeping-slender secrets when she reveals that in her salads she uses Pompeian Olive Oil. . . . Herbert Mundin claims that his household and his car both run smoothly because he always has a can of 3-in-One Oil handy. Says Herbert: "And it is one oil that you can use without fear of staining things" . . . Madge Bellamy not only has sea fever, but gives it to everyone else with her charming new wallpaper. It is a delightful ship pattern called Argosy, and inexpensive. . . . What laundry soap is popular in stars' homes? We investigated and found that the almost universal answer is "Fels-Naphtha"—which may not be a fancy soap, but is super-efficient. . . . A clever young actress who does her own housework told us the other day of three new uses for table salt: (1) Butter may be kept hard without ice by placing the butter dish in another dish containing cold salt water; (2) To prevent grease from splashing when you fry any food, sprinkle salt in pan; (3) Gasoline odors may be removed from hands by rubbing them with a little moistened Worcester Salt. (The makers of Worcester Salt, she says, are responsible for all three tips.) . . . Sometimes it seems difficult to think of glamorous Hollywood homes as facing unpleasant tasks. But of course they do, and that is why you will find the P. J. Daly product on many a necessity shelf. This little cleansing cake is dropped into the water tank of the closet bowl and automatically cleans it.—*J. S.*

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Chart Your Beauty!

[Continued from page 12]

self as a portrait artist. And just as one jarring off-color note would spoil the beauty of a painting in pastels, so one wrong color in lipstick, rouge or some other make-up preparation would mar the loveliness of a girl's appearance. And every girl should make naturalness in make-up her ideal."

"WHAT about brunettes? Claudette Colbert and Maureen O'Sullivan—both brunettes—would use different make-ups. For Miss Colbert, with her dark hair, olive complexion and brown eyes, I prescribe olive powder, raspberry rouge and crimson lipstick. This color harmony emphasizes perfectly Miss Colbert's own personal loveliness. Maureen O'Sullivan is a lighter color type, and for her I recommend a different make-up."

Brunettes should be particularly careful in applying make-up, according to Mr. Factor, because: "Hair and skin usually provide a contrast that should be emphasized in make-up. Also a brunette's make-up should be just subtle enough, yet definite enough, to intensify her natural colorings."

Margot Grahame entered the studio at this moment. She was a stunning redhead—for her next picture, *Two O'Clock Courage*. I had seen her less than a week before as a blonde . . . her true coloring. She was now in search of the correct color harmony for her new shade of hair.

"After Miss Grahame's present make-up is removed, and I observe her natural skin colorings against the frame of her new golden-red hair, I shall chart a new make-up for her," Mr. Factor said. "Speaking of redheads, I'd like to give you the color harmony chart for a light redhead with freckled skin, as so many redheads have this combination. Such a type will obtain beautifying effects with a color harmony of olive powder, blondeen rouge and vermilion lipstick. Also here is a make-up point all redheads should remember: they should always use brown eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil and brown eyelash make-up. These colors harmonize for them as no others will.

"WHAT about the girl who is not a blonde, not a brunette, and yet not a redhead? She is what I call a brownette, and she is an inspiration to the artist in the field of make-up. Forty-seven percent of all the women in America are brownettes—so you can realize how shades in powder, rouge and lipstick for this type have to run the gamut of the make-up scale. Some brownettes are almost as light as blondes; others are almost as dark as brunettes; and some are strictly in-between.

"Joan Crawford is an outstanding brownette type, with her golden-brown hair, medium skin and blue eyes. For her I recommend a color harmony make-up of brunette powder, carmine rouge and carmine lipstick—which highlight Miss Crawford's own vivid charm and attractiveness."

So important does Mr. Factor consider the charting of beauty that in his new and luxurious make-up studio he has a special room for Redheads . . . also one for Blondes . . . another for Brunettes . . . and still another for Brownettes . . . each especially equipped to give complete make-up assistance to each specific type of beauty—further proof that Hollywood leads the way in the realm of make-up!

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The only way your body can clean out the Acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood is through the function of 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your Kidneys. When your Kidneys get tired or slow down because of functional disorders, the acids and poisons accumulate and thus cause much trouble. Fortunately, it is now easy to help stimulate the diuretic action of the Kidneys with a Doctor's prescription, Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex), which is available at all drug stores.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. G. B. Knight

Dr. Geo. B. Knight, of Camden, New Jersey, recently wrote: "When Kidneys don't function properly and fail to properly throw off the waste matter strained from the blood, aches develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally run-down and suffers with lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or injurious ingredients. I consider Cystex a prescription which men and women in all walks of life should find beneficial in the treatment of functional Kidney disorders." And Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

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Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the United States Dispensatory and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and because it is intended especially for functional Kidney and Bladder disorders, it is swift, safe and sure in action.

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If You Were Joan Crawford—

[*Continued from page 33*]

girls who had embarrassed her had helped to make the Crawford name famous. Another claimed that the public had a right to know the answer to the reporters' question. They made the most of her sensational exit from a party to the press—the alleged representative of public opinion. But when she and Franchot slipped away to New Jersey a few days later and were quietly married, the same newspapers paid small attention.

It does not seem so frightfully important when you read about it like this. But our own most embarrassing and emotional and critical moments would not seem so like life-or-death if we wrote them down. How many others would understand—and share—the emotions we had felt?

Strangely enough, Joan's whole life probably seemed at stake in that bewildering moment. You see, it is true that there had been one marriage mistake and Joan did want to do the right thing about this second, great romance.

When putting ourselves in the place of a girl like Joan, we must always remember the true storm-depths of her nature. I once wrote of Joan Crawford: "A woman who combines glamor and sensitiveness, as she does, could not but be misunderstood. A woman who dramatizes life as Joan does could not but be accused of self-dramatization. Joan does dramatize herself. She cannot help it. She can no more help this than a Florida resident can prevent a hurricane from descending upon him. Only the Florida resident has a forty-eight hour warning of his storms. Joan has no warning."

When those reporters tried to force her hand on her marriage plans with sharp questions, a storm hit her. To marry at once or not to marry? Her entire life lay balanced in the answer—the answer she had been avoiding, until she could be sure that Franchot would be happy, and that she would be happy.

YET, emotional as she is, she has not fallen in love easily. No matter what you have read before, this is true. To dance with men, to be escorted hither and thither is the right of a woman. To fall in love—that is another matter.

But when she does! I have never seen a love more genuine than her early love for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. To make Douglas happy became life's single passion. To care for his suits, to see that his favorite dishes were prepared—she did all of the tiny things that any girl does for the man she has loved and has married.

We all suffer when our first, real love is broken. At one moment, we are soaring in an airplane above fleecy clouds, crying aloud for the pure joy of just living. The next, we have hit a mountain and life has become a tragedy rather than a vision. While soaring with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., she crashed against a mountain.

When Joan met and fell in love with Franchot Tone, she did not hesitate about admitting her love because she was *afraid* of a second marriage. A girl who has transformed herself from a hey-hey chorus girl into a cultured, poised woman who could not be *afraid*. But when you have been in one airplane wreck, you do not go up again unless you are certain of your pilot, your weather conditions, your own nervous system.

Two full years ago, Joan told me that she thought Franchot the most brilliant, interesting man she had ever met. But she shied then from the question of marriage as she did when she arrived in New York City last October. She had learned to be cautious and she was being as thoroughly cautious as she is thorough in every phase of her life.

But Joan is one of the foremost favorites of the screen. She belongs to you and to me. In a way, she was keeping something from us by not letting us know whether she and Franchot were intending to marry. Did she have the right to do this? Wouldn't *she* have been happier if, instead of crying and running from a room, she had answered the marriage question? For even as she refused to answer, she must have known that she and Franchot would soon marry.

Suppose that *you* had been Joan and *she* had been you? If you were equipped emotionally as she is and had her experiences behind you, what would you have done?

Few of us remember that stars have problems, worries, heartaches, as well as joys—exactly as we do. Money and fame have never suspended anyone from inner ecstasies or tortures. We all have them in common.

MOVIE CLASSIC wants to try to bring us all closer together through this great common inner bond. We plan to print a series of stories about problems faced by Hollywood favorites. We ask you to write us, in return, what you would have done if you had faced similar problems. If you had lived Joan Crawford's life and faced her situation, for example, would you have acted as she did? Tell us frankly. Put yourself absolutely in her place. Be frank, fearless, honest.

This is not a contest. There are no monetary prizes. We are trying to get at something that money cannot reach. The best letter will be printed. And if we find from your letters that this exchange of ideas about life's common problems—Hollywood's and yours—is interesting and helpful, we shall continue the series indefinitely.

Address your letters to: The Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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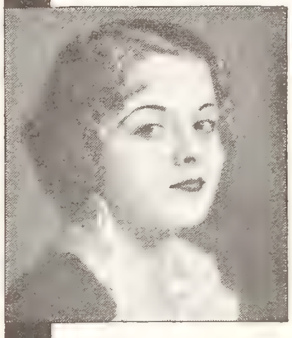
Nancy McDonough was given a Search for Talent screen test at the Virginia Theatre, Champaign, Ill.



HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play extend the Search for Talent

to February 1st. 1936

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It's simplicity itself to enter the Search for Talent . . . just fill out the entry blank (or facsimile) printed right on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photograph and send to the Search for Talent headquarters. A local committee will select from these photographs the most likely prospects for a screen career. When the Search for Talent truck arrives, those selected will be given a FREE screen test which will be forwarded to Universal Studios for final judging. Winners will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for a final studio screen test.

Blossom Chan, petite Oriental, Search for Talent entry from Minneapolis, Minn., was selected for a FREE screen test at the Orpheum Theatre, Minneapolis, Minn.

A beautiful, Chicago, Search for Talent entry is Miss Margaret Hehn. She was given a FREE screen test and a chance for fame in the movies.

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Take Tips from Ginger

[*Continued from page* 53]

they can get along without wearing slips. Maybe *they* can, but their dresses can't. The extra 'foundation' of a slip is always a help if it fits smoothly and does not show. A bit of pink satin or lace below a skirt is unpardonable."

Watch your posture is Ginger's second home-made rule for *chic*.

"The way you sit, stand or walk is very important," she said. "You should be erect without looking as if your backbone is a ramrod. Round shoulders make any woman look older. When you sit down, you shouldn't slump in your chair, but should sit gracefully. It's possible to be comfortable that way, too.

"I think I shall combine Rule Number Three and Rule Number Four: *Be sure to select the proper clothes for a given occasion—and be sure to select proper accessories for every costume.*

"Nothing," she explained, "could be so disconcerting as to find yourself at an unexpectedly formal function in street clothes, or at an informal affair in formal clothes. Always, when in doubt, dress simply. Another good idea is to pay attention to the weather. People should dress far more simply on a bad day than they might otherwise. That is only common sense, and common sense is always a good criterion to follow.

"Then there is the matter of accessories. Correct ones are essential to smart dressing. The wrong accessories can be as incongruous as the wrong costumes. Patent leather purses don't harmonize with suède slippers, nor blue gloves with a brown coat, nor a black bag with brown shoes. If you plan your complete wardrobe and accessories at the beginning of the season, you can avoid this. You may not buy them all then, but you should plan the color scheme, and stick to it. The effect is worth the extra time and trouble."

Commandment Number 5, according to Ginger's way of thinking, is: *Dress your figure as it should be dressed, not the way it might be dressed if it were a different kind of figure.*

"I mean this," Ginger explained. "If you are a tall, perhaps too slender girl, you shouldn't wear vertical stripes because they only accentuate your height and thinness. If your neck is too long and thin, you should not wear low, plain collars, but some sort of collar that stands up, or a frill, perhaps, or a scarf. On the other hand, if you are a girl with a very short neck you shouldn't wear beads or Ascot scarves. Ginger pointed out, also, that shiny fabrics tend to increase the illusion of size and should be avoided by the girl inclined toward plumpness. Ruffles, ditto. And, if you want to preserve an illusion of slenderness, don't wear horizontal stripes."

Avoid fads is Ginger's sixth self-admonition and a very important one, too.

"Such fads as exotic colors, ultra-extreme hats or other too striking, too freakish features of dress kill them-

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selves in a few weeks, so far as real style is concerned. They become cheap and common."

Ginger's seventh style commandment is: *Wear becoming colors.* "For clashing color combinations can wreck the smartest ensemble. Just because a dress or a suit or a coat is the right cut and style is no excuse for selecting it, if the color is wrong for you. What is the best way to choose your colors? The surest thing to do is to try on different-colored frocks and study the effect of each until you find your most becoming colors. No dress should be merely 'satisfactory.' Every dress you have should *do* something for you when you wear it."

HER eighth commandment recognizes still another phase of personal charm. It is: *Never overlook personal grooming.* She said:

"Use make-up, yes, to heighten your attractiveness—but use it subtly, in different ways for different occasions. Don't use as much in the daytime as in the evening, and then don't try to be super-dramatic. You might be garish, instead . . . Keep the part in your hair straight, and keep your hair clean and soft . . . Watch your fingernails, your skin . . . Don't smear on rouge. Put it on carefully before you powder, then smooth off the edges with a bit of cotton . . . Keep your eyebrows plucked —clean-cut and distinct . . . Take care of your teeth. Make them shine."

Ginger Rogers' ninth rule for a smart appearance is: *Be sure that you are comfortable in your clothes.*

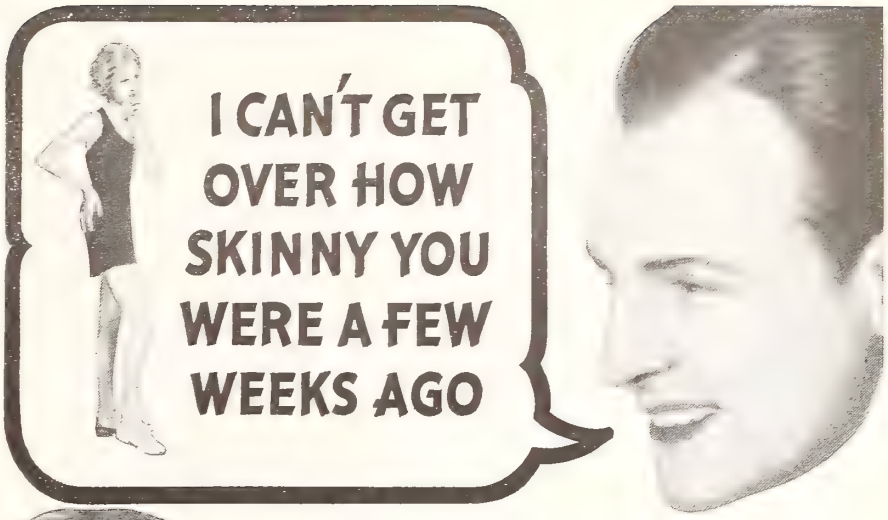
"I don't mean the sort of comfort that a bathrobe and old slippers give," she said with a smile. "I mean that you should choose clothes in which you feel 'right'. Haven't you stepped into a dress that didn't suit you for some reason? Whether or not it really looks badly on you is another thing entirely. It is how you feel in a dress that counts. If you don't feel smart in a dress, the chances are against your looking smart in it."

Ginger's final commandment is a logical sequel of this: *If you would be attractive, you must have poise.*

"Poise is an intangible thing, more or less," she said, "but it is essential to attractiveness. Poise embraces many attributes, all of them desirable. Poise implies tact and mental, as well as physical, balance. Poise means intelligence, good manners and the ability to fit into a given situation.

"It really is difficult to offer rules for poise," she said, finally. "I could, however, suggest a few 'don'ts'. Don't be 'jittery', for instance. You know—fidgety, fluttery, never seeming to 'light' anywhere. Don't talk in italics, either, stressing every other word. Don't talk too loudly. Don't interrupt another person's conversation with some comment of your own. Don't do anything to attract undue attention to yourself."

These are the tips for acquiring or enhancing attractiveness and smartness, the Ginger Rogers way. Tested tips. Why not take them—why not give them a test, yourself?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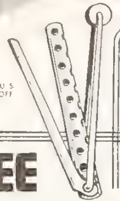

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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They Exiled Marian Marsh—But She Came Back!

[*Continued from page* 50]

devoted to the screen . . . Two years later, she was forgotten by the critics, the publications and most of the theatregoers. She couldn't find work, at any price, in any major studio.

At *twenty,* when, with her start, she should have been climbing to the heights, she was an idol toppled from a pedestal, a failure. Why?

"Finally, I learned the truth from a sincere friend in the New York office of one of the big companies. I was BLACKLISTED! All of the major studios had agreed that I should not be allowed to work!"

AFTER her sensational success in *Svengali,* she was rushed, without adequate rest, into one trying production after another—*Alias the Doctor, The Mad Genius, Beauty and the Boss, Road to Singapore,* and a number of others. Her health broke under the strain.

At last, fully recovered and feeling rested for the first time in months, she reported to the studio. And then she encountered, for the first time, the ban that was to keep her from the screen for nearly two years. Her place had been filled in the picture . . . . there might be something soon . . . . no, it would be impossible to see the producer . . . .

A few weeks later, with the curt notice that she would undoubtedly be pleased since she had objected to the terms of her contract, the studio declined to take up her option . . . .

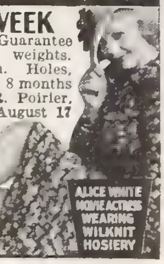
While she had been ill in the hospital, her agent, without her knowledge, had demanded that she be paid more money. He had threatened that she would not return to work unless her demands were met. And the producers, putting two and two together, decided her sojourn in the hospital was merely a ruse to enforce her protests over salary. They were at that time in a ripe mood to make "an example" of some "rebel" and, without investigation, they selected her as victim.

A less courageous person would have been crushed by such an injustice. Marian never was. She kept her resolve fixed and her head up. She vowed that she would fight back; that, blacklist or no blacklist, she would "come back."

Her luck began to turn when she was given a contract and several leading rôles by English studios. Her performances were so outstanding in those pictures that Columbia broke the taboo and offered her a contract.

I can imagine the eagerness with which she accepted, and I know the intense concentration that she devoted to her rôle as *Sonyà* in *Crime and Punishment.* No one ever worked harder—and seldom has anyone given a more inspired portrayal.

And it was when I saw the tears in her eyes at the preview that it seemed to me this story should be told.



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AGENTS: UP TO $32 in a WEEK
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BURNS AIR

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AGENTS: It irons out income problems. $8, $10, $14 a day being made. Write at once!

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H. C. LEWIS, President, COYNE RADIO SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 26-9C Chicago, Illinois

Speaking of Movies

[*Continued from page 20*]

My Marriage—Plenty of good acting, but too much plot, in an involved story about an ex-debutante, whose father had had a shady past, marrying into a family that doesn't want her. Claire Trevor, Paul Kelly, Kent Taylor and Pauline Frederick are present. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Two Faces—A laugh novelty, about a gangster who gets a new face, thinks he has erased his past, goes to Hollywood with a bankroll and intends to become a movie star. Featured are Brian Donlevy, Wallace Ford, Alan Hale, Molly Lamont. (RKO-Radio)

Grand Exit—Behind the meaningless title lurks an entertaining mystery melodrama about an ace insurance investigator (Edmund Lowe) who is on the trail of a pyromaniac—with audiences suspecting Lowe himself, Onslow Stevens and Ann Sothern. (Columbia)

Your Uncle Dudley—Edward Everett Horton, with his own copyrighted brand of comedy, paints a neat, laugh-provoking portrait of a go-getter who is so civic-minded that he almost forgets to go-get for himself. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Stars Over Broadway—A trite, but entertainingly presented story of the rise of a radio singer to the Metropolitan Opera. It introduces to James Melton, who has both personality and an excellent voice. Pat O'Brien is his super-active press-agent and Jane Froman, also from radio, his singing companion. (Warners)

★ ★

Broadway Hostess—A would-be musical sob-story about a girl who loves a lad in love with someone else. It lacks vitality and is interesting chiefly for the singing of Wini Shaw. (Warners)

East of Java—Grim melodramatic horror story with Charles Bickford a deep-dyed villain, captain of a tramp freighter, who terrifies his passengers, particularly when a cargo of wild beasts breaks loose. (Universal)

Coronado—A musical comedy with a colorful setting, but a plot too thin to jell the laughs together. It revolves around a would-be songwriter (Johnny Downs) and a would-be singer (Betty Burgess), two good-looking newcomers. But the slight entertainment is furnished by Jack Haley, Leon Errol and Eddy Duchin's orchestra. (Paramount)

Millions in the Air—A comedy about an amateur radio hour, which might have been hilarious, but provokes only light laughter. John Howard and Wendy Barrie, both promising, carry the leads, but the principal cause for excitement is young, tap-dancing Eleanore Whitney. (Paramount)

Sweet Surrender—A weak hodge-podge of musical and dance numbers, revolving around Frank Parker, a good singer, and Tamara, a good dancer. (Universal)

Man of Iron—An unbelievable tale of an ironworker who is popular until he gets promoted and develops into a boor. The story stalls Barton MacLane, heretofore coming along fast. (Warners)

A de luxe Dessert..easy!

EAGLE BRAND SURPRISE APPLE CAKE

2 tablespoons butter, melted
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups graham cracker crumbs
3 eggs, separated
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
2 cups canned or drained, sieved apple sauce

Add butter and cinnamon to graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of buttered spring mold or deep 10-inch layer cake pan. Beat egg yolks well, add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, rind and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into mold. Cover with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake 50 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot or cold.

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Screen-Struck

[*Continued from page 38*]

his face as he realized what I was repeating.

"Good heavens, was that *you?*" he asked miserably. "Hito told me it was a Miss Leggege! Oh, Lola, *Lola* . . . . !"

Before he could say anything more, Mr. Burnham had come up.

"Sorry, Cliff," he said, "but Miss Le Grange is at my table tonight, and I want to talk to her about a new rôle."

Chapter XI

NEXT morning I looked from the big corsage of orchids on my shoulder to the script in my hand and murmured a short, silent prayer of thanks. The orchids had come early with an humble note in Cliff's own scrawl. The script was of *American Parade*—in which I was to have a part, a second chance. Mr. Tom Burnham himself had just handed it to me.

Was I the luckiest girl in the world? Yes, but I had been lucky before when I first came to Hollywood—and I knew now that luck wasn't enough to win anyone success in pictures. *Merit*—in the end that was all that made a success. It was copy-book truth, but truth none the less. *I wouldn't forget it this time!*

It was not a big part, but it had big possibilities: a good actress could do things with it. Each line could be made to count—with real characterization. I slaved at learning it, happy, tireless.

And then suddenly the production went sour. They rewrote part of the script. The supervisor was changed, and that added to the confusion. It became increasingly hard to maintain my tempo, but I tried—desperately!

"I'm sorry, Lola," said Mr. Burnham one day, "but I'm afraid you're in the worst picture we'll be putting out this year. We have to finish it because it is already sold to the distributors, but that's the only reason."

"It's wonderful experience for me, anyway," I said, cheerfully.

At that moment Clifton Laurence called for me.

As we left the room together, I noticed that Mr. Burnham eyed us peculiarly. But I did not realize what was in his mind until the next day, when he sent for me.

"Look here, Lola," he began abruptly, "I want you to lay off Cliff."

His remark was like a bombshell. "Mr. Burnham," I protested, "I—I don't understand."

"You will," he said grimly. "Cliff is one of my most valuable assets. He is the favorite of millions of women. I don't want him tied up in any marriage—*any!* Also, staying single is a part of his contract here for the next three years. I know you're fond of him, but you, too, have your career to think about. Stick to that. You're smart enough to take a hint. We won't have to speak of this again."

Did Clifton care as much as Mr. Burnham suspected? The question hammered at my mind—and I did not

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for *a free trial* of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address: Frontier Asthma Co. 96-A Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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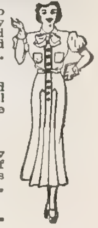

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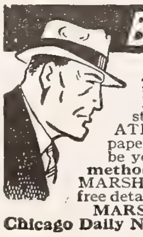

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dare to answer. Until—

The day the last re-take was made, I found him waiting for me in the studio bungalow that I shared with another girl. Although I knew what was coming, as women always know, I could not force myself to retreat. I was in his arms; his lips were on mine.

"Let's stop pretending, dear!" he said moments later in that rich, low voice of his. "I love you and you love me. Shall we fly to Yuma tonight?"

"Oh, darling, darling!" I cried. "Give me time to think!"

"No," he said gently. "Let your heart—not your head—tell you the answer. I'll order a special plane and come for you at eight o'clock this evening."

"But—" I started to say, when the girl who shared my dressing-room came in. Cliff tossed me a kiss behind her back, and was gone. . . .

If he married me, Cliff would automatically be breaking his contract with Burnham Brothers. No other studio might make him an offer for months. Once even a popular star is known as a contract-breaker, studios fight shy and try to find a substitute—and Hollywood is packed with talent.

Then there was my own case—a case far less important. Could I throw aside my dreams of a screen career? To become the wife of Clifton Laurence? Willingly!

But I couldn't allow him to risk *his* screen career for the sake of being my husband. Perhaps I could persuade him to wait—three whole years—'to test our love.' . . . What was I to do when he came for me? What was I to say? I wanted to marry him, yet at the same time I wanted something, someone, to prevent me from doing so!

As though in answer to a prayer, that someone was waiting for me in the living room when I arrived home. Buddy Kane, of all people! Dear, homely, safe Buddy from Hopewell, Illinois.

"You didn't write for such a long time," he said, grinning from ear to ear, "that I got worried about you."

As I looked at him, still hardly able to realize that his presence was real, a wild, desperate idea flashed through my tired brain.

"Oh, Buddy, Buddy!" I cried. "Marry me right away and take me home!"

Chapter XII

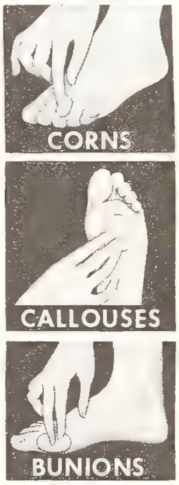
FOR AN instant Buddy's face shone with a great light of happiness. Then a troubled look came into his eyes.

"Lola, honey," he said quietly, "that's too good to be quite true. If you really meant it now, you wouldn't have forgotten to write. Tell me what's troubling you."

I told him then the whole long, complicated story, about meeting Clifton Laurence on the train, about my bright hopes and my dark despair over my first screen chance, about my accident and Miss Dare's help, about my love for Cliff—and today's bewildering problem. When I had finished, he took me by the shoulders, made me face him.

"You're going to marry him tonight,"

CORNS
Or CALLOUSES
Lift Right Out!



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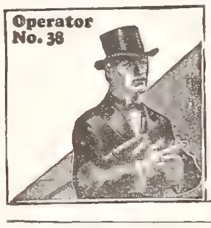

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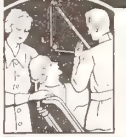

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THE popular girl is the one who radiates good health, has a clear attractive skin and sparkling eyes.

Nature intended you to have these natural charms. If you don't have them, something is wrong; but perhaps nothing more serious than the ordinary fault of sluggish elimination. The system becomes clogged with poisonous wastes which often cause broken out and sickly-looking skin, loss of energy, headache, run down condition.

Thousands of women find relief for these troubles in Stuart's Calcium Wafers. These marvelous little wafers gently help the system eliminate waste products. In a very few days you should feel and see a change. Your skin clearer! Your eyes brighter! Your old-time energy renewed! Stuart's Calcium Wafers are 10c and 60c at all drug stores. Try them—results should delight you! For FREE sample, send name and address on post card to F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. A-1, Marshall, Michigan.

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50 lbs.
WRITES KANSAS CITY LADY

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Your money back in full if not delighted . . . you are the judge. No risk, so don't delay, fat is dangerous! At drug or dep't stores. Or, **send $2 for 1 package; or $5 for 3 packages direct to us.** Currency, money order, stamps, or C.O.D.

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They're very new, and they're very smart—these bright hued, delicately patterned old Indian baskets, trays and vases. You make them yourself, at home, of strips of Dennison Crepe paper, some ordinary clothes-line and empty coffee cans, cereal boxes or other odds and ends! The book of directions also shows you how to make lamp shades, bags, belts, carry-alls, dolls, toys, flowers, masks, marionettes—more than 75 clever novelties in all—all of simple, colorful crepe paper. Send only 10c for the Book of New Dennison Crafts *now!*

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Please send the 1936 Book of New
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Why not let us include some of these other Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

...*New Showers and Announcements Book*
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Dennison Crepe

he said, quietly. "Nothing matters but your love."

And I knew that he was gloriously, crazily, right!

When I told Miss Dare, she hugged me. "If I were your age again, I'd do just what you're doing—career or no career."

When I was actually ready to leave, she caught me in her arms for a moment before handing me over to Cliff. As she said goodbye to us, she placed a small object in his hand.

"My mother's wedding-ring," she explained. "It's the old, thick, gold kind, but somehow they seem to stay longer on the same finger! I once hoped to wear it myself . . . but now . . . for Lola, if you don't mind!"

She turned to Buddy and spoke with mock crossness. "Come on, if we're going to the movies, or we'll miss the newsreel!"

Off they went, two dear, lonely souls, born to give and lose and ask only to serve others. I had a curious moment of feeling that Buddy was as great as the famous old actress. . . .

WHITE desert, moon-silvered far below. Soaring heights, on broad white wings, with hearts soaring high. Yuma . . . deserted, arcaded streets, vaguely foreign, crouching below a ruined fortress on a mesa. The simple frame house and the Justice of the Peace, the famous "Marrying Judge" of Moviedom. The broad gold band was on my finger now . . . forever and ever.

For a month we vanished. . . . And when we returned, there were literally hundreds of gifts waiting. Far from resenting his romance, his admirers wished Clifton happiness. Even Mr. Burnham had to admit as much. He had a gift for us, too . . . a torn contract.

"During this last month," he said, "I've been figuring up what we have invested in you, Cliff. See me tomorrow about your new contract!"

But my most surprising wedding gift did not arrive until three months later. It came on my breakfast-tray on the morning after my picture's first showing in New York. Cliff folded the paper back, and held it tantalizingly before me.

"This will be a shock," he said.

And it was. *"American Parade,"* said the dancing print, "is the best picture of the year, owing chiefly to the work of a newcomer, who steals the show. Lola Le Grange has the making of a star, or we miss our guess. Keep your eyes on this one, for she will go far . . . . . "

Go far? Who could tell? At any rate, with Cliff beside me, it would be a brave and happy journey!

The End

You will tell others what you think of the story. Why not tell the persons most interested in your opinion? Namely, the editors.

Start the habit that more and more CLASSIC readers are acquiring! Don't just say what you think—*write* it! Give *your* magazine the chance to become personally acquainted with *you* and *your* likes and dislikes!

ROMANCE!

Read the love stories of your favorite stars in FEBRUARY

Screen Play

Katharine Hepburn
Grace Moore
Jean Harlow
Claudette Colbert
Carole Lombard
Ginger Rogers
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Nelson Eddy

NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS

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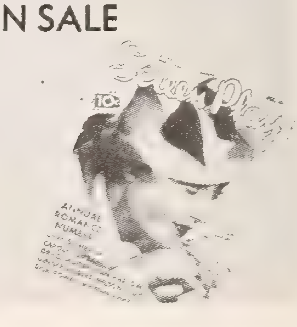


Looking in on Films to Come!

[*Continued from page* 23]

of the fans themselves, *not* wear the Fauntleroy curls, but his own haircut, and be a real boy. His mother will be Dolores Costello, making a screen comeback—and as beautiful as ever. The little American bootblack will be played by Mickey Rooney. Here's your chance to compare the two youngsters in one picture! . . . Also starting is *These Three,* known on the stage as *The Children's Hour,* starring Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon and Joel McCrea—with a new child actress, Bonita Granville (you saw her as *Mildred* in *Ah, Wilderness)* very much in the foreground.

Universal—which has just produced one of the new season's memorable pictures in *Magnificent Obsession,* starring Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor—has three more big pictures in production: *Show Boat, Sutter's Gold* and *Next Time We Love.* The first of the trio is a new version of the famous Jerome Kern-Edna Ferber operetta—with Irene Dunne as *Magnolia,* with Charles Winninger as *Cap'n Henry,* with Helen Morgan as *Julie,* and with Paul Robeson singing "Ol' Man River." . . . *Sutter's Gold* gives Edward Arnold, of *Diamond Jim* fame, another great chance to draw a character portrait, with Lee Tracy in support. This company is on location in the Sierra Nevadas. . . . Margaret Sullavan, back from her long and memorable sojourn at Paramount for *So Red the Rose,* is now going modern again in *Next Time We Love.*

● AND now, to Warner Brothers-First National where *Captain Blood* and *Ceiling Zero* just finished.

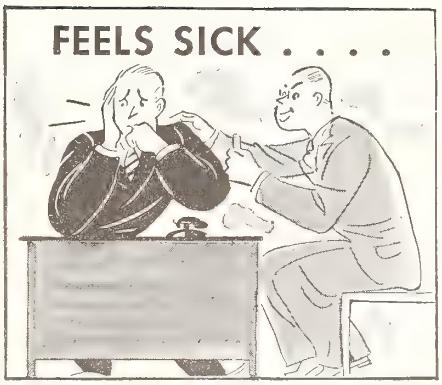
Errol Flynn, playing the title rôle of *Captain Blood,* is a great "new find." The battle scenes between *Blood's* pirate ship and a French frigate are spectacular and convincing—but we'll let you in on a secret. Both ships were constructed on the "back lot" of the Warner studio. They were built on steel runways and were maneuverable. The "rolling ocean" was "processed" in.

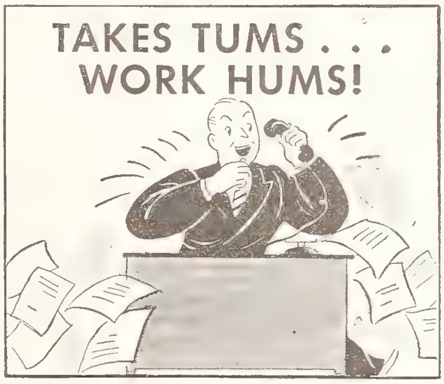
Ceiling Zero, co-starring James Cagney and Pat O'Brien, is the first picture that has centered around the technical work of the ground crews in aviation. Anyone seeing it will go away with a vast amount of exact information about the inner workings of passenger flight.

Warner Brothers, who filmed *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and made it a movie masterpiece, are now embarking on another epic—*Anthony Adverse.* Fredric March has the title rôle; Anita Louise plays the young and tragic mother of the early sequences; Olivia de Havilland is the talented, temperamental *Angela;* Steffi Duna is the passionate *Neleta;* Donald Woods is *Vincent Nolte*—and there will be a well-known name in every other important part.

This studio, which produced the first big-time screen musicals, and still is famous for them, has two new ones in production at the moment—*Colleen,* with Ruby Keeler in the title rôle, surrounded by Joan Blondell, Dick Powell and Jack Oakie; and *The Singing Kid,* starring Al Jolson, with Sybil Jason among those present.

And now, as we Californios say, *adios* and *hasta luego.* We'll take another and a more comprehensive tour of the studios next month.





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Try TUMS when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Pleasant to eat as candy, only 10c a roll. Put a roll in your pocket now.

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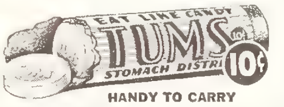

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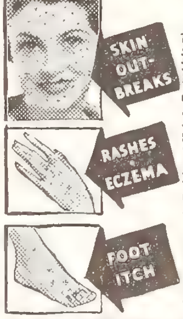

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The Best Remedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

BROWN BLONDES WANT GOLDEN HAIR?

Shampoo-rinse Washes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter

WHAT girl with dull, brownish hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant, golden hair? Any girl, of course. But now, thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo-rinse, the drabbest, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If *you* want golden hair, try Blondex today. One shampoo with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And *safely*, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye. Start today with Blondex. Bring back the golden beauty of childhood. Be a true, alluring *golden* blonde. Get Blondex at any drug or department store.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

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with each Photo or Snapshot ENLARGEMENT for only 98c

Simply send us your Photo or Snapshot, and in about one week, you will receive a **BEAUTIFUL ENLARGEMENT**, exactly like the original, in this **ARTISTIC** Chromium-plated, standing or wall frame, size **5x7, 8x10** or **10x12**—only **98c. SPECIAL:** Unframed enlargements 11x14, 10x16. 14x20, or 16x20 with hand-colored Button of your Photo, **89c.**

SEND NO MONEY Just pay mailman price of enlargement desired plus postage. Or remit with order and we pay postage. Originals returned. Send photo today. You'll be delighted.

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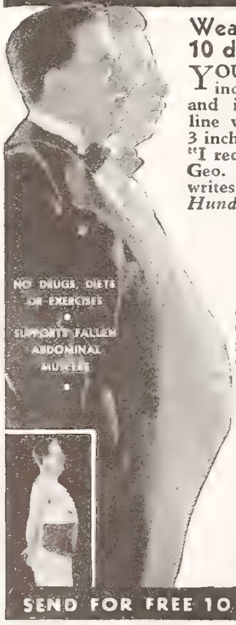
"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!" ...writes George Bailey



NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES
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SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES
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Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense!

YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches" ... writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson ..... *Hundreds* of similar letters.

REDUCE your WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS *or it will cost you nothing!*

You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect, athletic carriage . . . supports abdominal walls ...keeps digestive organs in place . . . greatly increases endurance.

Simply write name and address on postcard and we will send you illustrated folder and full details of our **10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

THE WEIL COMPANY
672 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

This Is Hepburn

[*Continued from page 41*]

an automobile. She is a young modern, constantly active. She wants to be exciting-looking, yes—as every other young modern does—but she has no urge to 'dress up' unless she is going to a tremendous party.

"SHE is very conscious of the texture of clothes—and color harmonies," Miss King pointed out. She isn't a passive shopper, in other words. She investigates. She knows what designers are talking about when they make suggestions. And whether she accepts them or rejects them, she knows what she is doing. She isn't just playing hunches.

"And she has good ideas of her own. There may be a limited number of ways of cutting a dress, but she is capable of suggesting new ways of putting on buttons or visualizing unusually-cut necklines, which will add distinction.

"Her own clothes are so terribly simple that any girl could wear them—so simple that you don't think of them as extraordinary, which they actually are. She has insisted, you see, that those clothes should be very, *very* simple and *very* well fitted. And her ability to wear simple things is extraordinary, too. Most girls don't have enough confidence to wear them. They should cultivate that confidence more. Particularly, if they are the active, clean-cut type.

"Let me tell you the stories behind some of the new costumes in *Sylvia Scarlett,*" Miss King continued. "For one sequence of the picture, I had to create a *Pierrot* costume for Miss Hepburn—who plays a boy through a large portion of the picture. Now, that may not look like a real assignment. After all, *Pierrot* costumes have been the same for centuries. But Miss Hepburn is so distinctive that I felt that her *Pierrot*

Portrait by George Platt Lynes

This is Muriel King, young designer whom Katharine Hepburn brought to films to costume *Sylvia Scarlett.*

ASTHMA SUFFERER CONFESSES!

Nashville, Tenn.—B. A. Stephens of this city has confessed that he tried a medicine called NACOR just to please his wife. He had not been able to get relief from his asthma attacks—but read his own words:

April 9, 1935—"I have been intending to write you for some time to tell you what Nacor has done for me. I used to have choking spells and could hardly get my breath. I spent many dollars on many things and could not find relief. My wife ordered a bottle of Nacor. To be frank, I tried it just to please her. I used the one bottle and got results. Since taking Nacor I have not had an attack for nearly two years. Words cannot express my appreciation."—Signed—B. A. Stephens, 907 8th Ave. South, Nashville, Tenn.

FREE—Why suffer the tortures of asthma attacks or a bronchial cough when blessed relief may be yours? For years Nacor has helped thousands. Letters from grateful people and booklet of information sent FREE. Just write today to Nacor Medicine Co., 594 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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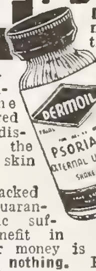
MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

DERMOIL is being used by men and women throughout the country to secure freedom from this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing scaly skin disease, often mistaken for eczema.



Apply it externally. Non-staining. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again.

DERMOIL is backed with a positive guarantee to give chronic sufferers definite benefit in two weeks time or money is refunded. **You risk nothing.** Prove it yourself. Send for a **FREE** trial bottle to make our famous "One spot test". Write, stating how long troubled and extent of your psoriasis. No obligation. Don't delay. **Write today.**

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

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Let Your Mirror Prove Results. Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald. This Different Method stops thinning out of hair, lifeless hair, itching, dandruff, threatened or increasing baldness by strengthening, prolonging the life of hair for men and women. Send your name now before it's too late for **free** 15-day test offer.

JUEL DENN, 207 N. Michigan Ave. Dept. B-46, Chicago, Illinois

costume could afford to have distinction, too. So I suggested bells, instead of pompoms, for the front of the costume. And little gold bells the costume has.

"Then I had to design a dress that *Sylvia Scarlett* would, presumably, be able to obtain in the little town of Cornwall, England. I finally decided that I would get an amusing material, make a very simple dress that would fit nicely, with shorts of the same material. This is the dress she wears when she rescues Natalie Paley from the sea.

"Another sequence called for *Sylvia* to wear a raincoat. I remembered the short oilskin jackets with square necks worn by the fishermen off the Newfoundland Banks—and adapted the square neckline and shoulder tie to a full-length oilskin. It is an innovation."

BUT we want to know more about the private-life Katharine Hepburn. What is she like?

"She lives at the end of a road on top of a mountain," Miss King said. "She has a wonderful view—a large house—a swimming pool—a tennis court. Nearly every time I saw her there, she was wearing trim shorts.

"It's true that she doesn't go to parties. She says that, in Hollywood, if you begin by going to one party, you have to go to them all. So she dodged the first one. It is also true that she does not like to be interviewed. This is no pose. Before she ever made a picture, she asked RKO to make no publicity ballyhoo about her. She wanted to stand or fall on her work alone. She still feels that way. It is not an affectation. She doesn't 'act' off-screen. She is less interested in what she has done than in what she may be able to do with hard work.

"She has an impish sense of humor, and a sense of mischief that hasn't an iota of malice in it. And you can scratch out conceit as a Hepburn characteristic. Her mind—like her ambition—is never still. And it is an honest, direct mind. I have an immense respect for her. She knows not only what she wants in clothes, but in life."

And what about Muriel King, who makes these observations about Katharine Hepburn? She is young, unusually tall and unusually graceful, with large dark eyes, a deliberate speaking voice and a boyish haircut. She was born in Seattle, Washington, attended the University of Washington until she decided to major in art, then studied in New York, eventually going to Paris, where she concentrated on costume design.

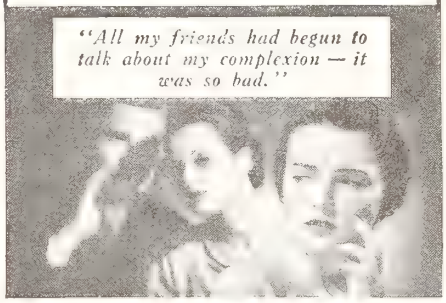
On her return from abroad, she joined the small and exclusive group of young American designers. Now she has a shop of her own, where expensively dressed women of all ages come for gowns that will be especially—and exclusively—designed for them. The shop is not elegant in the movie manner. It is a reconverted private mansion—and still is more "homey" than "shoppy."

P. S. As I was leaving, I bumped into Hope Williams—of Park Avenue and the stage.

Skin So Bad That PEOPLE TALKED!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

NOTARY PUBLIC


"All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion — it was so bad."

"Hearing over the radio how Yeast Foam Tablets had helped others, I decided to try them."

"Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change."

THE BEST PROOF of what Yeast Foam Tablets may do for you is what they have actually done for others. That's why we have based this advertisement on a true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of this convenient, easy-to-eat yeast.

If you would like to have a clearer, smoother skin, begin now to eat these tablets regularly. Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your system of the poisons which so often cause bad skin. And you should *feel* better as well as *look* better.

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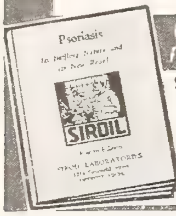
We back with a guarantee the claim that if you purchase a bottle of Siroil and do not receive decided benefit within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded.



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Please send me full information on Siroil—the new treatment of Psoriasis

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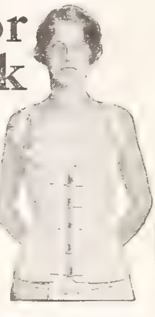

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30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted — how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.

Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

Send for Information

Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.,
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A Real He-Man—and Can He Sing!

[*Continued from page 39*]

you, he'd probably collapse on the spot!" "I can take off pounds when I'm working. I just stop eating."

HE was born on the outskirts of Moultrie, Georgia, and his early youth was one of comparative poverty. Then the Melton youngster was a million miles away from the goal he has attained today. Jimmy worked his way through high school and entered college, determined to become a lawyer. Because he sang too loudly in chapel one day, the president of the University of Florida singled him out to do a solo, and on this odd incident is based his first ambition to become a great singer.

To secure funds for vocal lessons, he learned to play a saxophone well enough in three days to join a college orchestra. Later he organized a dance band of his own and traveled over the south, finally landing at Vanderbilt University for his last year in college. Following graduation, he studied voice for two years, meanwhile earning bread and butter by singing at a Nashville hotel.

Finally, with $300 and a load of determination, he set out for New York, where he hoped to join "Roxy's Gang." The benevolent Mr. Rothafel, however, couldn't be seen. There were hundreds of ambitious young singers seeking jobs. Most of them soon stopped trying. Not Jimmy! He marched up and down outside Rothafel's office, singing at the top of his voice. Rothafel had to give in, or call the police. He gave in, and the career of James Melton began to flower. . . . As a member of "Roxy's Gang," he began to receive a staggering amount of fan mail. He was on his way.

BACK again in the luxurious living room, Jimmy switched on his electric phonograph. In a moment the room was alive again with the beauty of a tremendous, surging voice—Melton singing *Celeste Aida*.

"Just how do you feel when you listen to your own voice?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, thoughtfully, "when my songs are all right, I'm happy. But if I go wrong in a couple of places, I just can't take it. I'm afraid to face people. Sometimes, I leave town."

Then, abruptly, Jimmy switched the conversation into another channel. "Say," he exclaimed, "this fellow Pat O'Brien is a real actor! If I could take a few lessons from him, I'd be all set!"

There wasn't any answer to that. You can't tell a fellow like Jimmy Melton that he is a big hit. It just doesn't register. I knew then that he still didn't believe what Jack Warner said in the telegram. And after the name of James Melton has been in lights for years, he still won't believe it.

He'll say to his lovely wife as I heard him murmur when the door closed on my departure, "Marj, honey, do you think we did all right?"

Poor English!

How much is it costing you in wasted opportunity?

Every day your associates are judging you—by what you say and how you say it! Hazy ideas, ill-chosen words, halting sentences, crude, slovenly speech—these mark a man as loose in thinking. Thoughts clear-cut, words that give true shape and color, sentences aflame with power and originality—these are the things that proclaim ability, that win for their users swift advancement. Stop apologizing for poor English—it's inexcusable! In the quiet of your home—with LaSalle's help—you can learn to speak and write with real distinction, learn to make the words you utter and the letters you compose stamp you as educated, cultured, a power to reckon with in the business world. Complete details in an attractive 32-page book, "Effective Business English," sent you free upon request. Ask for it TODAY.

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Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 244. Chicago.

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Having a baby puts a terrible strain on a woman's back muscles . . . frequently causes years of suffering. Allcock's Porous Plaster does wonders for such backaches. Draws the blood to the painful spot . . . shoulder, back, hips, arms, legs. Pain stops quickly. Allcock's is the original porous plaster . . . take nothing else. Lasts long, comes off easy. Also excellent for chest colds. 25¢ at druggists or write "Allcock, Ossining, N. Y."

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SEND NO MONEY Pay postman 97c plus a few cents delivery charge. 20 yard bundle $1.29 postage paid, money with order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

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Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

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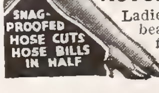
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GRAY HAIR
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YEARS YOUNGER

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Dept. FD, Studio Bldg.,
Portland, Ore.

How to Grow Up Gracefully

[*Continued from page* 35]

and hairdress are immensely important, too. Young girls frequently make themselves look old enough to be their own grandmothers.

"YOU know," Jean confided, "I've had a pet theory of my own for years. I think that in every high school or college there should be a special course that would help every girl to know *herself*, to study the clothes adaptable to her individuality, and instruct her in designing her own wardrobe and applying make-up as artistically as possible—that is, in a manner to emphasize natural beauty, not startle.

In the young girl there should never be an obvious attempt at sophistication. Rest assured that if you are a natural sophisticate, it will crop out in the character lines of your face and in the clothes that look best on you.

"Tell me about some of your English experiences," I suggested, for anyone in talking to her could tell she still was bursting with excitement and the thrill of her trip abroad to play the feminine lead in *The Ghost Goes West* opposite Robert Donat. She told me:

"No two people ever taught me so much as Robert Donat and René Clair, the director. The woman I hope some day to be, the actress I now believe I am capable of becoming, will be the result of their complete understanding and sympathetic assistance.

"It was in England that I realized I had grown up inside. How? In talking with Bob Donat, or rather when he talked with me, it was as though we were mental equals. For the first time in my life, I felt as if I 'belonged' in an adult world . . . The Donats invited me to their home for dinner—he has the loveliest wife!—and Bob presented me with a gramaphone-radio that was especially made for me. (He is very clever mechanically, you know.) I think I treasure it more than any other gift I ever have received.

"Romance? Love does not mean one person to me yet. . . . All that talk about Francis Lucas and myself, which was in the newspapers when I landed from England, was simply the newspapers 'making news.' We were childhood sweethearts, but that isn't 'romance'—and besides, it was all over a whole year ago. . . .

Three years ago, she was only a child, who, between takes of pictures, was to be found deeply engrossed in her school books. Today—

"Of course I'm different. But as the years go by, so are we all, for we never stop growing. When we complete our external development, our growth turns inward and we continue to expand mentally and spiritually. To me, age isn't wrinkles and gray hair, but understanding and the deepening of character."

And that is Jean Parker—1936.

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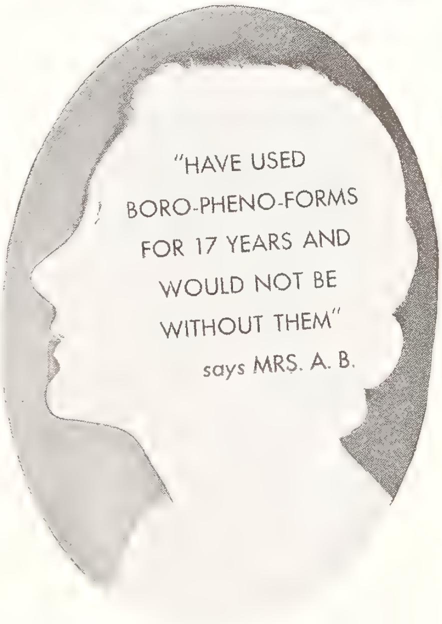
MARRIAGE HYGIENE



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FOR 17 YEARS AND
WOULD NOT BE
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says MRS. A. B.

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Relieves Teething Pains

WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

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29x4.50-20	2.00	.85
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29x4.75-20	2.20	.95
29x5.00-19	2.55	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.55	1.05
5.25-17	2.60	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.60	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.60	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.60	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.90	1.15
5.50-17	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
6.00-17	3.10	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.10	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.10	1.15
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32x4	2.65	.85	30x5	3.30	1.35
33x4	2.65	.85	33x5	3.40	1.45
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Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
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6.50-20	3.60	1.95	8.25-20	7.60	$4.95
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YORK TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 4305
3855-59 Cottage Grove Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Resolutions—1936

[*Continued from page* 42]

what the well-dressed man will wear next season in rôle after rôle." (In *A Message to Garcia* you will see John covered with mud and muck. He started on his resolution early).

MYRNA LOY (who plays *Billie Burke* in *The Great Ziegfeld*): "To approach everything with a sense of humor is my New Year's resolution. I've recently discovered that troubles and problems are best solved through laughter."

BILLIE BURKE: "I've resolved not to expect too much of life, or ask too much of people, or burden my friends with my problems."

VICTOR McLAGLEN: "Somebody get me a cup of coffee! No, wait a minute. That's my New Year's resolution. I'm not drinking more than six cups a day now—and I've had that many already today."

DICK POWELL (who has lately been Joan Blondell's faithful escort): "I'm going to fool everybody who thinks I'll be taking a personal interest in the Wedding March in 1936. My fancy is free and my heart's on ice. And I've resolved that the end of 1936 will still find me a hard-working bachelor."

BETTE DAVIS: "I've resolved to continue to lead my own life—to be independent in spirit and do my own thinking, no matter what the opinions of others might be. For the sake of herself as a person, a motion picture actress can't serve too many masters. She must set a definite program for herself, and follow it. I resolve to do that in 1936."

MERLE OBERON: "My household has made my New Year's resolution for me. I've been given notice that in 1936 I can't buy more than six dogs. I have four now—and they have started me already on the Road to the Poorhouse. Have you ever seen full-grown Dalmatians eat?"

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND: "I promise not to go Hollywood and to wear the same size hats at the end of '36 as I wear right now." (Olivia has been a '35 sensation, especially in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Captain Blood*—is being groomed for stardom—and is totally unspoiled.)

JEAN MUIR: "My 1936 resolution is made in self defense. I've taken an awful beating, figuratively speaking, because I have always spoken my mind, delivered opinions, aired my views, without taking the bother to be tactful. This coming year I've resolved to be a diplomat."

JOEL McCREA: "My 1936 resolution is a notice to all real-estate salesmen that I'm not a prospect. I have promised myself and Frances (Frances Dee, my wife) that I won't buy another foot of ground until my ranch is completely cultivated and stocked. And what's more—I promise and resolve not to get the bug for race-horses." (Many of Hollywood's élite have gone in for racing stables.)

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN: "For seven months now I've lived in my skin and a few rags for the latest edition of *Tarzan*. I don't even know what the new styles are like. The moment the last scene is shot, I've resolved to go out and buy myself an extravagantly complete wardrobe. I expect to lean towards the Mid-Victorian. I'm awfully tired of being a self-reliant child of nature. I want dozens of long clinging dresses, so that I'll have an excuse for being very, very feminine."

RUBY KEELER (who recently adopted a baby boy): "I've made the same resolution for several years and I have always kept it. And that is—never to forget for a moment that I am first and foremost Mrs. Al Jolson. That I am a wife long before I am a motion picture actress. And that it is far more important to have a happy marriage than it is to have a career."

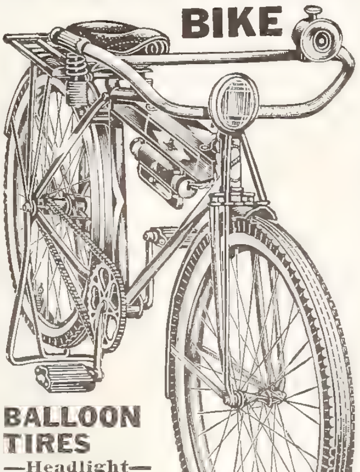
EDWARD ARNOLD: "Every year for years—as a matter of fact ever since our engagement—I've promised to take Mrs. Arnold to Europe. We've never got around to it. But this year I've made a resolution. As soon as my next two pictures are completed, despite war and earthquakes and producers we are going to Europe for six months."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE (after having 'resolutions' explained to her): "I don't know if this is a 'resolution' like Mr. Boles made. Anyway, I've made up my mind to make Mommie increase my allowance. I get four and a half dollars a week—and I have to buy food for my rabbits out of that—and almost every day I have more of them. And I have to buy soda-pop for me and my stand-in, and buy presents, and oh, just lots and lots of things. And don't you think Mommie ought to give me five dollars a week? That's my resolution—but Mommie will have to help me keep it."

GLENDA FARRELL: "In 1936 I'm going to learn to relax even if it kills me. I've been on a figurative roller-coaster for years—and I've promised myself to take things easy, and not get excited about anything."

MIRIAM HOPKINS: "I have never been worried that the public would confuse me, as a person, with the characters I play on the screen. For that reason I have gratefully played unsympathetic rôles—as long as they were good rôles. In 1936 I have resolved to follow the same policy, no mater what anyone says, or what advice I'm given."

These are Hollywood's very own resolutions. You pays your money, and you takes your choice!



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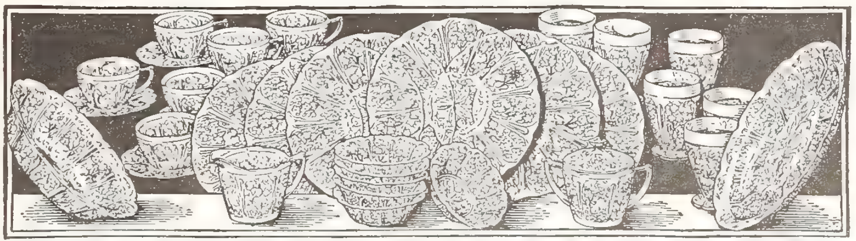
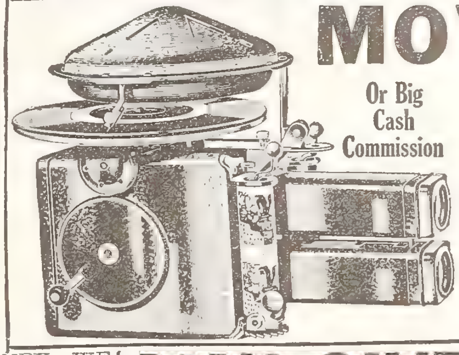


Send No Money—Send Name and Address—We are Reliable

Latest Cherry Blossom design—first quality and modern—green or pink colors. Extremely beautiful! You can easily get one of these Glass Sets by SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE beautifully colored art pictures with our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for cuts, burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per new big premium plan book. Wonderful chance for live wire agents.—40th year—Be first—MAIL COUPON NOW. **WILSON CHEM CO., INC., Dept. FG-502, Tyrone, Pa.**



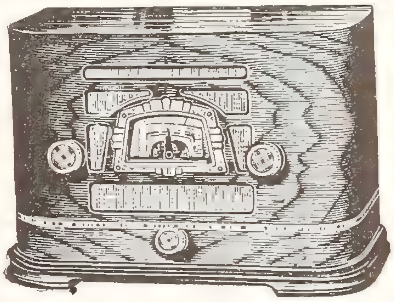
MOVIE—TALKIE

Or Big Cash Commission

SEND NO MONEY GIVEN BOYS GIRLS

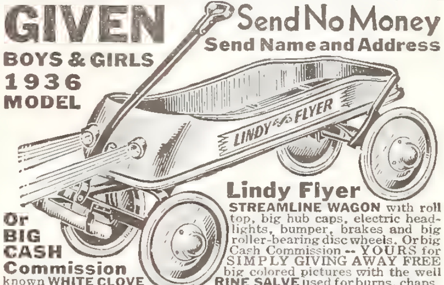
A combination Movie and Talkie Machine showing clear colored pictures of famous movie stars, etc., with sound. Variety of pictures and records available. What a show! What a sensation! Really remarkable—Amazing and practical. You can easily get one of these outfits by **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** beautifully colored art pictures with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE**, used for cuts, burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to your friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per new big premium catalog and plan book. Also choice of 25 other valuable premiums for selling only twelve boxes salve and returning only $3. Our 40th year. We are reliable. For proof, write Tyrone Bank. Be first in your town. Order Salve NOW! MAIL COUPON! **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., INC., DEPT. FG-503, TYRONE, PA.**

RADIO GIVEN



Or Big Cash Commission
SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON

Operates on either AC or DC; 5 tubes, picks up police calls, amateur and regular broadcasts. Dynamic speaker, airplane dial. Long and short wave. Wonderful selectivity and sensitivity, fine tone, compact. Shielded chassis and 25 ft. antenna. It's unusual! You can easily get one of these Radios by **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** beautifully colored art pictures suitable for framing with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for cuts, burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per new big premium plan book! 40th year—MAIL COUPON NOW. **WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. FG-507, Tyrone, Pa.**

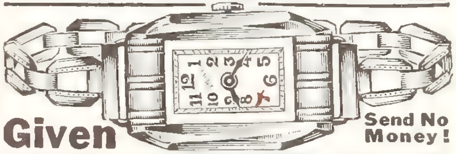


GIVEN Send No Money
Send Name and Address

BOYS & GIRLS 1936 MODEL

Lindy Flyer
STREAMLINE WAGON with roll top, big hub caps, electric headlights, bumper, brakes and big roller-bearing disc wheels. Or big Cash Commission -- YOURS for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE big colored pictures with the well known **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with a picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL--Choice of 25 other gifts for returning only $3. Our 40th year. Be First. Write today for 12 boxes Salve. **WILSON CHEM. CO., Inc., Dept. FG504 Tyrone, Pa.**

Or BIG CASH Commission

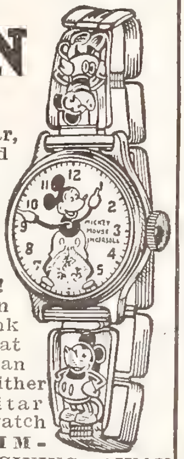


Given **Send No Money!**

LADIES' & GIRLS' **SEND NAME AND ADDRESS! Latest Shape HIGH GRADE 7 Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH** with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. YOURS for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE big colored pictures with well known **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (wjth picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL--Choice of 25 other gifts for returning only $3. Our 40th year. Be First, Write today for 12 boxes of White Cloverine Salve. **Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. FG-505 Tyrone, Pa.**

BIG GUITAR or
MICKEY MOUSE WATCH
Or Choice of Cash Commission

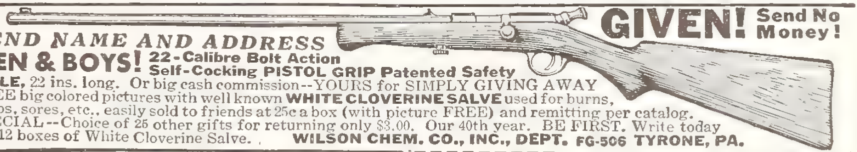
GIVEN



Send No Money
BOYS—GIRLS

Standard size Guitar, regulated — fretted ebonized fingerboard—pearl position dots. Just as shown. See Mickey Mouse on the Dial! In colors too! Mickey's also on the strap or link bracelet. What a watch! You can easily get either the Guitar or the watch by **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE**, pictures, with famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, etc., which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per premium plan catalog. Choice of twenty-five valuable premiums given for selling only twelve boxes salve and returning only $3. Be first. Mail Coupon.

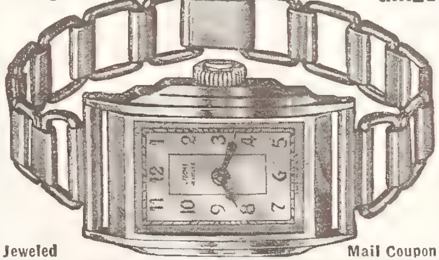
WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. FG-508, Tyrone, Pa.



SEND NAME AND ADDRESS
MEN & BOYS! 22-Calibre Bolt Action Self-Cocking PISTOL GRIP Patented Safety RIFLE, 22 ins. long. Or big cash commission--YOURS for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE big colored pictures with well known **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL--Choice of 25 other gifts for returning only $3.00. Our 40th year. BE FIRST. Write today for 12 boxes of White Cloverine Salve. **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., DEPT. FG-506 TYRONE, PA.**

GIVEN! Send No Money!

BOYS **GIRLS**



Jeweled **Mail Coupon**
WRIST WATCH GIVEN
Send No Money—We Trust You

Link band—chrome case—hugs wrist—gilt numerals—silvered dial —quality parts—keeps good time. GOOD LOOKING! You can easily get one of these watches by **GIVING AWAY FREE** pictures with **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per premium plan catalog. Pictures sell salve on sight. BE FIRST. MAIL COUPON NOW! **Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. FG-509, Tyrone, Pa.**

MAIL COUPON NOW

WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. FG-50, Tyrone, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me 12 beautiful art pictures with 12 boxes **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** to sell at 25c a box (giving picture FREE). I will remit within 30 days, select a premium or keep cash commission as per new premium plan catalog sent with order, postage paid.

Date....................

Name ....

R. F. D., St. or Box No...............................

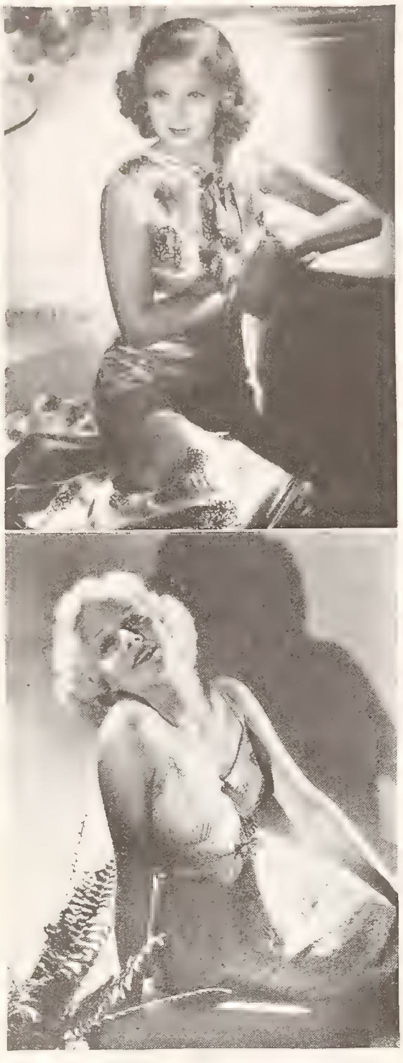
Town ....State..........

PRINT YOUR LAST NAME ONLY IN SPACE BELOW

Paste coupon on a postal card and Mail Now!

TRY - WILSON'S - COUGH DROPS - 5c EVERYWHERE

Write a Letter— *Win a Prize!*



Which Jean Harlow do you prefer—the Jean with chestnut hair in *Riff-raff* (top) or the platinum-blonde Jean directly above? She would like to know, and so would we!

$15 Prize Letter

In December Movie Classic, *we published an interview with Bernard Newman, Hollywood designer, entitled: "Are Modern Women Copycats?" He asserted that they are—and gave his reasons. The interview brought forth many interesting reader-comments, among which was this:*

Let's Be Modern!—Mr. Bernard Newman is right. American women should adopt a typically modern style of dress. There is a mode which expresses the true character of the modern American. This style is the casual, tailored type of clothes that has been cropping up during the last few years—particularly tailored evening fashions. What could be more appropriate and expressive of the Twentieth Century American women? Their clothes must necessarily be practical, comfortable, simple, without ostentation, yet altogether becoming to the American type of beauty.

Tailored clothes for morning, noon, and night. Isn't that a new and entirely different mode in dress? Unlike any other country or period? And suitable to none but the Twentieth Century American. . . . A splendid example of this trend was the lamé polo coat worn by Joan Crawford in *No More Ladies.* And there are plenty of other examples—long shirtwaist dresses in any suitable material, coats, suits or dresses made in the correct length, material and color to suit the occasion, time and season. Thus the American woman can express her individual self. She need copy no other country or period. She can be original if she wants!—*Ann Godeck, 27 E. Roseridge Avenue, Bellevue, Pa.*

$10 Prize Letter

Eight Reasons—"Why is Ginger Rogers so popular?" In my opinion, it is because of her naturalness, her wholesomeness, and charming personality. And because she is successful and represents the typical American girl, every girl desires to be like her. Her deep sincerity, winsome femininity and vivacity make her a worthy model for any girl to follow. May fascinating Ginger Rogers continue being No. 1 favorite of everyone!—*Mrs. C. V. Vansant, Douglasville, Ga.*

Recently, we published a reader's nominations of ten 1935 performances to be considered for the next Academy Awards. Others submitted their preferences. The list that came closest to being the consensus of all the lists was the one below. But with many good pictures recently released, new nominations may be in order.

$5 Prize Letter

Listing the Favorites—Reader Manski's nominations of ten screen performances worthy of the Academy Award did not appeal to me. In fact, to me the picture as a whole is much more important than the acting of any one player. Often I think of the leading lady and leading man as an outstanding pair, rather than give all the credit to one of them. The pictures I have enjoyed most in the past year are as follows, with the stars mentioned:

Naughty Marietta—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; *Broadway Melody of 1936*—Eleanor Powell; *The Crusades*—Loretta Young and Henry Wilcoxon; *Roberta*—Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers; *She Married Her Boss*—Claudette Colbert and Michael Bartlett; *Rendezvous*—William Powell and Rosalind Russell; *Les Miserables*—Fredric March; *Top Hat*—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; *Broadway Gondolier*—Dick Powell; *Who Killed Cock Robin?*—the Walt Disney "Silly Symphony" in Technicolor.—*Mary Boyd, Worth Hotel, Fort Worth, Texas.*

$1 Prize Letters

Women Aren't Copycats!—No, modern women are not copycats. They are merely exercising their woman's prerogative of changing their minds—and style of dress—to suit the way they feel or wish to act. What could be more dignified than a Grecian style evening dress, or what more mysterious than the Hindu sari, or what more enchanting than dress "a la Madame Pompador"? No, modern women are not copy cats, for they are all these former women made into one 1936 style!—*Mrs. Emeral White, 106 Walnut Street, Bordentown, N.J.*

Fulfills a Need—I am still breathless over *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Max Reinhardt has indeed captured the world of fancy in what he terms "the loveliest dream I ever dreamed." Aside from the fact that this production has opened up an unlimited vista of possibility in art, one of the main reasons why it is finding so much favor is that this poor old world at present needs a touch of fairyland. Max Reinhardt has mended our hearts with make-believe and sprinkled our troubles with star dust.—*Mrs. Fred Schenley, Waynesburg, Pa.*

What new picture has affected you intensely—and why? Tell us! We're interested, and so are other moviegoers. Also, we like to know about your own new discoveries. A sample of what we mean:

New Master Menace—A new dyed-in-the-wool villain has come upon the screen, and what a man he is! I never thought I could hate anyone as heartily as I do Charles Laughton, but since I have had the privilege of seeing Peter Lorre in *Mad Love,* I believe I shouldn't mind seeing Laughton as *Little Red Riding Hood.* Never has a screen character affected me as has Peter Lorre. It took three pictures to hate Laughton, but I have seen only one of Lorre's vehicles and I could throttle the man and feel like Public Hero No. 1! Wherever did they find the man? I believe his acting ability surpasses that of Emil Jannings.—*Ted Hilliard, 1147 S. Main St., Akron, Ohio.*

Peter Lorre, gifted European actor, was born in Rosenberg, Hungary, June 26, 1904, grew up in Vienna, became a bank clerk in the daytime, an amateur actor at night—until the bank fired him for being late to work too often. Then he concentrated on acting, playing everything from comedy to tragedy, eventually becoming a star (and a rival of Jannings) in Vienna and Berlin. A director-friend, Fritz Lang, persuaded him to play the child-murderer in the German picture, M, and he became world-famous. Hollywood became Lorre-conscious, and Lorre became Hollywood-conscious. His newest picture is Columbia's Crime and Punishment, *reviewed on page 20 of this issue.*

WHAT is *your* favorite movie topic—*your* reaction to new pictures, new performances—*your* newest idea for the betterment of films?

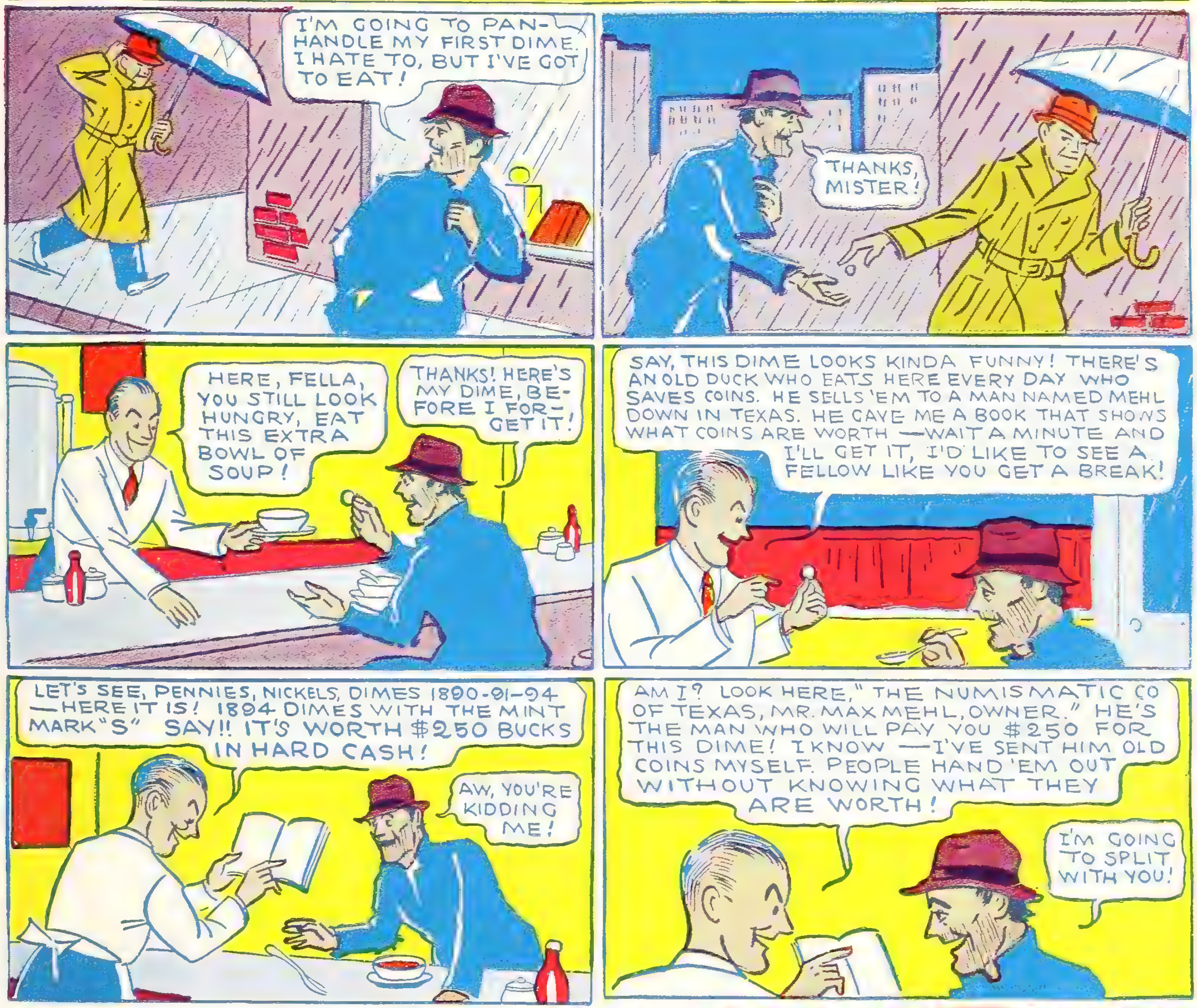
Tell us, and you will also be telling the world. *And* be in the running for one of these cash prizes for each month's best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each.

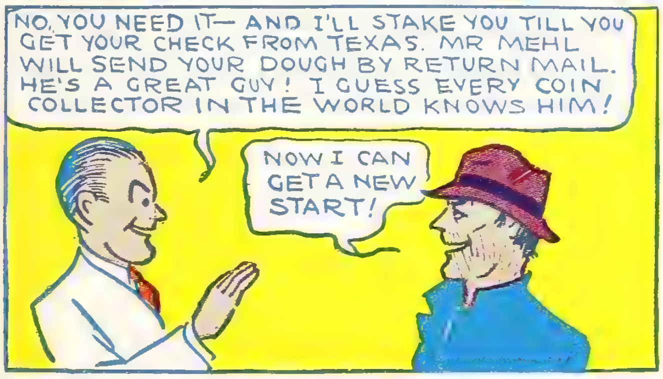
The editors are the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write *today* to Letter Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

MAR 0 1936

KABLE BROS. CO., PRINTERS

THE ROMANCE OF A DIME


I'M GOING TO PAN-HANDLE MY FIRST DIME. I HATE TO, BUT I'VE GOT TO EAT!
THANKS, MISTER!
HERE, FELLA, YOU STILL LOOK HUNGRY, EAT THIS EXTRA BOWL OF SOUP!
THANKS! HERE'S MY DIME, BEFORE I FORGET IT!
SAY, THIS DIME LOOKS KINDA FUNNY! THERE'S AN OLD DUCK WHO EATS HERE EVERY DAY WHO SAVES COINS. HE SELLS 'EM TO A MAN NAMED MEHL DOWN IN TEXAS. HE GAVE ME A BOOK THAT SHOWS WHAT COINS ARE WORTH —WAIT A MINUTE AND I'LL GET IT, I'D LIKE TO SEE A FELLOW LIKE YOU GET A BREAK!
LET'S SEE, PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES 1890-91-94 —HERE IT IS! 1894 DIMES WITH THE MINT MARK "S" SAY!! IT'S WORTH $250 BUCKS IN HARD CASH!
AW, YOU'RE KIDDING ME!
AM I? LOOK HERE," THE NUMISMATIC CO OF TEXAS, MR. MAX MEHL, OWNER." HE'S THE MAN WHO WILL PAY YOU $250 FOR THIS DIME! I KNOW —I'VE SENT HIM OLD COINS MYSELF. PEOPLE HAND 'EM OUT WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT THEY ARE WORTH!
I'M GOING TO SPLIT WITH YOU!


NO, YOU NEED IT— AND I'LL STAKE YOU TILL YOU GET YOUR CHECK FROM TEXAS. MR MEHL WILL SEND YOUR DOUGH BY RETURN MAIL. HE'S A GREAT GUY! I GUESS EVERY COIN COLLECTOR IN THE WORLD KNOWS HIM!
NOW I CAN GET A NEW START!

I Pay BIG CASH Prices for OLD MONEY COINS-BILLS-STAMPS

Post Yourself! It Pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

WILL PAY $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send the coupon below and 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Send Today.

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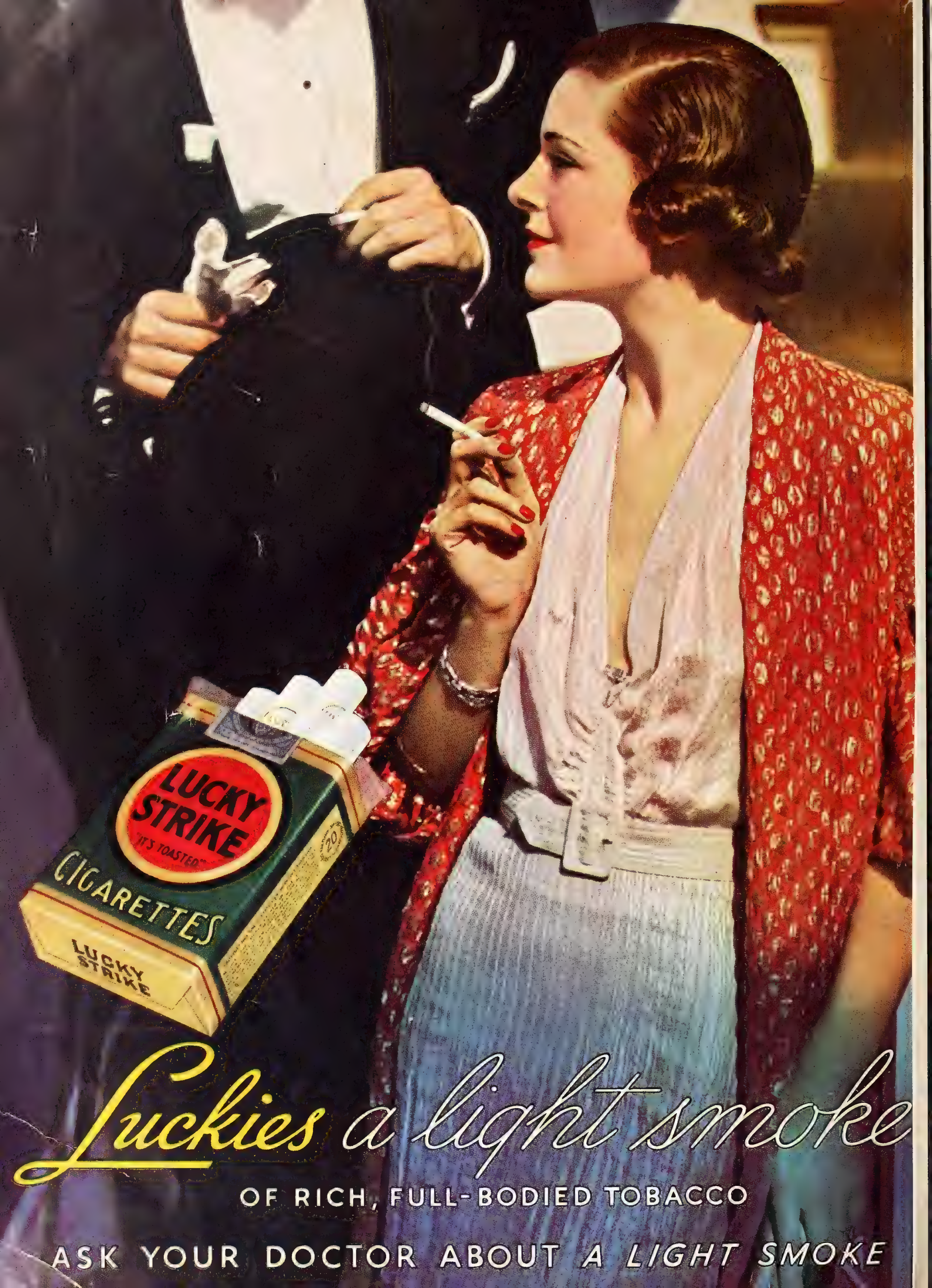
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"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
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OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO
ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT A *LIGHT SMOKE*

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